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Per. 2705 d. $\frac{407}{32}$

THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

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FROM

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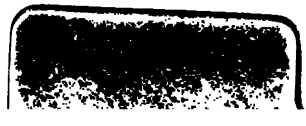


His Royal Highness

Adolphus Frederick

DUKE of CAMBRIDGE

&c. &c.

Cambridge

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

ADOLPHUS FREDERICK,

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,

EARL OF TIPPERARY, AND BARON OF CULLODEN; K.G.; G.C.B.; GRAND MASTER, AND FIRST PRINCIPAL KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE; AND KNIGHT OF THE PRUSSIAN ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY; COLONEL OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS; COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 60TH FOOT; COMMISSIONER OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AND ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM; CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS, &c. &c. &c.

Semper rectus, semper idem.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, the seventh son of George the Third, (by whom he was much beloved,) was born on the 24th February, 1774. At an early age he was designed for the army, and received his education at the University of Gottingen, with his two brothers, Ernest and Augustus: each being accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman. They were lodged in one house, and had their table fixed at six hundred crowns a-week, including two grand institution-dinners, to which the professors and some students were invited. They were taught German by Professor Meyer; Latin by Heyne; religion by Less, ecclesiastical counsellor; and morality by Counsellor Feder; for which duties, each received an appointment of one thousand crowns per annum. Having completed his military studies, his Royal Highness had his first commission as ensign at the age of sixteen; and being a master of the German language, after a stay at Gottingen for three years, he visited the court of Prussia, and returned to England in 1793, when he joined the British forces before Dunkirk, and shortly afterwards returned to England, wearing a coat that exhibited several sabre marks, and a helmet, through which he had been wounded in the eye. In 1794, he attained the rank of colonel; and in the following year was created Duke of Cambridge, and Baron Culloden in Great Britain, and Earl of Tipperary in Ireland; when Parliament granted him a yearly allowance of £12,000, which was subsequently raised to £27,000 per annum. The two parties of Pitt and Fox equally courted him; Mr. Pitt's reserve and austerity disgusted him, and Fox he could not join without displeasing his father, with whom, as we have said, he always was, from his correct conduct, a great favourite; when Mr. Burke published his celebrated Reflections, he joined the administration.

In 1803, he was placed at the head of an army of 14,000 men, destined for the defence of Hanover; but, finding on his arrival in the Electorate, that its inhabitants evinced but little inclination to aid him, he solicited his recall, having previously published a manifesto to the Hanoverians, calling them to rise in a body, but without effect. He then returned to England, leaving the

Hanoverian army under the command of General Walmoden, who was soon obliged to capitulate. On his return, he took his seat in the House of Peers, and spoke often against the consular government of France. On the raising the German Legion, his Highness was appointed to command it, and was also made Colonel of the Second, or Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards.

The Duke gradually rose to the rank of Field-Marshal; and on the restoration of Hanover, was appointed its Governor-general, which important trust he fulfilled highly to the satisfaction of the Hanoverians, and the King; but the desire for a constitutional government, and loud complaints of the taxation in that country, had now become very apparent; and in the commencement of the year 1831, the Hanoverians followed the Belgian example in getting rid of their burdens. The district of Hartz was in a disturbed state for some time. The disorder was first openly manifested at Gottingen; and on the occasion of the tax on slaughtered cattle being demanded of a citizen, who refused to pay it, a company of infantry was ordered to march to Gottingen. The first act of insubordination was performed by Doctors Eggeling and Seidinsticker, who, at the head of a party of followers, marched to the Townhall, and demanded of the Senate the dismissal of an obnoxious commissary of police, who had rendered himself very unpopular. This demand was no sooner granted, than the malcontentents, emboldened, perhaps, by the disagreeable commissary's discharge, proceeded to organize a burgher-guard to take possession of the gates of the town, and lastly of the government, substituting for the ancient Senate, a Communal Council of their own number. This burgher-guard consisted of two thousand inhabitants, and five hundred students. All the people wore tri-coloured cockades—lilac, green, and red; and the two doctors determined to lay before the king the grievances of the country, and the necessity of convoking an assembly of the States, the members of which were to be freely chosen from among all classes of the people. It is impossible to eulogize the conduct of his Royal Highness too much on this trying occasion; he soon suppressed the threatened insurrection, by the mildest but most decisive measures; assuring the people their desire for a constitutional government should be laid before the king; and so prompt was his Royal Highness in fulfilling his promise, that towards the latter end of the same month, he, in the name of the king, issued two proclamations to the people of Gottingen and the students, conceived in a spirit of much moderation and good sense; but the course of the public schools were suspended; and the Hanoverian students ordered, and the foreign students requested, to go home until the colleges were again opened. In this proclamation the numerous kindnesses of the king to the city were forcibly, but not ostentatiously, set forth; and the absurdity, as well as the ingratitude, of the revolt was demonstrated. The grievances of the people the Prince declares himself ready to investigate and redress. In a short time the unhappy discontents were fortunately appeased, after much contention among the democratic party and the aristocracy. It has indeed been well observed, "If any one asserts that the democratic party are by nature, or inherently, worse or more depraved than the aristocratic, he is prejudiced on the side of a constitutional monarchy; if he maintains that the aristocracy, or its partisans, are more selfish and corrupt than the democracy, he is prepossessed in favour of republican institutions. The true and rational opinion is, that both parties are composed of men, and embrace the usual proportion of the virtues, vices, corruptions, and excellencies of our nature. The vehement declaimers who maintain, on the one hand, that the higher ranks are horse-leeches who feed on the blood of the people, and defend abuses because they are to profit by them; or represent the lower orders, on the other, as a race of vulgar brutes, who are utterly incapable of taking any beneficial interest in public affairs, and aim only at bloodshed, confusion, and revolution, in order that they may enrich themselves in the general scramble, are mere party men, whose opinions are contradicted alike by principle and experience, and unworthy to direct the thoughts of the rational portion of mankind. In every aristocratic society there are doubtless many corrupt and selfish individuals, and num-

bers who value institutions only as they conduce to their personal advantage; but there are also many great and good men, who are animated by a sincere desire for the public good, and adorn their elevated stations by the purity of their virtues, and the lustre of their talents. In every democratic society there are unquestionably many violent, rapacious, and egotistical leaders, and multitudes who blindly follow their dictates, or indifferent to, if they did perceive, the dangers with which such conduct is attended; but there are also many generous and ardent spirits, who have, from sincere conviction, embraced the popular side, and are ready to submit to any privation in the prosecution of what they deem the general welfare.

"But all this, notwithstanding, nothing is more certain, or more undeniably established by experience, than that in every old society, democratic institutions are attended with the utmost danger, and that the evils they ensure are of so acute and overwhelming a kind, as invariably to lead in a few years to the overthrow of so monstrous a regime, and the rule of force, either by the sway of patronage and corruption, or the bloody hand of arbitrary power."

In March, 1831, his Majesty, King William, appointed his brother, the Duke of Cambridge, Viceroy of Hanover, he not having been officially acknowledged Viceroy since the death of George IV. The Prince immediately published a proclamation, promising to listen to and relieve all the just complaints of the people over whom he presided. In fact, nothing could exceed the regard the people had for the Duke, finding him at all times tenacious of his honour; this being his never-ceasing study; for, when a man is prepossessed with a high notion of his rank and character, he will naturally endeavour to act up to it, and will scorn to do a base or vicious action, which might sink him below that figure which he makes in his own imagination.

A royal decree, dated Windsor Castle, May 11, 1832, declared, that his Majesty, as King of Hanover, had a right to make laws for the regulation of that kingdom, independent of the sanction of the States, and declaring also, that the States were to be composed of two Chambers, and their proceedings to be published. Many of the officers of state to be accessible to the nobility only; and all officers to be subject to removal by government: on this decree was based the Constitution of 1833.

When it was proposed to grant his Royal Highness the allowance of £12,000 a-year, George III., as a proof of his worthiness, said, in speaking of him, "that he had not committed his first fault!" and the whole tenour of his conduct verifies the truth of his royal father's assertion; for, we think it impossible a more correct, conscientious man can exist, than his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge—*semper rectus, semper idem.*

His Royal Highness was married at Cassel, on the 7th of May, 1818, to Her Serene Highness Princess Augusta-Wilhelmina-Louisa, third daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse Cassel; she was born on the 25th of July, 1797; and was again married, June 1, 1818, at Buckingham House, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the ritual of the Church of England.

The Duke returned to Hanover shortly afterwards, and remained there till the death of King William, when the Duke of Cumberland becoming King of Hanover, his Royal Highness surrendered his trust to his brother; when, on the King's arrival in his dominions, the assembly of the States voted an address to the Duke of Cambridge, expressing their most profound regret, that his departure was occasioned by the death of another King, who, following the exalted example of his illustrious father, George III., had made the happiness of his subjects the sole object of his life; a King who, under the visible protection of the ALMIGHTY, had, by wise laws, improved the condition, and promoted the welfare of the country; and, by his royal goodness and activity, led the people from a time of distress to happiness and prosperity. The assembly, at the same time, expressed the utmost gratitude to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, for the manner in which he had conducted the government for so long a period; during which, his Royal High-

ness had been found equally ready, in public and private life, to afford every assistance where it was required.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1837, His Royal Highness left Hanover. Before his departure, he ordered the following farewell address to be published:—

"At the moment of separation, I cannot leave this country without addressing to its beloved inhabitants a word of adieu. In my early youth, I often resided in this native land of my forefathers, and many delightful recollections are connected with that long by-gone period. I have now lived near twenty years among you; and, placed by the honoured confidence of the King, my deceased brother, at the head of the government of this kingdom, I reflect with gratitude on the able assistance which the royal ministry and all the authorities have afforded me, and the zeal with which they have sustained and promoted my wishes and efforts for the welfare of His Majesty's subjects. From the inhabitants of this country, and this city, I have received numerous proofs of the most cordial confidence, and the sincerest love and attachment. The grateful recollection of those proofs will be always dear to me, and no time, no distance, can ever obliterate them from my heart. Painful to me is the separation from this city, where my children first beheld the light of Heaven, where I have spent so many happy hours, and where I have maintained friendly relations with so many whom I love and esteem. But, however far I may be removed, I shall ever feel a lively interest in the happiness of this country. May the ALMIGHTY give to the government of his present Majesty, my illustrious and beloved brother, a blessed reign. May the country advance in prosperity; may the protecting hand of PROVIDENCE guard it from all misfortune; and may complete domestic happiness and household prosperity be enjoyed by all its inhabitants. In this, the inmost wish of my heart, my consort and my children most earnestly participate. They, too, love their country and this city; they, too, separate from them with feelings of the deepest emotion; and never will they forget the numerous proofs of love and attachment which they have obtained. And now, dearly beloved people of this kingdom, I bid you all an affectionate adieu, and leave you in the hope, that you also will hereafter think with affection on me."

"ADOLPHUS."

"*Hanover, July* 4, 1837."

His Royal Highness returned to England; and having landed at the Tower Stairs September 6th following, arrived safe at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, the same day.

The Duke of Cambridge, by his royal consort, has issue three children:—

Prince George-William-Frederick-Charles, G. C. B., born at Hanover,* on the 26th of March, 1819; now abroad, completing his military education.

Princess Augusta-Caroline-Charlotte-Elizabeth-Mary-Sophia-Louisa; born at Hanover, on the 19th July, 1822.

Princess Mary.

* This amiable youth is remarkable for his candid and open disposition. Playing one day alone with the young Count L——, in the principal drawing-room of the palace, they heedlessly upset and destroyed a very costly piece of *bijouterie*, which the Duchess had expressly charged them neither to touch nor approach. On her return, her Royal Highness discovered the accident, and demanded how it happened. "I," said Prince George, stepping boldly forward, "I did it, mamma." On being subsequently asked why he had taken the entire blame on himself, when his companion was equally implicated, he replied, "Because I was the eldest, and ought to be punished most; and because," he added, "I looked n L——'s face, and thought he was about to deny it, and say what was not true."

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 901.] SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1838. [Price 2d.

Coronation of Queen Victoria.

Thursday, June 28, 1838.

The performance of this august ceremonial, (originally announced for the 26th of June,) took place on the above day; and may altogether be pronounced as the most *popular* celebration of its kind within the remembrance of the present generation; the term "popular" here being understood to signify giving satisfaction to the greatest portion of the people. We doubt whether the crowning of George III. was so interesting an event to the nation, notwithstanding his British birth, and being the first of his family who could speak English. The inauguration of George IV.—magnificent as were its scale, and splendid its details—was marred by circumstances which must have reached the heart of the monarch: brilliant as was the day itself, there were occurrences to cloud its enjoyment and prospects, added to which was the after consideration of its profuse expenditure. No incident in the pageantry of modern times has eclipsed the unique and superb character of the platform procession on that memorable occasion; and, probably, the annals of festivity, ancient or modern, do not contain more costly items than those of the banquet in Westminster Hall, which, however, was rather a display of national pride than popular enjoyment. It was a gorgeous picture of courtly splendour, which was but imperfectly reflected upon the hearts of those who witnessed its false lights and transitory glories. In about ten years, succeeded the coronation of William IV. and Adelaide—a celebration shorn of its befitting beams, although the affection of the people towards the sovereign and his consort might compensate for this absence of brilliancy. It was, perhaps, regarded too exclusively as a religious rite: there was no banquet; the formal consecration was alone regarded as essential, and those minor considerations of the people which diffuse universal enjoyment, and let us add, loyalty, through the country, were almost entirely overlooked. Such was not, however, the course pursued on the auspicious occasion we are about to record in our pages. The tender age and sex of the Queen—the most youthful female sovereign that has ever worn the crown of England*—would have rendered this the most interesting coronation in the records of such celebrations; for language can but ill describe the affectionate attachment of all classes towards her present Majesty—

> and the words (we) utter
> Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

Nor is this lively interest confined to the country which is blessed beneath her benignant rule: every court of Europe participates in this gale of favour; we are looking to her peaceful sway, as do also millions of human beings, for the extension of the blessings of civilization—in her mighty empire in the East, and her possessions and infant colonies in the West: in short, throughout the Old and New world all hearts are turned towards this consecration of Victoria, our beloved Queen.

Reverting to the popularity of the past coronation at home, it is but justice to those who suggested its celebration to observe that its results must prove beneficial to the *spirit* of the country. Every subject, from the prince who graced its pageant to the peasant who partook of its humble glories, has alike been thought of; so as to render the scene one of national enjoyment—

> When loose to festive joy, the country round
> Laughs with the loud festivity of mirth.

Of this happy occasion, so fraught with hope and joy, and pictures of life in its seven ages, we shall endeavour to present the reader with as circumstantial a narrative as a brief record will comprise. These details will be gathered with care from our contemporaries, as well as from our own observation, with such attention to accuracy, as, we trust, has hitherto been shown in this work, in records of the great events of its time. The whole narrative, with its illustrations, extends throughout this and the following sheet; and, let us hope,

* The youngest sovereign, Edward V., was never crowned. Hence, his statue in the late Royal Exchange, was represented with a crown suspended above the head.

that however humble the record may be of so august an event,

Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

PREPARATIONS.

At the last coronation, it will be remembered, their Majesties resided at St. James's Palace, whence the horse and carriage procession to Westminster Abbey took place: it had little pretension as a pageant, though it afforded satisfaction to thousands who could not witness the ceremonial itself. Her present Majesty having removed into the New, or Buckingham Palace soon after her accession, advantage was very properly taken of this circumstance to render the out-door procession a more prominent feature of the coronation than hitherto, and thus to gratify a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the metropolis, besides thousands who had flocked thither from all parts of the country to witness the gay scene. By many persons, the omission of the banquet,—notwithstanding the late precedent at the coronation of William—was condemned as parsimonious, and detracting from the dignity of the sovereign and the loyal character of the country; an objection which was sensibly overruled by the vast cost of a coronation festival, and the comparatively few persons who partake of it. It was also shown that by prudent, yet not niggardly, expenditure, much more might be done for the gratification of the public than was accomplished either at the coronation of George IV. or his successor; and this position we take to have been admirably worked or rather *played* out. The extended line of procession was fixed as follows: up Constitution-hill, through the grand triumphal arch, along Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-mall, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, Whitehall, Parliament-street, to the Western Door of Westminster Abbey; and the return by the same route, and in the same order. At the several streets leading into this line, strong barriers were fixed.

Presuming the reader to be acquainted with these localities, we shall proceed to notice a few of the preparations in the line to give *eclat* to the procession.

Upon the marble arch facing Buckingham Palace, was erected a staff, 80 feet in height, to which was affixed the royal standard of England, 30 ft. long and 18 ft. deep, of strongly wrought, and very fine silk. It was manufactured by Mr. Mills, of Cateaton-street, City, at a cost of nearly 200*l.**

* We hope hereafter to see this superb emblem regularly hoisted at sunrise, as at Windsor Castle, during the stay of the sovereign at the palace. At the Tuileries, in Paris, a flag is hoisted on such occasions; and formerly, such was the custom in England at the seats of the nobility and principal gentry, the arms of the owner being emblazoned on the flag. At Belvoir Castle, Chatsworth, and a few other noble residences, the custom is still observed.

Having proceeded by the new road of Constitution-hill, we observed rising seats for spectators beneath and above the grand front of St. George's Hospital; and on each side of the triumphal arch were galleries. The next noticeable preparation was at Devonshire House, in the court yard of which was raised a pavilion-like erection above the front wall, divided into three compartments, tastefully lined and draped. Proceeding along Piccadilly, a long gallery was built within the gardens attached to the cottage in the Green Park; as were also seats above the dwarf wall extending to the lodge at the Basin.

From Piccadilly, the *detour* of St. James's-street and Pall-mall, for some days previous, resounded with the busy note of preparation; and, from the palatial character of the numerous mansions in these streets, they formed the most attractive portion of the line. Crockford's Club-house had two capacious, covered galleries, each extending the whole breadth of its elevation, and that of an adjoining house. The several club-houses, and houses in the street, had likewise galleries; but, in what may be termed magnificent effect, Crockford's bore away the bell. On turning into Pall-mall, an extensive gallery was erected over the entrance-gate to Marlborough-house, for the establishment of the Queen Dowager. A spacious gallery was erected in front of the Ordnance-office; and the preparations for illuminating the whole elevation were of tasteful design. The Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Club-house, the Conservative, the Travellers, the Athenæum, and the United Service, were all provided with covered galleries, finished with gay draperies; and upon the colonnade of the Italian Opera-house were similar accommodations. To describe the decorations of these several buildings, would exceed our limit; their varied and festal character heightening the effect of the scene. These club-house galleries were almost exclusively to be appropriated to ladies; so that, hereafter, clubs must not be censured as ungallant establishments. We may here mention in order of subject, though in advance of the line, that the Reform Club, which has taken up its temporary abode at Gwydyr-house, Whitehall, gave seat-accommodation, with a sumptuous breakfast, to six hundred ladies; and Strauss' band were stationed in the adjoining gardens. The former mansion of the Reform Club in Pall-mall was let, and fitted up with seats for the public.

Round the statue of George III., in Cockspur-street, seats were built; the fierce horse-tail being sadly in the way of such accommodation. Similar provisions were made around the statue of Charles II., at Charing-cross, which, in newspaper pleasantry, "had undergone a strange metamorphosis. Around the railing elevated seats were erected, covered

by a dark-coloured pavilion-like roof or awning; peering over which might be seen *part* of the equestrian statue, but the prancing paw of the noble quadruped was invisible, and the royal martyr, viewed from the eastern approach, seemed as if swimming in a pool of black mud."

Glancing from the high ground in front of the National Gallery, the line of Charing-cross, Whitehall, and Parliament-street, presented a scene of busy interest. The Government buildings, from the Admiralty to Downing-street, were provided with galleries, and seats were placed within the railing of Whitehall Chapel. In short, from the carriage-road to Privy-gardens, past Whitehall-terrace, to the corner of Bridge-street, was presented an almost unbroken series of booths; the erections on the opposite side of the street being somewhat less frequent.

At the end of Parliament-street, houses were entirely faced with galleries; and where the road trends to Westminster Abbey, the *seat-market, pro visu publico*, commenced thickly and threefold. In each of the inclosures flanking the road and St. Margaret's churchyard, were capacious galleries, rejoicing in the royal *cognomina* of "the Queen's Gallery," "the Victoria," "the Royal Kent," &c., allowing only space for entrance to the covered passages leading into the Abbey. Around the Sessions House were seats: the east and south sides of the Westminster Hospital were flanked with galleries; and in the front was a pavilion of three stories, handsomely decorated. Indeed, in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey, every nook of ground was covered with seats; and never were the difficulties of seeing round corners more successfully surmounted.

We have now reached the Grand Western Entrance to the Abbey, before which, (as at the last coronation,) a capacious vestibule was erected, to correspond with Wren's "bad Gothic" of this front. This building is of wood, painted to harmonize in ornament and tint with the main edifice. On entering the porch, the same character is cleverly preserved in the groined roof, and doorways on each side, as well as in the vista of columns leading to the Nave. The passage is flanked with the reception-rooms for Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family; these chambers are well finished, the doors being of oak, carved. That on the right was set apart for the Queen, and was entered through an anti-chamber, in which the royal attendants waited. The walls of her Majesty's chamber are papered with crimson, with pointed panels and cornices in gold; the light being admitted by two windows filled with ground glass, diapered: the furniture is of oak, and with the hangings and carpets are imitative antique. From this apartment, an arched doorway leads to a retiring-room. The chamber on the opposite side, for the Royal Family, is all of similar design to the preceding; but is finished in less costly style.*

Having passed through this vestibule, or occasional building, entrance is obtained through the original Abbey doorway to the Nave, over the vast area of which is laid a substantial timber flooring. To allow for the erection of a music gallery sufficiently large for 400 performers, the organ has been removed from over the screen at the entrance to the Choir, and a new instrument erected at two arches down the Nave. Over the side aisles, galleries are erected for the accommodation of 1,500 persons admitted by Government tickets. These galleries are finished with crimson and yellow; and, to preserve the completeness of this part of the edifice, canvass screens reach from the bottom of the galleries to the floor, and are painted to imitate masonry. Looking from this point towards the Choir, an imitative pointed screen rises at the back of the organ loft and musicians' gallery, supporting which are rows of columns forming a sort of vestibule to the Choir. The occupiers of the seats in the anterior portion of the Nave could thus enjoy an uninterrupted view of the royal procession as it moved from the Abbey door; they could likewise distinctly hear the musical performance, but they were shut out from witnessing the ceremonies within the Choir. Had the original organ screen been removed, and the organ and gallery erected beneath the great western window and the Abbey thus thrown open from east to west, the effect would have been unique as to appearance. It is stated that such an arrangement would have marred the music, which, however, with the plan adopted was but imperfectly heard at the east end of the Abbey. The long line of procession (to aid the effect of which, by the way, was the origin of the elongated forms of our cathedrals,) would have burst uninterruptedly upon the assembly in the other portion of the building: as it was, it became visible to them only after it had passed through a pointed arch of mean proportions, which *halved* the grandeur of the pageant. In the *Morning Herald* are some strong animadversions upon the adopted plan, the writer observing:—"Was it thus that the arrangements were made, when the

* The building erected for the above purpose at the coronation of William IV., will be found engraved at page 289 of the *Mirror*, vol. xviii. Having served its purpose—the reception of King, Queen, Princes and Princesses—the fabric was sold to the proprietor of a suburban tea-garden; and, there within a mimic fabric of the 13th century, folks refresh themselves with the Anglicised luxuries of tobacco and tea, of the 16th and 17th centuries, and gin and porter of a century later. As the building for Queen Victoria is somewhat more substantial than its predecessor, let us hope that it may hereafter be appropriated to some more regal enjoyment.

heroes of Cressy and Agincourt were crowned? Certainly not. This glorious Abbey was open completely from east to west, and in this grand vista was seen rich cloth of gold, and were suspended banners taken from the enemy covering every clustered column." Yet the hero of Agincourt was not always equally fortunate; for, on his return from that splendid victory, he entered London *viâ* Kent-street, in the Borough!

Advancing up the Choir, on each side were rising seats, and above them, two galleries reaching nearly to the spring of the arches; over which, parallel with the vaultings, extended a third gallery. It should be mentioned that the floor of the choir was occupied by a raised platform 24 feet wide, and 112 feet in length, upon which the procession passed; and on each side was a smaller platform for the individuals flanking the pageant. The central platform was covered with scarlet cloth, as were also the seats: the fronts of the choir galleries were also hung with scarlet drapery, trimmed with gold-coloured fringe.

We now reach the main part of the Abbey, known as "the Theatre," whereon was raised a small platform, about four feet square, with five steps, four of which were covered with cloth of gold; the lower one and the flooring being covered with a rich Wilton carpet. On this Theatre, facing the Altar, stood her Majesty's Throne, or chair of state; the sides of which were hung with deep gold fringe; a footstool was placed at each corner, in similar style; where also were semi-circular rails, within which stood the heralds and yeomen of the guard. The Queen's litany chair and faldstool were placed at the foot of the stage supporting the Throne: they were richly gilded, and finished with velvet drapery.

The transepts, as heretofore, were appropriated to the peerage; the north for the peeresses and the south for the peers, occupying seats rising from the floor; above which were other seats, and over them a large gallery, rising nearly to the circular window of each transept.

The eastern end of the Abbey did not correspond with the rest of the choir, and must, therefore, be described *separatim*. The floor is called "the Sacrarium," from the actual coronation taking place thereon at the altar. The pulpit, as heretofore, was placed against the clustered columns at the south-east angle, formed by the north transept and the choir. The altar was surmounted by a kind of canopy, supported by emblematical figures, carved and gilt. The drapery at the back consisted of purple and gold silk damask, coiled up with ropes of gold; and, on the right of the altar, stood the offering-table, covered with Garter blue Genoa velvet, bordered and fringed with gold. Upon this was placed a cushion, likewise of Garter blue velvet, paneled in gold, and finished with massive gold tassels; together with the offering, a pall or altar covering, of gold brocade, five feet square, bound with gold lace and fringed. The table was covered with richly-chased and heavy plate. St. Edward's chair was restored and regilt. On the south side of the Sacrarium was the Queen's box, with purple and gold draperies; the interior lined with white sarsnet, fluted, and furnished with richly-gilt chairs. Above this box was a gallery for the great officers of state. Opposite, on the floor were the seats for the archbishops and bishops, and above them was a gallery for the ambassadors. Above the altar, as heretofore, was the gallery for her Majesty's "faithful Commons;" the Speaker's chair, of oak, with green velvet cushions, being placed in the centre of the front, with a cushion for the mace. High above this gallery, parallel with the vaultings, was another gallery; and, still higher, at the eastern extremity, towards the roof, was a gallery, for part of the Queen's state band, with trumpets and drums, to aid the ceremony occasionally; upon the front of which gallery were emblazoned the royal arms. The hangings of the other galleries were of purple satin, embroidered with flowers in gold, to harmonize with the altar draperies. The *coup d'œil* of this portion of the Abbey was remarkably rich and effective, yet of suitable solemnity of character. At the back of the altar were retiring-rooms for her Majesty.

Here our description of the interior fittings of the Abbey may end; to which, however, it may be as well to add, that the reader who is not familiar with the plan of Westminster Abbey, will do well to refer to our account of the Coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, (*Mirror*, vol. xviii., p. 178 to 189, or No. 508,) wherein the Abbey fittings are more minutely detailed; and there were but few variations from their plan in the Coronation just passed. The fittings throughout the Abbey were alike noticeable for their ingenuity of contrivance, solidity, and extent. The quantity of timber employed appears almost incredible; 1,500 loads being supplied from one wharf only. Upwards of 11,000 tickets of admission were issued; whereas, at the former coronation, the number was limited to 8,000.

The Procession.

The morning was ominous of wet, but the little rain which fell led to a good result; for a summer's day ensued, without the inconveniences of heat or dust. The first recognition of the day was at its earliest moment, by ringing the Abbey bells, which, unmusical as they are, are welcome from their only being rung upon occasions of public joy. In the night, a detachment of the Artillery from

Woolwich had taken up their station within the inclosed portion of St. James's Park; where they fired at sunrise and during the day. Almost from "early dawn," thousands of holiday folks began to pour into the metropolis, all wending their way towards Westminster; and, by eight o'clock, the vast majority of the persons who were to witness the coronation and partake of its festivities, had located themselves. Throughout the royal route, every dwelling, from the basement to the roof-tree, was thickly peopled; all the occupants awaiting the commencing of the pageant of the day. Soon after half-past nine, detachments of the Blues and the Life Guards, with their respective bands, arrived opposite the marble arch of the palace. Twelve of the Queen's dress carriages, together with the state coach, were then driven into the palace courtyard, and were soon joined by the carriages of the Royal Family. Meanwhile, the equipages of the Foreign Ambassadors formed into line in the Birdcage Walk. At a quarter before ten, the final formation of the line was commenced. At ten minutes past ten, the Queen, leaning on the arm of the Marquis of Conyngham, left the state-rooms, followed by the royal attendants, and having passed through lines of yeomen of the guard in the marble hall, her Majesty was handed into the state coach by Colonel Cavendish, clerk-marshal. A signal was given by Lieutenant Jay, R.N., who was in attendance at the marble arch; the royal standard was immediately hoisted, a salute of artillery was fired, "God save the Queen" was played, and the procession moved in the following order:—

Trumpeters. A Squadron of Life Guards.

Under the direction of one of the Queen's Equerries, with two assistants:—

Carriages of the Foreign Resident Ambassadors and Ministers in the order in which they take precedence in this country,

The Chargé d'Affaires of Mexico. The Minister from the United States.
The Chargé d'Affaires of Portugal. The Minister from the Netherlands.
The Chargé d'Affaires of Sweden. The Brazilian Minister.
The Saxon Minister. The Bavarian Minister.
The Hanoverian Minister. The Danish Minister.
The Greek Minister. The Belgian Minister.
The Sardinian Minister. The Wirtemberg Minister.
The Spanish Minister. The Prussian Minister.

Carriages of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers Extraordinary, in the order in which they respectively reported their arrival in this country.

Ahmed Fethi Pacha, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Sultan.
Marshal Soult, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the French.
Duke of Palmella, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Queen of Portugal.
Count Lowenhjelm, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Sweden.
Marquess de Brignole, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Sardinia.
Count Alten, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Hanover.
Prince de Putbus, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of Prussia.
Marquess de Miraflores, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Queen of Spain.
Baron de Capelen, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the Netherlands.
Prince Schwartzenburgh, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Emperor of Austria.
Count Strogonoff, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Emperor of Russia.
Prince de Ligne, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the Belgians.
Count Ludolf, Ambassador Extraordinary from the King of the two Sicilies.
The Turkish Ambassador. The Russian Ambassador.
The French Ambassador. The Austrian Ambassador.

Mounted Band of a Regiment of Household Brigade.

Detachment of Life Guards under the direction of one of Her Majesty's Equerries, with two Assistants:—

Carriages of the Branches of the Royal Family, with their respective Escorts.

The Duchess of Kent and Attendants, in Her Royal Highness's two Carriages, each drawn by six Horses; with her proper Escort of Life Guards.

The Duchess of Gloucester and Attendants, in Her Royal Highness's two Carriages, each drawn by six Horses; with her proper Escort of Life Guards.

The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Attendants, in His Royal Highness's two Carriages, each drawn by six Horses; with his proper Escort of Life Guards.

The Duke of Sussex and Attendants, in His Royal Highness's Carriage, drawn by six Horses; with his proper Escort of Life Guards.

Mounted Band of a Regiment of the Household Brigade, under the direction of one of the Queen's Equerries, with two Assistants:—

The Queen's Bargemaster. The Queen's Forty-eight Watermen.

HER MAJESTY'S CARRIAGES.

each drawn by six Horses.

Two Grooms, walking. The First Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms, walking.
Conveying two Pages of Honour—James Charles M'Cowall, Esq., George F. C. Cavendish, Esq.; and two Gentlemen Ushers—Major Beresford, Captain Green.

Two Grooms walking. Second Carriage drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Pages of Honour—Charles Ellice, Esq., Lord Kilmarnock; and two Gentlemen Ushers—The Honourable F. Byng, and C. Heneage, Esq.

Two Grooms walking. Third Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Bedchamber Women—Lady Theresa Digby, Lady Charlotte Copley; and two Grooms in Waiting, Hon. George Keppel, and Henry Rich.

Two Grooms walking. Fourth Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Bedchamber Women, Lady Harriet Clive, Lady Caroline Barrington; and two Grooms in Waiting, Hon. William Cooper, Sir Frederick Stovin.

Two Grooms walking. Fifth Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Rice, Hon. Miss Murray; Groom of the Robes, Captain Francis Seymour; and Clerk Marshal, Hon. Col. Cavendish.
Two Grooms walking. Sixth Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Lister, Hon. Miss Paget; Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir Henry Wheatley; and Vice Chamberlain, Earl of Belfast.
Two Grooms walking. Seventh Carriage drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Cavendish, Hon. Miss Cocks; Treasurer of the Household, Earl of Surrey; and Comptroller of the Household, Hon. George Byng.
Two Grooms walking. Eighth Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Maids of Honour, Hon. Miss Dillon, Hon. Miss Pitt; and two Lords in Waiting, Lord Gardner, Lord Lilford.
Two Grooms walking. Ninth Carriage, drawn by six Greys. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Ladies of the Bedchamber, Lady Portman, Lady Barham; and two Lords in Waiting, Lord Byron, Viscount Falkland.
Two Grooms walking. Tenth Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Ladies of the Bedchamber, Lady Lyttleton, Countess of Mulgrave; and two Lords in Waiting, Viscount Torrington, Earl of Uxbridge.
Two Grooms walking. Eleventh Carriage, drawn by six bays. Two Grooms walking.
Conveying two Ladies of the Bedchamber, the Countess of Charlemont, Marchioness of Tavistock; and two Lords in Waiting, the Earl of Fingal, Marquess of Headfort.
Three Grooms walking. Twelfth Carriage, drawn by six blacks. Three Grooms walking.
Conveying the principal Lady of the Bedchamber, the Marchioness of Lansdowne; the Lord Chamberlain, Marquess of Conyngham; and the Lord Steward, Duke of Argyle.

A Squadron of Life Guards.
Mounted Band of the Household Brigade.
Military Staff and Aid-de-Camp on horseback, three and three,
Attended by one Groom each, and on either side by the Equerry of the Crown Stable, Sir George Quentin, and the Queen's Gentleman Rider, Deputy Adjutant General, Deputy Quarter-Master General, Deputy Adjutant General, Royal Artillery, Quarter-Master General, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Adjutant General.

The Royal Huntsmen, Yeomen Prickers, and Foresters.
Six of Her Majesty's Horses, with rich trappings, each Horse led by two Grooms.
The Knight Marshal on Horseback.
Marshalmen in Ranks of Four.
The Junior Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard on Horseback.
One Hundred Yeomen of the Guard, four and four.
The Senior Exon Ensign, and Lieutenant of the Yeomen on horseback.

THE STATE COACH,
drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, attended by a Yeoman of the Guard, at each wheel, and two Footmen at each door.
The Gold Stick, Viscount Combermere, and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Earl Ilchester, riding on either side, attended by two Grooms each,

CONVEYING
THE QUEEN.

The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland.
The Master of the Horse, the Earl of Albemarle.
The Captain-General of the Royal Archers, the Duke of Buccleuch, attended by two Grooms.
A Squadron of Life Guards.

Our space will only allow us to notice a few of the incidents on the route. At either angle of the gateway, at the side next the Green Park, a sailor was stationed, holding an union-jack, to salute Her Majesty as she passed through. The foreign equipages, in their beauty and variety, excited unbounded admiration. Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, was loudly cheered, but especially on arriving opposite the Horse Guards, and from the crowd, civil and military, an evidence of English feeling delightful to record: for honour is due to a hero, of whatever country he may be. The Duchess of Kent was affectionately greeted as the excellent mother of the sovereign; an outburst of applause denoted the popularity of the Duke of Sussex; and the Queen herself was received with a degree of warmth and generous enthusiasm, which it is impossible to describe.—"It was evident, (says the *Morning Chronicle*,) that the Queen entered into the spirit of the scene. She acknowledged the huzzas, which were heard on either hand, with a graceful bow and most animated smile, and seemed gaily conversing with the Duchess of Sutherland and the Earl of Albemarle on the heart-stirring sight before her. As she advanced towards the Horse Guards, however, some of the police seemed to lose their patience, and the truncheon was plied more freely than it had been in the early part of the day. The circumstance caught her Majesty's attention, and evidently gave her pain. She instantly spoke to the Earl of Albemarle in reference to it, if we may judge from her manner; but the disorder which had occurred was but momentary."

The procession was altogether of a very interesting character, and had several novel items. The carriages of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers Extraordinary, it must be owned, were a splendid addition, with the recommendation of denoting excellent taste and feeling on the part of their several countries. There was scarcely a carriage in their line which did not reach the scale of sumptuousness. But the equipage of Soult created far more interest than that of any other ambassador. It is of French manufacture, and though it lacks the graceful outline of an English carriage, it is an admirable specimen of chastened splendour. The body

colour is rich cobalt, relieved with gold; the panels superbly emblazoned with the arms of his Excellency, and at the back is the baton of a Field Marshal; the only order is that of the Legion of Honour. The mountings of the carriage and harness are of silver, and they were more elaborately chased than those of any other equipage in the *cortege*. The upper panels of the sides are filled with plate-glass, as in state-carriages, correctly speaking: it has four elegant lamps surmounted with the ducal coronet, of richly chased silver; also a silver-pierced cornice raised considerably above the roof, and a silver ducal coronet of large dimensions at each angle. The lining of the interior is of a rich nankeen satin, relieved with scarlet, and fitted up in unique style; the hammercloth is of blue broadcloth, trimmed with nankeen gimp and tassels; and in the centre are the arms of his Excellency, exquisitely embroidered. The liveries are of a drab colour, with a rich figured silk lace. It was drawn by two horses; and by the elegance and harmonious character of its appointments must have put the genius of Long Acre on the *qui vive*. It is considered the finest specimen of French coachbuilding yet produced. Amongst the points of other equipages most admired for their costliness were velvet and silk seat and saddle cloths trimmed with broad gold lace and bullion gold tassels; bridles and whips mounted with gold; lamps superbly chased and gilt; the draperies of the hammer-cloths, and the massiveness of the chased or embroidered arms thereon were especially admired; the liveries were gay and tasteful, and the uniforms of the *chasseurs* superb. The livery of the Sardinian Ambassador Extraordinary was truly a specimen of feudal magnificence; the seams and lappets of the coats being covered with arms minutely worked in colours and embroidered in gold to stiffness. Upon the heads of the horses of two of the equipages were elegant tocques of light blue and white feathers, reminding one of champions' chargers. Most of the carriages were drawn by a pair of horses, but two or three were four-in-hand with postilion and outriders. In the linings of two of the carriages, our national emblems, the rose, shamrock, and thistle were introduced in apt complimentary taste. Among the remaining equipages must be noticed the new hammer-cloth of Her Majesty's state coach, of scarlet silk Genoa velvet, the badges on each side and back, fringes, ropes and tassels, being of gold; its cost was 1,000*l*.

Among the new costumes in the procession were the state dresses for the forty-eight royal bargemen, made by Mr. Cooper, of Suffolk-street, Pall-mall. They are of scarlet cloth, with the silver "V. R." gilt button, bearing the royal bargeman's badge of solid silver on the breast and back, surmounted by a crown of solid silver gilded, and having on each side, the letters "V.R." of the same. The badge in the centre consists of the royal arms in dead silver, the rose and the thistle gilded, and the shamrock, in green enamel. Each badge weighs nearly two pounds, so that each coat bears a weight, with the crown and letters, of considerably more than four pounds.

The Royal huntsmen, in their scarlet costume, and the yeomen prickers and foresters, in green velvet, golden belts, and bugles, were fine, old English characteristics; as were also the splendidly caparisoned horses led by grooms.

The yeomen of the guard wore new uniforms; their partisans were furbished, and their ruffs were of extra rigidity. We are happy to see regard for this imposing costume cherished at our court: it is a relic of one of the most magnificent periods in its history, although it accords better with the halls at St. James's, Hampton Court, and Windsor, than with the ill-assorted decoration of Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty wore a crimson velvet mantle, a slip of white satin, wrought with gold, and a costly circlet of brilliants, in the forms of Maltese crosses and strawberry leaves. The peers and peeresses in the Queen's carriages wore their robes, and carried their coronets.

The appearance of "the Captain General of the Royal Archers," the Duke of Buccleuch, added a chivalric interest to the close of the procession. His Grace wore a green velvet costume, and the collar and star of the Order of the Garter; he was mounted on a superbly caparisoned charger, and carried his gold stick of office.

Westminster Abbey.

We shall next present to the reader a few details of the scene within the Abbey before the arrival of the royal procession.

As early as half past three o'clock, many persons who were provided with tickets of admission, were at the doors of the Abbey. The policemen did not come till four o'clock, by which time so dense was the crowd that they could not reach the doors appropriated to the public. At half-past four, within half an hour of opening the doors, there were in the covered avenue leading to Poet's Corner door not less than 700 persons, with their admission cards in their hands. At five the doors were opened; and by six o'clock the galleries and vaultings were fully occupied. The ladies were chiefly in full court dresses; and many of the gentlemen wore naval or military uniforms.

All the fifteen judges were present: fourteen of them sat on the two left hand front seats, in the choir, the uppermost next the theatre. The fifteenth of the learned bench,

Lord Chief Justice Denman, took his seat among the piers. In the front corner of the Judges' bench, immediately looking on the theatre, and beside the north transept, having in fact one of the best views in the Abbey, was the Lord Mayor in his robes of state. In this box were also seated the Vice Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls in their robes of state. The Privy Councillors, who in their state dresses, looked like Artillery officers, sat at the back of the Judges. Next were the Aldermen of London, and below and intermingled with them were naval and military officers, the Masters in Chancery, the Queen's Sergeants, &c.

Before nine o'clock, the Peers and Peeresses had mostly arrived, and taken their seats in the Transepts. The Archbishops and Bishops had also arrived.

At half-past nine o'clock, the members of the House of Commons took their seats in the galleries assigned to them; and immediately afterwards the doors were closed against all persons but Her Majesty, her official attendants, and the foreign Ministers. At ten, the great officers of state who were appointed to carry the regalia, assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber, to receive the different articles which they had to bear during this important day. In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards, a discharge of twenty-one guns gave notice to the inmates of the Abbey that the Royal Procession had started from Buckingham Palace. About eleven, the Duke of Nemours entered the Abbey, and conversed for some time with the noblemen whom he found in the theatre, before he went to the Royal box. Shortly afterwards, the Ambassadors Extraordinary from Foreign Powers began to arrive, and by the magnificence of their dresses, and by the number of their suite, excited considerable admiration. Marshal Soult was received with loud plaudits, which appeared to affect the venerable warrior.*

* This merited compliment was exactly what generous opponents might be expected to award to an old foe now for the first time on English soil, as the representative of a monarch at peace with our sovereign. As the venerable marshal, who is some little taller than his old antagonist the Duke of Wellington, entered the choir, he was saluted with a cordial grasp of the hand by an English officer stationed among the Knights of the Bath; during the greater part of the ceremony the Marshal was standing in the Ambassadors' box immediately opposite the Duke of Wellington.—*Globe.*

Prince Esterhazy was almost as much admired as his diamonds, which, when the sun was on them, glistened, to use a phrase of Scott, "like a galaxy." The Turkish Ambassador was also the subject of admiration. The Duchess of Kent was welcomed with enthusiasm on her arrival, as were also the Dukes of Sussex, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta. The Duke of Wellington was greeted with loud cheering. At half-past eleven, the officers of the Army, and the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, habited in full canonicals, marshalled themselves in order to receive her Majesty. Another discharge of cannon, and immediately afterwards the cheers of the people, the music of the bands, and the clash of presented arms, gave notice that the Queen was under the precincts of the Abbey; though the necessity of changing her robes in her tiring-room prevented her from appearing within it till nearly half an hour afterwards. The gorgeous and glittering scene at this moment is thus well described in the *Times*. —"Every part of the Abbey save the choir was filled. The orchestra by itself formed a singular picture with its surpliced and red-hooded choristers, flanking on both sides a band of instrumental performers habited in scarlet. Opposite to them were the Members of the House of Commons, sparkling with plumage, and dressed in every variety of uniform which is known to the military service of our country. In the north transept were the peeresses, making the temple bright by the display of their beauty and the brilliancy of their decorations. In the south transept, again, were the peers, a moving mass of glittering grandeur—

"—— the abstract of this kingdom,
In all the beauty, state, and worth it holds."

Under such circumstances Her Majesty entered the Abbey, and immediately a hundred instruments, and more than twice as many voices, rang out their notes at once; and the loud anthem blended with the applauding shouts of the spectators echoed to the very roof of the Abbey.

The procession then moved into the Choir in the following order:—

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

Officers of Arms.

Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household.

Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, (attended by two gentlemen,) bearing the Crimson Bag with the Medals.

Her Majesty's Vice Chamberlain, acting for the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household; attended by an Officer of the Jewel Office, bearing on a Cushion the Ruby Ring and the Sword for the offering.

The Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Privy Seal; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord President of the Council; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, attended by his Purse Bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Armagh, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.

The Lord Archbishop of York, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand.
The Lord High Chancellor, attended by his Purse-Bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.
The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his Rochet, with his Cap in his hand, attended by two Gentlemen.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her Head. Her Train borne by Lady Caroline Campbell, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household. The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Villiers

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her Head. Her Train borne by Lady Flora Hastings, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household. The Coronet of Her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Morpeth.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, in a Robe of Estate of Purple Velvet, and wearing a Circlet of Gold on her Head. Her Train borne by Lady Caroline Legge, assisted by a Gentleman of her Household. The Coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Emlyn.

THE REGALIA.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by the Duke of Roxburgh; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Golden Spurs, borne by Lord Byron; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Cleveland; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Third Sword, borne by the Marquess of Westminster; his Coronet carried by a Page.

Curtana, borne by the Duke of Devonshire; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Second Sword, borne by the Duke of Sutherland; his Coronet carried by a Page.

Black Rod. Deputy Garter.

The Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, as Lord Great Chamberlain of England; his Coronet borne by a Page.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in his Robes of Estate, carrying his Baton as Field Marshal; his Coronet borne by the Marquess of Granby; his Train borne by Major-general Sir William Gomm.

His Royal Highness the Duke of SUSSEX, in his Robes of Estate; his Coronet carried by Viscount Anson; his Train borne by the Hon. Edward Gore.

The High Constable of Ireland, Duke of Leinster; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Erroll; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Earl Marshal of England, The Duke of Norfolk, with his Staff; attended by two Pages.

The Sword of State, borne by Viscount Melbourne; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord High Constable of England, the Duke of Wellington, with his Staff and Baton as Field-Marshal; attended by two Pages.

The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his Coronet carried by a Page.

St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Lord High Steward, Duke of Hamilton; attended by two Pages.

The Orb, borne by the Duke of Somerset; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Patina borne by the Bishop of Bangor.

The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Winchester.

The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of Lincoln.

Ten Gentlemen at Arms, with their Standard Bearer.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells.

THE QUEEN,

in her Royal Robe of Crimson Velvet, furred with Ermine, and bordered with Gold Lace; wearing the Collars of Her Orders; on her Head a Circlet of Gold.

The Bishop of Durham.

Ten Gentlemen at Arms, with their Lieutenants.

Her Majesty's Train borne by

Lady A. Paget. Lady A. W. Fitzwilliam. Lady C. A. G. Lennox. Lady C. L. W. Stanhope.
Lady F. E. Cowper. Lady M. A. F. Grimston. Lady M. A. L. Talbot. Lady L. H. Jenkinson.

Assisted by the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, (his Coronet borne by a Page,) followed by the Groom of the Robes.

The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.
Marchioness of Lansdowne, First Lady of the Bedchamber.
Ladies of the Bedchamber—viz.

Countess of Charlemont. Marchioness of Tavistock.
Lady Lyttleton. Countess of Mulgrave.
Lady Portman. Lady Barham.

Maids of Honour—viz.

Hon. Margaret Dillon. Hon. Miss Lister. Hon. Harriet Pitt. Hon. Matilda Paget.
Hon. Miss Cavendish. Hon. Miss Spring Rice. Hon. Caroline Cocks. Hon. Miss Murray.

Women of the Bedchamber.

Lady Harriet Clive. Hon. Mrs. Brand. Lady Caroline Barrington. Viscountess Forbes.
Lady Theresa Digby. Lady Gardiner. Lady Charlotte Copley. Hon. Mrs. Campbell.

The Gold Stick of the Life Guards in waiting; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Master of the Horse; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain-General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; his Coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms; his Coronet borne by a Page.

Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse.

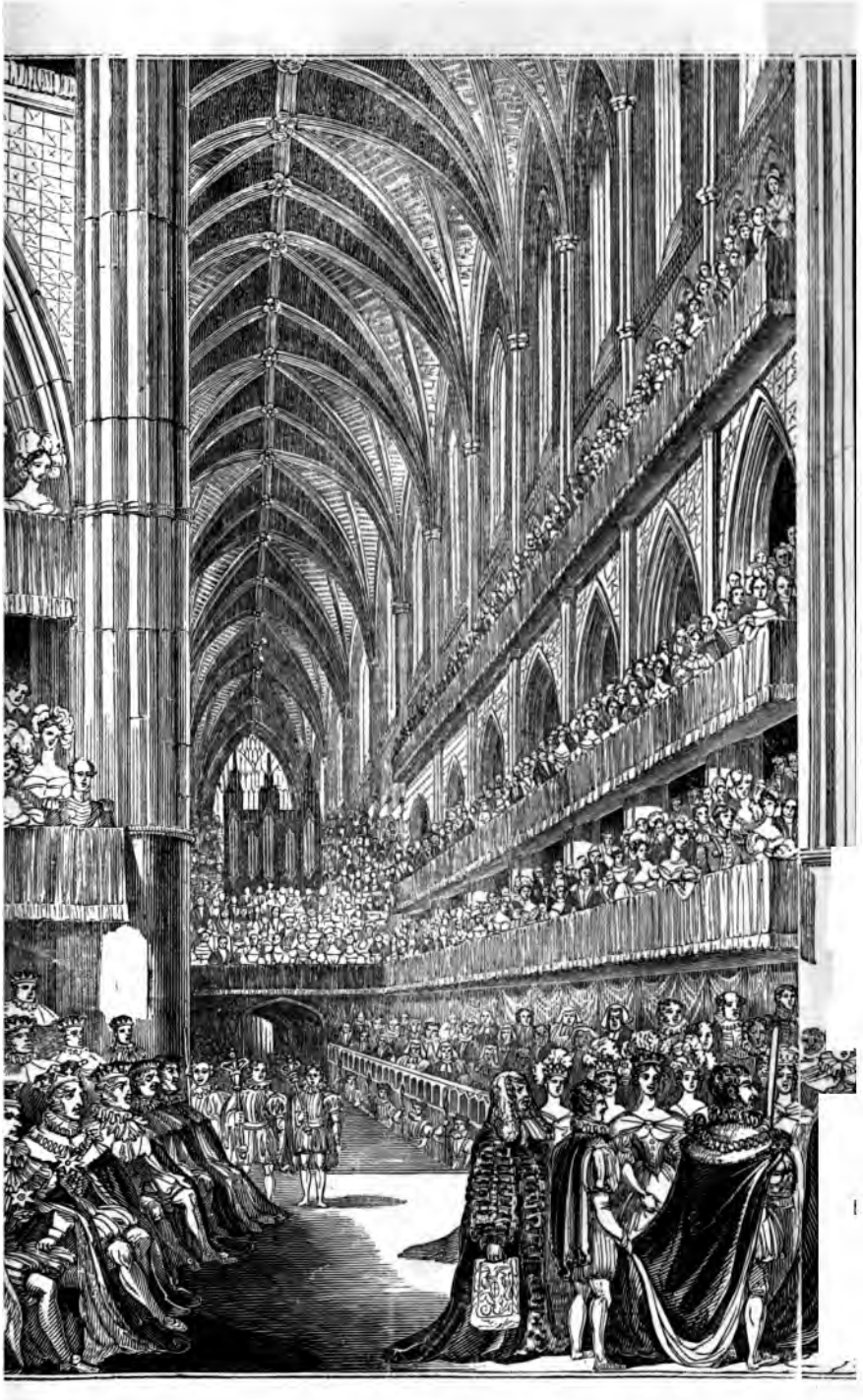
Ensign of the Yeomen of the Guard. Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Clerk of the Checque to the Yeomen of the Guard.

Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard. Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Twenty Yeomen of the Guard.

(Concluded in the Supplementary Sheet, published with the present No.)



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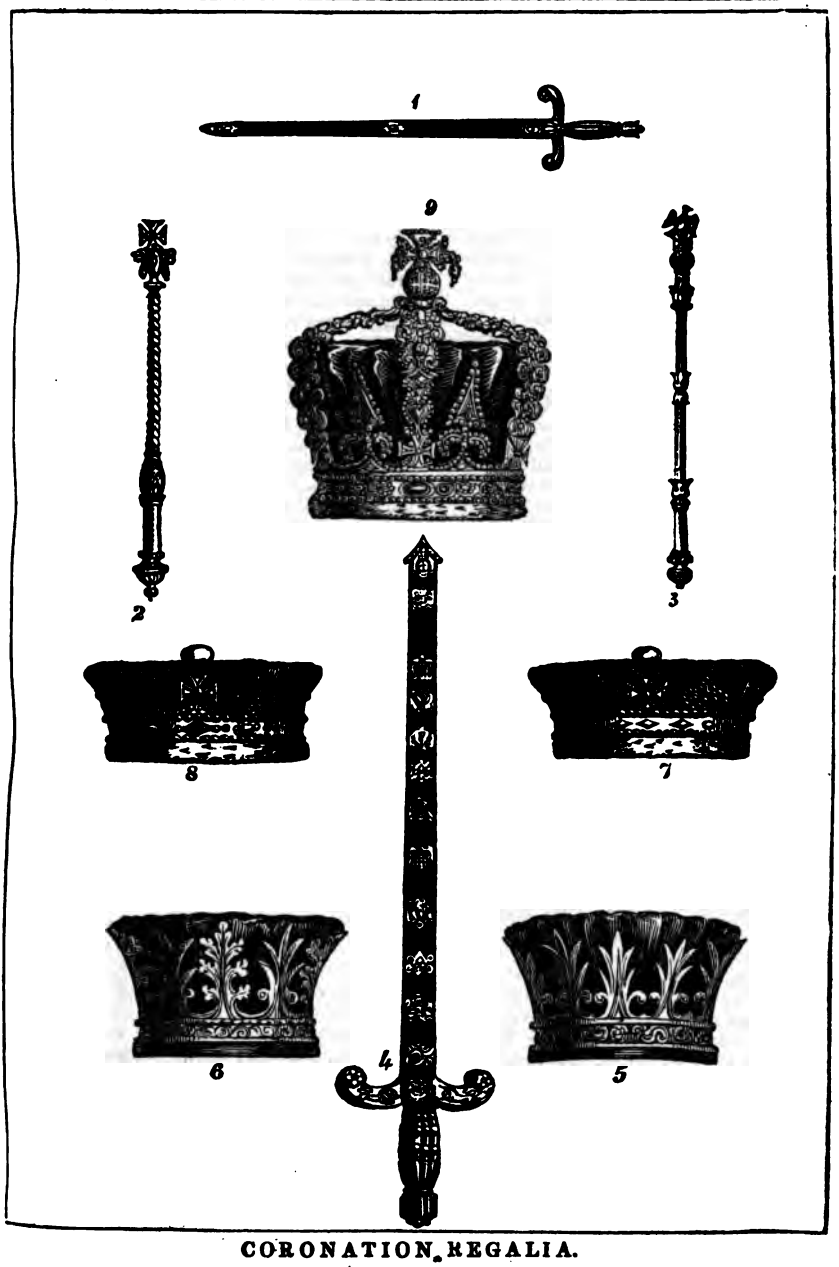

CORONATION REGALIA.

9. The New State Crown.

Coronation of Queen Victoria.

(*Continued from page* 9.)

The Princesses and the attendants of their Royal Highnesses were conducted by the officers of arms to the Royal box.

The Princes of the Blood Royal were conducted to their seats as peers by the officers of arms.

The Queen, ascending the theatre, passed on the south side of her throne to her chair of state on the south-east side of the theatre, being the recognition chair, and after her private devotion (kneeling on her faldstool,) took her seat, the Bishops, her supporters, standing on each side; the noblemen bearing the four swords on her Majesty's right hand, the sword of state being nearest to the Royal person; the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on her left; the other great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, the Dean of Westminster, Deputy Garter and Black Rod standing near the Queen's chair; the Bishops bearing the Bible, the Chalice, and the Patina, standing near the pulpit; and the trainbearers, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and the Groom of the robes behind her Majesty.

The several noblemen and personages in the procession then passed to their respective seats.

When the Queen had entered and taken up her first position beside the Theatre at the south-east end, the Westminster boys shouted aloud from their gallery adjoining the orchestra, in excellent concert, led on by the master of that Royal school, "Vivat Victoria Regina" thrice.

The Queen, having "reposed herself" in her chair before and below the throne, the ceremonies commenced with

THE RECOGNITION:

When, the anthem being sung, the Archbishop of Canterbury advanced to the east part of the theatre, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Earl Marshal, (Garter King of Arms preceding them,) and made the Recognition thus:—"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same? The Archbishop and the Great Officers of State then proceeded to the other three sides of the theatre—south, west, and north, the Queen, meanwhile, standing up by her chair towards each side as the recognition was made; and the assembled people attesting their joyous loyalty and devotion by loud, simultaneous, and most enthusiastic, shouts of

"God Save Queen Victoria!"

At the last recognition, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the band struck up the National Anthem. Her Majesty then resumed her seat, and the Great Officers their position near her Majesty. The bearers of the Regalia, during the recognition, remained standing about the Queen.

THE FIRST OBLATION.

The Bible, Patina, and Cup being brought by the Bishops who had borne them, and placed upon the Altar, the Archbishop went to the same, put on his cope, and stood on the north side of it. The Bishops who were to read the Litany also vested themselves in their copes. The officers of the Wardrobe then spread a rich cloth of gold carpet and cushions for Her Majesty to kneel on, at the steps of the Altar.

The Queen, supported by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, and attended by the Dean of Westminster, the Great Officers, and the Lords that carried the Regalia going before her, proceeded to the Altar, and kneeling upon the steps made her first oblation of a pall, or altar-cloth of gold, delivered by an officer of the Wardrobe to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him kneeling to Her Majesty; and an ingot or wedge of gold of a pound weight, which the Treasurer of the Household delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and he to Her Majesty, kneeling. The Queen delivered them to the Archbishop, standing (in which posture he received all other oblations,) one after another, the pall to be reverently laid upon the altar, and the gold to be received into the oblation basin, and with the like reverence put upon the Altar.

The Archbishop then said this prayer, the Queen still kneeling:—

"O God, who dwellest in the high and holy place, with them also who are of an humble spirit, look down mercifully upon this thy servant Victoria our Queen, here humbling herself before thee at thy footstool, and graciously receive these oblations, which, in humble acknowledgment of thy sovereignty over all, and of thy great bounty unto her in particular, she hath now offered up unto thee, through Jesus Christ, our only mediator and advocate. Amen."

The Queen then proceeded as before to the Chair of State, on the south side of the Altar.

In the mean time, the Lords who bore the Regalia, except those who carried the swords, went in order near to the altar, and presented each what he carried to the Archbishop, who delivered them to the Dean of Westminster, to be placed upon the Altar.

THE LITANY

Was then read by the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's, kneeling at a faldstool

above the steps, on the middle of the east side of the theatre; the choir did not read the responses, in order, we presume, conveniently to curtail the service.

The Bishops having read the Litany, resumed their seats.

THE COMMUNION.

Previous to the commencement of the Communion Service, the choir sang the Sanctus: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts," &c.

The Archbishop then began the Communion Service. The Epistle was read by the Bishop of Rochester from 1 *Peter*, ii. 13.

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake."

The Gospel was read by the Bishop of Carlisle, the Queen and the people standing. St. *Matthew*, xxii. 15. "Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk," &c.

The Service being concluded, the Bishops who had assisted returned to their seats.

THE SERMON

Was preached by the Bishop of London, who before the conclusion of the creed had ascended the pulpit; the Queen sitting in her chair on the south side of the altar, with the Bishop of Durham standing on her right, and beyond him, on the same side, the noblemen carrying the swords; on her left hand, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Lord Great Chamberlain.

On the north side of the altar, the Archbishop of Canterbury sat in a purple velvet chair; near the Archbishop stood Garter King of Arms, and on the south side, east of the Queen's chair, nearer to the altar, the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster.

The text was taken from the 2nd Chronicles, c. xxxiv, v. 31—"and the king stood in his place and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

THE OATH.

The sermon being concluded, and her Majesty having on Monday, the 20th day of November, 1837, in the presence of the two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the declaration, the Archbishop advanced towards the Queen, and, standing before her, addressed her Majesty thus:—

Madam, is your Majesty willing to take the oath? And the Queen answering,—I am willing,

The Archbishop ministered these questions; and the Queen, having a copy of the printed form and order of the Coronation Service in her hands, answered each question severally, as follows:—

Archbishop.—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?

Queen.—I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop.—Will you, to the utmost of your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

Queen.—I will.

Archbishop.—Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

Queen.—All this I promise to do.

Then the Queen arising out of her chair, attended by her supporters, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State alone being carried before Her Majesty, proceeded to the altar, where kneeling on the cushion placed on the steps, and laying her right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, which had been carried in the procession, and was now brought from the altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to her Majesty, she took the coronation oath, saying these words:—

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep. So help me God.

Then the Queen kissed the book, and to a transcript of the oath set her royal sign manual; the Lord Chamberlain of the Household holding a silver standish for that purpose, delivered to him by an officer of the Jewel-office.

THE ANOINTING.

The Queen having returned to her chair on the south side of the altar, while kneeling at her faldstool, the hymn "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*," was sung by the choir, the Archbishop of Canterbury reading the first line.

The hymn being ended, the Archbishop read the following prayer preparatory to the anointing:—

"O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets, to teach and govern thy people Israel, bless and sanctify thy chosen servant Victoria, who by our office and ministry is now to be anointed with this oil [here the archbishop laid his hand upon the ampulla], and consecrated Queen of this realm; strengthen her, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost the comforter; confirm and stablish her with thy free and princely spirit, the spirit of wisdom and government, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and fill her, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

The choir then sang the anthem:—"Zadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet."

At the commencement of the anthem the Queen, rising from her devotions, went before the altar, attended by her supporters, where the Mistress of the Robes, assisted by

the Lord Great Chamberlain, divested her Majesty of her crimson robe, which was carried by the Groom of the Robes into St. Edward's Chapel. The Queen then sat down in King Edward's chair, which was covered with cloth of gold, with a faldstool before it. Four Knights of the Garter—namely, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Duke of Buccleugh, (summoned by Deputy Garter,) then held over her Majesty a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain, who had received it from an officer of the wardrobe. The anthem being concluded, the Dean of Westminster, taking the ampulla and spoon from off the altar, held them ready, pouring some of the holy oil into the spoon, with which the Archbishop then anointed the Queen, in the form of a cross, on the crown of the head, and on the palms of both the hands, pronouncing the words—

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets, were anointed," &c.

The Dean of Westminster then laid the ampulla and spoon upon the altar, and the Queen kneeling at the faldstool, the Archbishop standing on the north side of the altar, pronounced a prayer or blessing over her. The prayer being ended, the Queen arose and resumed her seat in St. Edward's chair.

THE SPURS AND SWORD, AND THE OBLATION OF THE SWORD.

The Spurs were brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, kneeling down, presented them to the Queen, who forthwith returned them to be laid upon the altar. Lord Viscount Melbourne, who carried the Sword of State, now delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain (who gave it to an officer of the Jewel-house, to be deposited in the Traverse in King Edward's Chapel), and received in lieu thereof, from the Lord Chamberlain, another sword, in a scabbard of purple velvet, which he delivered to the Archbishop, who, laying it on the altar, said the following prayer:—

"Hear our prayers, O Lord, we beseech thee, and so direct and support thy servant, Queen Victoria, that she may not bear the sword in vain, but may use it as the minister of God for the terror and punishment of evil-doers, and for the protection and encouragement of those that do well, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Then the Archbishop took the sword from off the altar, and (the Archbishops of York and Armagh, the Bishops of London, Winchester, and others going along with him) delivered it into the Queen's right hand, saying,—

"Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy. With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that have gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that, doing these things, you may be glorious in all virtue; and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come. Amen."

Then the Queen, rising up, and going to the altar, offered the sword there in the scabbard, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who placed it on the altar; after which the Queen returned and sat down in King Edward's chair. The sword was then redeemed for one hundred shillings by Viscount Melbourne, who, receiving it from off the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and drawing it out of the scabbard (which he delivered to an officer of the wardrobe), bore it unsheathed before her Majesty during the remainder of the solemnity.

THE INVESTING WITH THE ROYAL ROBE, AND THE DELIVERY OF THE ORB.

Then, the Queen rising, the Imperial Mantle, or Dalmatic Robe, of cloth of gold, lined or furred with ermine, was, by an officer of the wardrobe, delivered to the Dean of Westminster, and by him put upon the Queen, standing; the Queen, having received it, sat down. The Orb with the Cross was then brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered into the Queen's right hand by the Archbishop, pronouncing a blessing and exhortation; after which the Queen returned her orb to the Dean, who placed the same on the altar.

THE INVESTITURE PER ANNULUM ET BACULUM.

An officer of the Jewel-house now delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, who delivered to the Archbishop, the Queen's ring, in which a table jewel is enchased; the Archbishop put it on the fourth finger of Her Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive this ring," &c.

Then the Dean of Westminster brought the Sceptre and Rod to the Archbishop, and the Lord of the Manor of Worksop (who claims to hold an estate by the service of presenting to the Queen a right hand glove on the day of her coronation, and supporting the Queen's right arm whilst she holds the Sceptre with the Cross) delivered to the Queen a pair of rich gloves, and, as occasion happened afterwards, supported Her Majesty's right arm, or held the sceptre by her side.

The gloves being put on, the Archbishop delivered the Sceptre with the Cross into the Queen's right hand, saying: "Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice. Then he delivered the Rod

with the Dove into the Queen's left hand, saying, "Receive the rod of equity and mercy," &c.

THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN.

The Archbishop, standing before the altar, then took the crown (St. Edward's) into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the altar, said, "O God, who crownest thy faithful servants with mercy and loving kindness, look down upon this thy servant Victoria, our Queen, who now in lowly devotion boweth her head to thy divine majesty [here the Queen bowed her head]; and as thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon her head, so enrich her royal heart with thy heavenly grace, and crown her with all princely virtues, which may adorn the high station wherein thou hast placed her, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, to whom be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The Queen still sitting in St. Edward's chair, the Archbishop, assisted by the same Archbishops and Bishops as before, left the altar; the Dean of Westminster brought the Crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him, reverently placed it upon the Queen's head.

Immediately Her Majesty was crowned, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, Bishops their caps, and Kings-at-arms their crowns. The effect was magnificent in the extreme. The shouts which followed were really tumultuous, and all but made "the vaulted roof rebound." A signal being given the instant the Crown was placed on the Queen's head, the great guns at the Tower, and those in St. James's Park, fired a Royal salue, (41 guns,) which gave an additional but somewhat startling solemnity to the occasion. The acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop said—"Be strong and of a good courage." The Anthem followed. "The Queen shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord."

THE PRESENTING OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

The Dean then took the Holy Bible from off the altar, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who, with the same Archbishops and Bishops as before, presented it to the Queen, saying: "Our Gracious Queen; we present you with this book, the most valuable thing that this world affords," &c. The Queen delivered the Bible to the Archbishop, who gave it to the Dean, to be placed again upon the altar.

THE BENEDICTION AND TE DEUM.

And now the Queen having been thus anointed and crowned, and having received all the ensigns of royalty, the Archbishop solemnly blessed Her Majesty; all the Bishops, with the rest of the Peers, following every part of the Benediction, with a loud and hearty "Amen."

The Choir then began to sing the *Te Deum*, and the Queen went to the chair on which Her Majesty first sat on the east side of the throne, the two Bishops her supporters, the Great Officers, and other Peers, attending her, every one in his place, the two swords being carried before her, and there "reposed herself."

A gleam of sunshine, which now broke through the south, great, rose window, lighted right on Her Majesty's crown, which sparkled like a galaxy, and lent a still more dazzling brilliancy to the scene.

THE INTHRONIZATION.

The *Te Deum* being ended, the Queen ascended the Theatre, and was lifted up into her Throne; all the Great Officers, those who bore the swords and the sceptres, and the rest of the nobles, stood round about the steps of the throne, and the Archbishop, standing before the Queen, said:

"Stand firm, and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you in the name, and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy: and as you see us to approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your royal favour and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of his mysteries, establish your throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the Sun before Him, and as the faithful Witness in Heaven. Amen."

(*The Large Engraving in the Sheet published with the present Number, represents this most interesting scene.*)

THE HOMAGE.

The Exhortation being ended, all the Peers did their homage publicly and solemnly to the Queen upon the theatre. The Archbishop kneeling down before Her Majesty's knees, the rest of the Bishops on either hand and about him did their homage together, for the shortening of the ceremony, the Archbishop saying:—

I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, [and so every one of the rest, I, ——, Bishop of ——, repeating the rest audibly after the Archbishop,] will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our Sovereign Lady, and your heirs, kings or queens of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the church. So help me God."

The Archbishop then kissed the Queen's hand, and the rest of the Bishops present after him.

Then the other Peers of the realm did their homage in like manner; the Dukes first by themselves, and so the Marquisses, the Earls, the Viscounts, and the Barons,

severally; the first of each order kneeling before Her Majesty, and the rest with and about him, all putting off their coronets, the first of each class beginning and the rest saying after him:

"I, N., duke or earl, &c., of N., do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God."

This part of the ceremony was peculiarly affecting, especially when the Duke of Sussex embraced Her Majesty, and was obliged to be led off the theatre by the Peers around him.

The Peers having done their homage, stood all together round about the Queen; and each class or degree going by themselves in order, putting off their coronets, singly re-ascended the throne, and, stretching forth their hands, touched the crown on Her Majesty's head, engaging, by that ceremony, to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then each kissed the Queen's hand.

An incident occurred during this part of the ceremony, which, in interest will outlive most of the occurrences of the day. The venerable Lord Rolle, who is in his 82nd year, in attempting to ascend the theatre to greet her Majesty, stumbled, and fell back from the second step to the floor. He was immediately raised, and supported by two noble lords in the area. The Queen seemed to view the occurrence with emotion, and on the noble baron's again presenting himself, Her Majesty rose from the throne of state, and, advancing several paces, took the noble lord by the hand, which was a fresh signal for renewed and most hearty acclamations.

When the Peers had done their homage, the House of Commons immediately gave, every man, nine loud and hearty cheers, accompanied with cries of "God Save Queen Victoria!" The multitudes in the vaultings and galleries caught up this spirited manifestation, and repeated the shouts until the "high imbowed roof" rang with an universal acclaim.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Surrey, as Treasurer of the Queen's household, threw about among the choirs and lower galleries the Coronation Medals; which caused more amusement than accorded with the dignified scene across the theatre. In the scramble for the pieces of silver, venerable judges, grave privy councillors, portly aldermen, Knights of the Bath, and general officers—alike took part: the Guardsmen were very active in diving among the benches for these treasures, and two might be seen struggling for one medal; a few swords were snapped, and all rank was forgotten in the turbulent demonstration of loyalty.

During the performance of the homage, the Queen delivered the Sceptre with the Cross to be held by the Duke of Norfolk; the other Sceptre and Rod with the Dove was borne by the Duke of Richmond, who had carried it in the procession; and the Choir sung the Anthem:

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

When the homage was ended, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and all the people shouted,

God save Queen Victoria.
Long live Queen Victoria.
May the Queen live for ever.

The solemnity of the Coronation being thus ended, the Archbishop left the Queen in her throne, and went down to the altar.

THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

The Archbishop then commenced reading the Communion Service, and the Queen having descended from her throne, proceeded to the steps of the altar, where taking off her crown, and delivering it to the Lord Great Chamberlain to hold, she knelt down. Bread and wine were then brought out of King Edward's chapel, the bread upon the Patina, by the Bishop of Rochester, and the wine in the Chalice, by the Bishop of Carlisle; and being offered by the Queen, were placed upon the altar, and covered with a linen cloth, by the Archbishop, who first said a prayer. The Queen then made her second oblation of a purse of gold, which the Archbishop received into the basin, and placed upon the altar. Another prayer was then said, the Queen went to her chair on the south side of the altar, and knelt down at her faldstool, and the Archbishop prayed "for the whole state of Christ's church militant here on earth." Then followed the Exhortation, the General Confession, the Absolution, and Consecration; when the Queen advanced to the altar, and kneeling down, received the Bread from the Archbishop, and the Cup from the Bishop of Rochester. The Queen having communicated, put on her crown, and taking the Sceptres in her hands again, repaired to her throne. Then the Archbishop proceeding with the post-communion.

The Choir then sang the Anthem, "Hallelujah: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," &c.

The effect of this piece, and indeed of the whole of the music, it is impossible adequately to describe: now soft and slow, sweetly stealing over the enchanted sense, now swelling into grandeur, and bursting into glorious diapason, rousing, thrilling, awing, soul-subduing.

The anthem being finished, the Queen left her chair of state, and proceeded to the altar, accompanied by the great officers of state, where the Archbishop of Canterbury read the final prayers and Blessing.

THE RECESS.

The whole Coronation office being thus

performed, the Queen, attended and accompanied as before, the four swords being carried before her, descended from her throne crowned, and carrying her sceptre and rod, passed on through the door on the south side of the altar into St. Edward's chapel; and as she passed by the altar, the rest of the Regalia lying upon it were delivered by the Dean of Westminster to the Lords that carried them in the procession; and so they proceeded in state into the chapel, the organ and other instruments all the while playing. The Queen then delivered the Sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop, who laid it upon the altar. Her Majesty was then disrobed of her imperial mantle, and arrayed in her royal robe of purple velvet, by the Lord Great Chamberlain.

The Archbishop then placed the Orb in Her Majesty's left hand. The gold Spurs and St. Edward's staff, were given into the hands of the Dean of Westminster, and by him laid upon the altar; which being done, the Archbishop and Bishops divested themselves of their copes, and left them there; proceeding in their usual habits.

Her Majesty then proceeded through the choir to the west door of the Abbey, in the same manner as she came; wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the Sceptre with the cross, and in her left the Orb; all Peers wearing their coronets, and the Archbishops and Bishops their caps.

The Queen, on leaving the theatre, was loudly cheered by the Peers, who took off and waved their coronets with enthusiasm; and by every person in the Abbey.

Her Majesty went through the long and fatiguing services of the day with perfect composure, self-possession, and dignity; and, in the opinion of the *Times'* reporter, kept up an eager interest in the whole proceedings. She walked remarkably well, gracefully, and with great ease, so as to refute some absurd rumours as to weakness in Her Majesty's feet. The heavy velvet train worn by the Queen was borne by eight daughters of Peers, who, throughout the whole day, kept near the royal person.

The choir was admirably managed by Sir George Smart, who led in his usual excellent style. The orchestra comprised our finest artists, vocal and instrumental; females being introduced among the singers, for the first time on such an occasion. Owing to the distance of the altar from the choir, the time for commencing the different pieces could not be heard, but was taken from signals given by waving a small, white flag; this office being most successfully performed by Mr. Joseph Gwilt, the architect.

The coronation ceremonial it was remarked by all who had the opportunity of making the comparison, was infinitely superior to that of George IV., which was complex and tedious; and that of William IV. and Adelaide fell infinitely short of it in grandeur and effect.

THE RETURN.

Throughout the royal route, the assemblage, dense as it was in the morning, had numerously increased, probably from the calculation of seeing Her Majesty wearing her crown, and the Princes and Princesses, Peers and Barons, wearing their coronets. The hour of return was later than had been expected, owing to some difficulty in rearranging the procession. The Queen did not quit the Abbey until twenty-five minutes to five o'clock, when the bells fired, joined by the salute in the adjoining park. There were several halts in the procession, the state coach stopping on three occasions for a few minutes. The more distinguished personages were received on their return with the same favour as they had been in the morning; and the enthusiasm towards the Queen was almost overpowering. Her Majesty reached the palace at about five o'clock, and did not evince any peculiar symptom of fatigue. The band played the National Anthem, the massive gates were thrown open, the magnificent equipage passed through the marble arch, and the last salute of artillery announced to the metropolis the return of the Queen to the palace.

The New State Crown, &c.

(*See the Engraving, in the present Sheet.*)

THE several Regalia employed in the corotions of our sovereigns will be found minutely described in the *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 146 to 149.

The Engraving represents a few articles some of which were made by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge for the present occasion, which it will be interesting to describe for the beauty of their manufacture, as well as for the costliness and rarity of the materials.

1. *The Sword for the Offering.*
2. *Sceptre with the Cross.*
3. *Sceptre with the Dove.*
4. The SWORD OF STATE, borne by Viscount Melbourne. It is a large two-handed sword, having a splendid scabbard of crimson velvet, decorated with gold plates of the royal badges in order as follows:—At the point is the orb or mound, then the royal crest of a lion standing on an imperial crown; lower down are the portcullis, harp, thistle, *fleur-de-lis*, and rose. Nearer the hilt is a portcullis repeated. Next are the royal arms and supporters, and lastly the harp, thistle, &c., occur over again. The handles and pommel of the sword are embossed with similar devices, and the cross is

formed of the royal supporters, having a rose within a laurel on one side and a *fleur-de-lis* on the other.

5. *Coronet of Norroy, King-at-Arms*, with crimson velvet cap.

6. *Coronet of Garter King-at-Arms*, with crimson velvet cap.

7. *Coronet of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent*, set with gems; with purple velvet cap and ermine rim.

8. *Coronet of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*, set with gems; with crimson velvet cap and ermine rim.

9. The NEW STATE CROWN, much more tastefully designed than the crown of George IV., or William IV. The crown made for the former of these monarchs was much too large for the head of her present Majesty. The crown which she wore weighs little more than 3lbs., whilst that of George IV. weighed 5½ lbs. The new crown is composed of hoops of gold, inclosing a cap of deep purple or rather blue velvet; the hoops being completely covered with precious stones, surmounted with a ball, covered with small diamonds, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on the top of it. This cross has in its centre a splendid sapphire; the rim of the crown is clustered with brilliants, and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis* and Maltese crosses, equally rich. In the front of the Maltese cross which is in the front of the crown is the enormous heart-shaped ruby, traditionally said to have been worn by the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, and by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Beneath, in the circular rim, is an immense, long sapphire. There are many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and several small clusters of drop pearls. The arches of the crown are depressed in the centre, instead of rising almost to a point, like those in the crown of George IV.; an alteration by some persons not considered an improvement. Again, the circlet and arches being covered with diamonds, of which it is known that the immediate settings is always of silver, leaves no gold visible, and gives a white and rather poor effect to the crown, so as to make it appear as if composed of silver. With this exception, it is a most dazzling and splendid diadem. In its construction have been employed the several jewels contained in the "Queen's rich crown," valued at 111,900*l.*, in which estimate, however, are only included the diamonds and a portion of the pearls. The rim is lightly trimmed with ermine, which fitted immediately upon the royal brow.

The Orb is a ball of gold, six inches in diameter encompassed with a band or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds, encircling other precious stones, and edged with pearls. On the top is a remarkably fine amethyst of an oval form, near an inch and a half in height, which is the base or pedestal of a cross of gold, three and a quarter inches high, incrusted with diamonds, and adorned with a sapphire, an emerald, and several large pearls. The whole height of the orb and cross is eleven inches.—*Planché.*

As many of the robes, &c. employed in the coronation are claimed by parties in the ceremony, new articles were manufactured for the occasion. Among these are the Dalmatic robe, or open pall, composed of cloth of gold, figured in silver and silks. The Supertunica has palm in a running pattern, of serpentine form, in the loops of which is a rose, then a thistle, then a rose, and then a shamrock, alternately—the whole of dead gold, and shaded with their own colours. The Armilla is of cloth of gold, embroidered in silver, and fringed with gold bullion; it is lined with crimson satin, and does the highest credit to our Spitalfields manufacturers as a beautiful specimen of the art of weaving.

The Chair of State, or Throne, is claimed by the Lord Chamberlain; and the purple velvet cushion, chair and faldstool, used by the Archbishop of Canterbury become the perquisite of that dignitary. The royal habits put off in the Abbey, the several oblations, articles of furniture, and the cloth on which the Queen walked from the west door to the theatre, are claimed by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; who likewise have the new robes provided for them on the occasion.

PRICES OF TICKETS AND SEATS.

TICKETS of every description were on sale: those granted to Peers, in many cases fetched from ten to forty-five guineas each; and tickets for the vaultings were sold for fifteen and twenty guineas each. For some days previous, the newspapers contained strings of advertisements of tickets for sale: one of these was an admission to the best part of the Abbey, with the privilege of going upon the roof of the building, so that the holder might witness the out-door procession, and return to his seat in time for its entrance into the choir: price, thirty guineas.

The charges for tickets at the coronation of George IV., varied from fifty guineas downward. Seats in the line of the procession were let at five guineas previous to the day, but they fell on the afternoon of the ceremony to two-and-sixpence each, and many were unoccupied even at that price. At the coronation of William IV. ten guineas was the highest sum paid for a seat; the average was from one to two guineas. On Thursday last, the prices varied from ten shillings to five guineas. Houses were taken by speculators, at from fifty to three hundred pounds, by which large sums were realized. We know of a small shop-window in Pall

Mall, facing the Opera Colonnade, being let for fifteen pounds, and the first floor of the same house for twenty-five pounds. Half-a-guinea was demanded for a place on the roof of a large house in Pall Mall. It is stated that twenty thousand spectators were accommodated in the galleries in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey; and that in one of these, "the Grand Pavilion," there were seats for no less than four thousand persons. Enormous sums were expended in this way; yet it is a singular fact, which the writer of these notices attests, that on Constitution Hill, where the whole procession was seen to the best advantage, there was no crowd whatever, and the most timid persons might have witnessed it with perfect facility and safety.

Celebrations.

As we have already intimated, the amusements for all classes of the public on the day of the Coronation were unsparingly provided. Every subject took some part in the celebration of the event, from the privileged peer in velvet, ermine, and gold, to the joyful poor in their holiday clothes. The *ubiquity* of the entertainments prevents our giving any thing like a complete summary of them, so that our record must be confined to the most striking scenes.

First among these was the Fair in Hyde Park, the booths for which, with the intervening promenades, occupied a parallelogram of ground, about fourteen thousand feet long, and one thousand feet broad, nearly in the centre of the Park. The whole was admirably regulated by the Police, who so far provided for casualties, as to erect a station for the reception of lost children. The fair lasted from Thursday morning till Monday night, Sunday excepted: it was not a low, riotous festival, as fairs usually are, but its amusements and visiters were principally of the respectable class.

Early in Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Graham accompanied by Captain Curry, ascended in a balloon from the upper part of the Green Park: after remaining in the air over the metropolis for an hour and a half, the aeronauts made an ill-managed descent in Mary-le-bone Lane.

Two separate displays of Fireworks were provided in the Green and Hyde Parks, within suitable inclosures. They lasted from eleven till one o'clock, and were altogether superior in magnificent design to any pyrotechnic exhibition of late years. The design of the piece concluding the Hyde Park display, was the entrance arch to Buckingham Palace, upon a stupendous scale; the central gateway being filled with a transparent portrait of Her Majesty on horseback. The architectural portion resembled jets of gas, and the whole being finally enveloped in a flood of white light brighter than day, had a truly electric intensity. This novel effect, we judge, was produced by the oxyhydrogen light, now occasionally introduced at our theatres.

According to custom, the theatres of the metropolis were opened gratuitously to the public, for sums stipulated for by the government. Of these and other places of amusement thus opened, the following is stated to be a correct list:—

Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, St. James's, English Opera-house, Olympic, Adelphi, Strand, Astley's, Victoria, Surrey, Sadler's Wells, City of London, Pavilion, Kensington, Garrick, Standard, Grecian Saloon, White Conduit House, Apollo Saloon, Royal Victoria Gardens, and Bagnigge Wells. Vauxhall and the Surrey Zoological Gardens were closed, their proprietors having refused the tendered sum of three hundred pounds each. This arrangement, extended beyond all precedent, prevented excessive crowding in the streets; since it provided for every district amusement *at home*.

Towards evening, every street in the metropolis and its suburbs blazed with illuminations, in oil, gas, &c. The most brilliant of these displays were at the Government, and other public offices, the designs of which exhibited appropriate skill. Thus, at the Admiralty, we had a stupendous anchor; and guns, and pyramids of shot at the Ordnance office. Among the most gratifying features were the illuminations of the several Foreign Ambassadors, displaying the insignia of their own sovereigns in union with those of our beloved Queen, in exquisite taste. One of these displays, (at Mivart's Hotel,) is stated to have cost five hundred pounds. Much has of late years been urged in disparagement of illuminations by persons who must surely have been *enlightened* by the universal joy of Thursday night. Every mode and device were then put in requisition, from the flambeau upon the aristocratic iron palisade, to the last introduction—of gas within cut-glass lamps.

In some instances, flowers, fit emblems of happiness on earth, were blended with flags and draperies in the fronts of the houses in the line; whilst their festal effect was materially aided by branches of "the laurel meede of mightie conquerors."

The Devonshire Pavilion, in Piccadilly, with its crimson draperies and emblazoned arms, and its quaint device, "God bless the Queen," reminded one of the days of jousts and tournaments whereat others of the noble line of Cavendish were wont to shine, and whose details crowd many a page of our ancient chronicles. The house No. 27, (Mr. Banting, upholsterer,) in St. James's-street, (by the way a beautiful specimen of the Italianized street architecture of the reign of James I.) was decorated in unique style, thus

described:—"A star of the Order of the Garter, supported by the swords of justice and of mercy crossed, the whole being encircled by horns of plenty, filled with the kindly fruits of the earth, and adorned by splendid draperies, escutcheons, laurels, and other evergreens."

The Bank of England was lit in novel style, by double festoons of gas in coloured lamps hanging from the isolated lamp-posts, which were surmounted with brilliant gas stars. At Charing Cross, the beautiful central columns of the National Gallery were lit by lamps placed parallel with their flutings, which had a superb effect.

There were likewise more substantial celebrations of the day. In most of the London prisons, the inmates were gladdened with a good dinner; in many of the Unions, the poor were regaled, and "made comfortable." The children of the eleemosynary schools were feasted, in some instances at the expense of a warm-hearted patron; and thus the seeds of loyalty were sown in many a young, leaping heart, and the precept of "Fear God, Honour the King," enforced with admirable effect. The Inns of Court did not generally respond to the joyful feeling, else their noble halls would have resounded with loyalty. The Temple Halls, and Lincoln's Inn, were, however, so graced; and the Society of Gray's Inn lent their fine Elizabethan hall, as a dining-room for the eight hundred children of the adjoining parish schools; a scene of interest beyond that of its bay-window, emblazoned as it is with the wisdom of past ages.

The Tower of London was a scene of joy in the good old style, so as to banish for the time recollection of the sad scenes in its sad history; for mirth hovered about its whitened walls and towers.

Our catalogue of festivities in the metropolis, though far from complete, must end here. In every town of the empire, the event was celebrated with proportionate circumstance, but with equal heartiness. New honours have been showered—not upon mere courtiers and men of place—but upon merit, not forgetting science, literature, and art.

Mayhap, whilst the festivities of the evening were at their full tide, the Queen looked from her palace-window upon a portion of the brilliant scene of joy beneath, and partook of its intensity. The day is past, and our memorial of its events exists but upon perishable paper; though its recollection will live for ages in the hearts of a happy people. Such was the Coronation Day of Queen Victoria! Trust we

"She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to *crown* it."

Miscellanea.

In the Green and Hyde Parks, the display of Fireworks was as follows:—

1. Battery of Maroons.
2. Coloured fire and four Balloon Mortars.
3. Flight of Rockets, ¼ lb., 400.
4. Two fixed pieces with emblematical designs.
5. Eight Tourbillons.
6. Eight Balloon Mortars.
7. Coloured rockets, ¼ lb., 23.—Yellow.
8. Two fixed pieces.
9. Six Pots des Aigrettes.
10. Eight Tourbillons.
11. Coloured Rockets, ¼ lb., 23.—Purple.
12. Two fixed pieces.
13. Eight Balloon Mortars.
14. Flight of Rockets, ¼ lb., 200
15. Six Pots des Aigrettes.
16. Two fixed pieces.
17. Eight Tourbillons.
18. Coloured Rockets, ¼ lb., 35.—Green.
19. Two fixed pieces.
20. Eight Balloon Mortars.
21. Flight of Rockets, ¼ lb., 400.
22. Six Pots des Aigrettes.
23. Two fixed pieces.
24. Coloured Rockets, ¼ lb., 33.—Red, and four Tourbillons.
25. Eight Balloon Mortars.
26. Two fixed pieces.
27. Coloured Rockets, ¼ lb., 19.—Changeable, and six Pots des Aigrettes.
28. Eight Tourbillons and four Balloon Mortars.
29. Three fixed pieces.
30. Flight of Rockets with coloured stars, ¼ lb., 48.—Purple.
31. Ditto., 48.—Green.
32. Ditto., 48.—Red.
33. Three fixed pieces.
34. Bengal lights, and twelve fans of Roman candles.
35. Maroon battery.
36. Fixed piece, with finish, consisting of 14 tourbillons, 12 Pots des Aigrettes, 400 quarter of a pound, and 450 half-pound rockets, 14 balloon mortars, and two nests of serpents.

Etiquette.—At the Coronation, each Ambassador had his lady to his *right* hand.

Cost.—The parliamentary estimate of the Coronation is 70,000*l.*

The Coronation Organ was built by Messrs. Hill and Co., the builders of the splendid Birmingham and York organs.

Tapestry.—The lower part of the altar-end of the Abbey was hung with gorgeous tapestry of green and gold.

The Imitative Masonry, including the western entrance, screens of the nave of the Abbey, &c., were executed by Mr. Tomkins, the clever scene-painter.

The Jerusalem Chamber was hung with tapestry, having at one end the portrait of Richard II., seated in St. Edward's chair, differently ornamented from the present day. This room was set apart for the Regalia, which were laid on a table at the further end. In the ante-room to this chamber was a chest, containing the robes of the prebends, which are only used at coronations; and although in excellent preservation, they are the same which were first used at the Coronation of James II.: the chest is secured by three padlocks.

St. Edward's Chair has, at each Coronation, from the time of Charles II., been covered with cloth of gold, from which practice it is disfigured with nails, tacks, and brass pins, which have been driven in to fasten the precious covering. The chair itself is nearly as much worn as if used daily; its ancient ornaments were much more perfect within memory than they are at present; and so wantonly has the chair been disfigured, that even the initials of many persons names' have been cut into its most ornamental parts.

The Fair.—The last occasion of a Fair in Hyde Park, was the Peace of 1814, or 24 years since, when the preparations were more splendid, but the joy less earnest, than on Coronation Day.

Signal.—At the top of Westminster Abbey is a small door, where a man was stationed, to communicate the actual moment when the crown was placed on the head of the Sovereign, by signal to the Semaphore at the Admiralty, by which it was transmitted to the outposts and other places. At this most interesting moment, a double royal salute of forty-one guns was fired, and the Tower, Windsor, Woolwich, and other guns, gave a similar greeting to the crowned Monarch of these realms.

Coronation Literature. — The sum of 5,000*l.* was voted by Government towards an illustrated History of the Coronation of George IV., the execution of which was entrusted to the late Sir George Nayler. This work, containing forty-five splendidly coloured plates, was published, in atlas folio, for fifty guineas, at a considerable loss to Sir George Nayler, notwithstanding the liberal Government grant towards the expenses. But a more superb memorial of this Coronation was undertaken for George IV., and, could it have been finished in time, would have been charged 2,000 guineas. It represents the Procession, Ceremonial, and Banquet, in a series of seventy-three exquisitely coloured drawings, finished like enamels, on velvet and white satin. The portraits are accurate, and many of the coronets are richly dight with rubies, emeralds, pearls, and brilliants, curiously set in gold by Hamlet; each of which plates cost fifty guineas at first hand.

The Bard of Sheffield has sung a Coronation Ode; but where is the Laureate with his Lay?

CORONATION ODE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of Beauty and of Youth,
Awake to gladness all the land,
And Love is Loyalty and Truth.
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Hearts and hands we offer Thee.

Not by the tyrant-law of might,
But by the Grace of God, we own,
And by the People's Voice, thy right
To sit upon thy Father's throne.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Heaven defend and prosper Thee!

Thee, isles and continents obey,
Kindreds and nations, nigh and far,
Between the bound-marks of thy sway
The morning and the Evening Star.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Millions rest their hopes on Thee.

No slave within thine empire breathe,
Before thy steps oppression fly;
The Lamb and Lion play beneath
The meek dominion of thine eye.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Chains and fetters yield to Thee

With Mercy's beams yet more benign,
Light to thy realms in darkness send,
Till none shall name a God but thine,
None at an Idol-altar bend.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Till they all shall pray for Thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
Blessings on Thee and thine increase
The sword and cannon rage no more,
The whole world hail Thee Queen of Peace!—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
And the Almighty rule o'er Thee!

Blackwood's Magazine. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Coronation Medals. — The Government Medals, struck at the Mint, are in gold and silver. The silver medal is the size of a crown-piece, but very solidly cut. On one side is a good portrait of the Queen, in very bold relief, and a tolerable likeness, with a scroll and legend of the Queen's titles. On the other side are three females, presenting the Queen with a crown, (England, Scotland, and Ireland, no doubt, intended,) with the legend above, "ERIMUS TIBI NOBILE REGNUM;" and beneath is the date, "June 28, 1838." — A large and effective medal has been struck by Messrs. Griffin and Hyams, in a white, silvery alloy. On the obverse is a portrait of the Queen, crowned and bearing the sceptre of the cross, in full robes, the likeness being very commendable. On the reverse are whole-length figures of the Queen, crowned, and bearing the orb and sceptre, beneath a canopy, supported by coroneted peers. As a popular commemoration, this medal has considerable merit.

Coronation Ox.—At a dining establishment, in Bishopsgate, an ox was roasted whole on Thursday and Friday, before a coke fire, twenty feet in height and ten in breadth: the roasting occupied thirty-two hours, during which time three thousand five hundred persons paid 6*d.* each to witness

this (in our time) extraordinary scene. Two deer were also similarly cooked.

Handkerchiefs.—Among the minor celebrations may be mentioned silk pocket handkerchiefs, with printed representations of the Coronation, loyal emblems, &c., exhibiting in spirit of design and clearness of execution, the perfection at which block-printing has arrived in this country. Royal standard handkerchiefs were also waved from many a window and house-top on Thursday.—We read, likewise, of a handkerchief exquisitely worked at Ayr, as a present to our youthful Queen. It is sewed upon the finest lawn, and tastefully embroidered round the sides, having at one corner a small crown, beautifully worked, with "Victoria" in old English characters beneath, and "Ayr, 1838," delicately printed on one side.

The Procession.—In a Sunday newspaper it is observed, that "the cheering during the progress of the pageant was by no means uproarious; the most remarkable characteristic of the whole affair, indeed, was the absence of all enthusiasm." This is a strange error, the writer evidently supposing there can be no enthusiasm without uproar. We have seen nearly all the public spectacles in London during the last thirty years, without witnessing such genuine, heart-felt enthusiasm, as was visible and audible on Thursday last. Yet, in many instances, we doubt not, so intense was the affection of the spectators towards the young and beautiful Sovereign, as not to be found in the noisy expression which is commonly mistaken for joy.

The Crowd.—Among the most gratifying circumstances of the Coronation must not be forgotten the peaceable and orderly conduct of the assembled half-million of people throughout the day and night; alike the cause and consequence of the good temper and forbearance of the police and the soldiers on duty throughout the line. Scarcely an accident occurred during the twenty-four hours; and at the police-offices, on the following day, there were very few charges of outrage, yet the Parks were crowded for nearly two hours in comparative darkness. At the Fair there were few brawls. During the day and night we mingled in various sections of the crowd, and were never more proud of the good-humour and, let us add, the intelligence, of the English people. The avidity with which thousands provided themselves with *programmes* of the procession, denoted a laudable curiosity respecting the merits of the pageant: it was pleasing to hear the identifying of the Ambassadors' carriages, and especially the friendly reception of an old enemy; for, it should be recollected, that very few in the crowd knew of the party attack upon the hero, and its miserable failure. The respectful recognition of the Royal Family was alike in good taste and feeling. Nor was this scene marred by any objection to its cost; for the regal appointments were, by no means, the most superb: indeed, some of the state liveries were almost *gold-bare;* and a few royal carriages suffered in comparison with the ambassadorial outfits.—There was less intemperance than usual, and more provision for rational enjoyment: tea and coffee were sold at gin-palaces, and temperance societies and tea-totalism were not forgotten. The comparatively few drunken persons, (considering the excitement and the ready means of gratification,) belonged to Burke's "swinish multitude," and would, probably, have got drunk without any such inducement. In short, the whole day presented scenes of popular enjoyment, in which the leaven of society formed an insignificant portion. It must, therefore, be considered as a creditable picture of the improved state of our national feelings, habits, and characteristics.

Individual accounts of such events as the preceding, by competent observers, must prove interesting; since each, probably, notes many points which another would overlook. One of the best sketches that has hitherto appeared is the following, almost *verbatim* from the *Globe* of Friday evening.

"I have just returned from the Abbey, and have witnessed the coronation. Never could I have conceived a sight so magnificent and interesting! I was in my place by half-past seven. The corporation of London, the judges, and many general officers, were in their seats on the floor. All the galleries the eye could explore, were filled, and had been so from five o'clock in the morning. The peers and peeresses began to assemble at eight, and continued till near eleven. As their rich, crimson velvet robes drew along the carpet, they shone with great lustre, and were picked up by the heralds as they mounted the theatre. This elevation is a platform in the centre, ascended by steps, over which the company crossed to their places, carrying their coronets in their hands. The galleries in the ante-chapel were cut off from view of the ceremonies, but indulged in giving applause to distinguished statesmen as they passed, by clapping of hands.

"Lord Grey was received with a burst of applause, as were also the Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Mulgrave. The foreign ambassadors excited great attention, accompanied by their suites in splendid and fanciful dresses. The first was the Grand Turk; next, the Austrian. On the appearance of Marshal Soult, he was warmly greeted.—The Russian was in a dress of white fur, as if he had come from the north pole. One from the states of Germany, on viewing the orchestra, was astounded: he lifted up his

hands in mute amazement, and was obliged to be forced on. The American minister and his wife came without any attendants. The band had a sumptuous appearance; every instrumental performer being in full dress scarlet and gold, the choir in surplices, and the young ladies in stiff muslin robes. The members of the House of Commons did not arrive till nearly eleven; and from the different colour of their dresses, with the sprinkling of the military red, gave it a pleasing appearance. There were four or five hundred present, with the Speaker in the front. The Queen's arrival at the abbey door was announced by the firing of cannon. The marshal and heralds, in their rich and curious dresses, flew to the entrance to form the procession in the ante-chapel. As she moved up the aisle and ascended the theatre, the music began with a thrilling sound, 'I was glad.' The excitement had been increasing from eight to eleven, and the accumulated sensation was more than I could bear. Interesting and beautiful, she walked alone, followed by eight maids of honour, dressed in white satin and brilliants, with circles of roses mingled with green leaves upon their heads. At that moment the sun showered down his beams upon her: it was a dramatic scene of pomp and grandeur, too much for the senses to bear. When seated on the platform, I was horrified by a parcel of schoolboys screaming out, at the extent of their cracked voices, 'Victoria Regina! Victoria Regina!' a privilege of the Westminster scholars, highly disgusting, which, for a moment, marred the proceedings. Sir G. Smart flourished his flag, and a band of trumpets and drums close to the roof at the eastern end, played 'God save the Queen.' This was showy, but, as a musical performance, much below the magnificence that was passing. The archbishop then, addressing the spectators that covered the walls above the topmost arches, declared Victoria to be the lawful Queen; which was responded to by shouts, waving of handkerchiefs, and clapping of hands. In the Litany I noticed the surprise of the foreigners on hearing the words 'Good Lord, deliver us,' unmusically murmured by the vicars choral in the orchestra. During the responses to the commandments, I stedfastly looked at the Queen, and saw by the tremulous glitter of the diamonds that she was much agitated. When the music began, she was more at ease, and hung her head a little on one side. Her music-master, who was near to me, said she was passionately fond of music, and had a fine voice, extending from B in alt to G below the line. On commencing Handel's anthem, 'Zadock the Priest,' the Queen, with the ladies that surrounded her, retired behind the curtains which led into Henry VII.'s chapel, where she was attired in her coronation robes, returning under a canopy of gold. It then wanted three minutes to two o'clock. A telegraphic communication was made from the floor through the roof, and a rocket announced the crown was placed on her head. The cannon instantly thundered from the Park and the Tower, forming a noble basso at intervals to the orchestra, which was pouring forth 'The Queen shall rejoice in her strength.' A delirium of delight and awful grandeur returned; and we beheld the pure and illustrious monarch with the crown upon her head, at the same moment the peers and peeresses put on the coronets they held in their hands. Surrounded as she was by the high officers of state, the Duke of Wellington, (who was warmly greeted,) the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire, she was conducted to her chair by Lord Melbourne taking her by one hand, and holding in the other the sword of state. The archbishop, in his black cap, among the glitter of the dresses, looked like old Wickliff among the courtiers. A silly and irreverent scene took place, when silver medals were thrown up to the galleries and among the crowd of nobles. In scrambling on the floor, a dozen were thrown down at once, the feathers torn off their hats. I saw one carried out severely hurt by half a dozen persons falling upon him. The ceremony ended by four hundred nobles doing homage—taking off their coronets, passing before her, and kissing her hand.

"When the procession returned, the Queen passed near to me, with the crown of silver and diamonds on her head, the globe in one hand, and the sceptre in the other; she appeared nearly overcome with heat and fatigue. The procession I lost; but on my return, I saw nothing but joy and pleasure in the thousands who filled the streets, windows, balconies, and tops of houses."

THE MUSICAL SERVICE OF THE CORONATION.

(*From the Court Journal.*)

THE constant repetition of choral music, performed *en masse* by the many amateur societies in the metropolis, has rendered it necessary on all great occasions to make the musical arrangement on a much larger scale than in former times. The orchestral performers at the Coronation on Thursday were therefore doubly as numerous as at the Coronation of William the Fourth, and the choralists were fully quadrupled, the former including the *élite* of the profession—Mori, Cramer, Loder, Blagrove, T. Cooke, Thomas, Patey, Moralt, Watts, Ella, Kearns, Lindley, Hatton, Bonner, Bannister, Dragonetti, Howell, Anfossi, Willman, Williams, Cooke, Baumann, Denman, &c., &c.; the latter embracing the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and a vast number

of amateurs; and in the semi-chorus, the well-known names—Mesdames Bishop, Knyvett, Shirreff, Romer, Birch, Rainforth, Shaw, M. B. Hawes, Masson, Dolby, Cawse, the Masters Coward, Messrs. Braham, Wilson, Bennett, Terrail, Horncastle, Vaughan, Hobbs, Francis, Hawkins, Phillips, Sale, Bellamy, Atkins, Novello, Horsley, Turle, and Moscheles. There was no conductor; but Sir George Smart took his place at the organ.

Harper and the other State trumpeters were stationed in a small gallery almost touching the roof at the east end of the choir, where, during the Recognition, and at other points in the ceremonial, they performed sundry, of what in military language are termed "flourishes," but in musical, would be considered a strange medley of odd combinations. The magnificent organ is on the compass and scale now adopted in Germany. Its solemn and imposing effects appeared to lie in the pedals, on which Sir George is not a dexterous performer, and consequently the instrument was shorn of its splendour.

The first anthem was the composition of the late Mr. Attwood, written for the coronation of George the Fourth, and was commenced on the entrance of the Queen into the choir. The opening symphony, a beautiful arrangement of the national air, "God save the Queen," was a happy idea, and is the only musician-like dress in which this ancient melody has yet been clothed. The immense quantity of timber piled up in every direction, and the gorgeous trappings of the galleries, are unfavourable to the expansion of musical sounds; but the lovely melody of the words, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee!" floated across the choir in a rich volume of tone, which showed that the subdued exertions of the orchestral performers were more in harmony with the character of the building than the more noisy. After the Litany, which was read on this occasion, followed a *sanctus*, a new composition, which should not have been permitted to take the place of the few sublime chords set to the same words by Gibbons, the celebrated chapel organist in the reign of Charles the First, who lost his life from contracting the small-pox whilst attending the nuptials of that monarch and Henrietta of France, solemnized at Canterbury in 1625.

Previous to the Anointing, Handel's best known Coronation Anthem, "Zadock the Priest anointed Solomon King," was given with unusual spirit; and after the putting on of the Crown, the anthem, "The Queen shall rejoice." This, one of Handel's greatest works, was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the orchestra; and the delightful voicings of the semi-chorus in the movement, "Exceeding glad shall she be of thy strength," coming from thirty-two of the choicest singers in the metropolis will be remembered with feelings of intense pleasure. During the Homage was performed the anthem written for this ceremonial by Mr. Knyvett, taken from the 118th Psalm. It is an excellent composition, somewhat in the style of the modern mass, and had been happily instrumented for the orchestra. The Quartet, "Lord Grant the Queen a long life," demonstrated that Mr. Knyvett has read the vocal works of Mozart and Beethoven, and with great profit. The last chorus, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, who delighted in thee to set thee on the Throne," is spirited and somewhat in the evergreen fashion of Seb. Bach. Mr. Knyvett has entered the lists with his late friend and coadjutor Mr. Attwood, and has no reason to fear a comparison with the composer of the justly approved anthems, "I was glad," and "O Lord Grant the King." The "Hallelujah Chorus," was given in a way peculiar to England, and to the astonishment of the many foreigners present. It has been well said, to know the "Hallelujah Chorus" you must hear it sung by the English; and certainly its performance on Thursday carried with it all the crisp, brilliant, and spirit-stirring grandeur with which our professors are accustomed to give it.

Manners and Customs.

FIREWORKS.

FIREWORKS, for pastime, are little spoken of previous to the reign of Elizabeth. We are told, when Anne Boleyn was conveyed by water from Greenwich to London, previous to her coronation, in 1533, "there went before the lord mayor's barge a foyste (or galley), for a wafter full of ordinance; in which foyste was a great, red dragon, constantly moving and casting forth wild fire; and round about the said foyste stood terrible, monstrous, and wilde men, casting of fire and making a hideous noise." This vessel, with the fireworks, is supposed to have been usually exhibited when the lord mayor went upon the water, and especially on lord mayor's day.

Among the spectacles prepared for the diversion of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, there were displays of fireworks: as, "a blaze of burning darts flying to and fro; beams of stars coruscant; streams and hail of fire sparks; lightnings of wild fire on the water and on the land; flight and shot of thunderbolts;"—likewise, "fireworks passing under the water a long space; and when all men thought that they had been quenched, they would rise and mount out of the water again, and burne furiously until they were utterlie consumed." Again, sixteen years afterwards, the same queen was entertained by the Earl of Hereford, at

Elvetham, in Hampshire; and after supper there was a grand display of fireworks:—"There was a castle of fireworks of all sorts, which played in the fort; answerable to that there was, at the Snail Mount, a globe of all manner of fireworkes, as big as a barrel. When these were spent, there were many running rockets upon lines. On either side were many firewheeles, pikes of pleasure, and balles of wild fire, which burned in the water."—(*Nichols's Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. ii. page 19.)

A writer, who lived in the reign of James I., assures us there were then "abiding in the city of London men very skilful in the art of pyrotechnie, or of fireworkes." But so far as one can judge from the machinery delineated in the books formerly written upon the subject of firework-making, these exhibitions were very clumsily contrived; consisting chiefly in wheels, fire-trees, jerbe, and rockets; to which were added, men fantastically habited, who flourished away with poles or clubs, charged with squibs or crackers, and fought with each other, or jointly attacked a wooden castle replete with the same materials, or combated with pasteboard dragons running upon lines, and "vomitting of fire like verie furies." These men, fantastically habited, were called "Green Men." Thus, in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, a play, written by John Kirke, and printed in 1638, it is said: "Have you any squibs, any green men, in your shows, and whizzes on lines, Jack-pudding upon the rope, or resin fireworks?" These "green men" attended the pageants to clear the way: they were disguised with droll masks, having large staves or clubs, headed with cases of crackers. Do we not recognise the strange fellows in "the Green Man" tavern-signs of our day—as "the Green Man and Still," in Oxford-street?

It should seem, therefore, that fireworks have been known in England for three centuries. Mr. Strutt, writing in the year 1800, was decidedly of opinion that the fireworks displayed in the previous fifty years had been more excellent in their construction, more neatly executed, and more variable and pleasing in their effects, than those produced at any former period. It is certain that the early firework-makers were totally unacquainted with the nature and properties of the quick-match, which is made with 'spun cotton,' soaked in a strong solution of salt-petre, and rolled, while wet, in pounded gunpowder; and which, being inclosed in small tubes of paper, communicates the fire from one part of the apparatus to another with astonishing celerity. The old firework-makers were compelled to have recourse to trains of corned gunpowder, conveyed by grooves made in the wood-work of the machinery, when they were desirous of communicating the fire to a number of cases at once, and especially if they were at a distance from each other; which was not only a very circuitous process, but liable to accidents;—and to this cause is attributed the failure of the tremendous firework exhibited in the Green Park, in the reign of George II., when the performance was interrupted, and the grandeur of the general effect totally destroyed, by the timbers belonging to one of the wings taking fire, through the explosion of the gunpowder trains communicated by the wooden channels. This unfortunate accident, in all probability, would not have happened, had the communications from one part of the machinery to the other been made with quick-match. Mr. Strutt received the above information from a very skilful firework-maker belonging to the train of artillery, who had an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the trains were laid, and was present at the exhibition.

It was customary, in Mr. Strutt's memory, for the train of artillery annually to display a grand firework upon Tower-hill, on the evening of his majesty's birthday. This spectacle, in 1800, had been discontinued for several years, in compliance with a petition for that purpose by the inhabitants, on account of the inconveniences they sustained thereby.

Fireworks were exhibited at Mary-le-bone Gardens, while they were kept open for public entertainment; and about the year 1775, Torre, a celebrated French artist, was employed there, who, in addition to fire-wheels, fixed stars, figure pieces, and other curious devices, introduced pantomimical spectacles, with machinery, appropriate scenery, and stage decoration, whereby he gave astonishing effect to his performances. Mr. Strutt mentions two—the Forge of Vulcan, and the Descent of Orpheus to Hell in search of his wife Eurydice. The last was particularly splendid: there were several scenes, and one of them supposed to be the Elysian fields, where the flitting backwards and forwards of the spirits was admirably represented, by means of transparent gauze interposed between the actors and the spectators.

Fireworks were, on their first introduction at Vauxhall Gardens, and for some time afterwards, only *occasionally* displayed there; as also at Ranelagh, and, in an inferior style, at Bermondsey Spa. Yet, at the latter place, a few times in the course of the year, was exhibited a very excellent representation of the Siege of Gibraltar, consisting of fireworks and transparencies; the whole of which were constructed and arranged by Mr. Keyse, a self-taught artist, and proprietor of the Spa. The height of the rock (Gibraltar) was about fifty feet, the length two hundred; the whole of the apparatus covering about four acres of

ground.* Probably, in this successful exhibition originated the representation of the Battle of Waterloo at Vauxhall Gardens, in the year 1827, wherein rockets played a part.

This brings us to the introduction of fireworks in war by the late Sir William Congreve, who bears the reputation of having invented the Iron or Congreve Rockets, first used at the bombardment of Copenhagen. A rocket establishment forms a branch of the military service of Great Britain at the present period.

We question whether Pyrotechny, or the art of making fireworks, has made much advancement in our time: probably, it is not a branch of useful knowledge, an idea which occurred to ourselves whilst witnessing the display of fireworks on the eve of the Coronation; the devices of which were generally of antiquated and familiar forms. The brilliancy of the coloured fires was more novel; an improvement referable to the firework artists of the present day being acquainted with chemistry, of which their predecessors could know little or nothing. Thus, the former are enabled to throw magic floods of light, and showers of balls and stars, and fiery rain, of various hues. Strontia furnishes the base of red fire; nitrate of baryta and sulphur, of green; nitrate of copper, of emerald green, &c.

The Chinese excel all European artists in fireworks; though in this country we are only familiar with their single crackers.

CORONATIONS OF THE "OLDEN TIMES."

A WRITER, who seems to have devoted no little time and attention to this subject, says that one of the most magnificent coronations of the early times appears to have been that of Eleanor, the beautiful young queen of Henry III., which was celebrated on her marriage, on the 20th of January, 1236. The honest but quaint old chronicler, Matthew Paris, speaking of this solemnity, says: "To this nuptial entertainment there came such a multitude of the nobility of both sexes, such hosts of religious persons, such crowds of people, and such a variety of jugglers and buffoons, that London could scarcely contain them in her spacious bosom." And further on he says: "Why need I recount the train of those who performed the sacred offices of the church? why describe the profusion of dishes which furnished the table, the abundance of venison, the variety of fish, the diversity of wine, the gaiety of jugglers, the readiness of the attendants? Whatever the world could produce for glory or delight was there conspicuous."

Edward I. and Eleanor, his queen, were crowned in the new church at Westminster, by Archbishop Kilwarbie, on Sunday, August 19, 1274. "At the solemnitie of this coronation," observes Holinshed, "there were let go at libertie, (catch them that catch might,) five hundred great horses, by the King of the Scots, the Earles of Cornewall, Glocester, Pembroke, Warren, and others, as they were alighted from them."

Richard II. was crowned on the 16th July, 1377, at Westminster, by Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury. "The proceedings on this occasion," says the writer first mentioned, "including the progress through the city of London, were full of pomp and magnificence. On St. Swithin's day, after dinner, the mayor and citizens assembled near the Tower, when the young king, clad in white garments, came forth with a great multitude in his suite. They proceeded through the street called La Chepe, (Cheapside) and on to the palace at Westminster. On the morrow the king, arrayed in the fairest vestments, and with buskins only upon his feet, came down into the hall. He was then conducted to the church, when the usual ceremonial was performed; and returning again to his palace, was carried on the shoulders of knights, being oppressed with fatigue and long fasting." The banquet, from the character of the age, was most splendid and profuse. The historian, Walsingham, says, he forbears giving a description of it, as it might exceed the belief of the reader. He, however, mentions one circumstance worthy of being recorded. In the midst of the palace, a hollow marble pillar was set up, surmounted by a large, gilt eagle; from under the feet of which, through the four sides of the capital, flowed wine of different kinds during the day; nor was any one forbidden to partake of it. After dinner, the king retired with a number of the nobility to his chamber, and was entertained until the time of supper with dancing and minstrelsy.

The coronation of Henry IV. is remarkable for the first historical notice of the creation of the Knights of the Bath, although there is little doubt of the observance of this formality in much earlier times. Forty-six gentlemen, including three of the king's sons, watched on the vigil of the coronation at the Tower of London, and received their knighthood there on the day of the festival. The ceremony of this coronation appears to have been peculiarly grand and striking: no less than six thousand horses were employed in the procession from the Tower to Westminster. In addition to the marble pillar mentioned in the last coronation, there were nine similar pillars erected in Cheapside, which continued flowing on the day of the procession, and on the day following.

Abridged from the Morning Herald.

* Lysons's Environs of London, vol. i. p. 558.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THORNBURY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The parochial church of Thornbury, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Castle, engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 273. — Indeed, it is ascertained that a passage of communication formerly existed between the church and the castle. It is generally believed, that, notwithstanding the antiquity and former extent of this place, there was no church at Thornbury before the Conquest; at least, such has been inferred from the silence of Domesday upon the subject; although this is not an infallible criterion.— The present structure is of a much later origin than the eleventh century.

The church is a large and handsome edifice, displaying, in its principal parts, the architecture of the fifteenth century. Sir Robert Atkyns, in his *History of Gloucester*, notices a tradition, according to which, the "body of the church and the tower were built by Fitz-Harding, who dwelt at Roll's Place; and the south aisle was built by Edward Lord Stafford," who flourished in the reign of Richard II.; but the character of the fabric, its design and ornaments, evince a much later architectural date. The church consists of a nave, transept, and two aisles: above the nave is a clerestory, and a tower rises from the western end. The windows throughout the body of the church are of that expansive form, which characterises the florid style of ecclesiastical architecture that obtained under Henry VI. and Edward IV.— The nave and aisles are crowned with an embattled parapet, the aisles having pinnacles. The tower is of graceful proportions, and highly decorated: its battlements are perforated, as are also its delicate and richly-worked pinnacles, which have an airy and elegant appearance. Throughout this tower, and the great central tower of Gloucester Cathedral, built about the middle of the fifteeth century, may be traced a general resemblance. Thornbury may be safely pronounced one of the numerous churches that were erected during the rage of intestine warfare between the houses of York and Lancaster, at the instigation of the ecclesiastics, and, probably, intended as monumental atonements for bloodshed, and other crimes, among the chief persons engaged in those destructive inroads on "fair England's peace." The frequent introduction of the *Stafford*

knot denotes the *family* under whose auspices the principal parts were completed.

The interior is rich in details, and is in good preservation. The nave is divided from the aisles by six pointed arches; and the effect of the clerestory is extremely light and pleasing. The depressed arch, indicating the approach of our national architecture to its last and florid stage, prevails in nearly all the windows west of the chancel. The great east window is walled up, and on the inner side are inscribed the decalogue, &c., enriched with *Grecian* ornaments!

The communication already mentioned was by a gallery, leading from the cloister of the castle to the church, and communicating with a room, in which the Duke of Buckingham and his family sometimes sat to hear the service. This apartment has long since been destroyed; but, on the outer side of the north wall of the chancel, are traces of a large archway, now blocked up, which is thought to have been connected with the room just noticed.

Among the monuments in the church is one to Sir John Stafford, Knt., "gentleman-pensioner, during the space of forty-seven years, to Queene Elizabethe and King James." This member of the Stafford family was also founder of an almshouse, in Thornbury.

Sir Robert Atkyns states, that "there were four chantries in this church: one dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and erected in the year 1499; another was called Barne's Chantry; the other two were Bruis Chantry and Slymbridge Chantry, whereof the abbey of St. Austin, in Bristol, was patron. The lands belonging to these two chantries were granted to Sir Arthur Darcie, in the seventh of Edward VI."

There are two chapels attached to the church; namely, Oldbury and Falfield. The benefice was given to the abbot of Tewkesbury, by Gilbert de Clare; and, after the dissolution of religious houses, was obtained by Christ Church College, Oxford, with which institution the patronage is at present vested.*

The prefixed print is from a spirited lithograph, a companion to that of Thornbury Castle, published by Mr. Davey, 1, Broad-street, Bristol; from which city Thornbury is distant eleven miles northward.

CORONATIONS.—VII.

AUSTRIAN REGALIA.

THE following description of the regal insignia, used at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, as King of Bohemia, is given by a recent writer:—The lower circle of the crown, which is of fine gold, is in four divisions, connected by hinges. From these divisions rise four broad-expanding *fleur-de-lis*: the first contains three square rubies, in the three leaves, a large pear-shaped ruby at the bottom, and a pearl at the peak; underneath, on the main band or circlet, is a large, oval sapphire, with a round ruby on each side;—the second, with the part of the band beneath it, contains seven sapphires and a pearl;—the third, fifteen rubies and a pearl;—the fourth, seven large, and four small, sapphires, two rubies, and a pearl. Rising from the hinges between the *fleur-de-lis*, are four acorn-shaped rubies; crossing at right angles from the opposite *fleur-de-lis*, and of the same height, are two narrow, semicircular bands of gold: the first studded with seven rubies, eight emeralds, and four pearls; the second, with six rubies, ten emeralds, and four pearls. From the point of contact of these bands rises a gold Maltese cross, containing within it a smaller cross, in enamel, with the Crucifixion. On the summit of the gold cross is a sapphire; and from each of the arms projects an acorn-shaped ruby: the back displays four pearls and four rubies. The following are the number of jewels in the crown; namely, forty-seven rubies, twenty sapphires, eighteen emeralds, and sixteen pearls; and it is eight inches high. It dates from the time of the Emperor Charles IV., for whom it was originally made; the former crown being melted for the purpose. The orb, which is of gold, very elaborately worked, is four inches in diameter, and eight high. In the centre is a band, containing four rubies and four sapphires, between each of which are vine-leaves in enamel; the grapes being represented by pearls. Beneath this band is depicted, in relief, the Creation of Man; and above, scenes from the history of David. From the top rises a superb cross, with a ruby in the centre; four sapphires in the corners, and a ruby beneath the undermost sapphire. There is a pearl on the summit, and one at the extremity of each arm;—projecting transversely from the central ruby, and between the four sapphires, are four gold stalks, each supporting a pearl, representing an unblown tulip; on the back is the motto, *Deus cælum regnat et reges terræ*. The sceptre, which is two feet in length, is of fine gold, elaborately worked in enameled vines; two rings, of twenty-five pearls each, encircle the handle above and below; and there is a third ring of twelve pearls nearer the top, on which there is a large, square ruby;—the upper part is ornamented with laurel-leaves and vines, in scrolls, projecting from the main part; and contains two rubies, two emeralds, and two pearls.

W. G. C.

* The substance of these descriptive details is abridged from Storer's Delineations of the county of Gloucester; the letter-press by J. N. Brewer, Esq.

CORONATION OF QUEENS.

In the coronation of the queen-consort, no consent is asked from the people as to the person to be crowned; no oath is administered, no homage or allegiance is offered; and, though the queen's coronation is performed at the same place, and usually on the same day, as that of the sovereign, it is a subsequent and distinct solemnity. It proceeds from the king, and is granted to his consort for the honour of the kingly office. Among the Romans, the wife of their emperor had the title of Augusta, which was always conferred with some ceremonies, and, latterly, by that of consecration. In Germany, the empress is both crowned and anointed. The queens of France are not crowned with the king, but at the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. W. G. C.

LONDON CORONATION PAGEANTS.

These mythological and emblematical pageants were once courtly vehicles of flattery: for instance, Apollo and the Muses saluted her Majesty upon Ludgate-hill, and the Graces took their station in Fleet-market; Saint Anne, her Majesty's nance saint, met her in Cheapside; and the "Cardinal Virtues" (we fear for the last time) were seen collectively at Temple-bar. A fountain, inscribed with the name of Helicon, ran with hock sufficient in quantity to inspire all the population of Parnassus, and the conduit of Cheap overflowed with claret.

CALAIS.—III.

We now come to a very interesting locality of Calais, named the *Courgain*, facing the harbour basin, and originally a large bastion of the fortifications. It was not walled in until the year 1622, though it had been enclosed with palisades prior to that date. This site was, in 1622, given to the fishermen of the port, who built thereon seven very narrow parallel streets, enclosed by an eighth street, the whole filling the triangle formed by the bastion. This singular place is under the municipal administration of the town; but the customs, dress, and *patois* of the inhabitants, are very peculiar. They are very superstitious; their food is principally fish, which, when sold by auction, are put up at a price considerably above their real value, and this sum is diminished by the seller until one cries "*Maingle*," (handle or take,) when the lot is sold to the person so bidding. The *patois* expels the *sh* or *ch* soft, even when the speakers are using English; for this articulation the *c* or *s* alone being substituted. In 1718, the *Courgain* was enlarged on the west side of the outward wall next to the harbour, by the erection of several houses, all which were demolished by the orders of Buonaparte in 1803. The inhabitants of the *Courgain* subsist by their trade in fish, of which great quantities are sent to St. Omer, Aire, Lille, Douai, Paris, &c. Yet, the lot of the poor fisherwomen is indeed pitiable: sometimes, for a few shrimps, scarce enough for her own meal, she endures a whole day's exposure to the angry billows, and the fatal shifting of the sand at the mouth of the harbour; whence, not unfrequently, the guideless net or basket floats back alone, to tell the impatient orphan the loss of an industrious mother.

Towards the centre of the town wall, on the north side, near the gate of the *Courgain*, is a monument to the memory of two citizens of Calais, who were drowned in attempting to save a shipwrecked crew, on October 18, 1791; on which day twenty-one seamen were rescued by four other citizens.

The *Basse-Ville*, (suburbs,) called also the parish of St. Pierre, remains to be noticed: it is situated on the inland side of the town, and is interspersed with pleasant seats and gardens. It is laid out in streets, so that it will one day form a regular town. The parish offers many advantages not enjoyed in Calais; its taxes are very low, and the *octroi*, or municipal duty, being avoided, provisions are much cheaper. Already the *Basse-Ville* has its town-hall, quay, schools, and chapels; *jardin des plantes*, and Vauxhall Gardens. Lace and bobbin-net manufacture supports many poor families in the *Basse-Ville*, as well as in Calais. Yet the suburb is not entirely new; for it has a spacious hospital, which was built in 1690, and repaired throughout in 1826. The number of houses has been more than quadrupled within the last four-and-twenty years. The total population of Calais and the *Basse-Ville*, natives and foreigners, was, in 1830, 15,682.

In the environs of Calais are many sites associated with English history. Ham, or *Hammes*, about four miles distant, once had strong fortifications, in which the English monarchs of old immured the objects of their resentment, these newly-conquered places not being subject to the general laws of Great Britain: we are told that an Earl of Oxford was starved in a fortress here, and his body concealed. About a mile and a half beyond Ham is situated the once-celebrated town of Guînes, since the taking of Calais by the French, celebrated for its chapels of the Protestants, denominated Huguenots: the walls of the town were rased in 1557; but some ten or twelve feet of the keep of the castle remain. In the forest adjoining, is a column, once surmounted by a sculptured balloon, to denote the spot whereon, Jan. 7, 1785, the aeronauts, Blanchard and Jefferies, descended

from a balloon; they being the first that ever so crossed the straits between England and France.

It was on the central plain between the forests of Guînes and Ardres, that the celebrated interview of the Gold Cloth Field took place, June the 7th, 1520, between Henry VIII. of England, and the French king, Francis I. A palace of wood, after the model of the Wool-staple, was brought from England for this occasion, and set up near the south gate of Guînes. The splendour of the different tents, covered with gold cloth, whence the name given by historians to this memorable interview, is said to have surpassed all description: nor was the number less considerable; there being, to use the words of an author of those times, "twenty-eight hundrede sundray lodginges, that was a goodlie sighte," which, with the chapel, lists, culinary and other offices, ovens, &c., undoubtedly extended over the whole plain to Brêmes, the first village within the French pale.

At about four short leagues from Calais is the neat little town of Ardres, remarkable for the regularity of its fortifications. Its form within the first wall is that of a hexagon, but whose east and west sides are something longer than any of the other four. Every angle is defended by a bastion; the curtains between by demilunes; and these again by other out-works; while the whole is surrounded with springs and streams of most excellent water. It was built about the year 1300.

The neighbourhood on all sides bears traces of its military occupation in past ages: so late as 1818, the remains of a handsome English fort were demolished; broken lines are numerous; eastward, along the hills that skirt the open sea, are the White Downs, at which terminated the English camp at the siege of 1347; and a few years since was found an ancient cannon, charged with a leaden ball and powder, and supposed to have belonged to the fleet that besieged or blockaded Boulogne, under Henry VIII. in 1544.* Wissant and Vimereux dispute with Calais and Boulogne the honour of being the spot where Julius Cæsar embarked to invade England: at Ambleteuse, James II. landed after the Revolution of 1688; and numerous lanes and places to this day bear the name of *Anglais*.

Happily, however, the whole plain now beams with peaceful industry and smiling nature, so as not unfrequently to obliterate the war-works of former ages. Here coal-mines are worked by an English steam-engine; on the other side are manufactories of pottery, glass, and cotton-net, with their busy population; marble quarries, and the distant smoke of lime-kilns, denote that the materials for improvement are at hand; the roadsides and the more rural portion are interspersed with cottages and elegant *chateaux;* the cultivated districts grow excellent grain; and the once barren common ground, enclosed in 1794, is now changed into fragrant parterres and luxuriant gardens. The market of Calais is well supplied with fruit and vegetables, not forgetting that indispensable ingredient in French cookery, the *Rumex*, or sorrel, for which every gardener leaves an ample plot. Half-yearly fairs, each of about a fortnight's duration, are held in the *Grande Place*, and are well stocked with clothing, jewellery, books, music, toys, &c. Every hamlet in the vicinity has its summer *ducasses*, or *fêtes:* "they manage these things better in France;" and the English visitor is compelled to admit, that the amusements of the people are there more simple than in his own country; for a French *fête* is higher in the scale of enjoyment than an English fair.

And now, returning from our descriptive tour by Calais Green, instead of the ball-marks from the useless piece of ordnance on Dover Castle Hill, (noticed in our last *vol.*) we find our countrymen enjoying the noble, truly English game of cricket — far more healthful than the game of war. Surely, it is better to sit under one's own fig-tree (or hotel,) than to stand the brunt of a hard fire; at least, such has been our impression as we have lingered on the shores of Calais, tracing the long white cliffs and purple castle of dear England over the wide yet placid sea.†

* This interesting relic was purchased by Lord Middleton, in 1822, for the sum of 50*l*.

† The antiquarian details of this and the preceding papers have been, in the main, condensed from a very interesting *Guide to Calais*, by S. W. Syddell, upwards of twenty years resident in the town. We recommend every Englishman who makes but a day's stay in Calais to purchase this little book; for, independently of its historical interest in pointing out the antiquities of the town and neighbourhood, he will soon save its cost by the "General Information for Visitors" which it contains. We have found Calais, by occasional visits and sojourns, a much more interesting place than it is generally supposed to be. Mrs. Starke does not show her usual accuracy of observation, in saying "it contains no object of interest," as we trust the foregoing papers prove.

Public Improvements.

THE PARKS OF LONDON.

We are about to lay before our readers some remarks upon the Parks of London; and we seize the opportunity, in the first place, of remarking the very great improvements in beauty and convenience, that have recently been effected, and of acknowledging the benefits which latter administrations, but more particularly the existing commission, have secured to the public.

To those who remember the Hyde Park of twenty years past, the difference must be

very striking; but even within a very short space of time, it has risen from a barren waste, edged round by a narrow road, to a verdant lawn studded with well-disposed plantations, and an arrangement of walks and drives that cannot be surpassed. Kensington Gardens, too, so strikingly described by a celebrated French beauty of the day as a "*Beau triste*," has no longer that sombre character. The thinning of the trees, the removal of the lower branches that impeded the circulation of air, the improvement of the walks, and the additional well-chosen approaches to them, have given a new aspect to the scene. The "lungs of the town," to borrow Mr. Wyndham's phrase, have been most skilfully treated.

But, if Hyde Park calls up the recollection and elicits the comparison above mentioned, how much more will the present age gain, by comparing St. James's Park with the unadorned sameness of a former day. The genius of Nash has here been most favourably employed; and the kindness of the monarch, (George IV.) who directed its opening to the public, must be gratefully felt by the crowds who daily enjoy it. The Regent's Park adds another to these instances of a less exclusive system; and the benefit will be felt in the improved health and morals of the people. By the opportunities thus afforded to the trading and operative classes, the hebdomadal visit to the suburban tavern, or the nightly relaxation of the skittle ground, (to be enjoyed by the husband alone on account of its expense), is exchanged for the healthful recreation of the WHOLE FAMILY,—in fields as verdant, and in air as pure, as the most opulent can command: and while the privilege thus enjoyed removes a grudge at the benefits conferred by wealth, it thereby effects a moral and physical change equally beneficial.

But though much has been done, some room may yet remain for the exercise of judgment and taste; and we offer our remarks to the attention of the authorities, so competent to appreciate them justly, and to act upon them should they appear deserving of attention.

The suggestions naturally divide themselves into two heads—beauty and convenience.

In Kensington Gardens, the former would be infinitely increased by substituting a light railing for the southern boundary wall, thereby letting in the view of Hyde Park; and the latter would be promoted by inclosing for the use of the residents of the palace, the north-west portion of the gardens by a quick-hedge, removed a few yards, but parallel to the great walk; affording, with no perceptible diminution of the public convenience, a space for private recreation. For the further promotion of the comforts of the residents and of the public, we would recommend that a gate for foot passengers be opened from the Kensington-road on a line with the door at the southern extremity of the great walk. The stream of population would, by this arrangement, be carried *from* the palace; their approach to the gardens from Kensington made more direct; and the quiet of the inhabitants promoted.

In Hyde Park, the most desirable alteration would be to cover, by a brick sewer, the almost stagnant pool, (or at least the centre division,) at the bottom of the Serpentine-river; a delightful turf ride would thus be obtained, (which might be called the Queen's Ride), parallel to the gravel or King's Ride; and a gate opened to it at its eastern angle near the Piccadilly lodge. It should be entirely closed from the end of September to the beginning of May, and the turf carefully attended to. A delightful ride would thus be formed for the ladies, now so generally equestrians, without the annoyance or the danger of contact with carriages.

We would further recommend the immediate removal of such trees as prevent the view from Piccadilly of the statue erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington. This magnificent work of art—however inappropriate, or however little conveying an idea of the occasion of its erection—is yet too grand in its form, and groups too well with the colonnade, to be condemned to have its form mutilated by the intervening foliage. The trees therefore recently planted in front of it, should be removed; and, at the same time, those at the back should be so trimmed as to allow the profile always to be seen against the sky.

We shall avail ourselves of this opportunity of adding a few words upon this statue. By what authority it was miscalled "Achilles" we are not informed. By the Italian antiquaries, Venuti and Vasi, they (for there are two statues, very nearly similar, on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, from one of which this is copied) are called Castor and Pollux; by Flaxman they are termed Bellerophon. But whether Achilles, Castor, Pollux, or Bellerophon, we hope—now that a second subscription has been raised for the purpose of consecrating the triumphs of the Duke of Wellington—that the sculptors of the country will not be insulted by the opinion of the committee of management, that it is necessary to import a copy from the antique. At the time of its erection, we boasted the talent of a Flaxman, a Chantrey, a Westmacott, a Bailey, and a Rossi: but they were not required to prepare designs; and a statue was erected, bearing no one attribute or symbol that could by possibility identify it with its object. We may too, on this occasion, be warranted in giving a hint as to the material. *Of the*

many, many thousands of statues in bronze which decorated Greece and Italy, not one has been preserved to us; and it should be a lesson to us *not* to employ a *valuable* material for such a purpose. Where is now the Minerva, thirty-nine feet high, made by Phidias, of ivory and gold, holding a Victory in her right hand, the eyes of which, Plato tells us, were precious stones? Where the Olympian Jupiter of Elis, composed of ivory, enriched with a radiance of golden ornaments and precious stones, and esteemed one of the wonders of the world?

The valuable materials of which these works were composed might well become the object of barbarian or civil spoil; but has the baser metal, *bronze*, been more respected? The history of all times denies it. The statues on the Trajan and Antonine columns have been toppled down, and have disappeared; even where bronze has been employed on stone or marble for inscriptions, the letters have been picked out, (as in the arch of Trajan, at Ancona,) for their intrinsic value. In later times, the statue of Henry IV. which decorated the Pont Royal at Paris, was during the revolution cast into pieces of two sous. Our own capital offers us the same lesson:—the statue now at Charing Cross was sold during the troubles of the reign of Charles I. for the value of the material, and only preserved as a speculation of the brazier who purchased it.

Is it too great a stretch of fancy to imagine that the statue which has given occasion to this digression, may in the lapse of ages again be cast into cannon to defend our posterity from the attacks of its former owners; or that the Pitt of Hanover-square, the Fox of Bloomsbury, and the Canning of Westminster, may mingle in the same caldron to challenge the admiration of a future age under the form of an usurping tyrant, a goddess of liberty, or a coinage of penny pieces?

As if to impress these truths more strongly upon our minds, we behold in the British Museum the marble statues which enriched the tympanum and frieze of the very temple which enshrined the splendid statue of Minerva above alluded to. Ages have rolled over them; frequent wars have desolated the city of the immortal Greeks, and slavery for centuries held them in chains; but the *marble* yet remains to attest their former greatness, and to prove to all succeeding times, that such memorials should be formed of a valueless material.

The Green Park affords a great scope for improvement, and the means of a very desirable addition to the beauty of this approach to London. The ranger's house and boundary wall should be removed, and twenty feet added to the width of Piccadilly, from Park-lane to Berkeley-street. The slope from the Reservoir to the road of St. James's Park, should be arranged in terraces, and enriched with statues, vases, and *bassi relievi;* and some approximation thereby made to the intellectual character of the continental gardens, the Tuilleries of Paris, the Giardino Reale of Naples, and the Borghese of Rome.

The enclosure of St. James's Park is perfect; but the trees that mask the York Column from the gate of Great George-street, should be removed; thereby effecting the double purpose of opening the Park from the Column, and the Column from the Park.

From this point, (by the paternal attention of his late Majesty, William IV., to his people's comfort and convenience,) we ascend Regent-street, through Waterloo-place, to the termination of our subject, the Regent's Park; and we trust we shall be excused the expression of our regrets that the opportunity of forming the most splendid street in Europe has been so entirely lost. With very few exceptions, there is here no building deserving commendation; and the taste which could have sanctioned many of them cannot be too strongly condemned. Magnificent as its whole course might have been, had the line of the High-street Oxford been kept in view, or attention paid to each succeeding vista, we have now no point at which to stop and admire its effect. Passing on to Oxford-street, we have a repetition of the circle at Piccadilly, and in front a church, which, for deformity in design, exceeds any thing that has been erected during the last fifty years. As if to make this deformity more monstrous, the church is placed at an awkward angle to the street, thus destroying it as an architectural whole, and making an exposure of the baldness of its flanks and the hideous ugliness of its roof.

From hence we are unexpectedly led into Portland-place, confessedly for extent and regularity, if not for beauty, the finest street in Europe,—but how terminated? Instead of continuing by a broad road, as a principal approach to the Regent's Park, it abruptly terminates in a screen of shrubs, low indeed, but just lofty enough to shut out the view of the Park, and of the Highgate and Hampstead Hills, and to injure by their branches and foliage the bronze statue of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. I fear no power exists for favourable alterations in the line of street; but the power vested in the office of Woods and Forests, and so judiciously exerted at the instance of his late Majesty in opening the approach to St. James's Park by the York Column, might with equal propriety be exerted here. The carriage and footway should be continued in a straight line to the opening of the avenue in the Park, and the statue of the Duke of Kent placed on a column on the

upper ground of the walk. There would then be something of character at each extremity of the line; and it is scarcely possible that it could be more properly terminated than by statues, of which that of the Duke of York reminds us of a period, when, by the indefatigable attention of His Royal Highness, the army attained an efficiency that led, under the conduct of its generals, to universal victory,—and that of the Duke of Kent, to the contemplation of a Prince, who, in the sphere in which he was called upon by Providence to move, displayed a perseverance beyond all praise, in the cause of civil liberty, and the social happiness and charitable institutions of the country. If the alteration here proposed be thought too large, and the compromise so often and so injuriously made between *what ought to be* and *what can easily be effected*, be adopted; then, most assuredly, should the statue be placed at such an elevation as would secure to it the sky for a background.

In the Park itself, we have little to propose, save the greater accommodation of the public, by opening the remaining inclosed spaces, and the addition of some ornamental architecture, affording an opportunity for placing statues, *bassi relievi*, and vases in various parts. The quadrupeds have indeed been turned out, and the bipeds turned in, but with just as much attention to the one as the other. The latter walk listlessly about, enjoying indeed the air and exercise; but the intellect is unemployed. The contemplation of the statue of a benefactor of mankind, either of ancient or modern times, or a *basso relievo* representing an historical fact, would generate a wish to be informed of the history;—the desire of knowledge would induce reading, and such occupation would remove the relish for gross pleasures. The Parks might then become spaces, adapted not merely to help the people to pass their time, but also to put them in the way of improving it; and a government so disposed might, by the substitution of such amusements for the now too much encouraged dissipation of the gin palace, be placed on the sure basis of public opinion and general happiness.—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

Notes of a Reader.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S WALK IN NEW FOREST.

(*From one of the most delightful chapters in the Rural Life of England.*)

In my brief visit to New Forest, I set out from Lyndhurst, and walked up to Stony-Cross, the place of Rufus's death. From the moment that I turned up out of Lyndhurst, I seemed to have entered an ancient region. There was an old-world primitive air about every thing, that filled me with a peculiar feeling of poetry. I left behind the nineteenth century, and was existing in the twelfth or fourteenth. Open knolls, and ascending woodlands on one side, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched as Hampshire cottages only are—in such projecting abundance,—such flowing lines. Thatch does not here seem the stiff and intractable thing it does elsewhere; nor is it cut in that square, straight-haired fashion; but it seems the kindliest thing in the world. It bends over gables and antique casements in the roof, and comes sweeping down over fronts resting on pillars, and forming verandas and porches; or over the ends of the houses, down to the very ground, forming the nicest sheds for plants, or places to deposit garden-tools, milk-pails, or other rural apparatus. The whole of the cottages thereabout are in equal taste with the roof; so different to the red, staring, square brick houses of manufacturing districts. They seem, as no doubt they are, erected in the spirit, and under the influence, of the *genius loci*. The bee-hives in their rustic rows; the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. I went on; now coming to small groups of such places; now to others of superior pretensions, but equally blent with the spirit of the surrounding nature;—little paradises of cultivated life. As I advanced, heathery hills stretched away on one hand; woods came down thickly and closely on the other, and a winding road beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful of hamlets. It was Minstead. There was an old school-house; and beneath the large trees that overshadowed the way, lay huge trunks of trees cut ready for conveyance to the naval dock-yards; and the forest children, on their way to school, were playing amongst them; now climbing upon them, now pushing each other off with merry laughter; boys and girls, as I approached, scampering away, and into the school.

I know not how it is, but such places of woodland and old-fashioned seclusion, of such repose and picturesque simplicity, always bring strongly to my mind the stories of Tiecke. There must be a great similarity in the aspect of these scenes, and of those which he has so much delighted to describe. I thought of the old woman with her dog and bird. Every solitary cottage seemed just such as hers was. I seemed to hear the birch-trees shiver in the breeze, the dog bark, and the bird sing its magic song.

Alone in wood so gay
'T is good to stay,
Morrow like to-day,

For ever and aye:
O, I do love to stay
Alone in wood so gay.

It was early autumn. All birds really had ceased to sing; and the deep hush of nature but made more distinct this spirit-song, amid the delicious reveries in which I went wandering along, enveloped as in a heavenly cloud. All over the moorland ground spread the crimson glow of the heather. I went onward and upward; passing the gates of forest lodges, and looking down into valleys, whence arose the smoke of huts and charcoal-fires. And, anon, I stood upon the airy height, and saw woods below, and felt near me solitude, and a spirit that had brooded there for ages. I passed over high, still heaths, treading on plants that grow only in nature's most uncultivated soil, to the mighty beeches of Boldre Wood, and thence away to fresh masses of forest. Herds of red-deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away, and dashed into the depth of the woods; troops of those gray and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades; and the red squirrels, in hundreds, scampered up from the ground where they were feeding on falling mast, and the kernels of pine-cones, and stamped and chattered on the boughs above me.

A lady who lives on the skirts of the forest, and who moreover has walked through the spirit-land with power, and is known and honoured by all true lovers of pathos and imagination, had solemnly warned me not to attempt to pass through the larger woods without a guide; but what guide, except such as herself, or as the venerable William Gilpin would have been, could one have that we should not wish away ten times in a minute? If we must be lost, why, so let it be; but let us be lost in the freedom of one's own thoughts and feelings. Delighted with the true woodland wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the widest woods that came in my way; and once, indeed, I imagined that a guide would really have been agreeable. Awaking as from a dream, I saw far round me, one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence. A track in the wood seemed to lead in the direction I aimed at; but having gone on for an hour, here admiring the magnificent sweep of some grand old trees as they hung into a glade, or a ravine, some delicious opening in the deep woods, or the grotesque figures of particular trees, which seemed to have been blasted into blackness, and contorted into inimitable crookedness by the salvage genius of the place,—I found myself again before one of those very remarkable trees which I had passed long before. It was too singular to be mistaken, and I stood to hold a serious council with myself. As I stood, I became more than ever sensible of the tomb-like silence in which I was. There was not the slightest sound of running water, whispering leaf, or the voice of any creature; the beating of my own heart, the ticking of my watch, were alone heard. It was that deep stillness which has been felt there by others.

The watchmen from the castle top
Almost might hear an acorn drop,
It was so calm and still;
Might hear the stags in Hocknell groan,
And catch, by fits, the distant moan
Of King-garn's little rill.

The Red King.

Whichever way I looked, the forest stretched in one dense twilight. It was the very realization of that appalling hush and bewildering continuity of shade so often described by travellers in the American woods. I had lost now all sense of any particular direction, and the only chance of reaching the outside of the wood was to go as much as possible in one direct line. Away then I went, but soon found myself entangled in the thickest underwood—actually overhead in rank weeds; now on the verge of an impassable bog, and now on that of a deep ravine. Fortunately for me, the summer had been remarkably dry, and the ravines were dry too,—I could descend into them, and climb out on the other side. But the more I struggled on, the more I became confounded. Pausing to consider my situation, I saw a hairy face and a large pair of eyes fixed on me. Had it been a satyr, I felt that I should not have been surprised, it seemed so satyr-like a place. It was only a stag, which, with its head just above the tall fern, and its antlers amongst the boughs, looked very much like Kühleborn of the Undine story. As I moved towards him he dashed away through the jungle, for so only could it be called, and I could long hear the crash of his progress. Ever and anon, huge swine with a fierce guffaw rushed from their lairs—one might have imagined them the wild boars of a German forest. At length I caught the tinkle of a cow-bell—a cheerful sound, for it must be in some open part of the forest, and, from its distinctness, not far distant. Thitherward I turned, and soon emerged into a sort of island in the sea of woods, a farm, like an American clearing. I sat down on a fallen tree to cool and rest myself, and was struck with the beauty of the place. These green fields lying so peacefully amid the woods, which in one place pushed forward their scattered trees, in another retreated; here sprinkling them out thinly on the common, and there hanging their masses of dark foliage over a low-thatched hut or two. The quiet farm-house, too, surrounded by its belt of tall hollies; the flocks of geese

("John of Gaunt's House," Oxon.)

dispersed over the short turf, and the cows coming home out of the forest to be milked: it was a most peaceful picture, and unlike all that citizens are accustomed to contemplate, except in Spenser, or the German writers. These cow-bells, too, have something in their sound so quaint and woodland. They are slung by a leathern strap from the neck of the leader, having neither sound nor shape of a common bell, but are like a tin canister, with a ring at the bottom to suspend them by. They seem like the first rudimental attempt at a bell, and have a sound dull and horny, rather than clear and ringing. The leaders of these herds are said to have a singular sagacity in tracking the woods, and finding their way to particular spots, and home again, by extraordinary and intricate ways.

Having now a clear conception of my position, I proceeded leisurely towards Stoly-Cross, the reputed place of the catastrophe of Rufus.

Anecdote Gallery.

"JOHN OF GAUNT'S HOUSE," OXON.

Between the villages of Standlake and Northmoor, in the Bampton Hundred, westward of Oxford, is the above curious and interesting building, now used as a farm-house, known by the name of Gaunt House, from its being traditionally represented as one of the residences of "time-honoured Lancaster," John of Gaunt. Ant. à Wood has given us, in his MSS. relative to the history of this place, a few particulars, which tend greatly to remove the vague traditions concerning it. He conceives that it was built by John Gaunt and Joan his wife. There was a brass in Standlake church, on which was engraved the following inscription: — "Orate pro animâ Johannis Gaunt, nuper uxoris Johannis Gaunt, quæ obiit x die Martii, anno Dom. MCCCCLXV." This house was used as a garrison for King Charles in the years 1643 and 1644;—it then belonged to Dr. Samuel Fell, dean of Christchurch, and afterwards to his son, John Fell, D.D., and bishop of Oxford. The old house is partly moated, and there are some traces of a drawbridge. It has evidently been a mansion of some note; but Wood's explanation must be considered as corrective of the common error, by which it has acquired notoriety as a residence of John of Gaunt.

The Public Journals.

THE MEMORABLE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—THE FLOATING BATTERIES.

(From a Paper on Sir John Barrow's Life of Admiral Lord Howe; in the Quarterly Review.)

Since the siege of Malta by the Turks, no siege had ever been undertaken with such mighty preparations, and carried on with such advantageous circumstances and determined perseverance, as that of Gibraltar. The hope of recovering this place by the assistance of the French seems to have been the chief motive by which Spain was induced to join the alliance against England, having no jarring interests with England, no points of dispute, and not cause enough of complaint to supply matter with any appearance of truth for a plausible manifesto. A Spanish academician and professor, D. Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, published at this time a good history of Gibraltar. The tenaciousness, he said, of the English in retaining this place, the just determination of the Spaniards to recover it, their repeated at-

tempts, and the discussions and protests concerning it in Congresses and Parliaments, had rendered it not less famous than the strongest and most important cities in Italy or Flanders. The King of Spain, Charles III., the only one who could avert the ruin with which the English were threatened, had offered his mediation, as a faithful friend and arbitrator, to re-establish peace with France and with the Americans. Having offered it in vain, he was bent upon recovering the key and bulwark of his own empire; a history of Gibraltar then was especially required when the Catholic King was making incredible preparations, both by sea and land, to conquer it. Ayala brought down his history, in three books, to the establishment of the blockade.

The siege had continued three years when Lord Howe sailed from Spithead with thirty-four sail of the line, six frigates, and three fire-ships, with a convoy for the relief of the garrison. Two days before they sailed, the memorable loss of the Royal George occurred; Admiral Kempenfelt and about nine hundred persons being lost in the ship. The calamity was the more grievous, because it appears to have been the consequence of gross neglect in the officers of the Navy Board; the ship having been continued in service till there was not a sound timber in her. When the fleet sailed, the English government was not aware that the renewed preparations of the Spaniards for prosecuting the siege were such in nature and magnitude as had never before been attempted by any power in Europe. A French engineer had constructed floating batteries, which were supposed to be both impregnable and incombustible; they were bomb-proof on the top, with a descent for the shells to slide off, and fortified on the larboard side six or seven feet thick with green timber and raw hides. They were so constructed also, that if a red-hot shot should pierce either their sides or roof, it must pass through a tube, which would discharge water to extinguish any fire that it might cause. The expense of these floating batteries was estimated at 150,000*l*. "*Ce fameux siege*," says a French journalist, "*occupe toute l'Europe aujourd'hui, et sera certainement l'evenement de la guerre le plus interessant. Il est tres essentiel qu'il se finisse, par les depenses enormes qu'il entraine, la quantite d'hommes et de force navale qu'il occupe depuis trois ans.*" With such preparations and such ample means, the besiegers thought themselves sure of success: the capture of Gibraltar by the floating batteries was exhibited in one of the theatres at Paris, and the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon went to serve as volunteers at the siege, and to partake in the victory. The grand attack was hastened by the knowledge, which the enemy had obtained, that Lord Howe was on his way to relieve the fortress; and the Admiral Don Luis de Cordoba was despatched with the combined fleet to prevent this intended relieve, and gave him battle. "The conquest of Gibraltar," says Sir John Barrow, "would have given to the French and Spaniards the entire command of the Mediterranean: the national character and honour of Great Britain would have been lost with it, and our influence to the eastward of the Straits annihilated."

On the 12th of September, 1782, the combined fleets entered the bay:—"It appeared," says Colonel Drinkwater, in his most interesting history of the siege, "as if they meant, previous to their final effort, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before us a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers, ten battering-ships, deemed perfect in design and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns, innumerable frigates, xebeques, bomb-catches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men—these were assembled in the bay. On the land side were strong batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of nearly 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general of the highest reputation, and animated by the presence of the two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle most certainly is not to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that they should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed their confidence in the effect to be produced by the batteringships passed all bounds, and, in the enthusiasm excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought criminal even to whisper a doubt of their success."

The garrison consisted of little more than 7,000 effective men, including the marine brigade, but they were veterans in the service, had been long habituated to the effects of artillery, were well commanded, and had full confidence in their officers. "Their spirits, too, were not a little elevated by the success attending the recent practice of firing red-hot shot, which in this attack they hoped would enable them to bring their labours to an end, and relieve them from the tedious cruelty of a blockade." On the morning of the 13th, the floating batteries got under way. It had been supposed by our naval men that they would be brought before the fortress in the night; few persons, therefore, suspected that their present movement was preparatory to the grand attack; but

observing a crowd of spectators on the beach and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the garrison, the Governor thought it would be imprudent to doubt it any longer, and ordered therefore the town batteries to be manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot to be lighted. The floating batteries bore down in admirable order for their station, a little past nine o'clock, the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison. They took their places in a masterly manner, and our artillery allowed them without molestation to choose their distance; but when the first dropped her anchor, which was about a quarter before ten, that instant our firing commenced. In little more than ten minutes they were all completely moored. "The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous, 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery playing at the same moment; an instance," Colonel Drinkwater says, "which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of these engines of destruction." An Italian officer, who was in the Spanish fleet, says, that from the cool and intrepid manner in which the attack was begun, great hopes were entertained of certain success. The enemy, indeed, were neither wanting in skill nor courage, and after the firing had continued for some hours, the floating batteries were found to be quite as formidable as they had been represented. The heaviest shells rebounded from their tops, and 32-pound shot seemed to make no visible impression on their hulls. The red-hot shot began to be used about noon, but were not general till between one and two o'clock. The garrison often flattered themselves that some of the batteries were on fire, but no sooner did any smoke appear, than men were observed directing water from their engines within to those places where the smoke issued. "These circumstances," says the historian of the siege, "with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided as, from our former success against their land batteries, we had expected." Even the artillery at this time had their doubts of the effect of red-hot shot. The enemy at first had elevated their cannon too much, but perceiving this about noon, their firing became powerful and well directed, and the garrison suffered accordingly, being especially annoyed by a flanking and reverse fire from the land. But, totally disregarding the enemy on that side, the artillery directed their sole attention to the floating batteries. The assailants, however, received so little damage, that their sanguine hopes of success were not abated for a considerable time. For some hours, indeed, the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as to show little or no appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. But about two o'clock the enemy began to loose heart, seeing that the battering-ship which carried the admiral's flag, and had the engineer on board, began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison. They continued their fire, however, and were encouraged by perceiving that the fortification had received some damage. But the garrison were cheered with more reason, for they saw that the smoke from the upper part of the flag-ship was prevailing, notwithstanding the constant application of water, and that the admiral's second was in the same condition. By seven o'clock, the Italian officer says, all the hopes of the assailants vanished. Their firing slackened. By eight o'clock it had almost ceased. Rockets were thrown up as signals of distress. "The red-hot balls had by this time taken such effect, that the enemy now thought of nothing but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that pitiable service." Our artillery at this time must have caused dreadful havock among them. An indistinct clamour, with lamentable cries and groans, proceeded (during the short intervals of cessation) from all quarters; and a little before midnight a wreck floated in with twelve men, all who had escaped out of threescore, which were on board their launch. Though sure that they had an advantage over the enemy, the garrison were not yet aware how complete a victory had been gained.

About an hour after midnight the battering-ship upon which the red-hot shot first produced an effect, burst into flames, and by two o'clock she appeared as one continued blaze from stem to stern. The light was equal to noonday, and enabled our artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision. Between three and four o'clock, six others of these batteries were on fire. They were so close to the walls, the Italian officer says, that the balls pierced into them full three feet; but the holes made in these solid beds of green timber closed up after the shot, and for want of air it was long before the fire-balls produced their effect. It was honourable, indeed, for the garrison thus to have obtained one of the completest defensive actions that has ever been recorded, and over the most formidable floating batteries that had ever been brought to bear against a fortress. But the most honourable display of the British character was yet to be made. Howe's friend, Captain Curtis, who commanded the marine brigade, had not been able during the day to bring his gun-boats against the battering-ships, because of the wind and the heavy swell. The sea having become calm about three o'clock in the morning, he drew up his boats so as to flank the line of the battering-ships; he had twelve

gun-boats, each carrying an eighteen or twenty-four-pounder, which kept up their fire with great effect, while a very heavy and destructive fire was directed towards the same point by the garrison. "The boats of the enemy," says Captain Curtis, "durst not approach; they abandoned their ships, and the men in them were left to our mercy or to the flames." Daylight now appeared, and two feluccas which had not escaped endeavoured to get away, but a shot from a gun-boat killing four men in one of them, they submitted. Learning then from their prisoners that many men were unavoidably left by their friends on board the burning ships, Captain Curtis directed all his exertions to rescue them. "The scene before me," he says in his official letter, "was at this time dreadful; numbers of men crying from amidst the flames, some upon pieces of wood in the water, others in the ships where the fire had as yet made but little progress, all expressing by speech and gesture the deepest distress, and all imploring assistance, formed a spectacle of horror not to be described. The blowing up of the ships around us as the fire got to the magazines, and the firing of the cannon of others as the metal became heated by the flames, rendered this a very perilous employment; but we felt it as much a duty to make every effort to relieve our enemies from so shocking a situation, as an hour before we did to assist in conquering them." One of the battering-ships blew up about five o'clock, and soon afterwards another in the centre of the line. The wreck from this spread far and wide, to the imminent danger of the British gun-boats; one was sunk, but the crew were saved. Curtis's coxswain was killed, several of his people were wounded, and a piece of timber falling into the pinnace, went through her bottom; she was only saved from sinking by the sailors stuffing their jackets into the hole. Yet though it was then deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, Captain Curtis visited two other ships on his return, and had, what he truly called, the inexpressible happiness of saving thirteen officers and three hundred and forty-four men, all Spaniards; thirty of these, who were wounded, were taken from among the slain in the hold, and carried to the garrison's hospital. There was reason to believe that a great many of the wounded perished in the flames, though it was impossible that greater exertions could have been made to save them. Six of the battering-ships were still in flames. Three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the other three burnt to the water's edge, the magazines having been wetted before the principal officers had quitted the ships. The Spanish admiral did not leave his ship till nearly midnight, the other officers much earlier. There remained two battering-ships, which the conqueror hoped to save "as glorious trophies of his success," but one of them unexpectedly burst out in flames, and shortly afterwards blew up; and the other, when it was found impracticable to preserve it, was burnt by our sailors.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE STEAM-ENGINE.

(*From a luminous paper, entitled "Ocean Steamers," in the Monthly Chronicle.*)

"WITHIN the memory of persons who have not yet passed the meridian of life, the possibility of traversing by the steam-engine the channels and seas that surround and intersect these islands, was regarded as the dream of enthusiasts. Nautical men, and men of science, rejected such speculations with equal incredulity, and with little less than scorn for the understandings of those who could for a moment entertain them. Yet have we lived to witness the steam-engine traversing, not these channels and seas alone, but sweeping the face of the waters round every coast in Europe. The seas which interpose between our Asiatic dominions and Egypt, and those which separate our own shores from our West-Indian possesions, have offered an equally ineffectual barrier to its power. Nor have the terrors of the Pacific prevented the "Enterprise" from doubling the Cape, and reaching the shores of India. If steam be not used as the only means of connecting the most distant habitable points of our planet, it is not because it is inadequate to the accomplishment of that end, but because the supply of the material from which at the present moment it derives its powers is restricted by local and accidental circumstances." *

The irresistible energy of British enterprise, aided by the inexhaustible resources of national art and science, is rapidly enlarging these limits, not indeed as yet by the discovery of a new element of power, (though even that may not be far distant,) but by economising the consumption, and improving the application of the combustible, to the properties of which the nation is already so largely indebted for her greatness.

When we pause and look back upon the birth and growth of steam power, it is impossible not to be filled with astonishment at the colossal magnitude to which it has already attained, though it cannot be justly regarded as having passed the state of adolescence. It is little more than sixty years since Watt found the steam-engine a mere pump, (and not a very perfect one,) used for the drainage of mines; and within a few short years afterwards, he bestowed upon it powers, the extent and influence of which on the well-being

* Lardner on the Steam-Engine, 6th edit. London, 1836. Also, Edinburgh Review, October, 1832, p. 104.

of the human race have thrown into the shade every other production of art or science. Whether we regard the history of this invention as to time or place, the effects which it has produced, or the means by which it has produced these effects, we find every thing to gratify our national pride, excite our wonder, and command our admiration.

Within the last century the steam-engine had its birth, and was cradled in Britain. The offspring of British genius, it was fostered by British enterprise, and supported by British capital. It has grown with a rapidity which has no example in the annals of mechanical invention to its present giant stature. To enumerate its effects would be to count almost every comfort and every luxury of civilized life. It has increased the sum of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments, as to render them attainable by those who never could have hoped to share them. Nor are these effects confined to England alone; they extend over the whole civilized world; and the savage tribes of America, Asia, and Africa, already begin to feel, in a thousand ways, directly and indirectly, the advantages of this all-powerful agent.

Regarded as affecting the material condition of man, the steam-engine has no rival. Considered as a moral and social agent, it may be placed beside, if not before, the press. Extensive as were the former powers of that vast instrument of intellectual advancement, who can measure the augmentation which its influence has received from its combination with the steam-engine?

But among the unnumbered benefits which this creation of Watt has showered on mankind, there is assuredly none attended with consequences of such magnitude and importance as the powers of locomotion, both by land and water, which it has conferred upon us. Every line of easy and rapid intercommunication between nation and nation is a new bond of amity, and a channel through which streams of reciprocal beneficence will flow. The extension of commercial relations thus produced will generate community of interests, and will multiply the motives for the maintenance of universal peace. Channels will be opened, through which information and knowledge will pass from people to people; civilization will be stimulated, morals elevated, taste cultivated, manners refined. The temples of superstition will be razed to the ground, the darkness of ignorance dispelled, national antipathies uprooted, and the population of the globe taught to regard themselves as denizens of one great commonwealth, and children of one common FATHER.

Such are the benefits which flow from the triple league of the Steam-engine with the Press, the Ship, and the Railway. These are the combined powers to which nations may securely tender unqualified allegiance. This is the true Holy Alliance, which will cause the sceptre to tremble in the hands of the despot, and the chains to fall from the limbs of the slave.

THE QUICKSILVER STEAMER.

ONE of the boldest enterprises among the projected improvements of the steam-engine, which has emerged from the condition of a mere experiment, is the vapour engine, as it is called, of Mr. Howard. The extent to which the economy of the combustible is professed to be carried by this contrivance is sufficiently startling to entitle it to attention; and as trips of some length have been already made by vessels propelled by engines on this principles, and a vessel is in preparation for the Atlantic voyage, we should hardly be justified in classing it among mere speculations, or in passing it over without particular notice.

Mr. Howard applies the furnace, not immediately to the water, but to a pan of quicksilver. He proposes to maintain this at a temperature below its boiling point, but very much above the boiling point of water. On the surface of this hot quicksilver he injects the water, which is converted instantaneously into steam, containing much more heat than is sufficient to maintain it in the vaporous form.

This superheated steam is used to work the piston; and being subsequently condensed by means of a jet of fresh water, the mixture of warm water, produced by the steam and the water injected, is conducted through the cooling pipes, and subsequently used—partly to supply the water for evaporation, and partly to supply the water for injection. Thus, in this contrivance, as it now stands, not only the boiler, but the use of sea-water is altogether dispensed with; the same distilled water constantly circulating through the cylinder and the condenser. It appears to have an advantage over Hall's condenser, inasmuch as it preserves the method of condensing by injection, which has, since a very early epoch in the history of the steam-engine, been found to be attended with considerable advantages over any method of condensation by cold surface. It is right, however, to state, that the idea of supplying the water of injection by cooling the water drawn from the condenser, by passing it through pipes, has been patented by Mr. Symington.

The economy of fuel proposed to be attained by Mr. Howard's contrivance is so great, that, if it should prove successful, it must put every other form of marine engines altogether out of use. We regret that we have not had opportunities of immediate observation of the experimental results of this engine; but they have inspired confidence

into several persons competent to judge of them, who have not hesitated to embark capital in their realization and improvement. The question must now soon be decided, as the steam-vessel *Columbus*, having her machinery constructed on this principle, is understood to be in a forward state of preparation at Liverpool for the Atlantic voyage.

As the British and American Steam Navigation Company proposes to introduce the method of condensation by surface into the British Queen, we shall have all the different expedients, which afford an immediate prospect of material improvement in the economy of fuel and the preservation of the machinery, speedily in operation on the Atlantic, and the results of experience will afford grounds for judging the respective merits more conclusive than any theoretical skill can pretend to offer.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

The Naturalist.

FLOWER-GARDENS OF THE ANCIENTS.

By James Macauley, Esq. M.A.

[This very interesting paper, full of the lore of classic gardening, graces the pages of the *Magazine of Natural History.*]

It is always asserted by modern writers on gardening, that the ancients did not cultivate flowers as a source of amusement.—In the descriptions, it is said, of all the most famous gardens of antiquity which have come down to us, we read merely of their fruits and their shade; and when flowers are mentioned, they are always reared for some special purpose, such as to supply their feasts, or their votive offerings.

Considered merely as an useful art, gardening must be one of the earliest cultivated; but as a refined source of pleasure, it is always one of the latest. It is not till civilization and elegance are far advanced among a people, that they can enjoy the poetry or the pleasure of the artificial associations of nature. Hence this question is interesting, as illustrating the manners and the tastes of the times referred to.

Negative proofs are not sufficient to determine the point. To show that the gardens of the Hesperides contained nothing but oranges, or that of King Alcinous (Odyss. vii.) nothing but a few fruit-trees and pot-herbs, does not disprove the opinion that others cultivated flowers as a source of pleasure.

Before speaking of the Roman flower-gardens, I would offer a few remarks on those of Greece and the east.

From the little mutability of oriental customs, their ancient gardening did not probably differ much from that of modern times. The descriptions given by Maundrell, Russell, and other travellers, agree with what we read in the Scriptures of the Hebrew gardens three thousand years ago.

Solomon, who had so extensive a knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, that he knew plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the moss on the wall, enumerates gardening among the pleasures he had tasted in his search after happiness: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards."—Eccles. ii. 14.

From Xenophon and other writers we have a few notices of the Persian gardens. Xenophon relates that Cyrus was much devoted to the pleasures of gardening; and wherever he resided, or whatever part of his dominions he visited, he took care that the gardens should be filled with every thing, both beautiful and useful, which the soil could produce. These were sometimes only hunting-parks, or inclosed forests, but there were also flower-gardens among them. Cicero ("De Senectute") relates the following anecdote of Cyrus. When Lysander the Spartan came to him with presents to Sardis, Cyrus showed him all his treasures and his gardens;—and when Lysander was struck with the height of the trees, and the arrangement and fine cultivation of the grounds, and the sweetness of the odours which were breathed upon them from the flowers, ("*suavitate odorum qui afflarentur e floribus,*") he said, that he admired not only the diligence but the skill of the man, who had contrived and laid out the garden. And Cyrus answered, "*Atqui ego omnia ista sum dimensus; mei sunt ordines; mea descriptio; multæ etiam istarum arborum meâ manu sunt sutæ.*"

One of the earliest and best known of all the Grecian gardens is that of King Alcinous, described in the Odyssey. "What," says Sir Robert Walpole, "was that boasted paradise with which

> '——— the Gods ordained
> To grace Alcinous and his happy land?'

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs, and two fountains that watered them, inclosed within a quick-set hedge!" Of course, the whole scene is a mere romantic creation of the poet; but, in describing it, he would be guided by what actually existed in nature, and, perhaps, took his idea of the garden from some particular spot with which he was acquainted. It is described as consisting of four acres, surrounded by a fence, and adjoining the gates of the palace. It contained a few trees for shade and for fruits, and two fountains; one for the palace, and the other for the garden. But then he thus ends the simple and beautiful picture of the place with these lines:—"And there are beautiful plots of all kinds of plants at the

extreme borders of the garden, flowering all the year round."

The Athenians always had flower-gardens attached to their country-houses, one of which Anacharsis visited. "After having crossed a court-yard, full of fowls and other domestic birds, we visited the stables, sheep-folds, and likewise the flower-garden; in which we successively saw bloom narcissuses, hyacinths, irises, violets of different colours, roses of various species, and all kinds of odoriferous plants."*

There was at Athens a public flower-market, and there were persons whose trade it was to make bouquets, and to construct letters with flowers symbolical of certain sentiments; as is still done in oriental countries.

The gardens of Epicurus, and the other philosophers, were mere groves and shaded walks, where the disciples were wont to listen to the lessons of their masters:

"Atque inter sylvas academi quærere verum."

We are not to look for ornamental gardening in the early history of the Romans, as the soil of their little *horti* was cultivated merely for the sake of procuring the necessaries of life. Excellence in war and in agriculture were the chief virtues as well as duties of the citizens; and we find *bonus agricola* and *bonus colonus* used as synonymous with a good man. Some of the noblest families of Rome derived their names from particular grains, such as the *Lentuli*, *Pisones*, *Fabii*, and many others. The story of Cincinnatus being found by the messengers of the senate at the plough, is well known; and Curius, after triumphing over the Samnites, the Sabines, and Pyrrhus, spent his old age in the labours of the field. So late as the Punic wars, Regulus, in the midst of his victories in Africa, wrote to the senate, that his steward had left his service, and stolen his implements of agriculture; and begged leave of absence from the army, to see about his affairs, and prevent his family from starving. The senate took the business in hand, recovered his tools, and supported his wife and children till his return.

It was not till they had come much in contact with the Greeks that the Romans would be anxious about pleasure or elegance in their gardens; for it was thence they derived their taste for all the arts of peace:

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit: et artes Intulit agresti Latio."

Even in later Roman authors, the allusions to gardening often relate more to the general pleasures and occupations of a country life, than to the special cultivation of flowers. But this is the richest theme in all ages, inasmuch as the subordinate display of human art in gardening is eclipsed from the eye of the poet, by the beauties of nature even there displayed. The scene of the "Song of Solomon" is laid in a garden; but the finest allusions which it contains are to the general appearance of nature. For example: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—And, again: "Come, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves."

Our own poets, when they paint a modern garden, dwell most on its shade and freshness, its verdure and music, without descending to particular description. Examples of this must occur to every one.—The garden of the Corycian old man, described in the fourth Georgic, and other similar classical scenes, are sometimes quoted, as proving the absence of flowers as part of the ornaments of an ancient garden. But we must not thus judge from negative or detached instances: we might as well argue the poverty of that of Horace, merely from what he says in his invitation to Phyllis:—

——— "Est in horto
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis:
Est hederæ vis
Multa, quâ crines religata fulges."

He mentions only what was connected with his drinking invitation; the parsley being supposed to ward off intoxication, and the ivy being the sacred plant of Bacchus.

Nor is the garden of Lucullus, which is so often referred to, to be regarded as a specimen either of the art or the taste of his time. We are told of its terraces and fish-ponds, its statues and sumptuous temples, and not of the cultivation of flowers; but this was alluded to by his own contemporaries. Cicero records, that Lucullus was often blamed for the vast extravagance displayed in his Tusculan villa; and says, that he used to excuse himself by pointing to two neighbours, a knight and a freedman, who tried to vie with him in the splendour of their gardens.

In Latin authors, the word *Hortus* seems to have four distinct significations. First, a garden, analogous to the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg, at Paris, composed chiefly of shaded walks, with statues, water-works, and other ornaments. Such were the gardens of Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompey, Mæcenas, and the rich Patricians, who used to seek popularity by throwing

* For authorities see 'Voyage d'Anacharse,' tome v. p. 20.

them open to the people. The second signification is, a little farm, or any place for the cultivation of esculent vegetables. Perhaps the garden of the Corycian old man was only one of these; but they seldom contained such a variety as we find there. In the laws of the twelve tables, *hortus* is always put for a farm, or a villa. The third sort of *hortus* was devoted to the cultivation of those flowers, which were used at festivals and ceremonies, and for similar special purposes. Such were the "*biferi rosaria Pæsti;*" and gardens of this sort surrounded the city, to supply the markets. It is to these three species of *horti* alone that modern authors refer; but there are many allusions in the Classics, showing that the Romans had flower-gardens for pleasure, as well as utility. Such were the "*delicati horti.*" the "*venusti hortuli*" of private individuals, which we read of in Tibullus, Phædrus, Martial, and other authors, who occasionally refer to the domestic manners of the Romans. If they cultivated their flowers for the purposes alluded to, a single dinner-party, or a few chaplets, would have stripped bare the whole garden.

The citizens of Rome used to cultivate plants in the balconies of their houses, (Hor. I. Ep. x. &c.,) and to rear flowers in boxes and flower-pots, which were called "*Horti imaginarii.*" (Pliny.) It is not likely that the rich would do this, merely to procure materials for their votive offerings, or to supply the ornaments for their entertainments, when these could be easily purchased at the public markets. It shows that a taste for their cultivation, as objects of amusement, did prevail, which followed them even amidst the "fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ."

There are, also, small garden-grounds attached to the houses in many of the streets of Herculaneum, which, from their size and their position in a great city, could not have been used, either for the cultivation of the festal flowers, or of esculent vegetables, and probably contained only a few beds of flowers for ornament.

The Gatherer.

Effective Preaching. — In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation. — *Planché.*

Touching for the Evil was, in past ages, a pretended miracle, performed by our sovereigns at their coronations. In the parish register books of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, is a list of persons, with their ages, whom James II. had touched for the cure of the "evil" at his coronation!

Trotzendorf, the celebrated German school-master, of the sixteenth century, encouraged his scholars to learn music, by saying: "Learn to sing, my dear boys, and then, if you go to heaven, the angels will admit you into their choir."

Natural History.—So great is the desire now evinced to obtain the various species of the brute creation for the metropolitan and provincial "Zoological Gardens," that the importation of animals has become an every-day commercial transaction. During one week lately, there arrived in the Docks, a rhinoceros, tiger, porcupine, sloth bear, Indian elk, axis deer, and several birds. The four first were purchased for "the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

Tehraun, or Teheraun, stated to have been recently captured by the Russians, is the present capital of Persia. It is surrounded with a strong mud wall, about four miles in circuit, but contains no building of consequence, except the royal citadel, or fortified palace. Half a century ago, it was an inconsiderable place; and it started at once into the first consequence under Aga Mahomed Khan, the uncle to the present Shah, and the first sovereign that made this city a royal residence. It is 242 miles north of Ispahan, and about half that distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

The Canada Thistle can only with great difficulty be eradicated, on account of the distance to which its roots penetrate. An instance is related of its descending roots having been dug out of a quarry nineteen feet in length; and it has been found to shoot out horizontal roots in every direction, some eight feet in length, in a single season.

Old London Bridge. — "As fine as London Bridge," was formerly a proverbial saying in the city; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and, next to Solomon's temple, the finest thing that ever art produced.

The Coronation.

The two preceding Numbers of the MIRROR *are entirely occupied with an Original Narrative of the recent* CORONATION *of* HER MAJESTY, *illustrated with* TWO LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

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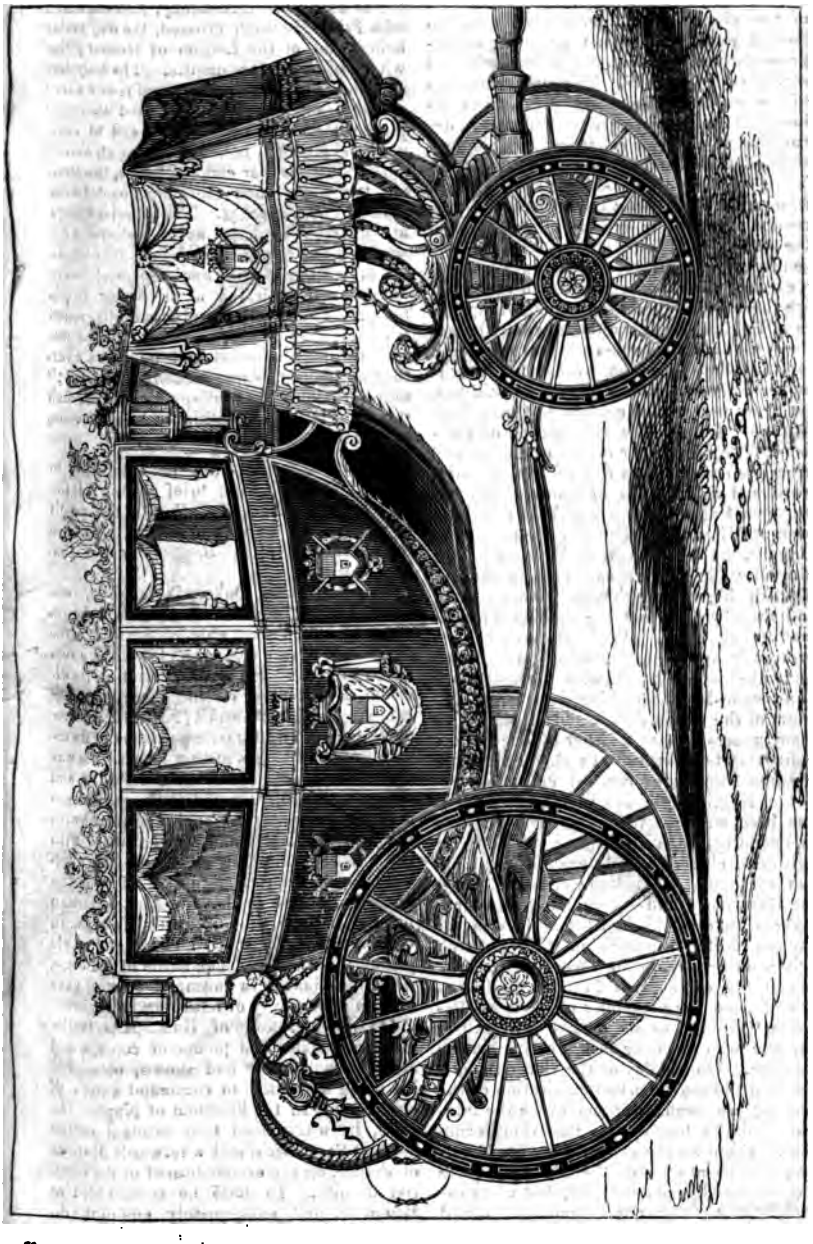
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 904.] SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1838. [Price 2*d*.



THE STATE CARRIAGE OF MARSHAL SOULT.

THE STATE CARRIAGE

OF MARSHAL SOULT, DUKE OF DALMATIA.

In describing the splendid out-door pageant of the late Coronation, we noticed, in terms of unqualified commendation, the equipages of the distinguished personages who appeared upon that august occasion, as Representatives Extraordinary of the principal sovereigns of Europe. The sumptuousness of the carriages, the noble horses, the costliness of their trappings, and the superb decoration of the liveries, were all in the best style of *state*, and worthy of royalty itself. Their brilliancy called forth the liveliest admiration throughout the line of the procession; and there are no better judges in the world than our countrymen of the beauty of a carriage, or the excellence of "cattle:" for, in what country of the world are there so many well-appointed equipages as in England? It should, however, be noticed, that most of these carriages were built for the above occasion by London coach-makers, the superiority of whose skill has, for many years, been celebrated throughout Europe. Indeed, the substitution of English-built carriages for others of clumsy and graceless *contour*, was one of the first outward and visible signs of international improvement after the peace of 1815; and the present King of the French, then Duke of Orleans, on his return to Paris, provided himself with English carriages, a stud of English horses, coachmen, grooms, &c.; and thereby soon set the fashion in such matters at Paris. Without having been previously apprised of this fact, well do we remember being struck with the splendour of a four-in-hand, spanking into the second court of the Palais Royal, and attracting as many gazers as would either of our metropolitan state coaches. In short, although the construction of covered carriages was not an English invention, their improvement has been wrought to higher perfection in this country, than elsewhere; the superior lightness, elegance, and durability, of English carriages, are acknowledged all over the Continent; and several English coach-makers have established themselves in the French capital, the Parisian "Long Acre" being, we believe, in the *Champs Elysées*.

But the carriage of Marshal Soult, engraved upon the preceding page, is of Parisian "build," as its outline will satisfy any one who has once seen a native French carriage. On the day of the Coronation, it received the most marked admiration of the people; we mean, over and above the interest displayed towards its illustrious occupant. From all the evidence we could collect, the chaste style of the whole equipage was universally commended; but more especially the richly-chased mountings and other appointments of the carriage itself. The body is a fine cobalt, towards the perfection of which colour the French chemists have greatly distinguished themselves. — This colour is relieved with gold, in chaste design. Upon the panels are emblazoned the arms of his Excellency, with the baton of a Field-Marshal, crossed, the only order being that of the Legion of Honour; the whole upon a rich mantle. The body has side-lights; and above the roof rises a silver cornice, elaborately chased and tastefully pierced; and in the centre, and at each angle of the roof, is a ducal coronet, also of silver. It has four elegant lamps, two front and two back, each being surmounted with a silver ducal coronet. The interior fittings are of rich nankeen satin, relieved with scarlet; the hammer-cloth is of blue broad-cloth, trimmed with nankeen, and boldly emblazoned with the arms of his Excellency. These details are slightly varied from our description, at page 7 of the present volume; whereat will be found a further notice of this magnificent "turn-out;" unquestionably the best specimen of French "state" that has, within our recollection, been witnessed in this country.

To the above, it may be interesting to append the following brief sketch of the military life of Marshal Soult; the details of which have been, in the main, translated from the celebrated *Biographie des Contemporaines*.

Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, was born in 1769, at St. Amand, in the department of the Tarn; entered early into the army as a private soldier, and became a sub-altern in 1790. He was adjutant in the division of Lefebvre, on the Moselle, in the campaigns of 1794 and 1795, and was one of the most enthusiastic partisans of the revolutionary measures at that epoch. He was appointed general of brigade in 1796, and was, subsequently, raised to the rank of general of division. As such, he served with the army of Italy, and was entrusted with the military command of Turin. He afterwards made the campaign of 1799, with the army destined to combat the Austro-Russian forces; and was shut up, with Massena, in Genoa, where he was wounded and made prisoner in a sortie. The battle of Marengo, which terminated in favour of France, gave him an opportunity of returning home.

On the elevation of Buonaparte to the chief consulate, the proofs of courage and ability which Soult had shown, occasioned his being appointed to command a corps of observation, in the kingdom of Naples. In 1803, he was named Commandant of the corps at St. Omer's, and afterwards Marshal of France, on the establishment of the imperial dignity. In 1805 he commanded at Boulogne, and, subsequently, one of the divisions of the grand army destined to act in

Austria. He passed the Rhine at Spire, on the 26th of October, penetrated into Suabia, and afterwards marched on Augsburg, of which he took possession, and also of Meiningen, which was surrendered to him in a cowardly manner by General Spangen. At the battle of Austerlitz, he commanded the centre of the army, and contributed, by a very vigorous attack, to the success of that day. He distinguished himself, also, at the battles of Jena and at Eylau. On the peace of Tilsit, he was appointed to a command in Spain; and, on the 10th of November, 1808, he attacked the army of Estremadura, put the Spaniards to the route, and seized on Burgos and Santander. He was next charged with the army to observe the movements of Sir John Moore, at Salamanca; and he pursued the English to Corunna, where, however, he was defeated.* M. Soult was afterwards sent into Portugal, where, at first, he obtained some success; but he was soon followed by the British army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, which forced the passage of the Douro, and nearly made him prisoner in Oporto. He was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, with the loss of his artillery and baggage; and, arriving in Galicia, he joined Marshal Ney. Joseph Buonaparte having lost the battle of Talavera, Marshal Soult marched, in conjunction with Ney and Mortier, to his succour; and on their approach, Lord Wellington retired into Portugal. At this time, he was appointed major-general of the French armies in Spain; and it was under his advice and direction that Joseph Buonaparte gained the battle of Ocana, on the 19th of November, 1809. He was next charged with the conquest of Andalusia; and he, in consequence, forced the passages of the Sierra Morena, and marched on Seville, of which he took possession. He subsequently reduced Badajoz, which fortress he strongly garrisoned. The allies advanced to recover that place, and the battle of Albuera followed, in which he was repulsed by Marshal (now Lord) Beresford, with great loss. Marmont, however, having joined him, the siege was raised in consequence; and Soult sent a part of his forces to disperse the army of Murcia. The French continued to retain positions in the south of Spain for two years; during which time, Soult levied large contributions, and formed immense magazines, till he was at length compelled to retire from that quarter. After the battle of Salamanca, he evacuated Andalusia; and the French armies, with the exception of that of Marshal Suchet, were concentrated at Burgos. M. Soult was now recalled, in order to be sent into Germany; he was, however, soon summoned back. The loss of the battle of Vittoria having exposed the frontiers of France, the marshal was sent to Bayonne, to take the command of the remnant of the routed French corps. He speedily organized a formidable force, with which he twice endeavoured to deliver Pampeluna: the allies then advanced on the French territory, and he was twice repulsed—first, at the battle of the Adour, but particularly that of Orthes, on the 27th of February, 1814; his defeat in which obliged him to retire upon Tarbes, in order to cover Toulouse; which had the effect of leaving Bordeaux open, and brought about the events that restored the Bourbons. Soult, at this time, published a proclamation, in which he discovered great zeal in the cause of Napoleon. Arrived at Toulouse, a bloody battle ensued, which led to the surrender of that city to the allies; and he retreated towards Castelnaudary. On the re-establishment of the Bourbons, the king confided to Soult the command of the thirteenth military division, and the government of Brittany. In December, 1814, he was made war-minister; and, in this capacity, he was particularly anxious that the king should give the congress at Vienna to understand, that France was prepared for war. In the council, he said to the king: "Sire, say but a word, you shall have 400,000 bayonets to support your pretensions at the congress of Vienna." He was, however, subsequently denounced in the Chamber of Peers; and the consequence was, that he resigned his situation, and was succeeded by the Duke de Feltre. On the return of Napoleon, Soult was raised by him to the peerage, and appointed to high military command. He fought at Fleurus and Waterloo; and, on the entrance of the allies into the capital of France, he retired with the army beyond the Loire. He subsequently withdrew to the chateau of Malzieu, in the department of Lozere, where he was arrested by the national guard, and conducted as a prisoner to Mende. By order of the king, he was, however, set at liberty.—In a few days after, he was comprised in the ordonnance of the 24th of July. On his banishment, he published a memoir, with the view of refuting the charge of treason, brought against him for adhering to Napoleon on his return. In February, 1816, he retired to Dusseldorf, the country of his wife. He was, however, included in the amnesty, and his military distinctions have been since restored.

Marshal Soult has been honoured with the confidence of Louis Phillippe, whose choice of his Excellency as his Representative at the recent Coronation was a most interesting circumstance. Marshal Soult has here met in friendship his old antagonist, the Duke of Wellington, and nothing can be more gratifying than the cordiality of the two heroes.

* To the honour of Soult be it recorded, that, at Corunna, he has erected a monument to the memory of the brave Sir John Moore.

CHURCHYARD SKETCHES.

" How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend step, from stone to stone,
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flow'rs to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old, to judgment gone,
And hear, in the calm air above,
Time onward swiftly flying,—
To meditate in Christian love
Upon the dead and dying!"—WILSON.

I.—A VILLAGE CHURCH.

TIME, on its reverend brow,
Had wreath'd the ivy dark,
But ages could not bow
Jehovah's sacred ark;
Magnificently old it stood,
Surrounded by a stately wood,
That fringed the sunny hill,
Where oft, on summer nights sublime,
Its bells would give their tuneful chime,
Responsive to the rill.
The rude but skilful architect
Its ancient walls had strangely deck'd
With characters grotesque and quaint,
Illustrative of sage and saint;
Its windows were enamell'd rich
With heraldric designs,
And sculptur'd saints in many a niche
Seem'd starting from their shrines;
Its portal wide, o'er which the yew
Its shadowy branches broadly threw,
Coeval with the church appear'd,
And by a kindred hand was rear'd.

How sweet, when twilight o'er the sky
Was stealing on its dove-like wings,
To hear the viewless breezes sigh,
Like music from a wind-harp's strings!
How sweet, within the gloomy shade,
By spectral yews and larches made,
To mark the changing shadow glide
Along the sun-dial's moss-grown side!
A sabbath calm surrounds the pile,
And sanctifies the air;
Because Jehovah's holiest smile
Has lit its altar there.

Rise proudly on thy throning hill,
Thou sanctuary of God!
And let thine ancient pathway still
By peasants' feet be trod.
Thy tower shall be a beacon light,
The eye of faith to guide,
And break the gloom of Sorrow's night
On Truth's celestial tide;
To thee the wanderer's heart shall turn,
When worn with care and grief,
And find, beside the mouldering urn,
The boon which gives relief.
Rise proudly on thy native hill,
Thou sanctuary of HIM,
Whose mighty throne is standing still
Between the Cherubim!

II.—A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

THOU lonely spot! how many years
Successively have flown,
Since thy first mourner wept her tears
Upon thy dial stone!
That stone was chisell'd by a hand
Of which no rude memento tells,
Consign'd with cold Oblivion's band
To Death's sepulchral cells;
The dial still proclaims the hour
Transmitted from the sky,
But Death, with unrelenting power,
Has clos'd the sculptor's eye.

It lies upon a sunny hill,—
This place of many tombs;
And on the margin of its rill
The water-plantain blooms;
The rill, with softer tones than words,
When summer-eves are dim,
Invokes the minstrelsy of birds
To sing their sunset hymn;
And, gushing from its sources clear,
It whispers music to the ear.

This patriarchal yew has wav'd
Five hundred years or more,
And many a wintry storm has brav'd,
And mock'd the thunder's roar;
Its boughs have rear'd their darkling plumes
Amid the gloomy sky,
When a voice unearthly from the tombs,
Sent up its startling cry.
The old and young, beneath its shade,
Have sat and heard the sabbeth bell
Breathe its wild music through the glade,
And on the breezes swell;
But now they slumber in the earth
Their footsteps often press'd,
And the turf, which gives the violet birth,
Enshrines their place of rest.

Thou sweet and sacred solitude!
The mourner's eye may trace
On thy mementos, lone and rude,
The records of a race!
Youth,—with a flush of ardent pride,—
That meteor of the soul,—
And Age, with change and sorrow tried,
Have won the heavenly goal.

The moral which the tomb bequeaths
A sadness with it brings,
And more impressive music breathes
Than Song's impassion'd strings.
And in this lonely solitude,
Where Ruin haunts the nameless stone,
What vigils on the heart intrude,
And make its shrine their own!
'Tis then the lost of early life
In all their loveliness return,
And beam upon the clouds of strife,
Like roses on an urn. C.

THE ROYAL PURPLE.

MUCH having of late been said of " the royal *purple* robe," " purple velvet," and " purple cloth," in describing the ceremonies of the Coronation, it may be of timely interest to glance at the early employment of the colour purple for purposes of regal state.

It is well known that the purple dye obtained from certain species of shells has been in use from the earliest periods. Moses, B. C. 1491, makes mention of it in several places, and he used much wool of a purple colour in the works of the tabernacle, and in the garments of the high priest. (Exodus, xxvi. xxviii. 5, 6.) This the Israelites must have brought from Egypt with them, and, from the quantity in their possession, it cannot have been very scarce in that country. It was used as royal robes by the kings of Midian, B. C. 1249, (Judges, viii. 26); and B. C. 606, the Babylonians covered their idols with garments of purple. (Jeremiah, x. 9; Baruch, vi. 12.) At the same time, it was also the royal colour among these people; and we find that Daniel, after explaining the writing on the wall, as a special mark of fa-

vour, was clothed in purple. (Daniel, v. 7.) Alexander Balas, king of Syria, sent Jonathan Maccabeus a crown of gold, and a purple robe, allowing him to take the title of king's friend.* The band, or Cydaris, which formed the essential part in the old Persian diadem, was composed of a twined substance of purple and white; and anybody below the royal dignity presuming to wear these colours, unsanctioned by the king, was guilty of a transgression of the law, deemed equal to high treason.†

Although, in after times, it was almost exclusively known by the name of Tyrian purple, yet it appears to have been only on the decline of the great commercial city of Tyre that it was manufactured there. It is mentioned by Ezekiel, (xvii. 7.) B. C. 588, as being imported from the Isles of Elisha, (Peloponnesus); and Aristotle, as late as B. C. 340, makes no mention of its being brought from Phœnicia. In his time, the best and largest shells were from Sigæum and Lectum, on the promontory of Troas, and the smaller and inferior from Eripus and Caria. When, however, Tyre had lost its commerce, and became an inferior place, the chief supply of Europe was drawn from it, though we find it imported into Rome from Lacedæmon, and manufactures of it in various parts of Italy as late as A. D. 14. During the earlier periods of the Roman republic, it was solely worn by the kings and patricians; but, in later times, Pliny informs us, that cloth of this colour was so common as to be employed as tapestry, and for the covering of furniture, by all the better classes of citizens. He also remarks, that so great was its antiquity, that the introduction of it was unknown to him; and adds from the chronicles then extant, that Romulus and his successors used it,—which was, perhaps, only the same as saying that the first invention of it could not be traced. The Grecian tradition, but which, of course, was only a fable, was, that Hercules Tyrius was the first discoverer of it; his dog by chance having eaten the shell-fish, and returned to him with his lips tinged with the purple colour. Da Costa imagines that the dyeing qualities of the periwinkle were known to the ancient British, and quotes the authority of the Venerable Bede, who lived (on the sea-coast) in the early part of the eighth century.‡

Among the Greeks, Lycurgus ordered the Lacedæmonians to clothe their soldiers with scarlet, (*purple*,) the reason of which institution either seems to have been because this colour is soonest imbibed by cloth, and most lasting and durable, or on account of its brightness and splendour, which the lawgiver thought conducive to raise the men's spirits; or, lastly, because it was most proper to conceal the stains of blood. In war, a purple garment was frequently placed on the end of a spear, and used as a flag or signal.

And though Jesus Christ was clothed in purple before his crucifixion, as a mark of derision, yet at this time it does not appear to have been either universally or necessarily worn by princes. Herod, when giving audience to the ambassadors from Tyre and Sidon, is described as being dressed in "royal apparel," which was not purple, but, as Josephus tells us, was wholly of silver.

Goguet and Heeren have respectively brought together much interesting information with regard to the purple of antiquity. The pre-eminence given at the present day to purple, as a royal colour, is undoubtedly a result of the ancient preference which arose when the relative superiority of purple to other colours was greater than at present. Among heathen nations, a persuasion was even entertained that in the purple dye there lay some peculiar virtue for appeasing the wrath of the gods. Purple was also the distinguishing mark of great dignities among several nations. It is said, that when the beautiful purple of Tyre was first discovered, the sovereign to whom it was presented appropriated it as a royal distinction. Homer intimates that it was only worn by princes; and this limitation of its use was common among other nations. It seems very likely that, as there were several purples held in various degrees of estimation, it was only some particular shade of purple that was reserved for a royal or godlike distinction.

It is important to understand that the word "purple" in ancient writings does not denote one particular colour. Pliny mentions the difference between some of the purples: one was faint, approaching to our scarlet, and this was the least esteemed; another was a very deep red, approaching to violet; and a third was a colour compared to that of coagulated bullock's blood. The most esteemed Tyrian purple seems to have been of this last colour. We say "the most esteemed," because it appears that even the Tyrian purple was not one particular colour, but a class of animal dyes, as distinguished from vegetable —varying in shade of purple from the most faint to the most intense.

The shells which afford this purple dye inhabit all the shores of the Mediterranean,

* Maccabees, i. 20. These references are from Calmet's Dictionary, art. Purple, where they are distinctly understood to refer to the dye from the shell.

† Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels, quoted in Horne's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.

‡ Bede lived at Jarrow, about five miles from the mouth of the river Tyne, which there divides the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and the rocks on that coast, at the present day, abound with this shell: indeed, so plentiful are they, that it may almost be said, acres of rocks are hidden from sight by the clustering of the fish, intermixed with the *Balanus elongatus*, and young of the *Mytilus edilis*; and the supply is quite sufficient to have served for an extensive manufacture of the dye.

but the best were procured at Tyre, the island of Meninx, the coasts of Gætulia and Laconia, and the island of Cos, in the Egean Sea. The real Murex, or Purple Whelk, was fished for and caught with small and delicate nets. The season for catching them was in the spring, when the dye was deepest and best. It is contained in a small white vein in the neck of the fish, and in its natural state is a thin and almost colourless liquid. The shell was carefully broken off, and as the dye loses its value when the fish is dead, it was cut out alive: the rest of the fish was useless.

This juice is not now used in dyeing; the art of preparing it is lost, apparently in consequence of as good or better dyes having been discovered, which can be obtained with much less trouble and expense. The Phœnicians excelled all other people in the use of this colouring matter, whence arose the great fame of the purples and scarlets of Tyre and Sidon; so that they were much in request among great people, and formed the prevailing fashion among the higher ranks of society. The hue of the Tyrian dye was of a very deep red, soft, and shining; the colour of a rose, but approaching to black, or like a very deep shade of the colour now called *lake*. Of course, the word *purple*,* as at present understood, conveys a wrong impression. The beauty and variety of the colours, it would seem, were more the result of art than a natural property of the material. The desired hue was obtained by differently tinted juices, the hue being varied by the order of application; the mixing and preparation being a process of much skill. The Phœnicians are also understood to have possessed the art of throwing a peculiar lustre into their colours, by making other tints play over it, producing what is called "shot colour." This, perhaps, was the greatest secret of their art. The Phœnician dyeing seems to have been at all times performed in the wool; the purple dye being applied to all sorts of stuffs, linen, cotton, and, in later times, silk.

Of the precise period at which the English sovereigns *adopted* purple as their state colour, we have no record at hand. The earliest monumental effigy of an English sovereign is that of Henry II., at Fontevraud, (see *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 290;) in which the mantle is of a deep, reddish chocolate, and the dalmatica, or long tunic, is crimson.—The mantle of Richard I., who reposes in the same tomb with Henry, is painted blue, with an ornamental gold border; his dalmatic, or super-tunic, being red. John, at Worcester, wore a crimson robe. From these effigies, and from the illuminated MSS. of the period, we learn, also, that the coronation robes of Henry II. and Richard I. were composed of two tunics, (the upper with loose sleeves, called a dalmatica,) of nearly equal lengths, and girded round the waist by a rich belt, over which was worn the mantle, splendidly embroidered, the crown, the sword, the jewelled gloves, boots and spurs, without rowels. The same dress was worn also on state occasions.

"We first hear of velvet in England at the coronation of Henry III. and his queen; when the citizens who attended the ceremony wore robes worked with gold, over vestments of silk. To the furs of sables, foxes, &c., we now find added those of ermines, martens, and squirrels, the vair and the minevair, or miniver. Two mantles, lined with ermine, are ordered by Henry for his queen and himself; and Matthew Paris speaks of the doubled or lined garments for winter, belonging to the king and his courtiers."†

According to the writer just quoted, Edward I. "never wore his crown after the day of his coronation, and preferred, to the royal garments of *purple*, the dress of a common citizen." On opening his tomb in Westminster Abbey, in 1770, his corpse was discovered arrayed in a dalmatica, or tunic of red silk damask, and a mantle of crimson satin.

The original vestments of the Order of the Garter were a mantle, tunic, and capuchon, all of blue woollen cloth; and the garter was of blue and gold, as at present. The surcoat and chaperon were altered by Henry VI. to white cloth, which Edward IV. altered to purple velvet. "It is probable," says Mr. Planché, "that the velvet mantle introduced by Henry VI. remained blue, as murrey and blue were the colours of the house of York; and similar reasons may have suggested the adoption of colours to the various sovereigns: blue and white being the Lancastrian colours, and blue and scarlet those of the kingdom."

Of the coronation robes of Richard III., we have a detailed account in a book, authorized by an indenture of that king's wardrober; wherein we find, that the day before his coronation, Richard III. was to ride from the Tower to Westminster in a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth of gold, "wrought with nettes and pyne apples;" a long gown of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and a pair of short gilt spurs. On the day of the coronation, he appears to have worn two complete sets of robes; one of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and furred with miniver pure; the other of purple velvet, furred with ermine.

In the following reign, (Henry VII.,) the whole dress of the Order of the Garter was of purple velvet.

With these interesting notes, gathered chiefly from Mr. Planché's popular volume,

* Scarlet was indifferently used for purple by the early writers, and included "all the gradations of colours formed by a mixture of blue and red, from indigo to crimson."—Vide Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, 4to. Edinb. 1814. p. 36.

† Planché's History of British Costume, p. 95.

we conclude our notice of the origin and regal appropriation of the colour *purple*, which to this day maintains its pre-eminence in the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the majestically-flowing robe; and the cap of the superb crown, which, it is hoped, may long grace the royal brow.

Spirit of Discovery.

SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES.

(Selected from the Railway Magazine.)

New Carburet of Hydrogen.—A new carburet of hydrogen has been extracted in France from the oil of potatoes. It consists of 86 of carbon and 14 of hydrogen, and the density of its vapour is 5·06.

Animal Temperature.—By a series of experiments continued daily, except in rough weather, and on a few other occasions, from April, 1836, to Nov. 6, 1837, on ten men of La Bonité, during her voyage round the world, it appears that the heat of the human body rises or falls with like changes in the external atmosphere. It sinks slowly in passing from a hot to a cold clime; it rises more rapidly in the contrary passage; but it is more marked in some individuals than in others. The same men exhibited, however, only a single degree of Cent. difference under a change of 40° of external temperature; that is, at Cape Horn, when the temperature was 0° Cent., and in the Ganges, near Calcutta, where the air was 40° Cent.

Phosphorescence of the Sea.—By the researches made in the French ship La Bonité, in her recent voyage round the world, it appears that the phosphorescence of the sea is not inherent in the water, but essentially due to the presence of organized matter, and is owing to animals of different classes. According to M. Robart, this property of phosphorescence in the northern seas is occasioned by animal matter held in solution, and not by the presence of animalcules.

Submarine Volcano.—It appears from a collection of many facts by M. Daussy, that a submarine volcano exists in latitude 0° 20′ S., and longitude 22° west of Paris. Numerous vessels passing about this point have experienced shocks as if they had struck on a coral rock, or sand-bank; noises have been heard under water; the ships have been agitated; and cinders have been found floating about.

Improvement in Buildings.—A commission has been issued by the Académie des Sciences, at the instance of MM. Montgolfier and Dubouchat, to examine a new system of construction which they have invented, for rendering edifices lighter without abstracting from their solidity, and, at the same time, diminishing the chances of fire.

Galvanic Battery.—A large company lately met at the Adelaide Gallery to witness some experiments with a powerful galvanic battery of 100 pair of double plates. The experiments, which consisted in the fusion of various metals, the decomposition of water, &c., were very brilliant, and proved the high powers of the machine; 3 cubic inches of water were decomposed in 35 seconds, 4 in 50, 5 in 65, 6 in 90, 7 in 105, and 8 in 120.

New Books.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

By his Sons, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M. A., and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A.

[The materials of this work are the Diaries of its amiable subject; his private correspondence; MS. memoranda, dictated by him late in life; and recollections of his conversation. With these the biographers have produced five volumes, numbering upwards of 2,000 pages, and they promise more. They have given to the present work an interest *à la Boswell*; and, Mr. Wilberforce not having been so grave and starched a person in society as many persons have supposed, there are several details in these volumes which, at least, possess novelty for the general reader. As this Life was not published at the time of the Birthplace of Mr. Wilberforce being illustrated in the *Mirror*, (see vol. xxx. p. 200,) we were unable to profit by its information respecting his early years, which we now quote.]

At School.

Of the early years of William Wilberforce little is recorded. His frame from infancy was feeble, his stature small, his eyes weak, . . a failing which, with many rich mental endowments, he inherited from his mother. It was one amongst the many expressions of his gratitude in after-life, "that I was not born in less civilized times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child." But with these bodily infirmities were united a vigorous mind, and a temper eminently affectionate. An unusual thoughtfulness for others marked his youngest childhood: "I shall never forget," says a frequent guest at his mother's, "how he would steal into my sick room, taking off his shoes lest he should disturb me, and with an anxious face looking through my curtains to learn if I was better." At seven years old he was sent to the grammar-school of Hull, of which Joseph Milner was soon afterwards master. "Even then his elocution was so remarkable," says the younger Milner,* at that time his brother's assistant, "that we used to set him upon a table, and make him read aloud, as an example to the other boys."

* Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle.

Thus he spent two years, going daily from his father's house to school with his "satchel on his shoulder," and occasionally visiting his grandfather, at Ferriby, a pleasant village, seven miles distant, on the Humber. The death of his father, in the summer of 1768, transferred him to the care of his uncle, William Wilberforce; and, after a week's residence at Nottingham,* he was sent to live with him at Wimbledon, and in St. James's Place. Such was then the standard measure of private education, that the school at which he was soon afterwards placed was of the meanest character. "Mr. Chalmers, the master, himself a Scotchman, had an usher of the same nation, whose red beard—for he scarcely shaved once a month—I shall never forget. They taught writing, French, arithmetic, and Latin . . with Greek we did not much meddle. It was frequented chiefly by the sons of merchants, and they taught, therefore, every thing and nothing. Here I continued some time as a parlour boarder: I was sent at first amongst the lodgers, and I can remember even now the nauseous food with which we were supplied, and which I could not eat without sickness."†

He remained two years at this school, spending his holidays at his uncle's house, with occasional visits to Nottingham and Hull. He is described at this time as "a fine sharp lad," whose activity and spirit made up in boyish sports for some deficiency of strength. One incident of these years deserves special notice, from its assisting, as he thought, to form what was undoubtedly a striking feature in his later character. He received from the late John Thornton, the brother of his aunt, with whom he was travelling, a present, much exceeding the usual amount of a boy's possessions, intended to enforce the precept with which it was accompanied, that some should be given to the poor.

Early Impressions.

When he quitted Hull, no great pains had been taken to form his religious principles. His mother, indeed, was a woman of real excellence, as well as of great and highly cultivated talents, but not possessed at this time of those views of the spiritual nature of religion, which she adopted in later life: "She was what I should call an Archbishop Tillotson Christian."‡ But in his uncle's house he was subjected to a new and powerful influence. His aunt was a great admirer of Whitfield's preaching, and kept up a friendly connexion with the early methodists. The lively affections of his heart, warmed by the kindness of his friends, readily assumed their tone. A stranger* has noticed the rare and pleasing character of piety which marked his twelfth year; and there can be little doubt that the acquaintance with holy Scripture, and the habits of devotion which he then acquired, fostered that baptismal seed which, though long dormant, was destined to produce at last a golden harvest.

He has himself recorded his deliberate judgment of this early promise. "Under these influences my mind was interested by religious subjects. How far these impressions were genuine I can hardly determine, but at least I may venture to say that I was sincere. There are letters of mine, written at that period, still in existence, which accord much with my present sentiments.†" . . . "A packet from Hull, enclosing letters of mine from Pocklington school, rather too much in the style of the religious letters of that day, and (astonishing!) asking my leave to publish them. As I cannot doubt my having expressed the sentiments and feelings of my heart, I am sensibly impressed with a sense of the dreadful effects of the efforts afterwards used but too successfully to wean me from all religion, and to cherish the love of pleasure and the love of glory in the opening bud of youth."‡

"How eventful a life," he says, in looking back to this period in his thirty-eighth year, "has mine been, and how visibly I can trace the hand of God leading me by ways which I knew not! I think I have never before remarked, that my mother's taking me from my uncle's when about twelve or thirteen, and then completely a methodist, has probably been the means of my being connected with political men, and becoming useful in life. If I had stayed with my uncle, I should probably have been a bigoted, despised methodist; yet to come to what I am, through so many years of folly as those which elapsed between my last year at school and 1785, is wonderful. Oh the depths of the counsels of God! what cause have I for gratitude and humiliation!"§

The symptoms of his changing character were perceived with great alarm at Hull, and it was at once determined that his mother should repair to London, and remove him from the dangerous influence.‖ He returned with her to Yorkshire, quitting his uncle's family with deep regret. His presence had kindled their parental feelings, and he had

* At the house of A. Smith, Esq., father to the present Lord Carrington, who had married his mother's sister.

† Conversational Memoranda.

‡ Ibid.

* Private Journal of J. Russel, Esq., to whom, at this time, he sat for his picture, and of whom he says afterwards, "Mr. Russel painted my picture for W. Hey. He painted me above thirty years before. A religious man; very high church indeed." Diary, July 31, 1801.

† MS. Memoranda.

‡ Diary, Jan. 1. 1801.

§ Journal, April 14. 1797.

‖ His aunt expressed openly her sorrow that he should be removed from the opportunities of a religious life. "You should not fear," replied his mo-

soon returned them the affection of a son. "I deeply felt the parting, for I loved them as parents: indeed, I was almost heart-broken at the separation." "I can never forget you," he wrote to his uncle, "as long as I live."

At twelve years old he returned to his mother's house, where it became the object of his friends, by the seductions of gaiety and self-indulgence, to charm away that serious spirit which had taken possession of his youthful bosom—

"Et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes."

The habits of society in Hull assisted their design. "It was then as gay a place as could be found out of London. The theatre, balls, great suppers, and card-parties, were the delight of the principal families in the town. The usual dinner hour was two o'clock, and at six they met at sumptuous suppers. This mode of life was at first distressing to me, but by degrees I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest. As grandson to one of the principal inhabitants, I was every where invited and caressed: my voice and love of music made me still more acceptable. The religious impressions which I had gained at Wimbledon continued for a considerable time after my return to Hull, but my friends spared no pains to stifle them. I might almost say, that no pious parent ever laboured more to impress a beloved child with sentiments of piety, than they did to give me a taste for the world and its diversions."* The strength of principle they had to overcome was indeed remarkable. When first taken to a play, it was almost, he says, by force. At length, however, they succeeded; and the allurements of worldly pleasure led his youth away from all serious thought. At home there was nothing but gaiety and amusement; at school there was little diligence or restraint. He was placed, soon after his return to Hull, with the Rev. K. Basket, master of the endowed grammar-school of Pocklington, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; a man of easy and polished manners, and an elegant, though not profound scholar. Here he was treated with unusual liberality; but, especially during the latter part of his stay, he led a life of idleness and pleasure. His talents for general society, with his rare skill in singing, rendered him every where an acceptable guest, and his time was wasted in a round of visits to the neighbouring gentry. Already, however, he gave proofs of an active mind, and one remarkable anticipation of his future course is yet remembered. "His abomination of the slave trade," writes a surviving schoolfellow,† "he evinced when he was not more than fourteen years of age. He boarded in the master's house, where the boys were kept within bounds. I lived in the village. One day he gave me a letter to put into the post-office, addressed to the editor of the York paper, which he told me was in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh." He cultivated also a taste for literature. "He greatly excelled all the other boys in his compositions, though he seldom began them till the eleventh hour." For his own amusement he committed English poetry to memory,‡ and he went up to the University "a very fair scholar."

At College.

With the self-indulgent habits formed by such a life, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, Oct. 1776, at the age of seventeen years. And here he was at once exposed to new temptations. Left, by the death of his grandfather and uncle, the master of an independent fortune, under his mother's sole guardianship, "I was introduced," says he, "on the very first night of my arrival, to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. I lived amongst them for some time, though I never relished their society, . . often, indeed, I was horror-struck at their conduct, . . and after the first year I shook off in great measure my connexion with them." For the last two years he spent at Cambridge he was the centre of a higher circle. Amiable, animated, and hospitable, he was a universal favourite. "There was no one," says the Rev. T. Gisborne, "at all like him for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from conceit and vanity." He had already commenced the system of frank and simple hospitality, which marked his London life. "There was always a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it. My rooms and his were back to back; and often, when I was raking out my fire at ten o'clock, I heard his melodious voice calling aloud to me to come and sit with him before I went to bed. It was a dangerous thing to do, for his amusing conversation was sure to keep me up so late, that I was behind-hand the next morning." He lived much at this time amongst the Fellows of the college. "But those," he says, "with whom I was intimate, did

ther, with a caustic allusion to her peculiar tenets; "if it be a work of grace, you know it cannot fail." "Billy," said his grandfather, "shall travel with Milner as soon as he is of age; but if Billy turns methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine."

* MS. Memoranda.

† Rev. T. T. Walmsley, D.D.

‡ Southey remarks of "Beattie's Minstrel"—Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 180—"No poem has ever given more delight to minds of a certain class, and in a certain stage of their progress, that class a high one, and that stage perhaps the most delightful in their pilgrimage."—The "Minstrel" was at this time his especial favourite, and was learned by heart during his morning walks.

not act towards me the part of Christians, or even of honest men. Their object seemed to be, to make and keep me idle. If ever I appeared studious, they would say to me, 'Why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?' I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in the college examinations; but mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and was told that I was too clever to require them. Whilst my companions were reading hard and attending lectures, card parties and idle amusements consumed my time. The tutors would often say within my hearing, that '*they* were mere saps, but that I did all by talent.' This was poison to a mind constituted like mine." This life of idleness at college was only exchanged in vacation time for the ordinary gaieties of Hull, now increased by the presence of the militia, or for journeys in search of pleasure with his mother and sister. It was surely of God's especial goodness that in such a course he was preserved from profligate excess. For, though he could say in after-life, that upon the habits thus formed by evil influence and unbounded license "he could not look back without unfeigned remorse," yet he had rather to deplore neglected opportunities of moral and intellectual profit, than vicious practice or abandoned principles.*

"I certainly did not then think and act as I do now," he declared long afterwards; "but I was so far from what the world calls licentious, that I was rather complimented on being better than young men in general."

Diligently did he strive in after-years to supply the omissions of his youth; but to the end of life he ceased not to deplore a certain want of mental regularity, which he traced to the neglect of early discipline; and he subsequently remonstrated with the tutor to whose charge he had been confided, on the guilt of suffering those, of whom he was in some sort the guardian, to inflict upon themselves so irreparable an injury. That there was even in this time of thoughtlessness a hidden vein of deeper feeling was shown by his refusing, when unexpectedly required, to declare his assent to the Articles of the Church, though the refusal cost him for a time the convenience of an academical degree. Further inquiry removed his hesitation, but he would not at mature age, when his education was completed, declare his concurrence in religious dogmas which he had not examined.†

* Lord Clarendon, his friend at college, and through life, thus describes his conduct:—"He had never, in the smallest degree, a dissolute character, however short his early habits might be of that constant piety and strictness, which was soon perfected in his happy disposition."

† A.B. 1781: A.M. 1788. Graduati Cantab.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, IN 1835-6-7.

By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M.D.

[THE second volume opens with the following sketch of the capital of Siam:—]

Bankok

Is built upon the river Meinan, at a point where it is about half a mile wide, and perhaps twenty miles in a direct line from the sea. It extends about two miles and a half up and down the river, and from a mile to a mile and a half on each side of it. Bankok proper is on the right or western bank, while that on the left, from the palace being situated there, is named Sia-Yut'hia, but to the eye it appears all one town. It is irregular in its plan, and is every where intersected by canals. The streets are dirty and narrow; the paved walk in the middle being scarcely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. The reason for this, according to the Siamese, is, that there are no two of the same rank in the kingdom, and etiquette does not permit individuals of different degrees to walk side by side! Many of the houses are extensive, but the greater portion of them are miserable bamboo huts, without any appearance of comfort. Trees are every where numerous, and the frequent "Wats" or Boudhist temples, with their gilt and glazed-tiled roofs and spires, sparkling in the sun, give to the city a picturesque appearance, and an air of wealth and magnificence.

Each side of the river is lined with houses, every one a shop, built on rafts of bamboo, moored or staked to the banks. The fronts are open like verandas, wherein various goods are exposed for sale. A row of Chinese junks, from two to six hundred tons each, extend for more than two miles, at anchor in the middle of the stream, where they often remain for months, retailing their cargoes; and though streets, canals, and river, are crowded with people and boats, there is neither the bustle nor buzz of the multitude which would be found in an equally dense population in any Christian city. From daylight until dark the river presents an animated scene. The gondolas of this Eastern Venice, called sampans, are of every variety of size, from the mere nutshell to that moved by half a dozen paddles; and there are some of large dimensions, permanently occupied by whole families, along the banks of the canals.

[To this we add a few further extracts:]

Amphibious Child.

Not long ago, Bankok presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook the mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year

old; and in 1832, when she had attained three years of age, was frequently seen swimming in the river. Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water she was cross and discontented, and when taken out cried and strove to return; if indulged, she tumbled and rolled about, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though well formed, could neither walk nor speak, but uttered a gurgling, choking sound, in the throat. Her vision was imperfect, and up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten any thing but her mother's milk. She usually applied to the breast, on being taken out of the river, by her own consent. The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children; two males and two females. The two brothers are dead, and the sister, eight or nine years of age, was always seen swimming in company, to protect the child of the waters against accidents, and give her directions, that she might not get too near the boats, or the banks of the river. She has not been lately seen, and is supposed to be dead.

Gaming in Siam.

The taxes on taverns, or, more strictly speaking, tippling-shops, and on gambling establishments, are farmed to licensed individuals, without whose permission no one can sell spirituous liquors, or open a gambling-house, without incurring a heavy penalty. Individuals are not permitted to play in private, not even beneath their own rooftree; but, in order to gratify this passion, must repair to some one of the many licensed establishments, except at certain periods, when the law is suspended. A general permission to gamble is granted three times a year; three days at the commencement of the Chinese new year, three days at the commencement of the Siamese new year, and three days at another season. During these periods, all classes may be seen, assiduously waiting upon dame Fortune's smiles or frowns, read in the turning of cards or throwing of the dice. In these privileged times wealth often changes hands; beggars become rich, and the affluent are reduced to penury. In these periods, too, a taste for play, under the influence of an almost universal example, becomes irresistible, and when the law again becomes operative, those who have been unlucky resort to licensed tables to repair their shattered fortunes, and those who have been fortunate, in order to increase their gains. The honourable and productive avocations of society are forsaken, or much neglected; wealth is squandered; intemperance and frequent quarrels ensue; and often, under the weight of overwhelming despair, the gambler, as in other countries, ends his not yet mature existence by suicide.

A species of lottery has been introduced by the Chinese, which has attracted much attention, and is much in accordance with the tastes of the people. An indefinite number of tickets are sold, upon which is written the name of some one of thirty-six titled cards, which the purchaser may designate. Once a week one card is turned up, and those whose ticket bears the title win, and receive thirty for one; the purchaser being at liberty to pay any sum he pleases for the ticket.

A Strange Creature.

Among the strange animals belonging to Siam, there is one described under the name of Khon Paa, which belongs to the known genus of natural history. This animal has been seen by the Prince Momfanoi, and hundreds of others, yet we must confess that we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of description. The Khon Paa resembles man; it is five feet high, walks erect, has no knee-joints, and runs faster than a horse. Should he accidentally fall, he is forced to crawl to a tree, or something else, by which he again raises himself on his feet. His skin is as transparent as a China horn lantern; his entrails are distinctly seen through it, and his abdomen shines like a looking-glass—*credit qui vult, non ego.* Under the superstitious notion that the presence of the animal in Bankok was unlucky, his owners were bamboozed, and all their property confiscated by the king for bringing him there. This treatment caused so much terror, that no one has since ventured to bring a specimen of the beast from his native lurking-place.

Royal Elephants at Siam.

The small elephant is the beauty of her race. She has a soft white skin, a beautiful chestnut-coloured eye, and a most complaisant manner of disposing of sugar-cane and bananas from the hand of the stranger. The other white elephant is a very much larger animal; but the skin is of a yellowish hue. Both are supposed to be animated by the transmigrated souls of Siamese monarchs.

The spotted elephants are all large. With the exception of the ears and shoulders, which are speckled rather than spotted, their colour is dark and uniform. The forehead of each animal is painted black, the outline of which is white, and traces the form of a headcloth.

A Siamese Temple.

The walls were ingeniously inlaid with gems, and the roof and cornices were richly gilt and enamelled. We ascended a half-dozen steps upon the floor of a magnificent portico. The door of ebony, inlaid with

ivory, stood open; but a splendid screen hid the interior of the sanctuary. We entered, and were not less dazzled with the view before us, than we had been by that of the outside walls. The ceiling was lofty, and curiously carved. A large cut-glass chandelier hung from its centre, and many Chinese paintings and lamps were suspended around the walls. A subdued light disclosed the great altar of Boudha, not far from the middle of the temple. Its whole structure is of a pyramidal form, and is about thirty feet high. Two or three wax-tapers were burning at its base, and there was a rug spread before them on the floor. A large lotus-plant, at least five feet high, of virgin gold, stood upon the left. Numerous small figures of the god surrounded the richly-carved altar, which was surmounted by a figure of two feet high, said to be cut out of a single emerald. This idol has two brilliants, flashing light through the temple, in place of eyes, which cost in Brazil 20,000 dollars. The value of the whole god is inestimable. I doubted its genuineness, but Prince Momfanoi assured me he was positive that it was an emerald, and not a beryl, as I suggested.

Tea-drinking in Siam.

Tea was served in earthen pots, and drank from porcelain cups without saucers. A tea-pot and cup were placed before each person present, on a salver of pure gold, set with precious stones. Water-basins and cups, chunam-box, and spittoons of fine gold, were borne on salvers of the same metal. Fruit and confectionary were presented on salvers six feet in circumference, with pedestals two feet high, of richly embossed silver. Silver spoons and forks were on the several dishes, from which the company were expected to help themselves, without using a separate plate.

Odd Etiquette.

At the Siamese court, when the American Embassy passed the screen, they removed their hats, and, as they advanced to the open alley above-mentioned, made three bows, according to previous agreement. At the lowest end of this alley, at a great distance from the throne, they sat down upon the carpet, carefully turning their feet behind, that his Magnificent Majesty might not be shocked by the sight of those lowly, booted members; for they did not consent, like the Anglo-Bengal mission under Mr. Burney, to leave their shoes outside, and appear barefoot, at the risk of finding, as he did, that they had been stolen. Previously to his audience with the King in 1833, when negotiating the Treaty which was now being concluded, Mr. Roberts positively refused to take off his shoes on entering the presence, except on the condition that he should keep on his hat. After a great deal of discussion, it was no longer insisted on that he should appear barefooted, and he was the first foreigner who, with his shoes on, saw his Majesty of Siam.

The Public Journals.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—BY BOZ.

[This month's No. (IV.) is, indeed, capital, and makes up for the comparative tameness of its predecessor. As we do not follow the narrative of the work, our plan is to detach sketches and artificial *bits*, with which Mr. Dickens's writing generally abounds. Thus, in the Number before us, we have a fracas of Nicholas with Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster, graphically told. And, in the best style of this very original observer of "common people," and common life, are the following sketches, perhaps equal to any thing that Boz has hitherto produced in this vein.]

London Lodgings.

In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a by-gone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall, meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered and broken, and blackened with smoke; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath.

The fowls who peck about the kennels, jerking their bodies hither and thither with a gait which none but town-fowls are ever seen to adopt, and which any country cock or hen would be puzzled to understand, are perfectly in keeping with the crazy habitations of their owners. Dingy, ill-plumed, drowsy flutterers, sent, like many of the neighbouring children, to get a livelihood in the streets, they hop from stone to stone in forlorn search of some hidden eatable in the mud, and can scarcely raise a crow among them. The only one with any thing approaching to a voice, is an aged bantam at the baker's, and even he is hoarse in consequence of bad living in his last place.

To judge from the size of the houses, they have been at one time tenanted by persons of better condition than their present occupants; but they are now let off by the week in floors or rooms, and every door has almost as many plates or bell-handles as there are apartments within. The windows are for the same reason sufficiently diversified in appearance, being ornamented with every

variety of common blind and curtain that can easily be imagined; while every doorway is blocked up and rendered nearly impassable by a motley collection of children and porter pots of all sizes, from the baby in arms and the half-pint pot, to the full-grown girl and half-gallon can.

In the parlour of one of these houses, which was perhaps a thought dirtier than any of its neighbours—which exhibited more bell-handles, children, and porter pots, and caught, in all its freshness, the first gust of the thick black smoke that poured forth night and day from a large brewery hard by, hung a bill announcing that there was yet one room to let within its walls, although on what story the vacant room could be—regard being had to the outward tokens of many lodgers which the whole front displayed, from the mangle in the kitchen-window to the flower-pots on the parapet—it would have been beyond the power of a calculating boy to discover.

The common stairs of this mansion were bare and carpetless; but a curious visiter who had to climb his way to the top, might have observed that there were not wanting indications of the progressive poverty of the inmates, although their rooms were shut. Thus the first-floor lodgers, being flush of furniture, kept an old mahogany table—real mahogany—on the landing-place outside, which was only taken in when occasion required. On the second story the spare furniture dwindled down to a couple of old deal chairs, of which one, belonging to the back-room, was shorn of a leg and bottomless. The story above boasted no greater excess than a worm-eaten wash-tub; and the garret landing-place displayed no costlier articles than two crippled pitchers, and some broken blacking-bottles.

A Party in Lodgings.

"The Kenwigses" were the wife and olive branches of one Mr. Kenwigs, a turner in ivory, who was looked upon as a person of some consideration on the premises, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms. Mrs. Kenwigs, too, was quite a lady in her manners, and of a very genteel family, having an uncle who collected a water-rate; besides which distinction, the two eldest of her little girls went twice a week to a dancing-school in the neighbourhood, and had flaxen hair tied with blue ribbands hanging in luxuriant pigtails down their backs, and wore little white trousers with frills round the ancles—for all of which reasons, and many more, equally valid, but too numerous to mention, Mrs. Kenwigs was considered a very desirable person to know, and was the constant theme of all the gossips in the street, and even three or four doors round the corner at both ends.

It was the anniversary of that happy day on which the church of England, as by law established, had bestowed Mrs. Kenwigs upon Mr. Kenwigs, and in grateful commemoration of the same, Mrs. Kenwigs had invited a few select friends to cards and supper in the first floor, and put on a new gown to receive them in, which gown, being of a flaming colour, and made upon a juvenile principle, was so successful, that Mr. Kenwigs said the eight years of matrimony, and the five children, seemed all a dream, and Mrs. Kenwigs younger and more blooming than the very first Sunday he kept company with her.

Beautiful as Mrs. Kenwigs looked when she was dressed though, and so stately that you would have supposed she had a cook and housemaid at least, and nothing to do but order them about, she had had a world of trouble with the preparations; more indeed than she, being of a delicate and genteel constitution, could have sustained, had not the pride of housewifery upheld her. At last, however, all the things that had to be got together were got together, and all the things that had to be got out of the way were got out of the way, and every thing was ready, and the collector himself having promised to come, fortune smiled upon the occasion.

The party was admirably selected. There were first of all Mr. Kenwigs and Mrs. Kenwigs, and four olive Kenwigses, who sat up to supper, firstly, because it was but right that they should have a treat on such a day; and secondly, because their going to bed in presence of the company would have been inconvenient, not to say improper. Then there was the young lady who had made Mrs. Kenwigs's dress, and who—it was the most convenient thing in the world—living in the two-pair back, gave up her bed to the baby, and got a little girl to watch it. Then, to match this young lady, was a young man, who had known Mr. Kenwigs when he was a bachelor, and was much esteemed by the ladies, as bearing the reputation of a rake. To these were added a newly-married couple, who had visited Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs in their courtship, and a sister of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who was quite a beauty; besides whom, there was another young man, supposed to entertain honourable designs upon the lady last mentioned, and Mr. Noggs, who was a genteel person to ask, because he had been a gentleman once. There were also an elderly lady from the back parlour, and one more young lady, who, next to the collector, perhaps was the great lion of the party, being the daughter of a theatrical fireman, who "went on" in the pantomime, and had the greatest turn for the stage that was ever known, being able to sing and recite in a manner that brought the tears

into Mrs. Kenwigs's eyes. There was only one drawback upon the pleasure of seeing such friends, and that was, that the lady in the back parlour, who was very fat, and turned of sixty, came in a low book-muslin dress and short kid gloves, which so exasperated Mrs. Kenwigs, that that lady assured her sister in private, that if it hadn't happened that the supper was cooking at the back parlour grate at that moment, she certainly would have requested its representative to withdraw.

"My dear," said Mr. Kenwigs, "wouldn't it be better to begin a round game?"

"Kenwigs, my dear," returned his wife, "I am surprised at you. Would you begin without my uncle?"

"I forgot the collector," said Kenwigs; "oh, no, that would never do."

"He's so particular," said Mrs. Kenwigs, turning to the other married lady, "that if we began without him, I should be out of his will for ever."

"Dear!" cried the married lady.

"You've no idea what he is," replied Mrs. Kenwigs; "and yet as good a creature as ever breathed."

"The kindest-hearted man that ever was," said Kenwigs.

"It goes to his heart, I believe, to be forced to cut the water off when the people don't pay," observed the bachelor friend, intending a joke.

"George," said Mr. Kenwigs, solemnly, "none of that, if you please."

"It was only my joke," said the friend, abashed.

"George," rejoined Mr. Kenwigs, "a joke is a werry good thing—a werry good thing; but when that joke is made at the expense of Mrs. Kenwigs's feelings, I set my face against it. A man in public life expects to be sneered at—it is the fault of his elewated sitiwation, not of himself. Mrs. Kenwigs's relation is a public man, and that he knows, George, and that he can bear; but, putting Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question (if I *could* put Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question on such an occasion as this), I have the honour to be connected with the collector by marriage; and I cannot allow these remarks in my—" Mr. Kenwigs was going to say "house," but he rounded the sentence with "apartments."

At the conclusion of these observations, which drew forth evidences of acute feeling from Mrs. Kenwigs, and had the intended effect of impressing the company with a deep sense of the collector's dignity, a ring was heard at the bell.

"That's him," whispered Mr. Kenwigs, greatly excited, "Morleena, my dear, run down and let your uncle in, and kiss him directly you get the door open. Hem! Let's be talking."

Adopting Mr. Kenwigs's suggestion, the company spoke very loudly, to look easy and unembarrassed; and almost as soon as they had begun to do so, a short old gentleman, in drabs and gaiters, with a face that might have been carved out of *lignum vitæ*, for any thing that appeared to the contrary, was led playfully in by Miss Morleena Kenwigs, regarding whose uncommon Christian name it may be here remarked, that it was invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs previous to her first lying-in, for the special distinction of her eldest child, in case it should prove a daughter.

"Oh, uncle, I am *so* glad to see you!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, kissing the collector affectionately on both cheeks. "So glad!"

"Many happy returns of the day, my dear," replied the collector, returning the compliment.

Now this was an interesting thing. Here was a collector of water-rates without his book, without his pen and ink, without his double knock, without his intimidation, kissing—actually kissing—an agreeable female, and leaving taxes, summonses, notices that he had called, or announcements that he would never call again for two quarters' due, wholly out of the question. It was pleasant to see how the company looked on, quite absorbed in the sight, and to behold the nods and winks with which they expressed their gratification at finding so much humanity in a tax-gatherer.

"Where will you sit, uncle?" said Mrs. Kenwigs, in the full glow of family pride, which the appearance of her distinguished relation occasioned.

"Anywheres, my dear," said the collector; "I am not particular."

Not particular! What a meek collector! If he had been an author, who knew his place, he couldn't have been more humble.

"Mr. Lillyvick," said Kenwigs, addressing the collector, "some friends here, sir, are very anxious for the honour of—thank you—Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, Mr. Lillyvick."

"Proud to know you, sir," said Mr. Cutler, "I've heerd of you very often." These were not mere words of ceremony; for Mr. Cutler, having kept house in Mr. Lillyvick's parish, had heard of him very often indeed. His attention in calling had been quite extraordinary.

"George, you know, I think, Mr. Lillyvick?" said Kenwigs. "Lady from down stairs — Mr. Lillyvick, Mr. Snewkes — Mr. Lillyvick. Miss Green—Mr. Lillyvick. Mr. Lillyvick.—Miss Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Very glad to make two public characters acquainted. Mrs. Kenwigs, my dear, will you sort the counters?"

Mrs. Kenwigs, with the assistance of Newman Noggs, (who, as he performed sundry little acts of kindness for the children

at all times and seasons, was humoured in his request to be taken no notice of, and was merely spoken about in a whisper as the decayed gentleman), did as she was desired, and the greater part of the guests sat down to speculation, while Newman himself, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Miss Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, looked after the supper table.

While the ladies were thus busying themselves, Mr. Lillyvick was intent upon the game in progress, and as all should be fish that comes to a water-collector's net, the dear old gentleman was by no means scrupulous in appropriating to himself the property of his neighbours, which, on the contrary, he abstracted whenever an opportunity presented itself; smiling good-humouredly all the while, and making so many condescending speeches to the owners, that they were delighted with his amiability, and thought in their hearts that he deserved to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at least.

After a great deal of trouble, and the administration of many slaps on the head to the infant Kenwigses, whereof two of the most rebellious were summarily banished, the cloth was laid with great elegance, and a pair of boiled fowls, a large piece of pork, apple-pie, potatoes and greens, were served; at sight of which, the worthy Mr. Lillyvick vented a great many witticisms, and plucked up amazingly, to the immense delight and satisfaction of the whole body of admirers.

Very well and very fast the supper went off; no more serious difficulties occurring than those which arose from the incessant demand for clean knives and forks, which made poor Mrs. Kenwigs wish more than once that private society adopted the principle of schools, and required that every guest should bring his own knife, fork, and spoon, which doubtless would be a great accommodation in many cases, and to no one more so than to the lady and gentleman of the house; especially if the school principle were carried out to the full extent, and the articles were expected, as a matter of delicacy, not to be taken away again.

Everybody having eaten every thing, the table was cleared in a most alarming hurry, and with great noise; and the spirits, whereat the eyes of Newman Noggs glistened, being arranged in order, with water both hot and cold, the party composed themselves for conviviality; Mr. Lillyvick being stationed in a large arm-chair by the fireside, and the four little Kenwigses disposed on a small form in front of the company, with their flaxen tails towards them, and their faces to the fire.

[The dance of Morleena Kenwigs, and the *scena* of Miss Petowker, which follow, with the parental comments thereon, are "very natural;" and the Number concludes with an interruption of the party, the cause of which is adroitly reserved for next month. In fact, as well as in a nice perception of the ridiculous, in humour, simplicity, pathos, and clear narrative, Boz certainly ranks foremost of his class.]

TEA-DRINKING.

(*From Autobiographical Sketches, by Mrs. Crawford.*)

How highly tea was estimated for a considerable period after its introduction into this country, may be inferred from the minuteness and delicacy of the cups and spoons which were then in use, of which, as a sort of curiosity at the present day, most persons have seen various specimens. The cups were chiefly, and probably for some time exclusively, those which were imported from China along with the tea. Their use being passed away, they are now preserved as ornaments, not only in cabinets and boudoirs, but in the good old-fashioned *corner-cupboards* and mantel-shelves in the country; and though the figures on many of them are highly grotesque, yet the exquisite delicacy and transparency of the fabric, and the richness of colour and elaborateness of some of the designs, must be allowed to be not only curious, but extremely beautiful. The spoons formerly employed were of course in due proportion to the fragile pieces of porcelain which were to receive them; for had anything like a tea-spoon of modern dimensions been placed in one of the fairy tea-cups of the olden time, it would not only have upset, but probably broken it in pieces. Along with the service of silver plate, which I have formerly mentioned as having been presented by Queen Anne to my ancestor, Sir Charles Hedges, then one of her secretaries of state, was a set of the tea-spoons of that period, but which differed in some respects from any others that I have seen. The bowl, which was very small and shallow, was of a square, or shovel-shape, with raised flutings; and the handle or stalk was remarkably slender, and terminated in a small embossed rose. Altogether, the appearance, though antique, was extremely rich and elegant.

For some time after the introduction of tea into this country, and until the commencement of the last century, it was sold as high as from two to three guineas a pound. I recollect to have read that, in the reign of Charles II., a couple of pounds were presented, I think by the East India Company, to that monarch as a truly royal offering, and that, of course, not so much from its price, as from its great novelty and rarity. When I was last in the North, I was told an amusing anecdote, which serves to show how little tea was known in some parts of England, even so recently as the commencement of the reign of George III. It was about that period that a young man

a native of Westmoreland, who had settled in London, and succeeded very well in business, sent to his mother in the country a present of a pound of fine tea. The good old dame was a little puzzled at first how to proceed with it; but at length she put the whole into the *kail-pot*, with a due proportion of water, and boiled it for about half an hour. She then strained off the decoction, which she threw away; and when her husband came home to dinner, she served up the *tea-leaves* in a large dish, with a piece of nice fat bacon smoking at the top, telling the good man that she had prepared, by way of a treat, their son John's present from Lunnon. The worthy couple tried, by alternate administrations of pepper and salt, to render the mess palatable, but all in vain. They both agreed that *common* greens were far preferable; and when the old dame wrote to thank her son John, she told him so, begging, at the same time, that he would not spend "any more of his money on such *new-fangled stuff*."

Strange as this mode of taking tea may appear, I have heard that in China, where there is an excess of population above the ordinary means of support, the natives, after having prepared and taken an infusion from the tea, somewhat in the same manner as we do in this country, reserve the leaves for a subsequent meal, and eat them cold, as a salad, with oil and vinegar. Possibly, however, this may only be the practice with the poorest of the people, though I fancy the poor are there a very numerous class.

As to ourselves, tea has of course gradually dropped its luxurious character with its rarity, until, from the small beginnings alluded to, it has now become one of the necessaries of life. In spite of all that may occasionally be said or written against it, I confess myself to be a decided advocate for this delightful and most refreshing beverage.

"If," as I recollect to have once heard a lady say to a medical gentleman, who was declaiming fearfully against what he called its poisonous qualities, "if it be a poison, it is at all events a slow one, for many inveterate tea-drinkers have attained a very patriarchal age."

In a word, I believe this pretended poison keeps pace only in its operation with the wasting of the lamp of life, and, unless when used to that excess in which of course the best things are hurtful, that it is rather conducive to the prolongation of human existence. The poets have generally been the advocates of tea, as favouring their sweet inspirations. Cowper has beautifully celebrated its praises, in his charming poem of "The Task;" and Waller says—

> "The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
> Repress those vapours which the head invade,
> And keep that palace of the soul serene,
> Fit for her birth-day to salute a queen."

When, however, I hear of men of genius and studious persons taking strong infusions of green tea, to keep themselves awake over the midnight and even the morning lamp, thus perverting the wise laws of nature, it always appears to me a sort of lamentable suicide. Henry Kirke White, and many others of the gifted band, who fell early victims to consumption, resorted to this infusion, as a stimulus to ward off man's most soothing and honest friend, sleep, for which, with its consequent loss of health, if not of life, even Fame itself is but a poor substitute.—*Metropolitan.*

The Gatherer.

"*The Lancers.*"—Mr. Planché thus illustrates the origin of the *lance* carried by our modern regiment:—"In the Bayeux tapestry, William and his principal knights are seen with lances, ornamented with flags and streamers, which were termed, in the language of that day, Gonfanons, or Gonfalons. Upwards of seven hundred years have elapsed since the Conquest; the lance has again become an English military weapon, and the streamer is still attached to it." A Norman knight, bearing a lance, will be found, engraved from the Bayeux tapestry, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p. 136.

Self-examination will tell those persons who are disposed to be most severe on distinguished minds, that if their lives have not incurred public censure, its absence is less attributable to the inflexible rectitude of their conduct, than to the fortunate obscurity of their lives.—*Charles Butler.*

Prayer of the Minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde:—"O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrays; and, in thy mercy, do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." This is *nos poma natamus* with a vengeance!—*Sir W. Scott's Diary.*

Sir Walter Scott compares aged sheep or wethers to some old dowager ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance: no one cares about them till they come to be *cut up*, and then we see how the tallow lies on the kidneys and the chine.

ERRATA.—In the Account of the Coronation, at page 1 of the present Volume, at the top of col. 2, for "the most youthful Sovereign," read "the most youthful female Sovereign." The note to the same refers to Edward V., instead of Edward VI. Thanks to "A Friend" &c.

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OF

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THE GRAND CORONATION FIREWORK TEMPLE IN HYDE PARK.

THE GRAND CORONATION FIRE-WORK TEMPLE,

IN HYDE PARK, JUNE 28, 1838.

THE annexed novel illustration has originated in anxiety to correct our Narrative of the recent Coronation, and its various celebrations. Thus, at page 25, the concluding design of the Fireworks, displayed in Hyde Park, is stated to have been the entrance arch to Buckingham Palace; whereas it bore but a general resemblance to that costly structure, as may be seen by reference to the prefixed representation of the superb device, and the following details, furnished by the ingenious artist, Mr. Southby.

Since the night of the Coronation, Mr. Southby has repeated his display at the "Surrey Zoological Gardens," with a few advantages over the original exhibition; and the achievement being altogether a very brilliant one in the records of Pyrotechny, it has been considered worthy of representation in our Miscellany.

The dimensions of the design are 60 feet in height by about 40 feet in breadth; the whole, with the avenues of fire across the Lake at the Gardens, extending for about 150 feet.

The architectural outlines are formed by a vast number of what are termed *lances*, or white lights, made much longer than usual, so as to continue burning for a greater length of time than is customary in fireworks.

The centre is occupied by a transparency, painted by Danson, representing our beloved Queen, in her Coronation Robes, on horseback; her Majesty wearing the stars and ribbons of the Orders of the Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick.

When this splendid device was fired in Hyde Park, it was elevated on a lofty stage, by which the effect of its gigantic proportions was impaired. But, at the Surrey Gardens, it is fired nearly from the level of the Lake, which beautifully reflects the brilliancy of the countless lights; whilst the transparency, being lit from behind, with fine changing blue and green flames, causes the regal ornaments to stand out with the effect of real jewels.

In the Park, the brightness was somewhat interfered with, by jerbs and Roman candles being injudiciously fired in front of the main design of the Temple, and its transparent Portrait, which were thus only visible for a few minutes, at intervals, through a cloud of smoke. This is now avoided; the outline of the structure is better defined, and shines forth in all the picturesque beauty of the design, and gorgeous magnificence of the various fires, &c.

Since the splendid Commemoration in the London Parks, in the year 1814, there has been nothing displayed in Pyrotechny which can be compared with the triumphs of last Coronation Night.

There have been but four exhibitions of fireworks in the royal parks in London: the first was on April 27, 1749, on occasion of the general peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, November 7, 1748;—on which occasion, a splendid temple was erected in the Green Park, 144 feet long. In the centre was a Statue of Peace, with her foot on a cannon-ball, attended by Mars and Neptune; immediately in front was a music-gallery, in which were 100 musicians, who performed the music composed expressly for the occasion by the celebrated Handel. Over the centre compartment was a grand basso relievo, illuminated, representing George II. giving peace to England. This basso relievo was surmounted by the royal arms, which were 100 feet from the foundation. At a height of 50 feet from the arms was an enormous sun, 32 feet in diameter, which burnt for some hours.—The whole length of the building was 410 feet: at each extremity was a store-house for the engineers, connected with the temple, on either side, by five arcades, for cannon. The ascent to the music-gallery was by two flights of steps. The whole front of the temple was adorned with rich carvings, paintings, medals, and statues, and displayed fireworks in every device and colour. At the top of the temple were two immense stars, behind which 500 rockets were fired; at the conclusion, 6,000 rockets went off at once; after which, the whole building was illuminated, and continued so for 105 hours.

The second display of fireworks in the Green Park was on August 1, 1814, to celebrate the centenary of the House of Brunswick, and the general peace. A fortress or castle was erected, the ramparts of which were 100 feet square, surmounted by a round tower in the centre, about 60 feet in diameter, and rising to the height of about 50 feet from the ramparts. Four grand changes of fireworks were exhibited from this castle, the whole elevation of which exceeded 90 feet. On a sudden, in the midst of a volume of flames, clouds of smoke, and the thunder of artillery, the lofty fortress, the emblem of destructive war, was transformed into a Temple of Peace. Grand fireworks were also exhibited on the Terrace of Kensington Gardens, at the head of the Serpentine: the immense girandoles of rockets, rising from the midst of the trees in the gardens, had a very pleasing effect.

The next public display of Pyrotechny was on the celebration of the coronation of George IV., in Hyde Park, July 19, 1821; but it was very insignificant, and did not attract much public attention.

Manners and Customs.

CORONATION OF HENRY VIII.

The coronation of which the fullest account has come down to us, and which appears to have been one of the most magnificent in the "olden times," was that of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon.—This has been described by Hall with much minuteness. He states, that on the 21st of June, 1509, Henry came from Greenwich to London, and devoted the ensuing day to the ceremonies of the Bath. "The morrow following being Saturday, his Grace, with the Queen, departed from the Tower through the city of London; against whose coming the streets where his Grace should pass were hanged with tapestry and cloth of arras, and the great part of the south of Chepe (Cheapside) with cloth of gold, and some part of Cornehill also. The streets were railed and barred on the one side, from over against Gracechurch-street unto Bread-street, in Chepe, where every occupation (company) stood in their liveries in order, beginning with base and mean occupations, and so ascending to the worshipful crafts; highest and lastly stood the mayor with the aldermen. The goldsmiths' stalls unto the end of the Old Change were *replenished* with virgins in white, with branches of white wax; the priests and clerks in rich copes, with crosses and censers of silver, with censing his Grace and the Queen also as they passed." The apparel of the king must have been, according to this chronicler, most splendid. "His Grace wore for his uppermost garment a robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine; his coat was of raised gold, the placard of which was embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearls, and other rich stones; the trappings of his horse were damask gold, with a deep border of ermine. His Queen was borne in a litter by two white palfreys, which were trapped in white cloth of gold; her person was apparelled in white, embroidered satin; her hair hanging down her back, of a very great length, beautiful and goodly to behold; and on her head a coronal, set with many rich orient stones."

The same author (Hall) had, in not many years afterwards, to record the coronation of Anne Boleyn, which he does with equal minuteness, and, as it would seem, with not less ardour. After describing the voyage from Greenwich, and the "batheing and shryveing" of the knights, he narrates the land procession, which was enlivened with "many conynge pageauntes," amusing enough to hear of in our day.

CORONATION FESTIVAL OF GEORGE III.

"Conceive to yourself, if you can," says a writer of the time, "conceive what I am at a loss to describe—so magnificent a building as that of Westminster Hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax candles, in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company, for the most part elegantly and richly dressed; but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary to have been present."

PORTUGUESE CEREMONIALS.

Having called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, (says a modern traveller,) after ascending a magnificent staircase, I passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. When I had concluded my visit, I bowed and retired; but, according to the invariable custom of the country, on reaching the door, I turned, and made another salutation;—on which my host, who was slowly following me, returned my inclination by one equally profound. When I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us. When I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second;—the same civilities were then renewed; and these polite reciprocations were continued, till I had travelled the whole suite of apartments. At the bannisters I made a bow, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but, on my reaching the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs. When I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and, upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces, so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and they still continued after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with his head uncovered till it was driven away.—W. G. C.

ICELANDIC CODE OF LAWS.

The *Grégás*, or Gray Goose, (says a recent writer,) is a collection of traditional laws, compiled by Bergthor, logsomadr, or

supreme judge, of the island, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Since Bergthor's time, this code has been revised and enriched with additional institutes. It contains evidence of a high antiquity; and, in the marriage code, there is much of a heathen origin, especially in the ceremonials. The customary punishments, independent of pecuniary mulcts, are—exile, for short or long periods, incarceration, and proscription. The exile's life was at every man's mercy, though he might, as was customary among heathen nations, purchase remission of his sentence, by slaying three brother exiles of desperate character. The offender's property was confiscated, his marriage was dissolved, and even his children were reckoned illegitimate. The severity of the punishment was aggravated by the comparative insignificance of the offences against which it was directed: a man being liable to banishment if he played at dice, or any other game of chance, for the sake of gain;—if he cut off another person's hair; if he bit or struck a fellow-creature, so as to raise blue spots on his skin; if he composed amatory strains on a married female; or if he tore off his neighbour's bonnet, when fastened on his head, he became an outcast, liable to be hunted down, and dependant for his existence on the forbearance of his fellow-creatures. W. G. C.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

The following list of Turkish feminine accomplishments, on the occasion of a lady going to seek a wife for her son, is given by a recent traveller:—The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty; but presently the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, they became as meek and decorous as need be; and approached, like whirling dervishes, about to begin their waltz, with slow and measured steps, and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor who came to choose a daughter-in-law among them. "They are," said the mother, "by the blessing of the Virgin, all to be married!" And then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hand of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each.—There was certainly a variety—from girlish thirteen to mature nine-and-twenty; and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed, in an eminent degree, the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches;—another was distinguished as a cook, and a maker of sweetmeats;—another made sherbets equal to any that were ever drunk in the seraglio;—one was a pattern of economy, for she could supply a house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else;—and another was a pattern of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kelemkiars, and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers, who were very great performers, and the attraction of the Tekke, at Pera. W. G. C.

Popular Antiquities.

THORNBURY CASTLE.

Our notice of this interesting ruin, (see *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 273,) being but scanty and incomplete, the following details will, doubtless, be an acceptable addition.

Mr. Sharon Turner, in the first edition of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, supposes Thornbury to have been a British city, and to have constituted the residence of Cyndellan, a petty king; probably, the same with Condidan, who fell in 577, at the battle of Dyrham. Mr. Fosbroke is likewise of opinion, that this place, situated close to an ancient passage of the Severn, was fortified at a very early period.

There is good reason for believing Thornbury to have been a town of some importance in the time of the Saxons. A market was certainly established here before the Conquest; and the manor formed part of the royal domain at the time of the Great Survey. In that record, the name is written *Turneberie*, from *Torn*, or *Turne*, a court; and, within the limits of the parish, is a hamlet named Kington.

The manor belonged, before the entry of the Normans, to Brictric, a Saxon thane, who had, early in life, refused the hand of Maud, afterwards Queen of William the Conqueror. A peculiar opportunity of revenge was afforded to the slighted lady; as her husband, on ascending the throne of England, bestowed upon her the estates of the man who had declined her love; and she had the barbarous gratification of effecting his utter ruin. Returning to the crown, on the decease of Queen Maud, the manor of Thornbury was given by King William Rufus to Robert Fitz-Haymon; with whose daughter it passed, in marriage, to the family of the Earls of Gloucester. By descent from the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, through Margaret, daughter and heir of another Margaret, wife of Hugh de Audley, sister and co-heir of the last Gilbert de Clare, the manor devolved to Ralph Lord Stafford, whose descendant, Humphrey Stafford, was created Duke of Buckingham.

The misfortunes which befel the dukes of this lineage have been incidentally noticed, in connexion with Thornbury Castle. The fates of its founder and his father, in the imperishable language of Shakspeare, dic-

tated these natural and impressive reflections on the perfidy of the world:

You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
When you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure ye be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

A castle at Thornbury is noticed in the earliest records of this place; and the present unfinished building occupies the site of that structure. It was commenced by the Duke of Buckingham, in the second year of Henry VIII.; at which time he was high in office, and was not only the most affluent, but the most popular nobleman of his day. The reason for his not completing this castle is by no means evident, unless we can suppose there not to have been sufficient time for such an undertaking between the second of Henry VIII., (1511,) and the attainder of the duke, (in 1521.) It is known that he occasionally resided in such parts as were habitable; and it has been *said*, that Henry passed ten days here, in the year 1539.—Stow, after noticing the building, remarks, that the duke "made a faire parke hard by the castle, and tooke much ground into it, very fruitful of corne, now faire land for coursing."

Mr. Dallaway terms the castle, "a remarkable specimen of architecture, which, adopting a military appearance, displayed, likewise, the magnificence and convenience of a private dwelling;" and he bestows on it the name of a "palatial castle." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this mode of design—the castellated mansion—succeeded to the regularly fortified dwellings of the middle ages; no example of which occurs at a later period than the reign of Richard II.

The plan of Thornbury Castle, as far as completed, may be thus described. A large, arched gate opens into a spacious quadrangle, furnished with cloisters for stables, and, as some examiners have thought, with accommodations for troops in garrison. This court is commanded by a large and strong tower; on one side of which is a wall, and another gate opening into a smaller court, communicating with the state apartments, which are in a line contiguous to the tower, and are distinguishable by enriched projecting windows. This portion of the castle is shown in our Engraving, already referred to. The chimney-shafts are of brick, wrought into spiral columns; the bases of which are charged with the cognizances of the family, and the *Stafford knot*.

On the principal gatehouse is the following inscription:—"THIS GATE WAS BEGUN IN THE YERE OF OUR LORDE GODE, MCCCCCXI., THE jj YERE OF THE REYNE OF KYNGE HENRI THE viii. BY ME, EDW. DUC OF BUKKINGHA, ERLLE OF HARFORDE, STAFFORDE, ANDE NORTHAMTO." To this inscription is appended the *word*, or motto, of the duke—"DORSUEVAUMT," (henceforward.)

In the year 1582, a Survey of these premises was taken by a jury, and the curious statement drawn up at that time has been printed in the *Collectanea* of Leland, and the language modernized by the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke. This document is printed in Storer's *Delineations of Gloucestershire;* and, as it is both valuable and interesting, from its affording a picture of the arrangement of a mansion of the early part of the sixteenth century, we here insert the same.

Survey of Thornbury Castle, made in 1582.

1.—The Base Court, containing two and a half acres, encircled with lodgings for servants. (Left unfinished.)

2.—At the entry into the castle, on the west side of the base court, are two gates, a large and a small one, with a wicket. On the left hand, a Porter's Lodge, containing three rooms, with a dungeon underneath for a place of imprisonment, (for misbehaving servants, &c.)

3.—Within was a court leading to the Great Hall, which was entered by a porch. It had, also, a passage from the Great Kitchen. In the middle of the hall was a hearth, to hold a brazier. At the upper end of it was a room, with a chimney, called the Old Hall. From the upper end of the Great Hall, a staircase ascended to the Great Chamber; at the top of which are two lodging-rooms. A room, paved with brick, and chimneyed, was connected with the head of the stairs. (These appear to have been lodging-rooms for visitors.)

4.—In this court, leading to the hall, were wet and dry Larders, the privy-bake-house, and Boiling-house; all communicating with the Great Kitchen. Over these apartments were lodging-rooms for the servants, and, above these, a long loft.

5.—The Great Kitchen had two large chimneys, and one smaller. Within it was a privy-kitchen; over which was a lodging-room for the cooks.

6.—A Scullery and Pantry, adjoining one side of the entry from the kitchen to the Great Hall; the scullery having a large flue, or chimney, in it. Over the other side of the entry were two Cellars.

7.—Between these and the lower end of the hall was the Buttery; and over the whole of these last-named offices were four lodging-rooms, with one adjoining room, called the Clerk's Treasury.

8.—The Chapel.—"From the lower end of the Great Hall is an entry, leading to the Chappell; at the corner of the end of which entry is a Sellar. The upper part of the

Chappell is a fair room, for people to stand in at service time; and over the same are two rooms, or petitions, (*sic*) with each of them a chimney, where the Duke and Duchess used to sit and hear service in the Chappell. The body of the Chappell itself fair built, having twenty-two settles of wainscot about the same, for priests, clerks, and quiristers."

9.—The Garden, surrounded with a cloister. Over the cloister a Gallery, out of which a passage led to the Parish Church of Thornbury, having, at the end, a room with a chimney and window, looking into the church, where the Duke used sometimes to hear service in the same church. (*See page* 34 *of the present volume.*)

10.—Lodging-rooms. There were thirteen near the last-mentioned gallery, six below, three of which had chimneys, and seven above, four of which had chimneys. These were called the *Earl of Bedford's Lodgings.*

11.—The Tower, and annexed buildings, were the immediate places of residence for the Duke and Duchess. They contained suites of rooms, one within another, or stories communicating by staircases; and are thus described:—The lower part of the principal building of the castle is called the New Building. At the west end thereof is a fair tower. In this lone building, (the new building, or that adjoining to the tower,) is contained one great chamber, with a chimney therein; and within that is another room, with a chimney, called the Duchess' Lodging. Between the two last rooms was a closet, (designed for her Oratory.) Connected with these two last rooms was another, which formed the foundation, or lowermost part of the Tower, with a chimney. From the lodging of the Duchess, a Gallery, paved with brick, led to a staircase, which ascended to the Duke's lodging above, and was used as a privy way. All these rooms were for the accommodation of the Duchess and her suite.

[The Survey then takes us back to the Great Hall, whence it proceeds to the Great Chamber, the Dining-Room, (of the family,) and the Duke's lodgings. Connected with the bed-chamber of the Duke, there were, for greater security, the Jewel-Room and the Meniment-Room.]

12.—"From the upper end of the Great Hall is a steyer, ascending up towards the Great Chamber; at the top whereof are two lodging-rooms. Leading from the steyer's head to the Great Chamber is a fair room, paved with brick, and a chimney in the same, (see No. 3, before;) at the end whereof doth meet a fair gallery, leading from the Great Chamber to the Earle of Bedford's lodging, (see No. 10,) on the one side, and to the Chappell on the other side. The Great Chamber is very fair, with a chimney therein. Within the same is one other fair chamber, called the Dining Chamber, with a chimney therein, likewise. And within that, again, is one other fair chamber, with a chimney therein also, called the Privy Chamber; and within the same, again, is one other chamber, or closet, called the Duke's Jewel-Chamber. Next unto the Privy Chamber, or the inner part thereof, is a fair round chamber, being the second story of the tower, called the Duke's Bed-Chamber. From the Privy Chamber, a steyer leadeth up into another fair, round chamber, over the Duke's Bed-Chamber, (like unto the same,) being the third story of the Tower, and so upwards, to answer a like chamber over the same, where the Evidents do lye. All which last-recited buildings, called the *New Buildings*, are builded fair with freestone, covered with lead."

We are struck with the completeness of this mansion, but not especially with the number of chimneys in its construction: for, although chimneys were introduced as early as the year 1200, and did not become general until late in the reign of Elizabeth, or the sixteenth century, they were common before that period in "the religious houses, and manor-places of the lords, and, peradventure, some great personages." There occurs mention of a chamber with a chimney, by a writer of the reign of Richard III.; and, somewhat later, it was customary to provide rooms for ladies, with chimneys, as in the lodging-rooms (No. 10) of Thornbury Castle. The Survey denotes the castle to have been planned with strict regard to high convenience, considering the period of its erection to have been that of transition from the fortress to the dwelling-house—from rudeness to refinement.

Mr. Fosbroke, in some remarks appended to the preceding Survey, observes, that "the removal of the dungeon to the porter's lodge, and the omission of a keep, were alterations which followed naturally from *police* superseding *war*. There appears to have been but a reredosse in the great hall, which was opposite to the gate-house, as usual, and the centre of communication. The ground-floors were purely offices, and all above the family apartments. The hall-kitchen was for the whole household; the privy-kitchen, where was the chief cook, for the lord. The garden was for exercise after mass. One thing is, in particular, worthy of remark, and applicable to most old seats: that, from the number of passages, and the communications with the garden, hall, chapel, &c., and the division of apartments in suites, our ancestors did not generally assemble in one room, (as now,) particular times excepted, for meals

or devotion; but resided in the same house, as separate lodgers."

In the reign of Elizabeth, many of the principal timbers were removed from this unfinished structure. The building was fortified in the wars of the seventeenth century by the royalists, with the view of restraining the garrison at Gloucester; since which time it has gradually sunk into dilapidation, through neglect and desertion by its owners.

After the fall of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, the estate of Thornbury remained with his family until the reign of Charles I.; at which time, by a marriage of the female heir, it passed to a branch of the Howard family, who obtained the title of Viscount Stafford, in the sixteenth year of that king. On the decease of John Paul Stafford Howard, without issue, in 1762, the manor devolved, by family conveyances, to the Norfolk family, in whose possession it remains.

In Thornbury Castle, that dismantled "house of pride," what lessons do we read on the short-sightedness of man, the vanity of his works, and the vicissitudes by which his fondest schemes of enjoyment are frustrated, and his day-dreams of happiness chased away—his hopes nipped in the bud of fruition, and his vexations recorded in characters, which "all who run may read!" In lingering about these unfinished walls—ruins they can scarcely be called with propriety—it needs no sage to tell what they bespeak, or to decipher the handwriting that proclaims to all, the nothingness of human grandeur. Even the unlettered peasant must sympathise in such a scene of neglect and desolation. The blankness of the walls is relieved here and there by patches of evergreens, which, in their vivid freshness, deepen, by contrast, the saddening decay.—Perchance, ivy mantles the windows, or creeps about their broken mullions and transoms in the graceful beauty of nature, flinging over the labours of art her luxuriant and unspairing beauty. Yet, as you walk amidst these relics of vanity, you will not fail to associate with them the fallen fortunes, and the depth of humility, into which the chief line of the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, and the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, sank, before it was utterly extinguished. Roger Stafford, great grandson of the mighty Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was compelled, by the arbitrary government of Charles I., to surrender his claim to the barony of Stafford, because "he had no lands or means to support baronial dignity." Jane, sister of Roger, was the wife of *a joiner*, at Newport, in Shropshire; where, (writes Mr. Fosbroke,) she was living, his widow, in 1637, and her son was —*a cobbler!*

Anecdote Gallery.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC.

The most remarkable anomaly among the barbarism of the Slavi, (the ancient Russians,) was the famous republic and emporium of Jomsberg, situated on a small island near the mouth of the Oder. In the eleventh century, (says a German writer,) it was the greatest city in Europe: the modern Wollin stands on its site. It had been improved by its commercial habits into a state of civilization: its manners were benign and hospitable; in it were centred all the trade and riches of the north; the Greeks condescended to visit it; and it contained everything that was rare and luxurious. But there never was a people who were greater enemies of the Christian name: they exacted of all who wished to become citizens of their republic, that they should abjure Christianity. The principal god that they worshipped, was called Triglaff, or the three-headed god: by the middle head they imagined that heaven was protected; by the right head, the earth; and by the left head, the ocean. In the eleventh century this famous Pagan republic was flourishing in full prosperity; but, in 1170, the city being taken and destroyed by Waldemar, king of Denmark, it never recovered the blow; and with it expired Slavonian idolatry. W. G. C.

SLAVE TRADE.

The first Englishman who engaged in this nefarious traffic was Sir John Hawkins, who having, in 1502, fitted out three ships, sailed to the coast of Africa, where he attacked the defenceless negroes sword in hand; and having seized three hundred, carried them to Hispaniola, and sold them as slaves. He was afterwards appointed to one of the Queen's ships, to proceed on the same adventure; but we are informed that Elizabeth supposed them to be taken away voluntarily, and transported to the Spanish colonies as labourers. She is said to have expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off without their free consent; in which case she declared, that it would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers. It is stated by M. Labat, a Roman missionary, that Louis XIII. was persuaded to sanction slavery in his colonies, as the only means of converting the negroes to Christianity.

W. G. C.

FORTUNATE STRATEGY.

The following anecdote is related by Gibbon, in his account of the siege of Alexandria, by the Arabian army, under the command of Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt:—"In every attack on the city, the sword of Amrou glit-

tered in the van of the Moslems. On a memorable day, he was betrayed by his imprudent valour: his followers, who had entered the citadel, were driven back; and the general, with a friend and a slave, remained a prisoner in the hands of the Christians. When Amrou was conducted before the prefect, he remembered his dignity, and forgot his situation: a lofty demeanour, and resolute language, revealed the lieutenant of the Caliph, and the battle-axe of a soldier was already raised to strike off the head of the audacious captive. His life was saved by the readiness of his slave, who instantly gave his master a blow on the face, and commanded him, in an angry tone, to be silent in the presence of his superiors. The credulous Greek was deceived; he listened to the offers of a treaty, and his prisoners were dismissed, in the hope of a more respectable embassy, till the joyful acclamations of the Saracen camp announced the return of their general, and insulted the folly of the Christians." W. G. C.

PETER THE GREAT.

After the conquest of Esthonia, and the capture of the city of Revel, Peter the Great, having had the enclosures and fortifications repaired, erected a handsome palace in the Italian style, to which there was attached a large pleasure-ground. The Czar named this charming spot the valley of Catherine, in honour of his wife; and being confident that neither himself or family could derive much advantage from it, he intended the grounds as a place of recreation for the inhabitants. Some years after, when the whole was completed, the Czar, with the Empress, went to reside at the castle. Surprised at not seeing any one walking in the park, he called a sentinel, and asked him the reason. The sentinel replied, that no person of any description was allowed to enter. "Who gave that order?" said the emperor. "Our officers," replied the soldier. "What stupidity!" said the emperor: "did they imagine that I had caused these extensive walks to be made for myself?" Next morning, it was proclaimed through the city, by beat of drum, that all the inhabitants were allowed admission into Catherinen Thal, and that every one might go there for amusement; the guards being only stationed there to prevent tumult, and protect the trees and other objects from being injured. W. G. C.

The Topographer.

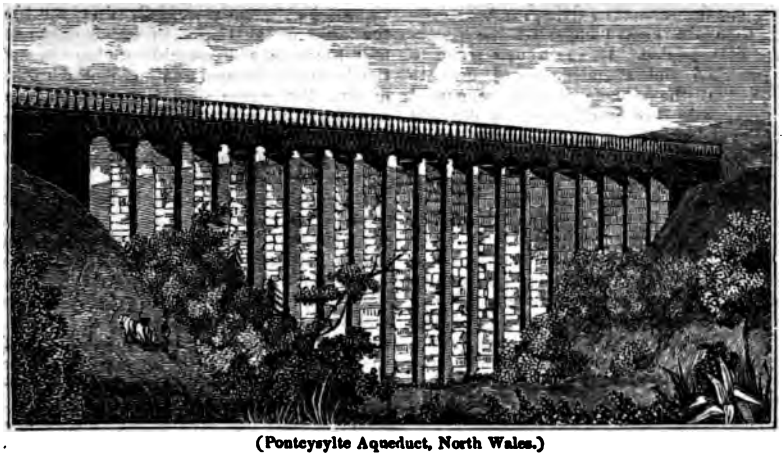
PONTCYSYLTE AQUEDUCT, NORTH WALES.

This noble aqueduct-bridge carries the Ellesmere Canal over the river Dee, at the bottom of Llangollen Vale, in Denbighshire. It was designed by the late Thomas Telford, Esq., and is, perhaps, the most elegant and splendid structure of the kind in Europe. It exhibits an important improvement in the construction of aqueducts, and is altogether one of the proudest triumphs of mechanical ingenuity over the difficulties of inland navigation.

It should be premised, that when the course of a canal crosses that of a river, it becomes necessary to build a bridge, and upon it, in place of a common road, to construct a channel and towing-path for a canal; the heights of the aqueduct being regulated by the relative levels of the river and canal, and its breadth by that of the canal. It was formerly usual to make the aqueduct of such a breadth as to admit the canal channel, and its towing-path, to be constructed either wholly of masonry, as in the case of some of the French aqueducts, or partly of masonry and partly of puddle, as those built on the English canals. In these aqueducts, excepting what relates to a water-tight basin for the canal, there is little difference from a road-bridge of similar dimensions.

But, about the year 1795, Mr. Thomas Telford, having been entrusted with the management of the Shrewsbury and Ellesmere Canals, had his attention drawn to the construction of some large aqueducts; and having observed, in several instances, the masonry of aqueducts where puddle was employed, to be cracked, and very subject to leakage, and some parts requisite to be taken down and rebuilt, or tied across by strong iron bars; these circumstances led our indefatigable engineer to consider the introduction of cast-iron work. This he first attempted upon the Ellesmere Canal, at Chirk, where the aqueduct is 600 feet long, and 65 feet high above the river: here he rejected puddle, and built the spandrils over the arches with longitudinal walls only; across these walls, cast-iron flaunched plates were laid, as a bottom to the canal, and also for the purpose of binding the walls horizontally: these were well jointed, screwed, and caulked; the sides of the water-channel were built with stone facings, and the brickhearting laid in water-lime mortar. By this mode, the quantity of masonry was much reduced, yet the whole was water-tight and substantial.

About the same time, and on the same canal, it was found necessary to cross the river Dee, at the bottom of the celebrated valley of Llangollen, at Pontcysylte, and it was found cheaper *to aqueduct* than to embank. Here Mr. Telford introduced a still more decided deviation from the usual form, by building upright piers only, and, instead of masonry arches, putting cast-iron ribs between them; the canal part was also constructed with cast-iron flaunched plates for the sides as well as the bottom; and, in order to preserve, as much as possible, the water-way, the towing-path was made to project over the



(Pontcysylte Aqueduct, North Wales.)

water in the canal. The canal part is twelve feet in width, which admits of boats of seven feet beam, and a towing-path. The height of the central piers above the surface of the river is 126 feet eight inches; the number of arches is nineteen; and the length of the aqueduct is 1,007 feet. Where the embankment commences, the height is 75 feet; but gravelly material being very convenient, rendered embanking cheaper than carrying the masonry and iron-work any further: the embankment is 1,500 feet in length.

What a scene of natural and romantic splendour lies outspread beneath and beside this great work of human art. In picturesque beauty, few portions of Wales are comparable with the vale of Langollen. It has been much celebrated from the steep banks on the south side of the Dee; by the Oswestry road to Langollen, the vale is seen to great advantage, the river winding in elegant courses along the wooded meadow beneath; and the prospect of it from its mouth also, where it sinks into the plain of Salop, towards its commencement, is uncommonly striking, although some of its most beautiful scenes have a formal range of limestone rocks on the north-west. Nor must the adjoining vale of Crucis be forgotten, surrounded by high mountains, and clad at the sides and bottom with wood and verdure, with the venerable ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, embowered in the solitude of trees. Happy, happy scenes of rural quiet are these; and their interest is not impaired by association with the Aqueduct of Pontcysylte.

The above details of this vast work have been abridged from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; but their incompleteness makes us regret the delay of Mr. Telford's Account of his principal Works, the MS. of which he completed for publication a short time previous to his lamented death. Of this truly great man, (for men should be ranked in proportion to their labours,) it has been well said: "his various works are conspicuous ornaments to the country, and speak for themselves as the most durable monument of a well-earned fame: in number, magnitude, and usefulness, they are too intimately connected with the prosperity of the British people to be overlooked, or forgotten in future times; and the name of Telford must remain permanently associated with that remarkable progress of public improvement, which has distinguished the age in which he lived."

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. VOL. VII.

[We have purposely left this concluding portion, the most interesting of the whole work, for analysis and quotation in our current volume. The untiring character of its contents, and the fond concern which readers of every class take in the well-earned fame, and untarnished reputation, of Scott, have induced us to this postponement, rather than a hasty glance at the closing narrative of this truly great man's "good fight." It is, indeed, a chequered picture of clouds and sunshine, and mortal gloom, succeeded by the brightness of immortal hope. The volume commences with extracts from Scott's Diary, in the winter of 1826-7, which present but gloomy records of the writer's bodily sufferings,—*e. g.*:]

"*December* 16.—Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the lan-

guor or pain, were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new scene to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages—the old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn; windows will not be pulled up, doors refuse to open, or, being open, will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment — your sicknesses come thicker and thicker—your comforting and sympathizing friends fewer and fewer: for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollection of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all. This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain, which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. My journal is getting a vile, chirurgical aspect. I begin to be afraid of the odd consequences complaints in the *post equitem* are said to produce. I shall tire of my journal. In my better days I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships, and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. My pains were those of the heart, and had something flattering in their character; if in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon, gallantly received, and well paid back. I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence; I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either."

[The following reflection upon youthful companions is very characteristic:]

"In youth we have many companions, few friends, perhaps; in age companionship is ended, except rarely, and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger associates, who listen to their stories, honour their gray hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least, that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present brood crow to the same tune."

[As also this note upon what are usually called "family parties:"]

"It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in it that is melancholy. We meet like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakened ourselves, and looking through diminished ranks to think of those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining?—or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other?"

[Again, the gaiety of youth in the present day:]

"I do not think the young people of this age so gay as we were. There is a turn for persiflage, a fear of ridicule among them, which stifles the honest emotions of gaiety and lightness of spirit; and people, when they give in the least to the expansion of their natural feelings, are always kept under by the fear of becoming ludicrous. To restrain your feelings and check your enthusiasm in the cause even of pleasure, is now a rule among people of fashion, as much as it used to be among philosophers."

[The next entry is odd enough:]

"*Edinburgh, January* 15.—Off we came, and, in despite of rheumatism, I got through the journey tolerably. Coming through Galashiels, we met the Laird of Torwoodlee, who, on hearing how long I had been confined, asked how I bore it; observing that he had *once* in his life—Torwoodlee must be between sixty and seventy—been confined for five days to the house, and was like to hang himself. I regret God's free air as much as any man, but I could amuse myself were it in the Bastile."

[The following shows the progress of the Life of Napoleon, at which Scott was now working hard:]

"*February* 19.—Very cold weather. What says Dean Swift?—

> 'When frost and snow come both together,
> Then sit by the fire and save shoe-leather.'

I read and wrote at the bitter account of the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, till the little room and coal-fire seemed snug by comparison. I felt cold in its rigour in my childhood and boyhood, but not since. In youth and middle life I was yet less sensible to it than now—but I remember thinking it worse than hunger. Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves."*

[In March, Scott returned to Abbotsford, but with changeful spirits, as these lines from two entries, March 21—26, show:]

"There is a touch of the old spirit in me yet, that bids me brave the tempest,—the spirit that, in spite of manifold infirmities, made me a roaring boy in my youth, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick; of all which valuable qualities there are now but slender

* One page of his MS. answers to from four to five of the closely-printed pages of the original edition of his Buonaparte.

remains. I worked hard when I came in, and finished five pages."

"The greatest happiness I could think of, would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns."

[Here are more of the bitter fancies of dismal melancholy:]

"What is this world?—a dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.

"O God! what are we?—Lords of Nature?—Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship! Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin."

[The mention of Scott *presenting* the editor of the *Foreign Review* with a paper worth £100, leads Mr. Lockhart to relate:]

That when he wrote his first article for the Encyclopedia Supplement, and the editor of that work, Mr. Macvey Napier, (a Whig in politics, and with whom he had hardly any personal acquaintance,) brought him £100 as his remuneration, Sir Walter said, "Now, tell me frankly, if I don't take this money, does it go into your pocket or your publisher's; for it is impossible for me to accept a penny of it from a literary brother." Mr. Napier assured him that the arrangements of the work were such, that the editor had nothing to do with the fund destined for contributions:—Scott then pocketed his due, with the observation, that "he had trees to plant, and no conscience as to the purse of his fat friend;"—to wit, Constable.

[It was in this season, 1827, at a theatrical dinner, in Edinburgh, at which Scott presided, that the authorship of the Waverley Novels was first divulged by Lord Meadowbank. In the entry of this event, Sir Walter has left a few simple rules of presidency for the benefit of posterity:]

"1st. Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. A slight flip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing, and to be amused.

"2nd. Push on, keep moving! as Young Rapid says.* Do not think of saying fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high party, primed with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings, or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial, rough, round, and ready preses. Choose your text with discretion—the sermon may be as you like. Should a drunkard or an ass break in with any thing out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience, you will have the support of every one.

"3rd. When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow, and banish modesty—(if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion)—then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken preses.

"Lastly, always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skiel*—cut a tale with a drink.

'This is the purpose and intent
Of gude Schir Walter's testament.'"†

[Mr. Lockhart adds a note on the Waverley secret so well kept:]

The reader may, perhaps, expect that I should endeavour to name the "upwards of twenty persons" whom Sir Walter alluded to on this occasion as having been put into the secret of the Waverley Novels, previously, and without reference, to the catastrophe of 1826. I am by no means sure that I can give the complete list; but, in addition to the immediate members of the author's own family—(including his mother and his brother Thomas)—there were Constable, Cadell, the two Ballantynes, Terry, Laidlaw, Mr. Train, and Mr. G. H. Gordon; Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lord Montagu, Lord and Lady Polwarth, Lord Cinnedder, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Morritt, Mr. and Mrs. Skene, Mr. William Clerk, Mr. Hay Donaldson, Mr. John Richardson, and Mr. Thomas Moore.

[There is much charity and kind-heartedness in these notes from the entries of the deaths of the Duke of York, and Gifford—two very opposite characters.]

"The Duke of York was uniformly kind to me, and though I never tasked his friendship, yet I find a powerful friend is gone.

* Morton's comedy of *A Cure for the Heart-Ache.*

† Sir Walter parodies the conclusion of King Robert the Bruce's "Maxims, or Political Testament." See Hailes's Annals, A.D. 1311,—or Fordun's Scotichronicon,—XII. 10.

His virtues were honour, good sense, integrity; and by exertion of these qualities, he raised the British army from a very low ebb, to be the pride and dread of Europe. His errors were those of a sanguine and social temper—he could not resist the temptation of deep play, which was fatally allied with a disposition to the bottle. This last is incident to his complaint, which vinous influence soothes for the time, while it insiduously increases it in the end."

"*January* 17.—I observe in the papers, my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His Juvenal is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Mæviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was, in Gifford's eyes, a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health, for he was very valetudinary. He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr. Wolcot, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack, but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. G. had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this."

[The Diary from Feb. 21, takes a lively interest in the ministerial changes consequent upon the death of Lord Liverpool, in which is a tolerably sharp opinion of Canning. The completion of Napoleon, and the happy thought of Tales of a Grandfather, are more interesting matters. Perhaps, the rank of the Napoleon is somewhat highly rated in Mr. Lockhart's summary:]

The Life of Buonaparte was at last published about the middle of June, 1827. Two years had elapsed since Scott began it; but by a careful comparison of dates, I have arrived at the conclusion that, his expeditions to Ireland and Paris, and the composition of novels and critical miscellanies being duly allowed for, the historical task occupied hardly more than twelve months. The book was closely printed; in fact, those nine volumes contain as much letter-press as Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, the Monastery, and the Legend of Montrose, all put together. If it had been printed on the original model of those novels, the Life of Buonaparte would have filled from thirteen to fourteen volumes; the work of one twelvemonth—done in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin.

The magnitude of the theme, and the copious detail with which it was treated, appear to have frightened the critics of the time. None of our great Reviews grappled with the book at all; nor am I so presumptuous as to undertake what they shrunk from.

The lofty impartiality with which Scott treats the personal character of Buonaparte was, of course, sure to make all ultra-politicians, at home and abroad, condemn his representation; and an equally general and better founded exception was taken to the lavish imagery of his historical style. He despised the former clamour—to the latter he bowed submissive. He could not, whatever character he might wish to assume, cease to be one of the greatest of poets. Metaphorical illustrations, which men born with prose in their souls hunt for painfully, and find only to murder, were to him the natural and necessary offspring and playthings of ever-teeming fancy. He could not write a note to his printer—he could not speak to himself in his Diary—without introducing them. Few will say that his historical style is, on the whole, excellent—none, that it is perfect; but it is completely unaffected, and therefore excites nothing of the unpleasant feeling with which we consider the elaborate artifices of a far greater historian—the greatest that our literature can boast—Gibbon. The rapidity of the execution infers many inaccuracies as to minor matters of fact; but it is nevertheless true that no inaccuracy in the smallest degree affecting the character of the book as a fair record of great events, has to this hour been detected even by the malevolent ingenuity of Jacobin and Buonapartist pamphleteers. Even the most hostile examiners were obliged to acknowledge that the gigantic career of their idol had been traced, in its leading features, with wonderful truth and spirit. No civilian, it was universally admitted, had ever before described modern battles and campaigns with any approach to his daring and comprehensive felicity. The public, ever unwilling to concede a new species of honour to a name already covered

with distinction, listened eagerly for a while to the indignant reclamations of nobodies, whose share in mighty transactions had been omitted, or slightly misrepresented; but, ere long, all these pompous rectifications were summed up, and found to constitute nothing but a contemptible monument of self-deluding vanity. The work, devoured at first with breathless delight, had a shade thrown over it for a time by the pertinacious blustering of these angry Lilliputians; but it has now emerged, slowly and surely, from the mist of suspicion—and few, whose opinions deserve much attention, hesitate to avow their conviction that, whoever may be the Polybius of the modern Hannibal, posterity will recognise his Livy in Scott.

Woodstock. as we have seen, placed upwards of £8,000 in the hands of Sir Walter's creditors. The Napoleon (first and second editions) produced for them a sum which it even now startles me to mention—£18,000. As by the time the historical work was published, nearly half of the First Series of Chronicles of the Canongate had been written, it is obvious that the amount to which Scott's literary industry, from the close of 1825, to the 10th of June, 1827, had diminished his debt, cannot be stated at less than £28,000. Had health been spared him, how soon must he have freed himself from all his encumbrances!

The Chronicles of the Canongate proceeded *pari passu* with these historical tales; and both works were published before the end of the year. He also superintended, at the same time, the first collection of his Prose Miscellanies, six volumes 8vo.—several articles being re-modelled and extended to adapt them for a more permanent sort of existence than had been originally thought of. Moreover, Sir Walter penned, that autumn, his beautiful and instructive paper on the Planting of Waste Lands, which is, indeed, no other than a precious chapter of his autobiography, for the Quarterly Review. What he wrote of new matter between June and December, fills from five to six volumes in the late uniform edition of his works; but all this was light and easy after the perilous drudgery of the preceding eighteen months.

The Public Journals.

TAGLIONI AND THE ELSLERS.

We may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the attractions which are at this moment concentrated upon the stage of the Italian Opera. Whatever improvements the ballet, as a general representation, may be susceptible of, it would be impossible to heighten the graces which are imparted to it by Taglioni and the Elslers.

The fine arts, observes Lord Kaimes, alluding to the analysis of the Beautiful, are a subject of reasoning as well as of taste. But we suspect that it would have puzzled his lordship to reason about the dancing of Taglioni. Yet Taglioni's form and motions suggest the most exquisite images of beauty, and seem to realize an ideal of which every one has had a vague conception, but which was never reduced to tangible outlines before. It is a thing to set us dreaming rather than reasoning, — to carry us into a world of spiritual Fancies, out of the world of Thoughts. Between Taglioni and the Elslers there is no point of comparison. They are essentially unlike each other; yet it is an unlikeness that wears a singular aspect of resemblance. The difference is wide and marked, and cannot be mistaken; yet it is not less obvious than the similarity, although the one is easily explained, and the other is inexplicable. In Taglioni there is an aëriel simplicity, a purity of taste, and an involuntary grace, that contrast strikingly with the voluptuous energy, the poetical licence, and startling grandeur of the Elslers: the dove and the eagle are not more opposite—yet we are affected by them, not in the same degree nor in the same way, but so profoundly, that we unconsciously associate the influences by which our impressions are produced.

The step and mien of Taglioni are as soft and touching as the beatific visions of some of our old saints. Fortunate for the anchorites that such visions vanished with their sleep! Had the angels, that visited their slumbers, lingered in their cells in such shapes, the world would have lost some of their fine treatises on dogmatic theology and ghostly inflictions. Taglioni's elasticity is even more remarkable than that of the Elslers, because it is not so apparent. We are not made aware of it by any effort to display it. She floats like a blush of light before our eyes: we cannot perceive the subtle means by which she contrives, as it were, to disdain the earth, and to deliberate her charming motions in the air. Whichever way she turns, there is an expression of beauty—a figure, which, could it be fixed in any of its phases, would convey an embodied Sentiment to the imagination. Her dance is an Acted Poem, sparkling with images, which, reduced to words, would resemble the brilliant conceits of Carew or Suckling; but which, in this tangible and fugitive shape, take an appropriate and congenial place, invulnerable to criticism. She achieves the office of wings, without their incumbrance. Her sweetness and gentleness have a wooing tone, which breathes from her with no more external appearance than the aroma from flowers. There are no languishing arts in her manner, yet she sometimes seems to fade away, like a gossamer caressed by the winds. There is this peculiarity in Taglioni,—that you can describe her only through the emo-

tions she causes. You cannot separate her from them, and paint a portrait; but must embellish it with the accessories that, springing out of your own sensations, appear to be essential to the truth. She has something of the effect of a tradition from the East, invested with spells and inspired with fairy gifts; a legend of miracles to which you willingly subscribe; a delicious fiction, re-created in life, and rendered a thousand times more fascinating than before, by the vital warmth suffused throughout its articulation.

Theresa Elsler suggests at once the notion of one of the Titanesque Graces. Her proud crest seems to aspire to the clouds, which dissolve before the dainty majesty of her brow. Fanny Elsler is the miniature of this fine reality, with a multitude of smaller beauties that play round her like a halo. The scale of her execution is reduced, but her style is the same, glittering with more minute and dazzling points, that would be lost in the loftier stature of her sister. In both, the visible presence of strength is deprived of its physical coarseness by ineffable composure, and that certainty of movement which softens it into a sense of ease. This great power and command of action gives extraordinary luxuriance and freedom to the marvellous evolutions of the dance. The most rapid changes and picturesque attitudes, accomplished at the very extremity of muscular effort, are thus effected without awakening a passing distrust of their complete fulfilment; so that a series of brilliant measures, which, attempted by others, would be no more than feats of gymnastic skill, are thus achieved with a feeling of inexpressible beauty. Their intertwining action is a triumph of art. Every turn has a regularity and completeness which, apart from its picturesque associations, dispose it into such perfect combinations, that invention can add nothing to its consummate grace. The incessant variety of their motions,—the novelty that constantly grows up out of their steps, which have a blinding lustre in their rapidity,—fill the eyes with flashing rays, like the perpetual circles that chase each other in some of the freaks of the phantasma. The slightest speck of resting-place suffices to sustain their gyrations; and they almost seem to realise the fabulous capacity of the angels crowding on the point of a needle. In the dances of the Elslers there is a strict rhythm, which at once captivates the ear. They ascend and descend, advance and retreat, soar and flutter, with the punctuality of notes delivered in accurate time. When their feet press the ground, they may be said to express music from their touch. Their stately bearing sheds over their performances an abiding charm, that dignifies even those brilliant surprises which sometimes break in upon their loftier movements, like sunny faces smiling suddenly upon us in solitude, and vanishing as fast as they appear. They have originated a new era in their art, and formed a style which is not merely new, but which demands so many various qualities of excellence, that it is hardly too much to say that it is inimitable.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

RAILWAY TRIP FROM BIRMINGHAM TO LIVERPOOL.

In good time; and having in our turn—for there was a crowd of applicants—paid a guinea a-piece for ourselves, and fourteen shillings for the servant, for which we received tickets, numbering both our carriage and the particular seat which we were to occupy, we went forthwith to the train—*i. e.* a series of the bodies—as they seemed—of handsome and commodious stage coaches, hooked together—say fourteen of them—each containing ample room for six passengers, the seats being separate, and which, being also numbered, secured regularity and a good understanding as to their rights among the passengers. This circumstance I learnt thus:—"Sir, I beg your pardon," said a gentleman, entering, and looking at me and the seat I had chosen, "but *I* am eighty."

"Really, sir, I don't understand," I replied, with a smile, and great suprise; "what if you *are* eighty?—you don't *look* as much."

"Oh, my seat is number 80—that's all," he rejoined, smiling in his turn, and pointing to the number, which glittered in brass letters immediately over me.

Of course, I immediately surrendered my seat, and took one near the window. This matter settled, I was getting out to look about me for a moment, when I heard the sound of a trumpet, and, in a moment after, saw a ponderous structure roll slowly and hissing past;—it was the engine, just taken out of his shed, and going to be attached to the train. He bore the startling name, "Sirocco," in large gold letters, on his flank, and looked quite splendid in his polished brass and steel. He carried his food and water after him! Presently our tickets were called for; then a man went along from carriage to carriage, carefully fastening the doors, and adjusting the handles safely, while another placed palm-oil on the wheels. There was none of the noise and bustle ordinarily attending the starting of a stage-coach; on the contrary, all was quiet and methodical. Again the trumpet sounded; and just at eight o'clock we felt a gentle motion, noiseless withal, and found that we had commenced our journey, but as slowly as we could well move at first. Gradually we quickened our speed till we had got fairly on our way, and were clear of all interruption, when we certainly "went

the pace!" I let down the glass and put out my head to see the length and appearance of the train, but quickly withdrew it; for, what with the sleet, and the draught occasioned by the rapidity with which we were passing through the bitterly cold air, it was unpleasant enough. The motion was pretty uniform—gentle, slightly vibrating, with now and then a jerk; we could have *written* all the way we went. So long as we looked only at distant objects, we did not seem to be going much quicker than in a fast stage-coach; but as soon as we looked at any thing nearer—at the fence of the railroad, for instance—we became instantly sensible of the prodigious rapidity of our motion. It was really painful to look down for a minute together.

We stopped once in about every twelve or fifteen miles at "*Stations*," in order to give off, or take in, passengers, as also to let our good Sirocco drink—(a rare draught, merry monster! 'was his—a hogshead at least!)—and feed, when he snapped up several sacks of coals, apparently with great relish. What a digestion must be his! Well may his breath be hot, and his system feverish! He generally panted a little at starting and stopping, but it soon passed off, and he ran the remainder of his journey without any apparent effort or exhaustion.

The word "*explosion*," flitted oftener through my thoughts, I must confess, than I could have wished, and always occasioned a momentary tremour, especially when my fancy would fly forward, and image forth some such pleasant paragraph as—"*Frightful Accident and Loss of Lives on the Liverpool and Birmingham Railroad, &c.*—Boiler burst, &c. &c.; engine-man blown to atoms, his remains falling at several fields' distance."

For about twelve miles we went at the rate of at least forty miles an hour! To prove the very great rapidity with which we were flying along:—there was not a breath of air when we started from one of the stations; in a few minutes' time, happening to put my head through the window for a moment, I seemed to encounter a hurricane, and yet I observed that the small branches of the trees near the road-side did not move in the least. In order to show how matters stood, I fastened one end of my pocket-handkerchief round my finger, and put my hand outside—when the handkerchief instantly flew and flattered along, crackling like a pennant at a mast-head in a strong wind. Indeed, I was very nearly losing it. It was really painful to the eyes to look out a-head, the draught of air was so strong; and it was dizzy work to look down immediately upon the road, and see the velocity with which we passed over it. Object after object—rails, posts, trees, &c., glanced like light as we shot past them. On one occasion I had just thrust my head out, when something huge, black, tremendous, rushed hissing close past me, within a few inches of my face, and I fell back in my seat as if I had been shot. It was another train which was coming in the opposite direction. After only a few moments' pause, I looked out after it, but I protest it was almost out of sight. At one place there were several horses in a field near the road, all of whom, affrighted at our monstrous appearance, galloped off, except one, who remained behind, looking at us, I could imagine, with a sad air; possibly repeating to himself the words of our great poet—

> ——" O, farewell,
> Farewell the neighing steed!
> And, oh, *you mortal engines!*—
> Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!"

When we had considerably abated our speed, I observed a droll evidence of the rapidity with which we were still travelling. A good-sized dog suddenly popped out of a shed on the road-side, and literally ran a race with us for about two minutes, evidently as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground: but 'twas in vain; he could not keep a-breast of the carriage opposite to which he had started; but carriage after carriage quickly passed him, till the whole train got a-head of him, when he stopped—a mere speck in the rapidly-increasing distance. This is certainly quick work, but why should we not go far quicker? Why not a hundred miles an hour? What is to prevent it, except the increased danger arising from any possible interruption or obstacle, or the expense of increased wear and tear? I was told that, not more than a month before, an experimental trip was made on the same line of road by some engineer, with only one carriage attached to the engine, and they went *seventy* miles in one hour! We had to go through a tunnel on reaching the confines of Liverpool, and which passes directly under the town. The engine was detached from the train on arriving at the mouth of the tunnel, and a rope, or ropes, attached in its place—but I did not see the process—by which we were to be drawn through the whole length of the tunnel! It was dreary enough work, plunged as we we were, *instanter*, out of broad daylight into black Cimmerian gloom—

> " Shut up from outward light,
> To incorporate with gloomy night."

A lamp here and there shed its pallid, circumscribed light over the damp low sides and roof of the tunnel, which is very narrow, and so long, that if you put your head through the window you could not see light at either extremity—at least only as a kind of speck. And there we were labouring heavily along, not at our former speed;

nothing being heard but the dull rumbling noise of the wheels upon the rails, and the vapours striking so raw and cold, that we were forced to close the window; when divers pleasant thoughts crossed my mind. Suppose some accident should happen to us—just then! The tunnel fall in, and bring half Liverpool about our ears—we should not be dug out in less than three years' time, if any one had curiosity enough to set about such a task. Suppose some of the queer invisible mechanism by which we were drawn along should give way—in short, *how I hate tunnels!* especially tunnels a mile and a quarter in length!

Right glad was I when, after an eight minutes' incarceration in pitch-darkness—and six hours and a half's journey from Birmingham—a much longer one than usual—we emerged into the dear daylight again, when the train stopped at a handsome and commodious station, where were numerous porters and flys awaiting our arrival. We got into one of the latter, with our luggage, in a trice—having to encounter no pestering about gratuities, &c., on quitting the train, a circumstance which almost always throws a dash of unpleasantness into the close of a stage-coach journey. Everything was then as silent and systematic as it had been on our starting at Birmingham.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Monastic Life.—Although the monastic life may justly be blamed, and the learning of the monk is often deemed useless, yet it is to the former we owe almost every thing connected with literature and the fine arts; and on the latter rest our after-acquirements in knowledge. Long before the time when the venerable Bede lived and wrote, the light that now shines with such brightness in our own days, shed her influence over the land; but its force was not enough to dispel the gloom of superstition which then overshadowed the cloister. There were, however, in his age, schools where architecture, sculpture, and painting, grew and were fostered with care; and, censure, as we may have cause to do, the conduct of the monks, it was, in truth, this set of men who were good architects; and they were not only the authors of many valuable treatises on science, but the chief artists who painted ecclesiastical buildings in fresco.—*Architectural Magazine.*

An unfortunate adventurer once observed, that, were he to turn baker, it would put bread out of fashion.

Appearances.—The late Baron Smith, having once struggled hard to shake the testimony of a fierce-looking ruffian, thus addressed him:—"You may be an honest man—perhaps you are an honest man; but a more ill-looking man, and, to all appearances, a less trustworthy man, I never saw."

According to an original manuscript, signed by Henry VII., and kept in the Remembrancer's Office, fruit appears during this reign to have been very dear: apples being from one to two shillings each; and a red rose is stated to have cost two shillings. W. G. C.

Pliny's Garden.—The description which the younger Pliny gives of his garden, with its straight walks and fantastically-cut box-trees, is repugnant to modern principles of taste; but, a few reigns back, it would have applied to many of the gardens, even in this country. Sir Robert Walpole, in his Essay, contrasts this garden with the glorious architecture of the same time; and remarks, that nothing but a parterre is wanting, to make the description of a garden in the reign of Trajan serve for one in the reign of King William. Pope's well-known account of the villa and garden of the Duke of Chandos, ("Moral Essays," Ep. iv.,) would stand for that of an ancient Roman; and he says less than even Pliny does of the cultivation of flowers, or any lesser ornaments. No one would deny the existence of a taste for flower-gardening, during the Dutch epoch, when the same style as that of King's time prevailed. Yet if, by some strange revolutions, we could conceive the greater part of our literature to be lost, as has happened to that of Rome, and only a few standard authors to survive, such as Pope and Dryden, future gardeners and botanists could argue, with great plausibility, against our ancestors having flower-gardens at all. There is, certainly, no record of any great floral epidemic, synchronous with the box-tree era of Roman gardening, such as the *tulipomania* of modern times; but we must not hence conclude, that the cultivation of flowers, as a source of amusement, was then disregarded.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Queen Elizabeth.—In the old church of St. Clement, Eastcheap, was the following epitaph on Elizabeth:—

Spain's rod, Rome's ruin,
Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy,
World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender.

THE MIRROR, VOL. XXXI.

(*From the Literary Gazette, July* 21, 1838.)

"Our entertaining contemporary goes on steadily, industriously, and cleverly. This volume is a proof of these and other good qualities of enterprise, judgment, and ability."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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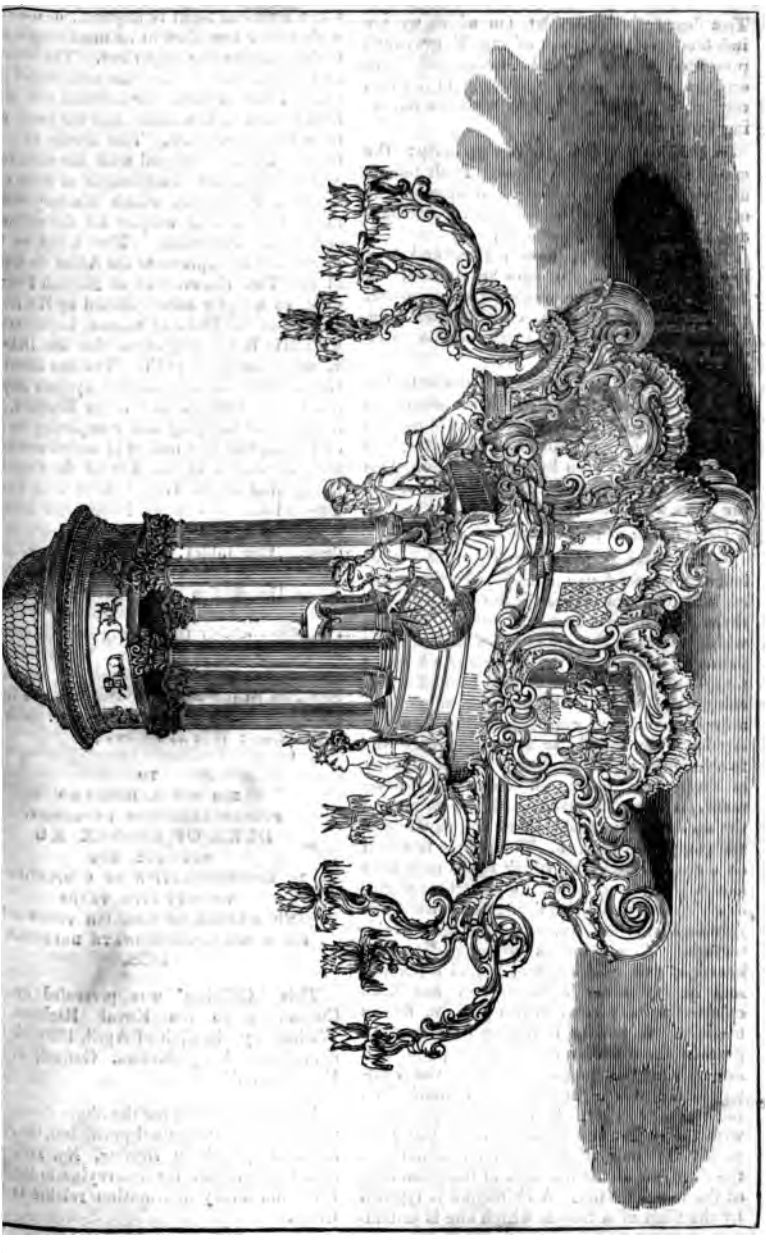


THE MASONIC OFFERING TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

THE

MASONIC OFFERING

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

Grand Master of the Freemasons in England.

THE descriptive pamphlet, (to which we are indebted for the subject of our Engraving,) presented to the Grand Master and Subscribers of the above memorial of loyalty, respect, and affection, opens with the following impressive words:

"Public men are public property: the good they do lives after them. Their talents and virtues extend in beneficial operation to other times, and survive for the improvement and the gratitude of posterity.

"Athens, Sparta, Rome, live, and will live, in the memory of ages yet unborn, not because they became cities of monumental pride, but because man, even heathen man, gave them the priceless legacy of his intellect."

The above noble sentiments, so worthy the present truly enlightened Freemasons in England, ought to be displayed, not only in our public courts, and over all our gates, but also written and worn by our legislators "on their arms, and hems of their garments," as the Jews wore their Phylacteries.

Description of this splendid "Offering."

"The base is about twenty-eight inches long, by twenty-four inches broad; the greatest extent of the branches for the lights is three feet by two feet six inches; and the whole height is three feet seven inches. The principal feature of the design is a circular temple of regular architecture, formed by six columns of the Corinthian Order, supporting an enriched dome, crowned by the figure of Apollo. On the frieze are represented the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In the interior of the temple, resting on a tasselated pavement, is seen the altar, with the volume of the sacred law unfolded, and the square and the compasses thereon. The temple is raised on a circular pedestal, which again rests on a square plinth or step; on the projecting angles of which are seated four figures, emblematic of Astronomy, Geometry, Sculpture, and Architecture. Astronomy is contemplating the heavens, and holding in one hand a sextant, and in the other a telescope; her head crowned with stars as with a diadem, five in number. Geometry is depicted as contemplating the globe, measuring its parts, and ascertaining its proportions with the compasses, and the mystic triangle is marked on her frontal coronet. Sculpture is represented with the mallet and chisel, having just completed the bust of Socrates, emblematic of the devotion of the fine arts to the promotion of the moral virtues. Architecture is typified by the plan of a temple which she is unfolding to view. The whole of the temple, with its classical accompaniments, is placed on a superb base. From the angles spring four branches for lights, the cup to receive the lights being in the form of the lotus leaf. The whole may be used as a candelabrum when artificial light is required, or otherwise without the branches in its more simple form, without appearing imperfect. The base has on each of its four faces an ornamented panel. Three of these are enriched with historical tablets in low relief, and the fourth contains the inscription. The frames of these tablets are ornamented with the olive, corn, and pomegranate, emblematic of those blessings of Providence which Masonry teaches us to diffuse and employ for the welfare of our fellow-creatures. The tablet on the principal face represents the Act of the Union of the Two Fraternities of English Freemasons, so happily accomplished by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in conjunction with His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, in the year 1813. The two illustrious Grand Masters, surrounded by their respective Grand Officers and other Brethren, are represented ratifying and completing the Act of Union, the instrument of which was forthwith deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of the Grand Edifice of Union. The all-seeing eye of Providence is represented as casting its refulgent rays on the deed. The tablet to the left of the above represents Solomon receiving from his father, King David, the plan of the temple to be erected at Jerusalem, according to the instructions which the Almighty had communicated to him in a vision. The third tablet represents the temple completed, and King Solomon in the act of dedicating it to God's holy service. The fourth tablet contains the inscription: it is as follows:

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,
DUKE OF SUSSEX, K.G.
ETC. ETC. ETC.
IN COMMEMORATION OF COMPLETING
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS,
FROM HIS AFFECTIONATE BRETHREN,
1838.

This 'Offering' was presented by the Committee to his Royal Highness, on Wednesday, the 27th of April, 1838. It was manufactured by Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket."

We are indebted for the above description to that truly intellectual periodical, the *Freemason's Quarterly Review*, No. xviii.—an admirable organ for conveying to the brotherhood every information relative to the Craft.

Select Biography.

LIFE OF DR. FRANCIA,

THE LATE DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

"Proud, impatient
Of ought superior, ev'n of Heav'n that made him:
Fond of false glory—of the savage pow'r
Of ruling without reason—of confounding
Just and unjust, by an unbounded will."—Rowe.

In 1811, Paraguay followed the example of the other Spanish provinces in South America, in declaring itself a free republic, when a new government was constituted, but it was soon discovered they were incapable of governing the people—a race of unenlightened Spaniards and Indians, who possessed, by nature, not the tamest of tempers: in consequence, the greatest anarchy ensued, until Jose Gaspard Rodrigues de Francia, took upon himself the dictatorship of this little state, and by the energy and wisdom he displayed, soon brought the Paraguayse completely under his subjection.

This remarkable hero was the son of a Frenchman, who had settled at Paraguay, where he was born in the year 1757. He was destined for the church, but ultimately became a barrister, and practiced in his native courts. He soon was chosen a member of the municipality of the city of Ascension, and shortly afterwards was appointed a judge, an office in which he displayed the greatest rectitude.

In 1813, a convention was called to consider the state of the republic, when taking for a model the consular government of Rome, they appointed Don Fulgencio de Yegros (their former president), and Francia, as the two consuls of Paraguay. Francia found little trouble to convince his countrymen, that, taking Rome for a model, their country would prosper best, were they to place it under one dictator; and, accordingly, Francia was declared dictator for three years.

With the title of Excellency, and a salary of 9,000 dollars, of which sum he gave back two-thirds, saying, that the state had more need of the money than himself, he became more thoroughly devoted to business, and austere in his habits; his principal attention being directed to the discipline and improvement of his little army, at that time not consisting of more than four or five thousand men. In fact, his government was conducted with such decided talent and energy, that the people, in 1817, unanimously chose him dictator for life. Indeed, to convince the Paraguayse how devoted he was to their country, in his anxious desire to improve the system of medicine, that he submitted cheerfully to have experiments made on his own person.

From this period, (1817,) to the time of his death in 1838, he reigned, the uncontrolled dictator of Paraguay, with, like the Roman dictators, the power of disposing of the lives and property of his people at pleasure. He now seemed perfectly careless of gaining the good will of the people: consequently, conspiracies were soon formed, but no sooner formed, than, by the diligence of his paid spies, they were suppressed; some of the conspirators being led to solitary prisons, while the more wealthy were mulcted to the collective amount of 150,000 dollars. He appointed a creature of his own, to administer the affairs of the church, and suppressed the Catholic church; in fact, he for many years took no part in public worship, but seized every opportunity of ridiculing and bringing into contempt the religious observances of his people. He banished all the ancient municipalities, and every vestige of their free institutions; the laws being administered by a few chosen *alcades*, or judges, removable at his will. Amidst such tyrannic proceedings, it is not surprising, that the spirits of the people were broken, and commerce nearly annihilated; but having moulded the people completely to his will, he intimated, that probably, in the course of time, a little liberty would be extended to the Paraguayse. Executions for the support of his power now ceased, yet he was obliged to use great caution for fear of assassination. Amidst all these daring and tyrannic proceedings, he was moderate in his wants,—studious—free from vulgar vices—reserved in his habits. Thus Francia became, perhaps, the most absolute ruler of his time in the world.

He was supposed by some to be insane; doubtless, when his ungovernable temper was thwarted, it threw him into fits of insanity; his brother and sister were both deranged, and his father was a man of great eccentricity.

Shortly after he assumed the dictatorship of Paraquay, he issued an order of non-intercourse with other nations; and, in addition to many of his own people, he imprisoned 40 foreigners, and did not liberate them until Mr. Canning acknowledged the South American States. Among those foreigners, were two Swiss naturalists, Regnger and Longchamps, who had entered the country in pursuit of scientific objects. It is from these travellers we obtain the following further particulars of this extraordinary character; they describe him as a man of middle stature, with regular features, with those fine black eyes which charactize the Creoles of South America; and as having a most penetrating look, with a strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat, (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of

white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then (1819) sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he was haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softened down, and finished, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and it was then his great talent and extensive acquirements shone forth. — He was a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfal he deplored: he contemplated with much interest his portrait, when shown to him by one of the Swiss gentlemen: he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visiters explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believed that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge, in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that print. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes and maps—among the latter, the best map of Paraguay that was to be found in the country. From a knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it was imagined by the people that he was an astrologer, but he himself did not encourage this notion. Francia's household consisted of four slaves—a negro, one male, and two female mulattoes, whom he treated with great mildness. He led a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely finding him in bed. As soon as he arose, the negro brought a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which was heated in his presence. Francia then prepared, with the greatest possible care, his *Maté*, or Paraguay tea: having taken this, he walked under the interior peristyle that looked upon the court, and smoked a cigar, which he first took care to unrol, in order to ascertain that there was nothing dangerous in it, though it was his own sister that manufactured them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrived—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, but the only member of the faculty in whom he confided. If the dictator happened to be in good humour, he chattered with him, and often in this manner made use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber might be said to have been his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then put on his dressing-gown, of printed calico, and repaired to the outer peristyle, where he walked up and down, and received at the same time those persons who were admitted to an audience. At seven o'clock he entered his closet, where he remained until nine, when the officers and other functionaries came to make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the principal secretary brought the papers that were to be submitted to his inspection, and wrote from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retired, and Francia sat down to table. His dinner, which he ordered himself, was at all times extremely frugal: when the cook returned from market, she deposited her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who came out and selected what he wished for his own use. This was his invariable daily custom. After dinner, he took his *siesta*; on awaking, his *maté* was served up, and he smoked a cigar, taking care to observe the same precautions as in the morning. From this time, until four or five, he devoted to business, when the escort ordered to attend him, arrived. During his ride, Francia inspected the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation was prepared for him. While riding, and surrounded by his escort, he invariably took the precaution of arming himself with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols. He returned home about nightfall, and then set down to study until nine, when he took his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather was fine, he again walked out under the peristyle, where he often remained until a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gave the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastened all the doors himself.

"Long had this man imperiously thus sway'd,
By no set laws, but by his will obey'd.
His fearful slaves, to full obedience grown,
Admire his strength, and dare not use their own."

Thus did this dictator rule over the people until the month of April last, (1838,) when death put an end to his projects and his despotism. We find, says a Dutch paper, among other news in the Curaçoa papers, the following letter from Venezula:—"Dr. Francia is dead; and with his death ends the most singular government that ever existed. His slavish adherents, dreading the vengeance of the inhabitants of the people of Ascension, have left the country, and fled to Monte Video. This singular man retained his character to the day of his death. It is said that he has left several unpublished manuscripts, one of which is, 'Proof of the Character and Simplicity of the Spanish Americans, and the means which a governor must employ to make himself necessary to them.' The inscription which he affixed to his portrait, is very original; it is as follows:—'Despotism is increased either by having in a country very numerous laws at variance with each other, or no laws at all. I have chosen the latter course, because it is more adapted to the

frankness of my character, and to the bad memory of the people of Paraguay.' "

We are indebted to the New Monthly Magazine, for March, 1835, for some parts of the above paper.

REMEMBER ME NOT.

Fare thee well, oh, my friend; in the hours of thy glee,
When pleasure is reigning, then think not of me;
But if ever thy spirits are humbled in grief,
And the sigh yields no balm, and the tear no relief;
Oh! think of me then in that desolate lot—
But in blissfuller moments—remember me not!

In the fulness of health, not a thought on me cast,
I would not, as a cloud, o'er thy gladness be pass'd;
'Mid the bliss of thy love be I far from thy mind:
As on her faithful bosom thy head is reclin'd,
While the sweetness of life, unalloy'd, is thy lot,
And thou dwell'st in its sunshine—remember me not!

I would come to thy memory, when health fades away,
Like the darkness of night, on a chill, murky day;
When the thought, although gloomy and bleak it would be,
Might yield an abatement of anguish to thee:
But, oh! when prosperity beams on thy lot,
And thy heart is all happy—remember me not!

When the damp hand of death all thou lov'st shall have chill'd,
And thy breast with unutter'd affliction is fill'd;
When but light to that sorrow is all other grief,
Then the sad thought of me may bring even relief;
But while yet in her beauty she blesses thy lot,
And crowns it with fondness—remember me not!

It is not in the ramble, the feast, or the dance,
Where the young heart's felicity speaks in each glance:
It is not 'mid the soothing or rapturous strain
Of music I'd flit through thy memory again;
Ah, no! while such light-hearted pastime's thy lot,
Let no pain mingle with it—remember me not!

Should adversity touch thee, think, think of me then,
For I'd soften thy grief, were I near thee, again:
Should thy summer-time friends fall, like flower-leaves, away,
On the coming, all black, of thy evil-fraught day;
Then believe me still stedfast, though blighted thy lot:
But, while fortune is smiling—remember me not!

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

O'er a bright tropic isle, in the far Indian seas,
Soars aloft a gay bird, in the face of the breeze;
Soars aloft, while the air with his glad voice outrings,
As the wind rushing by smooths his gossamer wings.
Such power, frail thing, to thy slight form is given—
Yet thy strength, is it not like thy birth—bird of heaven?
There is joy on thy path through the midsummer noon—
There is safety when rages the mighty monsoon—
When forth on their clouds ride the storm and the blast,
A haven thou find'st till the wild troop hath pass'd.
He who feedeth the ravens, aye guideth thee on—
Float away! float away! till thy far home is won!
Stoop not! on thy plume, lo! earth's clog and her stain!
On that pinion, so burden'd with dust of the plain,
Thou may'st ne'er mount away through yon ether again.
How like is the spirit that soars to be free,
In its flight—in its fall!—oh, bird unto thee.—Ione.

Popular Antiquities.

THE CATACOMBS OF MALTA.

There are many catacombs in Malta, principally found in the neighbourhood of Città Vecchia, the old capital of the island. It is very difficult precisely to determine by what nation these excavations were formed, and, indeed, it is a point upon which antiquarians are at variance; but that they were made use of by Christians, for many years, is incontestible: for the designs, crosses, and allegorical figures, which are seen in some of them, are a sufficient proof that they were the burial places of the primitive followers of the doctrine of Christ.

For many centuries, our catacombs were preserved with the greatest veneration, in memory of those who were the first to embrace the Christian faith. The ignorance, however, which for so many ages overclouded almost all the world, was productive of no less barbarising effects to religion and the arts in Malta, than in other parts; and the faith being weakened and reduced to mere forms, and all taste for local history being extinct, it is not surprising that these subterranean places, with various other objects of art, should have been left to the caprice of those who knew not how to value them. Thus neglected, many of the catacombs were destroyed, while others were covered over with earth.

One of them, however, called by the natives Abbatia, which is in the district of Bir Riebu, about a quarter of a mile outside the Rabbato (suburb) of Città Vecchia, having remained open, and containing some designs in a partial state of preservation, afterwards attracted the attention of many, and particularly of some historians, one of whom has given a detailed description of it. By the curiosity of those who, from a love of antiquities, frequently visit this place, nearly the whole of its interior has been explored; and, in the neighbourhood, some subterranean apartments have been found, cut in the rock, having but one entrance, which contain a few sepulchres, that seem to have belonged to respectable families, and which have been enlarged as occasion required.

Being desirous of visiting these places, we were informed, that from a well at a few paces distant from one of the apartments, there was an entrance to a subterranean chamber, which had never yet been examined. Having descended by a moveable ladder about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth, we discovered a regular door-way, in which there had at one time been a wooden door. After passing the threshold, we found ourselves in a chamber about nineteen feet long by fourteen wide, excavated in the rock, which is rather soft;

the roof being supported by an arch and two pillars, formed in excavating. Opposite the entrance is seen another door-way, something smaller, leading to a sort of corridor, intended apparently to be continued; at the side of which there is a sepulchre. The chamber contains six sepulchres, cut in the rock, which have all been opened, (no doubt by the common people, who generally expect to find some treasure in the depositories of the dead,) nothing but a few fragments of bones remaining. They are cut in the surrounding walls, at the height of about two feet, with the exception of one, which is about five feet from the ground, and this appears to have served for a child; the entrances to them are in the form of an arch, although this changes to an upright oblong shape above, at about a foot within, and inside there is sufficient space for two bodies. On the left, isolated from the wall, is a block, about four feet in diameter, and one foot and a half high, flat at top, but with an edge around, in which there is an opening in front. There are two blocks of a similar form in the great catacombs near the grotto of St. Paul, which some historians are of opinion were used for washing the bodies before interment.

Upon the arch over the furthest sepulchre there is an inscription, in which, after cleaning away the dirt, the following fragments of words have been made out, the rest being altogether effaced, or so destroyed as to be undistinguishable:

NOT
N ITO
BI⋈ITINPAC
PACEMANIS^{T} ACV
ATI⊂NIS P^{O}SITAE
INH$_{O}$C$_{\Lambda}$OCO RECOR

Although, from what remains, the sense of the inscription cannot be understood, it may be affirmed that the characters which are visible are almost all Latin. Some of them, it is true, are badly formed; but they are like many ancient inscriptions found in various countries. The words, too, which are preserved entire, are quite Latin.—Thus, from BI⋈ITINPAC, (*vixit in pace,*) and PACEM, in another line, it may be concluded that the whole is Christian; for the expression, *pax in Christo,* has always been in use amongst Christians. Besides the inscription, there is at the side of the tomb something like the figure of a dove, and, on the other side, two ears, which appear to be those of the hare. The former was used among the primitive Christians to signify simplicity, and the second, patience under suffering. Symbols of this sort, which are found in most Christian burial-places, and particularly on the tombs of those who have sacrificed their lives for the faith, may be taken as sufficient grounds for believing, that the place was no other than a Christian cemetery, as much as the other called Abbatia.

It is hoped that this short sketch may induce some one, who has a regard for the memory of our ancestors, to undertake the description of all the monuments of this sort which exist in Malta; and thus revive a veneration for the memory of those from whom we derive the Christian faith.—*Malta Paper, June,* 1838.

HEBREW TALES.

Rabbi Simon and the Jewels.

Rabbi Simon once bought a camel of an Ishmaelite; his disciples took it home; and, on removing the saddle, discovered a band of diamonds concealed under it. "Rabbi! Rabbi!" exclaimed they, "the blessing of God maketh rich," intimating that it was a God-send. "Take the diamonds back to the man of whom I purchased the animal," said the virtuous Rabbi: "He sold me a camel, not precious stones." The diamonds were returned, accordingly, to the no small surprise of the proper owner: but the Rabbi preserved the much more valuable jewels—Honesty and Integrity.

Folly of Idolatry.

Terah, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being obliged one day to go out upon particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly. "What is the price of that god?" asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be permitted to ask thine age?"—"Threescore years," replied the age-stricken idolater.—"Threescore years!" exclaimed Abraham, "and then thou wouldst worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last twenty-four hours! Strange, that a man of sixty, should be willing to bow down his grey head to a creature of a day!" The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away. After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish with flour. "Here," said she, "have I brought an offering to the gods; place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me."—"Place it before them thyself, foolish woman," said Abraham, "thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it." She did so. In the mean time, Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces, all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction. Terah returned, and with the

utmost surprise and consternation, beheld the havock among his favourite gods. "What is all this, Abraham? What profane has dared to use our gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infatuated and indignant Terah.—"Why should I conceal anything from my father?" replied the pious son. "During thine absence there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods; she placed it before them; the younger gods, who, as well may be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands, and began to eat before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect!"

The Athenian and the One-eyed Slave.

An Athenian went to study at Jerusalem; after remaining there three years and a half, and finding he made no great progress in his studies, he resolved to return. Being in want of a servant to accompany him on his journey, he went to the market-place, and purchased one. Having paid the money, he began to examine his purchase more closely, and found, to his surprise, that the purchased servant had but one eye. "Thou blockhead," said he to himself, "see the charming fruits of thy application. Here have I studied three years and a half, and at last acquired sufficient wisdom to purchase a blind slave."—"Be comforted," said the person who sold the slave; "trust me, though he is blind of one eye, he can see much better than persons with two." The Athenian departed with his servant, and when they had advanced a little way, the blind slave addressed his master—"Master," said he, "let us quicken our pace, we shall overtake a traveller, who is some distance before us."—"I see no traveller," said the master.—"Nor I," replied the slave, "yet I know he is just four miles distant from us."—"Thou art mad, slave! How shouldst thou know what passes at so great a distance, when thou canst scarcely see what's before thee?"—"I am not mad, yet it is as I said; nay, moreover, the traveller is accompanied by a she ass, who, like myself, is blind of one eye: she is big with two young, and carries two flasks, one containing vinegar, the other wine."—"Cease your prattle, loquacious fool," exclaimed the Athenian, "I see my purchase improves: I thought him blind only, but he is mad in the bargain."—"Well, master," said the slave, "have a little patience, and thou wilt see I have told thee nothing but the truth." They journeyed on, and soon overtook the traveller; when the Athenian, to his utter astonishment, found every thing as his servant had told him; and begged him to explain how he could know all this without seeing the animal or its conductor. "I will tell thee, master," replied the slave: "I looked at the road, and observing the almost imperceptible impression of the ass's hoofs, I concluded she must be four miles distant; for beyond that, the impression could not be visible. I saw the grass eaten away on one side of the path, and not on the other; and hence judged she must be blind of one eye. A little further on, we passed a sandy road, and by the impression the animal left on the sand, where she rested, I knew she must be with young. Further, I observed the impressions which the liquors had made on the sand, and found some of them appeared to be spongy, whilst others were full of small bubbles, caused by fermentation, and thence judged of the nature of the liquid." The Athenian admired the sagacity of his servant, and thenceforth treated him with great respect, being resolved in future not to take mankind by its outward appearances.

Astrology.

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven!
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you, for ye are
A beauty and a mystery."—BYRON.

MANY of our readers hear about Astrology, yet few are acquainted with the practice of that science, which embarked the implicit faith, and occupied the undivided attention, of men of otherwise great talents and attainments, during so many centuries in former ages of the world. The practice of Astrology was divided by the professors of that art into three parts—Mundane, Genethliacal, and Horary.

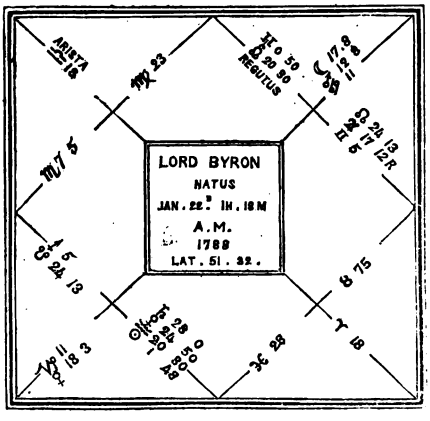
Mundane Astrology was that branch of the science, by which it was alleged they were enabled to predict all national occurrences, and all changes in the atmosphere. The mode generally used to predict the former was, by erecting a figure of the Heavens for the time the sun entered Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn; and every county and city being, it was alleged, under the government of a particular sign, as the rulers of these signs agreed or disagreed with each other, it was supposed the countries they represented would be at peace or war. Different planets, too, were supposed to signify the several classes of society: as Jupiter for the clergy, Mars for the army, &c.; and as these planets were ill or well dignified, it was said that these orders were advanced or depressed.

Genethliacal Astrology was that part which treated of the intellectual powers, the bodily health, life, and fortune, of mankind.

It presumed to combine the boasted advantages of physiognomy and phrenology, with others peculiarly its own. The Phrenologist ascertains the intellectual powers when in a state of quiescence; the Astrologer assumed to foretell the time when they could be most advantageously employed.

Horary Astrology pretended to furnish the means of satisfying those doubts, to which all are subject on the success of any undertaking. It was more easily attainable than any other part of the science. The merchant learned by it the result of his speculations; the anxious parent, the welfare of his absent child; the client, the termination of his suit, or any other affair which seriously interested him. It assumed to be dependant on *sympathy* for its foundation; and no question was radical, and no true answer could be obtained, unless the person was sincere in his desire to know the result.

For the amusement of the readers of the *Mirror*, I affix to this a sketch of a Figure of the Nativity of Lord Byron, furnished by one of the British Magi, with the explication of the worthy votary and disciple of Lilly; which is curious, as being cast according to those mystic rules, and subservient to those laws, which the noble poet, in his superstitious moments, thought himself under the influence of.



"The extraordinary mental qualifications which the native possessed are most amply demonstrated, by the positions and configurations of the Moon and Mercury. The latter planet is the principal ruler of the intellectual faculties; and, being free from the affliction of the solar rays, in the moveable and tropical sign, Capricorn,—oriental, and approaching a sextile of the ascendant, by which means he may be said to be in a *glorious position*, — contributes, according to the quadripartete of Ptolmey, to render the mind 'clever, sensible, capable of great learning; inventive, expert, logical, stu of nature, speculative, of good genius, lous, benevolent, skilful in argument, rate in conjecture, and adapted to sc and mystery.'* The page also adds, ' table:' but Mercury, being in oppo to the Moon and Mars, instead of trac lity, gives a hatred of control; inspire native with the most lofty ideas and ring sentiments; gives him originality eccentricity, with a firmness of mind a inclining to obstinacy; and which this illustrious native such an enemy t track of custom, for which he was s markable, and which contributed to that lofty genius, which alike rode i whirlwind, or sparkled in the sunbeam.'

And so the changes are rung o whole of the events in the noble poet's which are set correctly down, *after* occurrence!

Dryden, the poet, was extremely fo Judicial Astrology, and used to cal the nativities of his children. Whe lady was in labour with his son Charle being told it was decent to withdraw his watch on the table, and begged o the ladies then present, in the most s manner, to take exact notice of the minute the child was born; which s cordingly did, and acquainted him wi About a week afterwards, when his wns p e ty well recovered, Dryden to casion to tell her, that he had been lating the child's nativity; and obs with great sorrow, that he was born evil hour: for Jupiter, Venus, and th were all under the earth, and the l his ascendant afflicted by a malignant of Saturn and Mars. "If he arri eight years," said he, "he will be i ger of a violent death on his birthday; should escape, I see but small hopes will, on the twenty-third year, be under an evil direction; and if he l should escape that also, the thirty-th thirty-fourth year, I fear, is....." eighth year, notwithstanding every p tion, he was nearly killed by a stag s to leap the court-wall, which was ver and which threw a part of it down on C Dryden, who was on the other side who was dug out in a very dangerous In the twenty-third year of his age, C fell from the top of an old tower belo to the Vatican at Rome. He again recovered, but was ever after in a lan ing condition. In the thirty-third y his age, being returned to England, unhappily drowned at Windsor. Th father's calculations proved but too pr tical.

* Tolmey's Tetrabiblos. p. 167.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—I.

BOTANY derives its name from the Greek term for a vegetable, (*βοτανη*,) and comprehends all that relates to plants. Sometimes, indeed, it is restricted to a mere description of vegetable organs, and arrangements of systems; but, in this light, it appears a mere barren study of names; whereas the true Botanist investigates all the relations of plants.

Plants are not to be regarded as insulated objects: they are connected with surrounding bodies, and should be viewed in relation to the earth, in which they grow; to the water, which they imbibe; to the air, which they respire; and to the sun, by which they are adorned and animated. By their number and variety, they stimulate curiosity, as well as excite admiration. It is true, that Zoology rivals Botany in variety; but the contemplation of pain and death which it brings with it, frequently excites sad emotions. Every newly-discovered plant brings an accession of useful knowledge; and Bacon says of a garden, that it is the purest of earthly enjoyments. The proper system of horticultural planting is founded on a knowledge of the relations and antipathies of plants to each other. Different sorts of the potatoe, and different varieties of fruit-trees, are constantly disappearing; and to perpetuate that cheap vegetable, and to replace those delicious fruits, is the work of the scientific botanist. Similar remarks apply to the Scotch fir and the English oak. Professor Lindley informs us, that, from neglect and ignorance, one of the most valuable kinds of the latter has been allowed almost to disappear. Indeed, Botany and Agriculture (and we may also include Chemistry,) may be regarded as parts of the same whole; for they mutually elucidate and assist each other.

The relations of plants to animals are very interesting. Thus, the mulberry-tree appears to be formed for the silk-worm; the cactus for cochineal, (which most of our readers are aware is an insect); the acacia, (one species of which yields gum-arabic,) for the giraffe, or camel-leopard; and mosses for the rein-deer. Lastly, we must consider the relation of plants to man. Nations which cultivate grain are the first to become civilized; for the harvest brings the people into contact and communion with each other. Many nations have chosen a flower as a national emblem: we need not mention the rose, shamrock, and thistle, as the floral emblems of the United Kingdom. The unequal distribution of plants furnishes the chief inducement to engage in commerce: witness the sugar-cane, the tea-plant, the cotton-plant, &c. Flowers have supplied ornaments to the arts, and figures to poetry. In the Bible, more than three hundred plants are mentioned; and many passages cannot be well understood without some knowledge of Botany. This furnishes one great source of interest to the "Pictorial Bible;" in the notes to which, the lights of modern science, and of Botany in particular, are made to shine on every obscure passage. Much curious information, on the same interesting subject, will also be found in Althans's "Scriptural Natural History." The general reader would probably not suspect that so many plants were mentioned in the Bible. This is only one instance of the extent of the subject—an extent which renders classification necessary; and this classification has likewise the good effect of cultivating the powers of observation and discrimination.

We shall endeavour, then, in the course of a few short and concise papers, to make our readers acquainted with the general outlines of this fascinating science. While we shall endeavour to avoid being so superficial as to be unsatisfactory, neither the space at our command, nor the nature of the work, will allow us to be minute. We hope to excite a taste for the study, in some cases in which it does not exist, and in others in which it does. After leading it forward to a certain extent, we shall be satisfied to consign it to a study of the great book of Nature, assisted by some manual specifically devoted to the subject. We beg leave at the outset, once for all, to acknowledge our obligations, in the composition of the following essays, to the admirable lectures of Dr. Litton, in the Royal Society of Dublin.

Our readers are aware, that all the objects in nature are divided into *organic* and *inorganic*. Uniformity of substance is characteristic of inorganic bodies; and they are not capable of life. Organic bodies, on the other hand, are an assemblage of organs, composed of very different substances.—Herein they resemble a machine, but all their parts are themselves organized; while, in a machine, the mechanism soon ceases, and we arrive at a uniformity of substance. Thus, all the parts of a spring are similar in composition.

Organized bodies are divided into *animal* and *vegetable;* thus forming, with inorganic bodies, what are called "the three Kingdoms of Nature:"—1. Animal; 2. Vegetable; 3. Mineral. From the infinite variety and complexity of organic bodies, and from the imperfection of human faculties, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the members of the animal from those of the vegetable kingdom. One rule which has been proposed for distinguishing them is, the want of symmetry in plants: for, while ani-

mals may generally be divided into symmetrical halves, by a line drawn down the middle, (called by anatomists the *median line*,) plants are not capable of this symmetrical division. Indeed, if a tree be cut into a regular shape, it loses its charm to the eye of taste. Plants, likewise, have many organs imperfectly developed, such as abortive buds and branches; which add to their want of symmetry. Flowers and leaves, however, are generally symmetrical; but sometimes the *midrib* of the leaf (as it is called) is not in the middle. This is seen in the common lime-tree. On the other hand, many of the lower tribes of animals are not symmetrical. Those animals, for instance, which do not possess the power of locomotion, (that is, who cannot move as they please from place to place,) are not symmetrical; such as the oyster, and many other shell-fish.

A second rule for distinguishing the two kingdoms is, the abrupt manner in which the branches of animals are given off, while the limbs of animals are rounded. But, though the distinction is, in general, sufficiently wide, some of the inferior animals approach so near in appearance to vegetables, as not to be distinguished by external form. This is the case with the bell-shaped polypus, the tubulares, and the coralines. Indeed, those last-mentioned were once thought to be vegetables. Perhaps the latter may be best distinguished from animals, by their want of voluntary motion. N. R.

New Books.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE. *By Wilbur Fisk, D.D. New York, Harper and Brothers. London, J. S. Hodson.*

THE author of these Travels is an American gentleman, whose design in publishing them is "to call his readers, and especially the young, not only to such facts as will merely enlarge their knowledge of the existing state of the world, physical and moral, but also to such facts and principles as will more effectually prepare them for the great purposes of their being." And, certainly, he seems well qualified to achieve so desirable an object. In Paris, he gives us the following sketch of

The Elysian Fields;

which are in an extensive plain, lying each side of an avenue, 950 yards in length, and from 373 to 700 yards in breadth, planted with trees arranged on geometrical principles, so as to appear in straight lines in every direction. This is the place of fashion and parade, of frolic and fun: here, on public occasions, and always on a Sunday, if it be fair, you see all the fashion and frivolity of the city; the avenue thronged with carriages, the spacious side-walk crowded with pedestrians, and the entire park alive with sports and sounds of human voices. Here the Cossacks had their camp in 1814, and the English in 1815.

The French Police.

You are under a very strict *surveillance* while in Paris. Whoever takes you to lodge, must report you to the police. The police also know where you take your dinner, when you visit the Royal Museum, &c. A singular circumstance occurred with a man who had forgotten his lodgings, and was obliged to go to the police-office to obtain the necessary information. They informed him *who he was*, where he lodged, and where he took his dinner! Indeed, if a man should forget his own identity in France, the police would set him right.

The Palais Royal

is the residence of the king's eldest son, the Duke of Orleans. It is very near the Tuileries, standing but very little to the north of the *Place du Carousal;* and yet is so shut in by crowded and narrow streets, that it makes no show until you get into it; and when you enter it, your first impression is, that you have found a splendid edifice that had been lost. This has been the scene of many fruitful events in the history of France. The first revolutionary meetings were held in the gardens and galleries of this palace in 1789. Here are *cafés*, *restaurans*, and *estaminets*, (smoking-houses,) of the highest and most refined order;—here are shops, containing everything that can be thought of or desired, arranged in the most splendid manner;—and here were some of the most noted gambling-houses in Paris, before they were prohibited by law. The extent of the gambling may be judged of by the fact, that the owners paid to the city about 1,300,000 dollars annually, and that the sums staked here yearly amounted to about 60,000,000 dollars. In short, if any one wishes to have a condensed view of Parisian frivolity, sensuality, profligacy, and debauchery, splendour and fashion, let him go and spend an evening at the *Palais Royal.*

The Gobelin Factory.

The government of France has formerly pursued a monopolizing spirit, by which it has sought to draw manufactories and merchandize into its own hands. Salt, tobacco, &c., as matters of trade, have been royal monopolies; so, in manufactories, the government has always endeavoured to secure some of the most important to itself. The first is the *Manufacture Royal des Gobelins.* This takes its title from a family of the name of Gobelin, who owned the premises, and occupied them in dyeing wool; afterward they were used for tapestry; and finally were, by the suggestion of Colbert, bought up by Louis XIV. for a

royal manufactory. It is now employed to furnish the royal palaces, and for presents to foreign courts. We found the workmen pale and sickly, and learned that they were poorly paid. The work, however, is magnificent. There were a number of splendid pieces in the looms, and *there* many of them will be for a long time to come; for some of the pieces remain in that situation for six years. They imitate, or, rather, work into the tapestry, both the designs and the colours of the most celebrated pictures. The weaver frequently has his model, or copy, behind him, and he turns round occasionally to see the figure and the colour, which he most perfectly and beautifully transfers to his web. One of these pieces of tapestry, when finished, will sell for between three and four thousand dollars; but they are seldom or ever sold. The Gobelin tapestry, probably, never would have been carried to so great a perfection, had it not been supported by government. They not only manufacture tapestry, but carpets. Some were in the looms when we were there, for the royal palace, which are thought superior even to the carpets of the East.

National Education in France.

The system of education in France is truly *national*—it is entirely under the direction and management of the state. It is true, some individuals are permitted to establish private schools, but not until they have been officially examined by officers appointed for the purpose; after which, if they are accepted, by presenting the authenticated certificate of acceptance, and testimonials of a good character, they receive a license to teach in those branches on which they are examined, but in no other. These private schools also are visited by appointed committees and inspectors; and the places and rooms where they are kept, are subjected to inspection and condemnation if they are not found suitable. And on the contrary, if the schools are approved of, and the teachers do well, they are fostered by government in various ways. But *the great system* itself is directly under the government of the state, and constitutes an integral and important branch of public administration, at the head of which is the "minister of public instruction and religion." He is aided in his duties by a "royal council," consisting of six members, of which the minister is president. The first counsellor has the charge of all matters of general interest in the administration of the faculties of the colleges.—The second has special charge of all matters relating to primary instruction.—The third superintends the instruction in the mathematical sciences.—The fourth has the charge of all that relates to philosophical studies, to the instruction in the normal schools, (the schools for preparing teachers,) and of the faculties of theology.—The fifth has the charge of the royal colleges, and of the instruction in the natural sciences.—The sixth has charge of instruction in the faculties and secondary schools of medicine, and of the pensions, institutions, &c.—The minister of public instruction has, of course, a general supervision over all the literary, scientific, and professional seminaries; and has charge of the public libraries, of the national institute, of the schools of the deaf and dumb, the polytechnic school, &c. The entire system is called the "University of France."

The highest of the schools are for the *most profound sciences* and for the *professions*.—The second are the lyceums, for the ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the elements of the mathematical and natural sciences.—Then follow the communal colleges, which teach the first principles of the branches taught in the royal colleges. Next the "institutions," which give nearly the same instruction with the last, but are smaller schools.—To these may be added, the normal schools, which promise much for the nation; there being now fifty-six, supported at an immense expense; and the polytechnic school, which is scientific and military. The schools of theology have professors of history, doctrines, and evangelical morals, and some of them have professors of Hebrew and sacred eloquence. One particular feature in the French system, is, that females attend regular courses of lectures in obsterics, and, after examination and acceptance, have a regular diploma to practise in that department.

The "University of France" was first established in 1806. Although there were, as early as 1793 and 1794, some efforts made by the government to extend the system of education to all classes, yet nothing very efficient seems to have been accomplished until the establishment of the University. In 1808, the foundation was laid, and the general plan was struck out by Napoleon and his ministers, which has remained essentially the same up to the present hour.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION IN H.M.S. TERROR. *By Capt. Back, R.N. Murray.*

[This expedition to the arctic shores was by direction of the Government, in order that another attempt, by the way of Wager River, should be made to trace the northern boundary of the North American Continent. Also, to ascertain the general form and position of that part of the northern coast of America which extends from the point nearest the sea-shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, as far as the western mouth of Fury and Hecla Strait. To determine, in a similar manner, the continental coast from the point of arrival, on Prince Regent's Inlet to the mouth of the

River Back, and after passing Maconochie island, the continuation of the main shore as far as the Point Turnagain of Franklin; to cross the strait which is supposed to separate the continent of America from the islands to the northern end of it, tracing the shore to the farthest point of Captain James Ross's discovery; and, to proceed from thence to the spot where he determined, by observations, the position of the northern magnetic pole. The expedition sailed on the 14th June, 1836, and returned, September 3rd, 1837. We will commence the extract with a narrative of a further proof of the extreme cunning and dishonesty of the

Saddleback Esquimaux,]

Who began their traffic with the advantage of practised traders. Accordingly, no device or cunning was left untried by them, and when they were detected in their knavery, their loud laughter showed how greatly they enjoyed the joke. The women not only willing to dispose of their garments, but one actually offered to barter her children for a few needles. In a few days afterwards, the Terror had the honour of a second visit from the Esquimaux, with the same cupidity, and the same unnatural readiness on the part of the women, to exchange their children for a few needles or a saw. A laughable incident occurred—a young woman who, observing that one of the officers had not much hair on his head, immediately offered to supply him with her own at the easy price of a curtain-ring.

Curious Meteors.

Dr. Donavan and Mr. Mould perceived an extraordinary meteor in the clear blue sky, at the moment of detection bearing north, at an altitude of about 23 degrees; it was then in rapid motion, and having ascended to 25 degrees, or thereabouts, it declined, its course being something of a paraboloid. It was, as seen, of about the size of a man's hand, and its colour was that of a pale emerald. On the 5th of August following, about 2 A. M., another splendid comet-like meteor appeared in the south-east, which, darting from somewhere near the zenith in a brilliant prismatic blaze, and taking a direction towards the horizon, burst about 15 degrees above it, and after scattering rays of beautiful sparks, vanished altogether.

The Public Journals.

A MATRIMONIAL CRISIS.

From "Oliver Twiss," by Boz.

Mr. Bumble sat in the workhouse parlour, with his eyes moodily fixed on the cheerless grate, whence, as it was summer time, no brighter gleam proceeded than the reflection of certain sickly rays of the sun, which were sent back from its cold and shining surface. A paper fly-cage dangled from the ceiling, to which he occasionally raised his eyes in gloomy thought; and, as the heedless insects hovered round the gaudy net-work, Mr. Bumble would heave a deep sigh, while a more gloomy shadow overspread his countenance. Mr. Bumble was meditating, and it might be that the insects brought to mind some painful passage in his own past life.

Nor was Mr. Bumble's gloom the only thing calculated to awaken a pleasing melancholy in the bosom of a spectator. There were not wanting other appearances, and those closely connected with his own person, which announced that a great change had taken place in the position of his affairs. The laced coat and the cocked hat, where were they? He still wore knee-breeches and dark cotton stockings on his nether limbs, but they were not *the* breeches. The coat was wide-skirted, and in that respect like *the* coat, but, oh, how different! The mighty cocked-hat was replaced by a modest round one. Mr. Bumble was no longer a beadle.

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney, and was master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come into power, and on him the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

"And to-morrow two months it was done!" said Mr. Bumble, with a sigh. "It seems a age."

Mr. Bumble might have meant that he had concentrated a whole existence of happiness into the short space of eight weeks; but the sigh—there was a vast deal of meaning in the sigh.

"I sold myself," said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of reflection, "for six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable—cheap, dirt cheap."

"Cheap!" cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble's ear: "You would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you."

Mr. Bumble turned and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

"Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, with sentimental sternness.

"Well," cried the lady.

"Have the goodness to look at me," said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her.

"If she stands such a eye as that," said Mr. Bumble to himself, "she can stand anything. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers, and if it fails with her, my power is gone."

Whether an exceedingly small expansion

of eye is sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition, or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances, are matters of opinion. The matter of fact is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine.

On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked first incredulous, and afterwards amased. He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

"Are you going to sit snoring there all day?" inquired Mrs. Bumble.

"I am going to sit here as long as I think proper, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble; "and although I was *not* snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me, such being my prerogative."

"Your prerogative!" sneered Mrs. Bumble with ineffable contempt.

"I said the word, ma'am," observed Mr. Bumble. "The prerogative of a man is to command."

"And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of goodness?" cried the relict of Mr. Corney deceased.

"To obey, ma'am," thundered Mr. Bumble. "Your late unfort'nate husband should have taught it you, and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!"

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other, must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and, with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a paroxysm of tears.

He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged in an encouraging manner that she would cry her hardest, the exercise being looked upon by the faculty as strongly conducive to health.

"It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper," said Mr. Bumble; "so cry away."

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on rather rakishly on one side, as a man might do who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

Now Mrs. Corney, that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but she was quite prepared to make trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

The first proof he experienced of the fact was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tight round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face and tearing his hair off, and having by this time inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose, and defied him to talk about his prerogative again if he dared.

"Get up," said Mrs. Bumble in a voice of command, "and take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate."

Mr. Bumble rose with a very rueful countenance, wondering much what something desperate might be, and picking up his hat, looked towards the door.

"Are you going?" demanded Mrs. Bumble.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," rejoined Mr. Bumble, making a quicker motion towards the door. "I didn't intend to—I'm going, my dear—you are so very violent, that really I——"

At this instant, Mrs. Bumble stepped hastily forward to replace the carpet, which had been kicked up in the scuffle, and Mr. Bumble immediately darted out of the room without bestowing another thought on his unfinished sentence, leaving the late Mrs. Corney in full possession of the field.

Mr. Bumble was fairly taken by surprise, and fairly beaten. He had a decided bullying propensity, derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty, and consequently was, (it is needless to say,) a coward.

But the measure of his degradation was not yet full. After making a tour of the house, and thinking for the first time that the poor laws really were too hard upon people, and that men who ran away from their wives, leaving them chargeable to the parish, ought in justice to be visited with no punishment at all, but rather rewarded as meritorious individuals who had suffered much, Mr. Bumble came to a room where some of the female paupers were usually employed in washing the parish linen, and whence the sound of voices in conversation now proceeded.

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble, summoning up all his native dignity. "These women, at least, shall continue to respect the prero-

gative. Hallo! hallo, there!—what do you mean by this noise, you hussies?"

With these words Mr. Bumble opened the door, and walked in with a very fierce and angry manner, which was at once exchanged for a most humiliated and cowering air as his eyes unexpectedly rested on the form of his lady wife.

"My dear," said Mr. Bumble, "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't know I was here!" repeated Mrs. Bumble. "What do *you* do here?"

"I thought they were talking rather too much to be doing their work properly, my dear," replied Mr. Bumble, glancing distractedly at a couple of old women at the wash-tub, who were comparing notes of admiration at the workhouse-master's humility.

"You thought they were talking too much?" said Mrs. Bumble. "What business is it of yours?"

"Why, my dear—" urged Mr. Bumble submissively.

"What business is it of yours?" demanded Mrs. Bumble again.

"It's very true you're matron here, my dear," submitted Mr. Bumble; "but I thought you mightn't be in the way just then."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumble," returned his lady, "we don't want any of your interference, and you're a great deal too fond of poking your nose into things that don't concern you, making everybody in the house laugh the moment your back is turned, and making yourself look like a fool every hour in the day. Be off; come!"

Mr. Bumble, seeing with exeruciating feelings the delight of the two old paupers who were tittering together most rapturously, hesitated for an instant. Mrs. Bumble, whose patience brooked no delay, caught up a bowl of soap-suds, and motioning him towards the door, ordered him instantly to depart, on pain of receiving the contents upon his portly person.

What could Mr. Bumble do? He looked dejectedly round, and slunk away; and as he reached the door the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost cast and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship to the lowest depth of the most snubbed henpeckery.

"All in two months!" said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. "Two months—not more than two months ago I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the parochial workhouse was concerned, and now!—"

It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him, (for he had reached the portal in his reverie,) and walked distractedly into the street.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

(*From Blackwood.*)

A BOTANIST with a conscience will understand the saying, that no weeds grow on earth except in the heart of man.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

They who deride the name of God, are the most unhappy of men, except those who make a trade of honouring Him. And how many of the self-styled, world-applauded holy, are mere traffickers in the temple, setting so much present self-denial against so much future enjoyment!

God is the only voluntary Being to whom we cannot, without absurdity and self-contradiction, attribute aught arbitrary and self-willed. And, to doubt that we can know and comprehend the principles by which he acts, is to deny both that our reason is a gleam of his light, and that he has ever revealed himself to us at all.

Lies are the ghosts of truths—the masks of faces.

Whether is it nobler to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise?

The three great perversions of education are those which tend to make children respectively—Dwarfs—Monkeys—Puppets. The Dwarfs are the prodigies, the over-sharpened, over-excited, over-accomplished, stunted men. In these, as there is no fulness and steadiness, such as belong only to mature life, and yet there is the appearance of these, the very principle of the thing is a quackery and falsehood. The Monkeys are the spoilt; the indulged petted creatures of mere self-will and appetite, in whom the human as distinguished from the animal is faint and undeveloped. The weakness of mind which trains such children, and delights in them, is that which led the ladies of another generation to keep natural and genuine apes for their amusement. The Puppets are produced by the plan of deadening, petrifying, the mind, teaching words by rote, compelling obedience for its own sake, and not for that of a future moral freedom. These are the things that move in public only, as the wires of masters and committees guide. But, because the life cannot be altogether crushed and turned back, it asserts itself secretly in a sense of benumbed misery and corroding hatred. The first class spoken of are those in whom a true ideal is misapplied. The second, those in whom none is aimed at. The third, those in whom the ideal pursued is altogether false and wretched.

Speech is a pump by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought—whither it flows back again.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

THE remarkable youth, Gustave Adolphe Bassle, from the Hague, aged about twelve years, who exhibited such extraordinary powers of memory, attended by his father, Chevalier Bassle, was introduced yesterday morning to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. He was accompanied by the Sicilian youth, Mangiamele. The illustrious duke, together with His Royal Highness the Prince of Capua, the Duke of Somerset, Mr. F. Baily, Mr. Children, vice-president of the Royal Society, Mr. Christie, secretary of the Royal Society, Major Jervis, Chevalier Berardi, Mr. Murchison, Mr. Sheepshanks, and several distinguished members of the Royal Society were present. If the public were gratified with the facility and cheerfulness with which this talented lad, Gustave Adolphe Bassle, replied to a great variety of questions on Saturday, at the Royal Institution, the astonishment and delight of His Royal Highness and his distinguished friends, at this day's exhibition, were much enhanced by the ease and exactness with which Gustave Bassle answered a number of difficult miscellaneous questions in French, Dutch, German, and English. The other youth, Mangiamele, exhibited also great powers when his attention was directed to difficult questions in cubic equations, and other matters of a like complicated nature; but his idea of calculation was of purely natural and simple algebraic and arithmetical properties; he had no idea of the negative roots of quadratic or cubic questions. The opinion of some distinguished mathematicians present was, that his mathematical talent fell far short of that of George Bidder and Zera Colbern, though they admitted it to be very great. The qualities of these lads, however, cannot admit of a fair comparison. In the present case the talent of each youth was peculiar: that of Gustave Adolphe Bassle may be termed an ambulatory encyclopædist's; that of Mangiamele a mental algebraist's. The success of the former depended upon an effort of memory; that of the latter, as His Royal Highness well observed, on the faculty of arrangement and the perception of locality. His Royal Highness had intimated his desire that Mr. Deville, the phrenologist, should attend, without apprising him with the object of the requisition, or the qualifications and talents of the parties to be examined. Mr. Deville described very minutely to His Royal Highness and the company, the peculiar organization and faculties of both youths, which was considered a highly curious, and, as far as the company had the means of judging of it, a very correct illustration of Mr. Deville's discriminative talent. Mr. Deville then showed to His Royal Highness what was considered a far greater curiosity, the profiles of the bust of Zera Colbern, the celebrated American calculator, at various periods of life, exemplifying the developement and changes of the external form of the brain, consequent on improved education and association with intellectual persons, under circumstances favourable to the enlargement of the higher moral faculties. Gustave Bassle first gave the relation of the circumference to the diameter of a circle, considered as unity, to 155 figures, without one fault. After which the persons present demanded at pleasure, the 35th, 98th, 73rd, 140th, and 106th figures, and so forth, which he told almost instantly, without hesitation. He was then asked the specific gravity of various substances; of ivory, silver, ether, &c., to which he gave answers with equal despatch and readiness; the dates of remarkable epochs; the distances of Saturn, of Mars, their proper movements, relative masses with respect to the earth, &c.; the whole of the possible moves of the knight and other pieces at chess; various portions of poetry; and a number of interesting matters connected with sacred and profane history, geography, and science. After this display, His Royal Highness invited the party to a luncheon, and concluded by addressing to both youths the most condescending and paternal counsel, with a promise of recommendation to the British Association at Newcastle.—*Courier, July*, 1838.

THE NEW COINAGE

Is to embrace several novelties. In the first place, we are to have *five-pound pieces*. These will be agreeable handling, we doubt not: our "itching palm" already fancies it feels the sort of sensation which will be communicated to it, when it closes over their handsome proportions. Then come *double sovereigns*, like Siamese twin-kings; a good "take" for any sort of people, who are clever enough to command them. The scale then descends through all the usual notes and intervals of sovereigns, half-sovereigns, crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and groats; the "diapason closing full" in the *Queen's Maunday monies*—a name to be given to certain diminutive forms of silver money; viz. threepenny, twopenny, and penny pieces. Phraseology and law are very differently circumstanced; and, while it is easy to make a people accommodate themselves to a new coinage of money, it is no such easy thing to enforce a new coinage of words. We have no doubt but the *Queen's Maunday-money* will be very respectfully pocketed by all her majesty's grateful subjects; but we have strong doubts of this money being called the *Queen's Maunday-money*, although the proclamation strictly enjoins, amongst other things, "that they be so called."—*Spectator.*

The Gatherer.

Euphrates Expedition. — We have been favoured with a sight of letters to Mr. Winchester, of this city, from his son, one of the officers employed in the Euphrates expedition. The last date is May 30; and, from the following extract, which is all we have room for this week, it will be seen that the great and important object of the expedition has been fully accomplished:—"We left Bussorah on the 17th, at two, P. M., and reached Babylon on the 24th, at the same hour, after a most arduous, but highly-successful, passage through the Lumtoome and Babylonian marshes;—thus removing the great barrier to the upward navigation of this noble river, and thus accomplishing, for the first time, an achievement of the highest national importance." — *Aberdeen Herald, July*, 1838.

Profitable Forgery. — The bichelik (says a recent traveller,) is a coin much used in mercantile transactions at Smyrna. It is of the value of five piastres, or equal to a shilling sterling; and is rather larger than a half-crown. It is made of copper, washed with silver. These coins have afforded as large a profit to the Frank merchants, as any article in which they have traded: for, a bichelik being sent over to Birmingham, was imitated so closely, that it was impossible to discover the slightest difference from those manufactured at Constantinople. These transactions must have been very lucrative to those engaged in them; as the charge in Birmingham could not exceed twopence each, and they are worth a shilling in Turkey. W. G. C.

"I have lived," said the indefatigable Dr. E. D. Clarke, "to know, that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many: pokers, tongs, and all—keep them all going!"

It is for the unfortunate alone to judge of the unfortunate. The puffed-up heart of Prosperity cannot understand the sensitive feelings of Misfortune.—*Chateaubriand.*

Stencil-Work not Modern —After the fire which consumed the houses of Parliament, almost the only vestige of the once magnificent paintings in St. Stephens' Chapel indicated figures of angels, carrying before them fine tapestry hangings. There are several items of payment to J. Tynbetre for "leaves of tin, to make the pryntes for the painting of the chapel." Another item is for one pair of sheers to cut the leaves of tin. The prints were placed on the marble columns in the chapel; and a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (vol. v., new series, p. 35,) says, that "since the fire of October, 1834, on one of those marble columns, he saw one of them which had indeed entirely lost all its colours by the action of the flames; but its substance was still considerable, and raised in high relief upon the marble. It is pretty clear that they were produced by what is now called stencil-work. Perforations were made in the leaves of the tin, according to the parts required to be covered with a certain pattern; and thus a thick coat of paint was worked into the cavity, and left on the surface in high relief, having almost the same effect as modern mouldings in putty, composition, or *papier mâché*, and, at the same time, of a variety of brilliant colours."—*Architectural Mag.*

It is an extraordinary, but tolerably-well authenticated fact, that, down east, they have a way of curing violent lamenesses, by administering crutches in small doses of from one to fifty.—*Oswega Telegraph.*

The first almanack ever published was in 1577: it was termed, "The Almanack for 25 years," and was printed in Roman type.

The *Buffalonian* says, and we have no reason to doubt the fact, that Mr. Abner Bennett, of that place, being more than commonly tall, and having held a long conversation with a jacky-thin-soul merchant there, actually, at parting, made a bow to his cane in the corner, and seizing the merchant by his head, walked off with him instead of the stick!

Cockney Wit. — Two gentlemen took a boat at Blackfriars' Bridge, to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other, who sat beside him, if he could tell what countryman the waterman was. He replied he could not. "Then," said the friend, "I can: he is a *Ro-man*." A cockney being told the above, said the pun was *wherry* good!

Birth-place of Columbus.—The following is from a Genoa letter, of recent date:—"The real locality of the birth-place of Christopher Columbus has not been hitherto known. The biographers of this illustrious navigator—who all agree that he was born in the state of Genoa—differ as to exact locality. All doubt on the subject is now removed. M. Isnardi, the famous Piedmontese archæologist, has discovered, in the archives of Genoa, authentic proof that Columbus was born at Cologuetto, in the republic of Genoa."

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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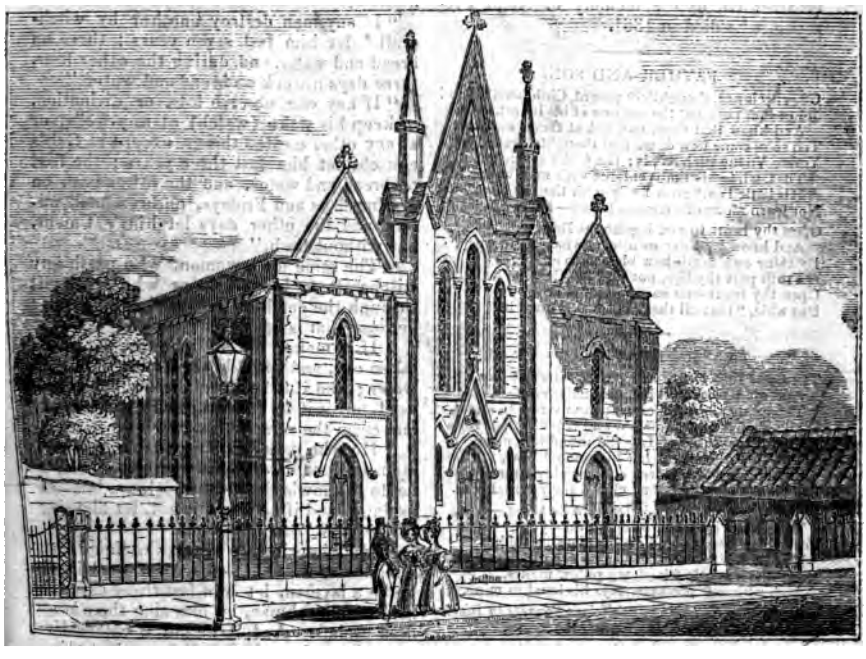

CHRIST CHURCH, NEWARK.

(By a Correspondent.)

The inhabitants of the ancient borough of Newark have recently added to their many improvements in the place the above very pleasing edifice. It was erected under acts of Parliament, 1 and 2 William IV., by voluntary contributions. The first stone was laid on the 16th of August, 1836, by James Thorpe, Esq.; and in August of the following year, it was consecrated by the Archbishop of York.

Christ Church is situated in Lombard-street, opposite to the mansion of John Fox, Esq. It is built in the early English style, under the superintendance of W. A. Nicholson, Esq., of Lincoln. It has an open roof of one span. The patronage of the church is vested in five trustees: viz. the Rev. Joseph Major, Rector of South Collingham, Notts; the Rev. C. T. Plumptree, Rector of Claypool, Lincoln; P. R. Falkner, Esq.; James Thorpe, jun. Esq.; and George Harvey, Gent., of Newark.

The endowment is £1,001 5*s*. 6*d*., according to the above acts of parliament.

The church, in every respect, is well adapted for the pious purposes of the inhabitants, being large enough to hold upwards of 1,000 persons. It is heated by means of hot water, and lighted in the winter season by gas.

The cost of erecting Christ Church was near £3,000, exclusive of site, fencing, &c.

The living is a perpetual curacy; the present incumbent being the pious and truly-respected minister, the Rev. Robert Simpson, A.M., to whom our acknowledgments are due for these particulars.

Besides the above elegant modern structure, Newark has to boast of one of the largest and most elegant parochial churches in England, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It exhibits portions in all the styles of English architecture, and is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, aisles, transepts, choir, and sepulchral chapels, with a lofty western tower, surmounted by a fine octagonal spire. The base of the tower is Norman, and in the nave are two Norman

piers;—the choir is of exquisite workmanship, with ancient stone and oak stalls, elaborately carved. It is separated from the nave by a richly-carved oak screen. In this part of the edifice is one of the largest engraved brasses in the kingdom, elaborately ornamented, to the memory of Allan Flemyng, who died in 1361.

FATHER AND SON.

Oh, check not, thoughtless parent, Childhood's tear!
Let him pour out the sorrows of his breast,
And know that thou, too, feelest them, and best.
Too soon come iron days, and thoughts that sear
Young Virtue such as his: the Child revere;
That, while his limbs enlarge with man impreat,
His little heart grow freely with the rest;
Nor learn alone one coward lesson—Fear.

Open thy heart to me, ingenuous Boy!
And know by thine own tears what 'tis to weep.
By thine own mirth how blessed to enjoy;—
Truth part thy lips, not niggard Caution keep:
Open thy heart—no narrow door for Sin,
But wide, "that all the Virtues may rush in."

DEATH.

Time was that Death and I were bitterest foes,
And oft I pictured him, with noiseless feet,
Threading the busy crowds from street to street,
While his fell finger touch'd and thinn'd their rows;
And still the waves of Life did round him close.
And then the tyrant left his wonted beat,
Stealing 'mong children at their play, unmeet
For his strong grasp—and chill'd their vernal rose.

But now, methinks, a kinder form he takes,—
The good Physician, bringing anodyne
For aching hearts; and oft his glass he shakes
To speed Life's woes, that with the sands combine.
Now, like a gentle friend, my pillow makes,
And, with soft pressure, lays his hand in mine.

[*From a Collection of delicious Sonnets in Blackwood's Magazine, August*, 1838.

ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

"There is no subject of inquiry relating to the history of a people more interesting than its popular mythology and superstitions. In these we trace the early formation of nations, their identity or analogy, their changes, as well as the inner texture of the national character, more deeply than in other circumstances, even than in language itself."

The light of the Gospel dispelled the most degrading superstitions of our countrymen, such as the worship of the old Pagan deities; yet, at the present day, we have some districts where superstitions still retain their strong hold on the peasantry. In fact, I think that most people, even among the learned, are more or less so inclined. How many persons, for instance, are there who will not, at this day, open a new shop, or commence business, or marry, on a Friday, or during Lent! Superstitious as all this is, it is nevertheless true.

The Anglo-Saxon penitentiaries and ecclesiastical laws are the most valuable authorities for the early history of the popular superstitions; some, in particular, are full of curious details of this nature; a few specimens of which may amuse some of our readers. Among others, are the following notices:—

"If any men destroy another by witchcraft,* let him fast seven years: three on bread and water, and, during the other four, three days a week on bread and water."

"If any one observe lots, or divination, or keep his wake (watch) at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church, let him fast three years; the first on bread and water, and the other two, on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water; and the other days let him eat meat, but without flesh."

"The same for a woman, who useth any witchcraft to her child, or who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads; because that is great heathenness."

"If a mouse fall into liquor, let it be taken out, and sprinkle the liquor with holy water; and if it be alive, the liquor may be used, but if it be dead, throw the liquor out, and clean the vessel."

"He who uses anything that a dog or a mouse has eaten off, or a weasel polluted, if he do it knowingly, let him sing a hundred psalms; and if he know it not, let him sing fifty psalms."

"He who gives to others the liquor that a mouse or weasel has been drowned in, if he be a layman, let him fast three days; if he be a churchman, let him sing three hundred psalms. And if he did it without his knowledge, but afterwards knew it, let him sing the psalter."

"We are ashamed," says the writer in a Saxon homily, in the public library of the University of Cambridge, "to tell all the scandalous divinations that every man useth through the devil's teaching, either in taking a wife, or in going a journey, or in brewing, or at the asking of something when he begins anything, or when anything is born to him." And, again: "Some men are so blind, that they bring their offerings to immoveable rocks, and also to trees, and to wells, as witches teach; and will not understand how foolishly they do, or how the lifeless stone, or the dumb tree, may help them, or heal them, when they themselves

* As a lamentable proof that there are many persons who now believe in the power of witches, we subjoin the following extract from the *Bath Herald*, May, 1830:—"At a village three miles from Taunton, a poor girl, about eighteen years of age, is now fast approaching the grave after a long illness from decline. Her mother, such are the deplorable superstitious effects of besotted ignorance, regularly places at night open pen-knives under her patient's pillow, and well-sharpened scythe-blades under the bed, with a view of keeping off the 'witch,' to whose baneful influence she attributes the whole of her daughter's indisposition."

never stir from the place." In fact, as the same early writer observes, "every one who trusts in divinations, either by fowls, or by sneezings, or by horses, or by dogs, he is no Christian, but a notorious apostate." — Among the many Latin penetentialia in the British Museum, there is one which is very full in its enumeration of such offences against "Christendom." Amongst other offenders, are here enumerated,—

"He who endeavours, by any incantation or magic, to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things belonging to another, and to acquire them himself.

"He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes and confesses that he goes or rides in the company of her, whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias or Diana, and with immense multitude, and that he obeys her commands.

"He who prepares with three knives in the company of persons, that they may predestine happiness to children who are going to be born there.

"He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to anything except a church.

"They who follow the custom of the Pagans, in inquiring into the future by magical incantations on the first of January, or begin works on that day, as though they would on that account prosper better the whole year.

"They who make ligatures, or incantations, and various fascinations with magical charms, and hide them in the grass, or in a tree, or in the path, for the preservation of the cattle.

"He who places his child on the roof, or in a furnace, for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms, or characters, or magical figment, or any art, unless it be holy prayers, or the liberal art of medicine.

"He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the paternoster and the credo."

Many of the customs alluded to in the foregoing extracts may be traced, under different forms, up to the present day; and none more so than well-worship, (some of the ceremonies of which are still performed in different parts of our island,) and also in birds and animals. Among the former may be ranked the *cuckoo*. But, in the Teutonic mythology, this bird was not, as at present, the emblem of conjugal infidelity; it played a far different part. It was the belief, and is so still in some parts, that if any body noted the number of times the cuckoo repeated its note, the first time he heard it in the spring, it would tell him the number of years he had to live. This superstition exists now in some parts of England. Cæsar, of Hiesterbach, tells a story, about A.D. 1221, of a man who, to save his soul, was on the point of entering a monastery, and becoming a monk; but, on his way there, he chanced to hear the cuckoo for the first time. He stopped to count the number of repetitions, and finding them to be twenty-two, "Oh!" said he, "since I shall be sure to live twenty-two years, what is the use of mortifying myself in a monastery all this time? I'll e'en go home and live merrily for twenty years, and it will be all in good time to betake me to a monastery for the other two." And so saying, he went his way.

Doubtless, formerly the people of England believed that storms, floods, conflagrations, and numerous fatal accidents, were brought about by demoniacal agency;— and the monks invented strange stories relative to the great power of devils, in order that they might the better keep the people more under their subjection.

An inedited English poet of the thirteenth century, after explaining, in a popular manner, the nature of thunder and lightning, proceeds to show how it happens to cause so much mischief; and says, if any devils happen to be caught in a storm, they fly as quick as wind, and kill men, and destroy trees, &c., which they meet in their way. This is the reason that people are killed in a storm.*

On the superstitions relative to fairies, elves, trees, &c. &c., we must reserve for another paper. We are chiefly indebted for the preceding remarks to the very able review of Dr. Gomm's German Mythology, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Mr. George Goldsmith came to New York shortly after the war of the revolution, with goods and credit from his native country, England. He prospered in trade, married, and was blessed with two children, beautiful as father could wish; but they were girls, and he wished for a son. At length a son was born to inherit, as he said, his name and fortune. Years passed away: the daughters grew up, and were justly admired as elegant, accomplished, and amiable. The son was turbulent at home, and mischievous at school —but, although a source of anxiety, and oftimes misery to his father, he was still the favourite. He was received into the counting-house, and at the age of twenty-one taken into the firm of Goldsmith and Company.

* The parish register of Wells, in Norfolk, 1583, in recording the verdict of a jury relative to the death of thirteen individuals who had been drowned, gives it thus:—"Misled uppo' ye Weste Coaste coming from Spain; whose deaths were brought to pas by the detestable woorking of an execrable witch of King's Lynn, whose name was Mother Gabley; by the boyling, or rather labouring of certain eggs in a pailful of cold water:—Afterwards proved sufficiently at the arraignment of the said witch."

The oldest daughter was at this time twenty-four years of age, tall, graceful, with an agreeable countenance, although not entitled to the praise comprehended in the word "beautiful;" for her complexion was rather dark, her forehead too low, and her eye-brows approached nearer to each other than is consistent with the *beau-ideal* of beauty: which perhaps added to an expression of her large black eyes, that indicated discontent—(an expression that had been increasing for the last four years). In short, Amelia Goldsmith was habitually discontented, and had long wished for an establishment not only separate from her father's, but more splendid. She wished to marry a wealthy man, and her ambitious prospects had sensibly diminished. She had had admirers, but they retired, either not encouraged by her, or feeling disappointed upon more intimate knowledge of her character.

Mary Goldsmith, her sister, had been in girlhood beautiful. Her brilliantly fair complexion, blue eyes, and flaxen curls, inclining to pale gold in colour, and shining brighter than the precious metal—her ever good-humoured smile, decorating a face beaming with intelligence, had perhaps attracted admirers, who at first were more struck with the Juno-like port and stature of her sister: for Mary was some inches shorter than Amelia, and of most delicate and fragile form. She was more a likeness of her mother, as Amelia was by all said to resemble her father. Mary avoided admiration, and was devoted to reading and household duties.

Mr. Goldsmith had wished for a son—and he had a son given to him. He wished that he might be wise, good, and prosperous, but he had not taken the measures to make him such. Charles had been abandoned to himself, or to instructors careless of his welfare: while his father's thoughts and actions were engrossed by mercantile "operations." In one year after the wished-for son had been admitted to partnership, the *house* failed. Transactions not strictly honourable were discovered—the young man was involved in a quarrel with one of his companions in dissipation—a duel ensued, and Charles Goldsmith fell.

Mr. Goldsmith did not long survive the ruin of his commercial house, and the blast of his paternal hopes. The mother and daughters were left in poverty.

The friends of Mrs. Goldsmith interfered so far in her behalf as to place her in circumstances, by which she could decently maintain herself and daughters, with their assistance. She opened a boarding-house. Mary became the principal support of the establishment; Amelia became more discontented; and although an assistant in family affairs, she willingly yielded precedence to her younger sister, and retired in melancholy mood to meditate on disappointed hopes, and to indulge the *wish* that even yet some rich man might offer as a husband, and by his fortunes retrieve those of her aged mother, and her delicate sister, now evidently declining in health, and endeavouring to conceal, by a cheerful countenance, a tendency to pulmonary consumption. Mary was always engaged in relieving or anticipating the labours of her mother—her pale face was dressed in smiles—she was, when seen, cheerfully doing her duty—and when she retired, it was to her book, her meditations, and her prayers, which were those of resignation and thankfulness.

Thus had passed two years, since the opening of Mrs. Goldsmith's boarding-house, when a gentleman arrived from the West Indies, and was introduced by his correspondent as a boarder. He was a man of forty years of age: an American, who had passed his youth in amassing riches, and with a broken constitution had come to visit his native state, Massachusetts; but having landed in New York, he proposed to pass a few days there. He was of ordinary appearance in every respect; but gentle and courteous in his manners, and evidently delighted with the contrast presented by every thing around him, when compared to his life on a plantation in the West Indies.

As soon as his circumstances became known in the family, Amelia could not repress the flattering thought that the *wished-for* husband had come.

Mr. Crosfield, that was the planter's name, wanted a wife, now that he saw among his New York acquaintance such domestic arrangements and happiness, as he had almost forgotten during his West India life. He saw with pleasure the delicate little Mary Goldsmith; but for some days had only a passing glance, by accident, of another and very different figure—he saw a tall and majestic form, which vanished quickly from his view, but not before two brilliant eyes had been momentarily fixed upon him, and then had been lowered to the floor, while a graceful curtsy answered his profound bow of admiration.

Mr. Crosfield was introduced to Amelia Goldsmith, who had not yet appeared at the table, and his admiration increased with her hopes that the deliverer had at last arrived. Her mother was to be made happy in competency as old age approached—her sister Mary was to be relieved from toil little suited to her strength—perhaps her health perfectly restored by a sea-voyage—and for herself, wealth, splendour, admiration, and love.

Both parties thus disposed, it may readily be imagined that if any obstacles intervened, they were soon removed. Mr. Crosfield

was very rich, and very good tempered, and very anxious to be married; and although not so refined or accomplished as the family of the Goldsmiths, he was very much in love, and very generous.

The wished-for man had come, "offered," and been accepted. The wished-for day arrived. The good Mrs. Goldsmith seemed as much delighted as Amelia. Mary sighed and looked very pale, but occupied herself in preparation for the wedding-feast of the evening, and in assisting to decorate the bride, who had, for the first time since Mr. Crosfield's arrival, an appearance of disquiet and occasional melancholy. But when she appeared before the bishop of the diocese, the friends of the bridegroom, and those of her own family, with the usual attendants, she shone with jewels, and attracted every eye by the splendour of her pure but dazzling dress of white silk, contrasting with the masses of her raven hair, and eyes as black, but now sparkling with a lustre never observed before. Her demeanour was majestic and almost bold—and when the ceremony, as established by the episcopal church of America, had been gone through, it was observed that she suppressed a smile that did not belong to the occasion. A wild, scornful, bitter, smile.

The bride and her attendants had retired. The bridegroom and guests were in the midst of glee — when Mary Goldsmith rushed into the apartment crying for help, and was followed by her mother, who instantly fainted. All started from their seats —some gathered around the older lady to support or recover her—others advanced inquiringly to the affrighted Mary—but an appalling spectacle drew every eye towards the door when the bride entered tearing her head-dress off, and scattering the strings of pearls, which had supported her profusion of braided tresses, now flowing in wild disorder over her neck and shoulders.

"Where is he," she cried. "Where is the destroyer of my peace and happiness? Seize him—save me! Bring him within my reach that I may revenge my wrongs, and wash away my shame in his blood!" She dashed the jewels on the floor, and stamped on them. "I am bought and sold for these! I am a slave to one I hate!" The bride was a raving maniac.

The marriage ceremony had been performed in May. Months passed, and in September, Amelia, restored to health, and tenderly attached to her husband, (who had shown his affection by assiduous attentions during her malady,) looked forward again to happiness. It had been arranged that the family should visit Mr. Crosfield's plantations, and pass the winter in the West Indies. They were to return to New York in the Spring. Mary's pulmonary complaints were to be relieved, perhaps cured, by residence in a warmer climate. And now every *wish* was centred in that of a prosperous voyage. The husband chartered a gallant ship—she was fitted for the accommodation of *his* family alone. All was ready, and every one concerned breathed *wishes* for a fair wind and speedy departure.

They are all on board. Friends have taken leave, with smiles and tears, and waving of hands and handkerchiefs. The wished-for gale is favourable; and the bay, the city, the Highlands of Neversink disappear. The pilot returns, with letters and assurances that all are on the smiling ocean and well. The ship was never heard of more.—*New York Mirror.*

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AT KOLOA.

"Saturday is the general market and shopping day, and the time allotted by the chiefs to the natives to prepare their food for the ensuing week. At sunrise, the little shops on both the plantations are opened, to redeem the paper money, and purchase such articles as the natives bring for sale. Crowds of them, in the rudest attire, or in no attire at all, early crowd the house. One brings vegetables, another fish, fine tapas, mats, curiosities—in short, anything which they suppose the *haoli* (foreigner) to want. Women leading fat pigs, which ever and anon they take in their arms, and press to their bosoms, to still their deafening and prolonged lamentations, or to give the last fond embrace, join in the throng; while dog and fowl add their voices to the dulcet strain.—Then commences the barter. Knives, needles, flints, calicoes, and all the numerous etcetera of a trading establishment, are spread in tempting array before their wistful eyes, and a scene of cheapening, undervaluing, and petty deception ensues, which would do credit to a semenarian belle, or require the pencil of a Cruikshank to depict. The rigidity of the muscle in the face, which so peculiarly characterizes an American trader, rendering the features stiff and uninviting, forcibly contrasts with the varied expression, the shrug of the shoulder, and gesture of the limb, which so strongly implies what words are weak in conveying, and which no *kanaka* fails in using in the greatest profusion, accompanied with certain suspicious grunts, (which I strongly suspect are imitated from their favourite pets and mess companions,) in conversing upon any subject in the least exciting. In fact, more meaning is conveyed in a look, wink of the eye, or twitch of a muscle, as their manner of trading bears ample testimony, than volumes of the king's English would express. Of all the arts of

civilized life, that of close trading is the first acquired by savages, because it is the first taught: but these are as generous in distributing the fruits of their trade to their friends and families, as they are sharp in acquiring them. After the shops are closed, the remainder of the day is spent in extra work or amusement. A Sabbath here is emphatically a period of rest, and presents a pleasing contrast to the noise and hubbub of the preceding day. At nine o'clock in the morning, summoned by the shrill sound of the conch, files of well-dressed natives, coming from hill and dale, pouring from town and hamlet, are seen quietly wending their way to the house of God. There, squatted, in their manner, on the ground—the men occupying one side of the building, and the women the other, they listen with attention to the words of the preacher, or mingle their voices in the songs of praise. I have attended religious meetings in many of the back villages in our own country, but in none of them have I ever witnessed a greater seriousness of manner, a more respectful demeanour, or devotional deportment, than was here displayed. After the close of the service, they separated in the same silent manner. In the afternoon, a few attend a Bible Class, while others make friendly visits, or remain in their own habitations. But no riotous noise, or cries of profane merriment, are heard here. All is hushed; the same stillness which pervades the landscape in New-England on the Sabbath, is felt; and, like the pouring of oil over troubled waters, soothes the angry passions, and invite man to hold communion with his Maker."

[The above interesting sketch is from "*The Hawaiian Spectator*," a periodical journal, published in a quarter of the globe, where, fifty years ago, the rays of civilization had not penetrated. It bears the imprint of Honolula, Oahu, Sandwich Islands; and is dated January, 1838.]

Spirit of Discovery.

ENCKE'S COMET.

(*From the Monthly Chronicle.*)

M. ENCKE, an eminent astronomer of Berlin, bestowed more than ordinary care in the observation of this body during the early part of 1819. Where so small a part of the complete orbit could be observed, he felt that a proportionate degree of precision was indispensable. Any inaccuracy in the observed part would be exaggerated in the much larger portion to be discovered, and would involve the solution he aimed at in more and more doubt. He succeeded, however, in tracing the visible path of the comet with sufficient accuracy, to enable him to declare that it was a fragment of an extensive elliptical curve, of a very oval form, its extreme length being about twice its breadth; that the sun was placed at one of the foci ten times nearer to one end of the oval than to the other; that the end of the oval nearest to the sun was just within the orbit of the nearest planet—Mercury, while the further end of it reached nearly to the orbit of Jupiter.

Having thus discovered the complete path in which this comet must have moved, the calculation of the *time* of its motion was easy. The period of completing its course, and returning to the same point of its path, was ascertained to be 1208 days.

This discovery enabled astronomers to take a retrospect of its past history, and to ascertain which of its former visits had been noticed. It was accordingly found, that it was first seen in 1786, by Mechain and Messier, two French astronomers; the latter of whom obtained such a reputation for discovering the presence of comets, that Louis XV. conferred upon him the soubriquet of *Le Furet de Comètes*, (the *Comet Ferret.*) Such was the difficulty of perceiving it, that these astronomers only obtained two observations, which were quite insufficient for the calculation of its path. It was next seen by Miss Herschel, the aunt of Sir John Herschel, in 1795; and was, in the same year, observed by several European astronomers.—During its visit in 1805, it was, as we have already stated, observed; and, on that occasion, its course through the system was sufficiently determined to identity it with that which it followed on its appearance in 1818-1819.

This body, which is now called *Encke's Comet*, is, therefore, a regular member of the solar system, moving round the sun in obedience to the law of gravitation. Its motion differs in nothing from that of the planets, except in the greater ellipticity of its path. It is well known that the orbits of the planets are nearly circular, are all nearly in the same plane, and the motion in them is all in the same direction. The orbit of Encke's Comet is also nearly in the common plane of the planets' orbits, its inclination to the plane of the ecliptic being only thirteen degrees. It moves round the sun in the same direction as the planets.

Having succeeded in determining the periodic time, and other circumstances, connected with the motion of this comet, Encke was enabled to predict its succeeding returns; and it has fully verified his calculations, by its several appearances in 1822, 1825, 1829, 1832, and 1835.

It appears that, on the second of the present month, the comet must pass our meridian at twenty-three minutes past five in the morning, and on each succeeding day will pass it earlier, until the last day of the month,

on which it will pass it at a quarter before four in the morning.

The point where it will cross the meridian on the second of the month will be thirty degrees south of the zenith; and each successive day it will pass the meridian at a more elevated point. On the last day of August, it will cross the meridian at twenty-three degrees south of the zenith.

During this month, the comet will be visible in the firmament, on the eastern side of the meridian, between ten o'clock at night and five in the morning; and will be at a sufficient elevation to be discovered by a good telescope.

During the month of September, the time of its passing the meridian will gradually come nearer to midnight; and it will consequently be in circumstances still more favourable for observation. On the 15th of October, it will pass through the zenith at midnight; and on the 25th of November, it will cross the meridian at noon, at a distance of forty-eight degrees south of the zenith.—It will then be in a position more unfavourable for observation.

The comet will be at its least distance from the earth on the 7th of November, and at its least distance from the sun on the 18th of December.

The appearance of this comet is that of a small, round nebula, without the appendage of a tail. It is rather brighter towards the centre than at the edges; but so faint, even when brightest, that it is discovered in the heavens at all times with some difficulty. It produces not the slightest observable effect by its attraction on any body of the solar system, but, on the other hand, suffers considerable perturbations by the attraction of the planets on it. All these circumstances lead to the conclusion, that it is a small, light globe of matter, probably destitute of solidity, and in a state of vapour.

[If the reader wishes for an entertaining treatise on the laws which govern the transmission and reflection of light, we refer him to No. 6 of the *Monthly Chronicle*, p. 120.]

STAYS AND TIGHT-LACING.

The very unnatural, ugly, and pernicious system of tight-lacing, now—more than ever—conspicuous in the forms of our young countrywomen, is an evil of such magnitude, that it is the duty of every writer who can obtain the ear of the public, to represent the matter in all its terrors, and to use every endeavour to abate its effects, by proving its egregious folly and fatal tendency.

"Corset, an article of dress for compressing, under the pretext of supporting the chest and waist, worn chiefly by females, but also sometimes by effiminate individuals of the other sex. It consists of cloth made to surround the body, stiffened by whalebone or other means, and tightened by a lace. It seems a remnant of the old practice of enveloping the whole frame in swaddling bands; a practice which has been generally discarded in rearing male children, but which still lingers as a part of the attire of female children, in defiance of nature, reason, and experience. * * * The disadvantages arising from its use are manifold, and serious. Nature has formed the chest (in which are lodged the lungs for respiration, and the heart for circulation, two out of three of the vital functions,) in the shape of a truncated cone, the base of which is capable of being alternately widened and contracted during inspiration and expiration. The wonderful and perfect mechanism for carrying on respiration cannot come into full play, if any compression be applied to the lower part of the chest, which is, however, the part commonly selected—from yielding most easily—to endure the hurtful restraint of tight-lacing. The chest never being allowed to expand to the extent which is necessary, the defect in each respiration is attempted to be compensated for by their greater frequency, and thus a hurried circulation is produced. The heart is also hindered in its action, and an imperfectly aërated blood is circulated by it, by which nutrition is inadequately accomplished. * * * The muscles of the chest, spine, and abdomen, being deprived of their proper exercise, become attenuated and feeble, and incapable of giving due support, whence result distortions of the spine and chest, and much of that constipation which so frequently afflicts females. The viscera of the abdomen, especially the liver, suffer greatly, both by displacement—being forced downwards, and by being actually indented by the edges of the compressed ribs. 'In examining,' says Doctor Hodgkin, whose connexion with Guy's Hospital gives him extensive opportunities of observation, 'the bodies of the dead, I have frequently found the lower ribs of females greatly compressed and deformed. I have repeatedly seen the liver greatly misshapen by the unnatural pressure to which it had been subjected, and the diaphragm or midriff very much displaced.' The diseases which result from this interference with nature, are various; and though they do not all occur in every female who adopts this mischievous practice, yet, on inquiry, too many may be traced to this source. Of these diseases consumption is the most frequent and fatal. Nor is the real object of all this painful and irksome compression in any instance attained. The figure of the female bust may be altered by it, *but not improved*. Sculptors, who are the closest observers of nature, and who transfer to their statues every beauty presented to their eye, have invariably given ample dimensions

to the lower part of the chest. The more, therefore, any female, not of unnatural proportions, compresses her waist, the more does she depart from resemblance to the statue which enchants the world."

This is very excellent; but we fear that it is not forcible enough to cure a single case of the *stay mania* now raging like an epidemic. Young ladies think that young gentlemen admire a wasp-like taper waist, like a reversed sugar-loaf; they consequently turn a deaf ear to their real admirers. Heaven help the taste of young gentlemen—if such there be—who doat upon an unyielding wooden form, like the arm of a tree, rather than the graceful pliancy of uncompressed nature!

Did any of our readers, male or female, young or old, ever meet with a lady who would confess to the obvious fact of tight-lacing? *We* never were so fortunate as to know so truth-telling a feminine. "*I* tightened in! oh, no; I *assure* you I am not; only try my waist-ribbon and you will be convinced of it!" We accordingly squeeze our finger beneath this test, and snap goes the band like the brace of a drum; yet we are expected to appear convinced of the assertion against our actual knowledge. For there is before us a waist formed by art; nature would not only scorn the monstrosity, but never was guilty of any thing so ugly. We have seen mammas so deceived by the deprecating look, the innocent manner, of their daughters while uttering the above falsehood, that we have been ashamed for both parties. Some young women, otherwise inclined to truth, will wear the band outside of their dress comparatively slack in order to deceive the vigilance of their friends, and will triumphantly exhibit this proof of their truth, while they are asseverating the most glaring falsehoods; and *mammas* have remained satisfied that their daughters do not "tighten in;" while *we* have known that *the evil lies beneath the band:* for let the wicked stays, from the hips to the armpits be suddenly cut open, and Nature would assert her rights, folly and falsehood be exposed, and the health of the infatuated creatures might be saved. If we could but persuade our young readers of the certain misery they are entailing upon themselves, (if single, upon their friends, if married, upon their husbands and children,) we think we might effect a portion of that benefit which we really have at heart for our amiable young countrywomen. Though an abler pen than our own has been called in to aid us, by stating *generally* the consequences of the evils resulting from tight-lacing, yet we are aware that individualizing will always do more for a cause than generalizing; and in the same way that an account of all the horrors of a distant field of battle will less shock the listener, than the detail of a single murder in our immediate neighbourhood, so will the general truths of Doctor Hodgkin's experience in Guy's Hospital pass lightly over those feelings, which we have it in our power to harrow up with fear of sufferings similar to those that we *have personally known* to exist, in consequence, and *only in consequence*, of tight-lacing. We will instance but one case. A young lady—we knew her well—who prided herself upon possessing the smallest waist in the populous town of T——, married, with every symptom of a speedy termination to her wedded life. She could not inhale a deep breath, her complexion had become thick, sallow, and liable to cutaneous eruptions; she became more and more a martyr to bilious headache; her appetite was precarious and small; indeed, the wonder used to be where, in that tiny body, space could be found for food! Within a twelvemonth, this self-immolated victim to vanity and pain became a mother, rapid symptoms of inflammation of the liver appeared, and in three days she was a corpse, her puny infant being buried with her. The unnatural pressure she had used had prevented that due action of the liver which is indispensable to the health and well-doing of the human frame. This is but one out of many instances we have known. We are acquainted with several medical gentlemen, who have all more than corroborated Doctor Hodgkin's observations: they have assured us that the ribs after death have been found adhering to the liver. Sudden inflammations of that vital organ carry off numbers of our young and lovely women, who, but for this insane love of uneasy compression, might live for many years in health, and *consequently* a blessing to their relatives; we say consequently, for what blessing is there in life comparable to health? What temper is not injured by the loss of it? Who can cheer the home of a husband and children when suffering from bile, nerves, weakness, consumption? What female can be so heartless as to entail distress, expense, anxiety, and grief, upon the inmates of that home, which it ought to be the first wish of her life to render happy? Few persons are aware how much their health is dependent on themselves; and fewer still reflect upon the heinousness of that sin of which they are guilty, when they wantonly trifle with the greatest blessing which Providence bestows — good health.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

Public Improvements.

MARINE BATHS, ST. GEORGE'S PARADE, LIVERPOOL.

These elegantly-constructed baths are situate on the west side of George's Dock, with a handsome promenade between the

(Marine Baths, St. George's Parade, Liverpool.)

ilding and the river. The exterior is of one, in a chaste and plain style of architecre. Its extent in front of the river, from e extremity to the other, 239 ft. and the eadth, backwards, 87 ft.; it is one story height, the walls rusticated, and finished rwards by a cornice, surmounted by a rapet. The principal entrance is from e centre of the building, on each side of hich a colonnade extends 86 ft. to the rth, and one of the same extent to the uth, of eighteen columns each, supporting a roof, thereby forming handsome vered walks of eight feet in width, ornaental to the margin of the river, at the me time affording shelter from the inclecncy of the weather, for persons waiting for ssage on the river.

The baths for the use of the gentlemen e in the rear of the north colonnade; the incipal one is constructed in a quadranlar form, of about 45 ft. by 27 ft. A procting roof, supported by iron columns, vers the landing, from the dressing-rooms the bath, which is entered by descending eps at each end. There are nine small ressing-rooms, and also several larger ones, gether with a private bath, which is enred from one of the rooms. A saloon, ghted by a skylight, leads to four private arm baths, a tepid, vapour, and shower aths, which are admirably constructed ith reference to the comfort and convenience of those who may be disposed to partake of them, either in the way of luxury or for the purposes of health. The ladies' baths are in the south wing; the principal one is somewhat smaller than that of the gentlemen's, being about 39 ft. by 27 ft., and is of the same quadrangular form, with a covered gallery, and dressing-rooms adjoining. Two private cold baths and four warm baths are connected with this department of the establishment.

The whole of the water is conveyed from the river, into a reservoir under the building, capable of holding 100 tuns. A steam-engine is employed to pump the water into pans, where it is heated, and passed forward to supply the warm baths. The cold water, as well as the warm, is forced through a filtering apparatus, planned by Mr. Sylvester, consisting of sand, charcoal, &c., where it undergoes a process which renders it as transparent as crystal. The cold baths are constantly receiving a fresh supply of water, whilst the overflows are carrying off an equal quantity from the surface, thus preserving the water constantly pure. The appearance of the large baths in warm weather is extremely agreeable and inviting, whilst the overflow of the limpid surplus is rippling into the marble basins, giving the impression of a delightful and refreshing coolness, at once in character with a public establishment of this nature. The whole is from the design of John Foster, Esq., by whom this elegant establishment has been constructed, at a cost of £30,736.—*Kaye's Stranger in Liverpool.*

New Books.

SPEECHES OF LORD BROUGHAM. *In four volumes. Edinburgh, Adam and Black.*

No work of late years has excited such lively interest among men of letters, journalists, lawyers, and, above all, politicians, as the collected speeches of that eminent orator and statesman, Lord Brougham. As our readers are doubtless anxious to hear what his lordship has to say of many of the eminent persons with whom he associated, we commence with the character of

Jeremy Bentham.

"The age of Law Reform and the age of Jeremy Bentham are one and the same. He is the father of the most important of all the branches of Reform—the leading and ruling department of human improvement. * * * * He it was who first made the mighty step of trying the whole provisions of our jurisprudence by the test of expediency, fearlessly examining how far each part was connected with the rest; and, with a yet more undaunted courage, inquiring how far even its most consistent and symmetrical arrangements were framed according to the principle which should pervade a Code of Laws—their adaptation to the circumstances of society, to the wants of men, and to the promotion of human happiness.

"Not only was he thus eminently original among the lawyers and the legal philosophers of his own country: he might be said to be the first legal philosopher that had appeared in the world. * * * *

"To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying everything to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour. Acute, sagacious, reflecting, suspicious to a fault of all outward appearances, nor ever to be satisfied without the most close, sifting, unspairing scrutiny, he had an industry which no excess of toil could weary, and applied himself with as unremitting perseverance to master every minute portion of each subject, as if he had not possessed a quickness of apprehension, which could at a glance become acquainted with all its general features. In him were blended, to a degree perhaps unequalled in any other philosopher, the love and appreciation of general principles, with the avidity for minute details; the power of embracing and following out general views, with the capacity for pursuing each one of numberless particular facts. His learning was various, extensive, and accurate. History, and of all nations and all ages, was familiar to him, generally in the languages in which it was recorded. With the poets and the orators of all times he was equally well acquainted, though he undervalued the productions of both. The writings of the philosophers of every country, and of every age, were thoroughly known to him, and had deeply occupied his attention. It was only the walks of the exacter sciences that he had not frequented; and he regarded them, very erroneously, as unworthy of being explored, or valued them only for the inventions useful to common life which flowed from them; altogether neglecting the pleasures of scientific contemplation which form their main object and chief attraction. In the laws of his own country he was perfectly well versed, having been educated as a lawyer, and called to the English bar; at which his success would have been certain, had he not preferred the life of a sage. Nor did he rest satisfied with the original foundations of legal knowledge which he had laid while studying the system: he continually read whatever appeared on the subject, whether the decisions of our courts, or the speculations of juridical writers; so as to continue conversant with the latest state of the law in its actual and practical administration.—Though living retired from society, he was a watchful and accurate observer of every occurrence, whether political, or forensic, or social, of the day; and no man who lived so much to himself, and devoted so large a portion of his time to solitary study, could have been supposed to know so perfectly, even in its more minute details, the state of the world around him, in which he hardly seemed to live, and did not at all move.

"But, of all his qualities, the one that chiefly distinguished Mr. Bentham, and was the most fruitful in its results, was the boldness with which he pursued his inquiries. Whatever obstacle opposed his course, be it little or be it mighty—from what quarter soever the resistance proceeded—with what feelings soever it was allied, be they of a kind that leave men's judgment calm and undisturbed, or of a nature to suspend the reasoning faculty altogether, and overwhelm opposition with a storm of unthinking passion,—all signified nothing to one who, weighing principles and arguments in golden scales, held the utmost weight of prejudice—the whole influence of a host of popular feelings, as mere dust in the balance, when any the least reason loaded the other end of the beam. And if this was at once the distinguishing quality of his mind, and the great cause of his success, so was it also the source of nearly all his errors, and the principal obstacle to the progress of his philosophy. For it often, especially in the latter part of his life, prevented him from seeing real difficulties and solid objections to his proposals; it made him too regardless of the quarter from which opposition might proceed; it gave an appearance of impracticability to many of his plans; and, what was far more fatal, it rendered many of his theories wholly inapplicable to any existing, and almost to any possible state of human affairs, by making him too generally forget that all laws must both be executed by, and operate upon, men—men whose passions and feelings are made to the lawgiver's hand, and cannot all at once be moulded to his will. The same undaunted boldness of speculation led to another and a kindred error. He pushed every argument to the uttermost; he strained

each principle till it cracked; he loaded all the foundations on which his system was built, as if, like arches, they were strengthened by the pressure, until he made them bend and give way beneath the superincumbent weight. A provision, whether of political or of ordinary law, had no merit in his eyes, if it admitted of any exception, or betokened any bending of principles to practical facilities. He seemed oftentimes to resemble the mechanician, who should form his calculations and fashion his machinery upon the abstract consideration of the mechanical powers, and make no allowance for friction, or the resistance of the air, or the strength of the materials.

"The greater qualities of Mr. Bentham's understanding have been described; but he also excelled in the light works of fancy.—An habitual despiser of eloquence, he was one of the most eloquent of men when it pleased him to write naturally, and before he had adopted that harsh style, full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language. Thus, his earlier writings are models of force as well as of precision; but some of them are also highly rhetorical; nor are the justly-celebrated '*Defence of Usury*,' and '*Protest against Law Taxes*,' more finished models of modern demonstration, than the Address to the French National Assembly on Colonial Emancipation, is of an eloquence at once declamatory and argumentative.

"The moral character of this eminent person was, in the most important particulars, perfect and unblemished. His honesty was unimpeachable, and his word might, upon any subject, be taken as absolutely conclusive, whatever motives he might have for distorting or exaggerating the truth.—But he was, especially of late years, of a somewhat jealous disposition—betrayed impatience if to another was ascribed any part whatever of the improvements in jurisprudence, which all originated in his own labours, but to effect which, different kinds of men were required—and even showed some disinclination to see any one interfere, although as a coadjutor, and for the furtherance of his own designs. It is said that he suffered a severe mortification in not being brought early in life into Parliament; although he must have felt, that a worse service never could have been rendered to the cause he had most at heart, than to remove him from his own peculiar sphere to one in which, even if he had excelled, he yet never could have been nearly so useful to mankind. * * * Into all these unamiable features of his character, every furrow of which was deepened, and every shade darkened, by increasing years, there entered nothing base or hypocritical. If he felt little for a friend, he pretended to no more than he felt. If his sentiments were tinged with asperity and edged with spite, he was the first himself to declare it; and no one formed a less favourable or a more just judgment of his weaknesses than he himself did; nor did any one pronounce such judgments with a severity that exceeded the confessions of his own candour. Upon the whole then, while, in his public capacity, he presented an object of admiration and of gratitude, in his private character he was formed rather to be respected and studied, than beloved."

George the Third.

"Of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office, he was the slave of as deep-rooted a selfishness as his son; and no feeling of a kindly nature ever was suffered to cross his mind, whenever his power was concerned, either in its maintenance, or in the manner of exercising it. In other respects, he was a man of amiable disposition, and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant that his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of his whole breast, and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty, were alike forgotten; and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of a cunning which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or to destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire."

The Public Journals.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE, THE POET.

(*From The Gentleman's Magazine.*)

THE only complaint Coleridge made of his embarrassment in the Light-horse, was the

difficulty he found in pulling the hairs out of his horse's heels. That he never could accomplish; and some of his fellow-soldiers, whose kindness to him he spoke of with much feeling, did it for him. A small Greek book he was reading was discovered in the holsters of his saddle, and that led to a disclosure of who he was. Steps were then taken for his discharge;—and now he did no duty; but the men seemed pleased, and treated him with great respect; till the fame of his situation spreading, and he was noticed by persons in the neighbourhood, particularly by Mr. Clagget, whose daughter, a handsome girl, walked about arm-in-arm with him; when he thought the soldiers eyed him with some degree of envy.

He was frequently reading theological works and German metaphysics, and was often lost in abstract reasoning about religion. He perused such books in all languages, and possessed a prodigious power of reading rapidly, and becoming permanently master of what he read. Such things as the Morning Post and money never settled upon his mind.

Mr. Gillman, in his book, has described the circumstances attending Coleridge's enlisting into the Light-horse. At that time in London, alone, pennyless, he sent a poem of a few lines to Mr. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, soliciting the loan of a guinea for a distressed author. Perry, who was generous with his money, sent it; and Coleridge often mentioned this, when the Morning Chronicle was alluded to, with expressions of a deep gratitude proportioned to the severe distress which that small sum at the moment relieved.

I have no doubt Coleridge thought his writings had been a leading cause of the prosperity of the Morning Post, notwithstanding his denial of this in his letters to me previously to the Literary Biography. It is sometimes difficult to say what it is that occasions the success of particular enterprises; and it is common for every one who has assisted to claim pre-eminent merit. I could mention several others who put forth such claims. Sir James Mackintosh never did; but my own brother Peter, and others, did for him, though with less reason even than for Coleridge. Some day I may make a statement on that point; which, if I do, it will be curious, interesting, and honourable to Sir James. Coleridge had a defective memory from want of interest in common things, as his letter about Wordsworth and the 80*l.* shows. At the distance of twelve or fourteen years, he might think he had made the fortune of the Morning Post. Such an assertion was an answer to those who accused him of having wasted his time; and it laid a foundation for a claim on Ministers for an appointment, which he afterwards solicited.

Coleridge was easily moved to resist oppression. It was he who brought the affair of the Beauty of Buttermere into notice. He sent to me a long account of it, on which, it being rather a private domestic story, I placed no value. It filled upwards of three columns in black letter, (that is, technically, not leaded,) and, on a hungry day, I placed it in the back page, as mere stuffing. It produced no effect on the paper; but the story worked its way through society, it was so romantic and interesting. Many old bachelors were deeply in love with the unfortunate girl, from Coleridge's description of her; and some *beaux passés*, whom I could name—men of eminence and fortune, posted to the Lakes to become her champions. Coleridge took a deep and an active interest in the affair: he read all the letters and papers of Hatfield, by which it appeared a greater villain never existed.—In the south of England he had travelled about, under false names, (assuming those of noblemen,) in a handsome chariot, with a servant in splendid livery; and had insinuated himself into the confidence of several respectable families, where, by religious musings, by praying and canting, he had won the confidence, the love of the females, mothers and daughters—mothers beyond the heydey of youth—and had seduced them. Such a ruffian was worse than Thurtell or Fauntleroy. Had the Beauty been a kinswoman of Coleridge's, he could not have taken a more intense interest in her fate than he did; and, but for the exposure of private families, he would have given an account of Hatfield's baseness, which would have shocked and astonished the world.

About twenty or thirty years ago, Coleridge came to me, agitated, to complain of the cruel treatment of Gale Jones. Jones had been bred to the medical profession: he was a man of education, an elegant writer, and an eloquent speaker; a leader of the lower class of politicians, then called Jacobins, now called Liberals. Jones had got into a scrape, and was imprisoned in the Coldbath-fields prison for a libel. Some of the weekly papers teemed with the most horrible accounts of his treatment. Dungeons, chains, torture, flogging, lashing, slashing, starving: there was nothing the mind could invent of cruelty that was not practised on poor Gale Jones. Coleridge came to me, and said this was most atrocious. If the accounts were true, the government should be informed and attacked; if false, the falsehood should be exposed and condemned. "What's to be done?—Some one should go and investigate."—"Well, I will go, if you will go with me." He agreed. Off we set for the Coldbath-fields prison; told Adkins, the gaoler, who we were, that we wished to see the prison, but said nothing of Gale Jones. Adkins

readily complied with our request, and appointed a man to go round with us. We were well satisfied with what we saw. Last of all, we inquired if there was not a person called Gale Jones in custody? "Oh, yes!" "We wish to see him." We were ushered up into the room where he was sitting, the best room the governor had—as good a room as the drawing-room of any shopkeeper's house; well furnished, carpeted; flowers in the windows—the sun shining in—no appearance of bars, or a prison. I make no doubt Gale Jones had no such handsome, well-furnished, cheerful, comfortable room out of prison. But let me take care. Complaint had been made, some years before, of the ill-treatment of Mary Rich, a little unfortunate girl in this prison; and, in reply, Mr. Mainwaring, M. P. for Middlesex, said she was better off there than at home. Upon this sprang up all the seditious uproar of the Middlesex elections, which for several years inflamed the metropolis, and terrified the kingdom. But Gale Jones was certainly better lodged than ever he had been at home. We took seats, told him who we were, and the object of our visit. We put questions to him: he said he was as well treated as any man could be—that he had nothing to complain of, and that the accounts in the newspapers were falsehoods. We returned to the Courier office, and I wrote a long account—three columns—of this investigation, which was published in the Courier. The day after, came the Rev. Mr. Thirlwall, of Mile End, one of the visiting justices of the prison, in extasies of delight. I thought he would have kissed us all, so charmed was he that the justices who had charge of the prison, were thus rescued from the calumnies long heaped upon them. He re-published in a pamphlet, with some additions, the account in the Courier. I searched to find a copy of this pamphlet, to send it to Mr. Gillman, but without success.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—BY BOZ.

[The fifth number of the above popular work opens with the cause of the interruption of the party at Kenwigs's, by Newman Nogg being called away to wait on two persons, who were then in his room: Nogg instantly repaired thither, and to his astonishment found Nicholas and Smike, who, on their arrival in London, waited on the kind, good-hearted, Newman Nogg, for a night's shelter. The meeting is, of course, well told; and Nicholas, the next day, takes another lodging, and seeks employment, first as a secretary to a member of parliament, and being unsuccessful, accepts an engagement as a tutor in the family of Mrs. Kenwigs, to teach the four Miss Kenwigses in the French language, for five shillings per week. The seventeenth chapter details the engagement of Miss Nickleby with Madame Mantalini, a fashionable milliner and dress-maker, who introduces her to a Miss Knag, in her work-room, in which were several young women; when]

After a short silence, during which most of the young people made a closer inspection of Kate's appearance, and compared notes respecting it, one of them offered to help her off with her shawl, and the offer being accepted, inquired whether she did not find black very uncomfortable wear.

"I do, indeed," replied Kate, with a bitter sigh.

"So dusty and hot," observed the same speaker, adjusting her dress for her.

Kate might have said, that mourning was the coldest wear which mortals can assume; that it not only chills the breasts of those it clothes, but, extending its influence to summer friends, freezes up their sources of good-will and kindness, and withering all the buds of promise they once so liberally put forth, leaves nothing but bared and rotten hearts exposed. There are few who have lost a friend or relative constituting in life their sole dependance, who have not keenly felt this chilling influence of their sable garb. She had felt it acutely, and feeling it at the moment, could not restrain her tears.

"I am very sorry to have wounded you by my thoughtless speech," said her companion. "I did not think of it. You are in mourning for some near relation."

"For my father," answered Kate, weeping.

"For what relation, Miss Simmonds?" asked Miss Knag, in an audible voice.

"Her father," replied the other, softly.

"Her father, eh?" said Miss Knag, without the slightest depression of her voice. "Ah! a long illness, Miss Simmonds?"

"Hush—pray," replied the girl; "I don't know."

"Our misfortune was very sudden," said Kate, turning away, "or I might, perhaps, at a time like this, be enabled to support it better."

There had existed not a little desire in the room, according to invariable custom when any new "young person" came, to know who Kate was, and what she was, and all about her; but although it might have been very naturally increased by her appearance and emotion, the knowledge that it pained her to be questioned, was sufficient to repress even this curiosity; and Miss Knag, finding it hopeless to attempt extracting any further particulars just then, reluctantly commanded silence, and bade the work proceed.

In silence, then, the tasks were plied until half-past one, when a baked leg of mutton, with potatoes to correspond, were served in the kitchen. The meal over, and the young ladies having enjoyed the additional relaxa-

tion of washing their hands, the work began again, and was again performed in silence, until the noise of carriages rattling through the streets, and of loud double-knocks at doors, gave token that the day's work of the more fortunate members of society was proceeding in its turn.

One of these double-knocks at Madame Mantalini's door announced the equipage of some great lady, or rather rich one—for there is occasionally a wide distinction between riches and greatness—who had come with her daughter to approve of some court-dresses which had been a long time preparing, and upon whom Kate was deputed to wait, accompanied by Miss Knag, and officered, of course, by Madame Mantalini.

Kate's part in the pageant was humble enough, her duties being limited to holding articles of costume until Miss Knag was ready to try them on, and now and then tying a string, or fastening a hook-and-eye. She might, not unreasonably, have supposed herself beneath the reach of any arrogance, or bad humour; but it happened that the rich lady and the rich daughter were both out of temper that day, and the poor girl came in for her share of their revilings. She was awkward—her hands were cold—dirty—coarse—she could do nothing right; they wondered how Madame Mantalini could have such people about her; requested they might see some other young woman the next time they came, and so forth.

So common an occurrence would be hardly deserving of mention, but for its effect. Kate shed many bitter tears when these people were gone, and felt, for the first time, humbled by her occupation. She had, it is true, quailed at the prospect of drudgery and hard service; but she had felt no degradation in working for her bread, until she found herself exposed to insolence and the coarsest pride. Philosophy would have taught her that the degradation was on the side of those who had sunk so low as to display such passions habitually, and without cause; but she was too young for such consolation, and her honest feeling was hurt. May not the complaint, that common people are above their station, often take its rise in the fact of *un*common people being below theirs?

In such scenes and occupations the time wore on until nine o'clock, when Kate, jaded and dispirited with the occurrences of the day, hastened from the confinement of the work-room, to join her mother at the street corner, and walk home:—the more sadly, from having to disguise her real feelings, and feign to participate in all the sanguine visions of her companion.

[We think it impossible our talented author could have placed Miss Nickleby in a situation more favourable for a powerful display of his resplendent genius.]

ROME.

THE history of Rome will remain, to the latest age of the world, the most attractive, the most useful, and the most elevating subject of human contemplation. It must ever form the basis of a liberal and enlightened education; it must ever present the most important object to the contemplation of the statesman; it must ever exhibit the most heart-stirring record to the heart of the soldier. Modern civilization, the arts and the arms, the freedom and the institutions of Europe around us, are the bequest of the Roman legions. The roads which we travel are, in many places, those which these indomitable pioneers of civilization first cleared through the wilderness of nature; the language which we speak is more than half derived from Roman words; the laws by which we are protected have found their purest fountains in the treasures of Roman jurisprudence; the ideas in which we glory are to be found traced out in the fire of young conception in the Roman writers. In vain does the superficial acquirement, or shallow variety, of modern liberalism seek to throw off the weight of obligation to the grandeur or virtue of antiquity; in vain are we told that useful knowledge is alone worthy of cultivation, that ancient fables have gone past, and that the study of physical science should supersede that of the Greek or Roman authors. Experience, the great detector of error, is perpetually recalling to our minds the inestimable importance of Roman history. The more that our institutions become liberalized, the more rapid the strides which democracy makes amongst us, the more closely do we cling to the annals of a state which underwent exactly the same changes, and suffered the consequences of the same convulsions; and the more that we experience the insecurity, the selfishness, and the rapacity of democratic ambition, the more highly do we come to appreciate the condensed wisdom with which the great historians of antiquity, by a word or an epithet, stamped its character, or revealed its tendency.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ON THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF THE MERMAID.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous statements so often advanced, by various authors and travellers, as to the real existence of the Mermaid, we have as yet had no authentic proof—that is, no specimen, either living or dead, having as yet been publicly exhibited in England. Doubtless, this creature of the poet's brain owes its origin to the following quotation from Scripture; but with this addition, that the poets and herald-painters added the comb and looking-glass, without giving the world the least in-

formation where these sea-maids could possibly, in the deep, procure such essential requisites to a lady's toilette.

In the third and fourth verses of the fifth chapter of Samuel I., it says,—

"And when they of Ashdod arose early in the morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again.

"And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon, and both the palms of his hands, were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump (or fishy part) was left to him."

The essential part of the word Dagon, (Dag,) means a fish, in Hebrew. It was a tutelary deity of the Philistines; and, notwithstanding the numerous discussions about the form, sex, and identity of this idol, it is the general opinion it was represented half-human and half-fish; that is, with a human bust, and a fish-like termination. This Dagon of the Scriptures seems to have been represented of the male sex; whereas the ancient writers, as well as on the medals of the Philistine towns, represent the idol worshipped by the Philistines as a female of the human part. Diodorus relates, that near the city of Askelon, in Syria, there was a deep lake, abounding with fish, near which stood a temple dedicated to a famous goddess, called by the Syrians, Decerto, (the Syriac name for this fish-idol.) She had the head and face of a woman, but the rest of the body was that of a fish. Lucian also states, that he had seen this idol represented in Phœnicia, (Philistia,) as a woman, with the lower part half-fish. In Sir William Ouseley's Miscellaneous Plates (xxi.) there is, as copied from a Babylonian cylinder, a representation of a bearded personage, fish from the waist downward. The reader will find further remarks on this Dagon among the erudite notes in the Pictorial Bible, No. 34. Z

Arts and Sciences.

NEW THEATRICAL MACHINERY.

To whatever department of mechanical science we direct our attention, one uniform impression is conveyed—we become continually surprised by a mass of modern contrivances which, through the ingenuity and talent of our countrymen, (especially,) are in course of increasing improvement.

The subject recurs to us more forcibly from an opportunity we have lately had of examining a new and extensive series of designs for constructing, in our modern theatres, an entire system of machinery, by which the operations are rendered less complex, and the instantaneous effects produced are unlike any thing which has heretofore appeared upon the stage of any theatre.

There is, in this arrangement, one distinctive characteristic, which is rarely attendant upon an extended scheme of improvement—namely, it appears to have provided for every contingency, and to embrace every circumstance which can be anticipated as in any way controlled by or affecting its action.

In lieu of having the stage, as at present, inconveniently crowded with scene-shifters and others, to the manifest inconvenience of the performers, they are scarcely upon the stage beyond half an hour during the evening's performance.

The machinery is constructing upon cast-iron columns, in preference to the usual practice of suspending every thing from the roof, and the entire construction being of metal, is beyond the reach or apprehension of accident by fire.

All machinery which, like the present, is intended to perform a diversity of duties of considerable extent, must be, to a certain degree complicated; it is, however, so greatly simplified, that its management only requires common care and attention on the parts of those who have charge of it.

The blunders to which the present methods of scene-shifting are constantly exposed have long called for revision; but the subject presented so many difficulties, so many conflicting interests, and so much to discourage any ordinary person, who might be qualified, from undertaking such a task, that we are not surprised it has so long remained unimproved. The task is one requiring much care, labour, and discrimination, to disentangle the collected heaps of useful from the superfluous materials; the result is, however, a saving of seventy per cent. in the expense of working the theatre.

Great credit is due to the contriver, Mr. Macdonald Stevenson, for his undertaking, and for the ability with which he has been enabled to overcome obstacles of no ordinary description, upon which, we believe, he has been upwards of two years engaged.

Mr. Stephenson, we understand, has received the encouragement he deserves from the authorities of Paris, where the circumstance of the machinery being fire-proof has been considered almost as important as the other advantages which attach to its application.

We do not feel ourselves at liberty to explain more minutely the construction, which would indeed be difficult without reference to the drawings and models; but we shall enter more fully on the subject when the machinery now constructing by Mr. Stephenson for Miss Kelly's theatre is completed, and before the public.—*Morning Herald.*

The Gatherer.

Trafalgar Square.—(By a Correspondent of the *Architectural Magazine.*)—Greatly is it to be hoped, that, whatever may be erected in the centre of Trafalgar Square, it will not be another huge column. There is already one thing too many of the kind in the metropolis; a single specimen of what excludes all variety or design, being quite sufficient to satisfy the most voracious curiosity. What reason can be argued in favour of having a column on that site I know not: certainly, there are several reasons against it, independently of the one included in the above remark. In the first place, there is the York Column just by; in the second, a lofty column would hardly serve as a foil either to the National Gallery, or any of the other buildings; in the third, it would itself suffer by comparison with the steeple of St. Martin's Church, which is nearly two hundred feet high. Let it be the proposed monument to Nelson, or any thing else, which is to embellish that site, I should say it ought to be designed with reference to the existing buildings, so as to set them off to as much advantage as possible, instead of in any degree overpowering them. If it must, at all events, be a column, at least let it not be such a one as belongs to an entablature, but something of a rostral pillar; a professedly ornamental, and certainly most picturesque, object. Then, if a statue of Nelson is to be placed on the summit, those of other naval commanders might very suitably be put on the prows jutting out from the shaft, so as to be attached to the shaft itself. In addition to these, there might be zones of bas-relief cincturing the shaft at intervals, while other sculpture might be introduced in the lower part of the design; namely, that which would constitute the base, or platform, supporting the pillar itself.

Model of the first English Steam-Vessel.—The following notice appeared in the *Oracle* daily newspaper, December, 1789:—"There has been lately laid before the Admiralty Board the model of a ship, worked by steam, which is so constructed, as to sail against wind and tide. This ingenuity is to be rewarded by a patent."

A National Painting.—"That's a most beautiful thing," said the governor, "you are a doin' of: may I presume to chatichise what it is?" "Why," said I, "governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white, two-story house in it, havin' a washin'-tub of apple-sarce on one side, and a cart chock-full of punkin-pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise—our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters, A. P., initialise it Airthly P "Well," says he, "who is that *he* the left?" "I didn't intend them H and E—to indicate he at all," "though I see now they do. I must alter that. That tall, gracefu (says I,) with wings, carryin' a lon knife in his right hand, and ther winged figures in the rear, with litt are angles emigratin' from heaven country. H and E means Heaver grants: it's alle-*go*-ry." "And a alle-*go*-ry it is!" said he, "and we lated to give foreigners a correct our young, growin', and great repu It is a fine conception, that!—*Sam*

Vertue, in one of his MSS., s Thomas Hinde, in 1537, was the fir seller in London.

Notwithstanding the generally notion, that ladies' dresses never various or so costly as in the presen is stated in a manuscript deposited British Museum, by Dr. Birch, wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, at of her demise, contained more th *thousand gouns*, with all things ans

Men are born with *two* eyes, but tongue, in order that they should s as much as they say.—*Colton.*

Shower of Frogs.—A correspond *Sun*, who dates from 7, Sackville-stree that as he was walking up Tower Monday afternoon, July 30, 1838, some dozens of young frogs hoppin foot and carriage pavements; whic jectures had been precipitated to the a heavy shower that had fallen about before, as they were scattered to a c ble distance. He describes the large frogs as not exceeding half an inch i while some were extremely minute exceedingly lively.

A youth, who had been dumb infancy, was unfortunately drowned whilst bathing; and, most singular when he was on the point of sinl spoke for the first time in his life, b upon his brother to save him, wh mournful spectator of the heart-scene.—*Isle of Man Advertiser.* T of this article has a son, who never s til he was upwards of six years old, happened to fall into a pond in the On his being rescued by his brother stant he recovered himself, he told ther he would never go near the pon

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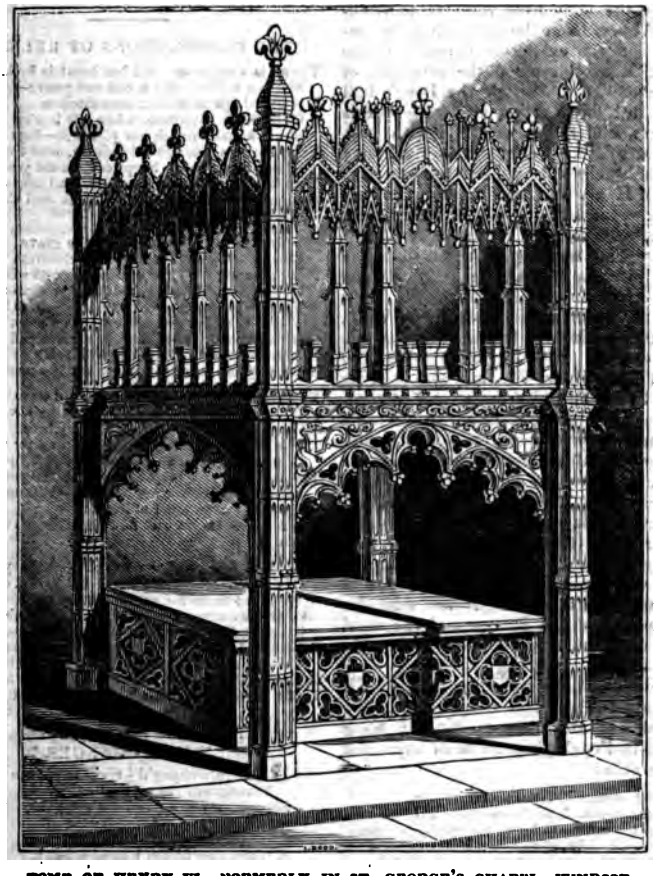
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 908.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1838. [Price 2*d*.

Tombs of the Sovereigns of England.



TOMB OF HENRY VI., FORMERLY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

King Henry VI. was buried in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, near the choir door: this prince, after a life of piety and reign of trouble, died in the Tower of London, May 21, Ann. Dom. 1472, or, according to the more general opinion, was there murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester: his corpse was next day carried to St. Paul's Church, and from thence conveyed by water to the Abbey of Chertsey, in Surrey, and buried; from hence it was removed, in the reign of Richard III., to this choir, and a second time buried. *In mense Augusti effossum est Corpus Regis Henrici sexti, et usque novam Ecclesiam Collegiatam de* Windzovr *est translatum, ibi honorifice receptum, et cum maxime solemnitate iterum tumulatum, ad australem partem summi Altaris.* Rossi Warwic. Histor. Reg. Angl. p. 217.

This author farther intimates, that the Prince's body was afterwards removed from Windsor, and buried a third time, *iterum tertio creditur a pluribus sepeliendus*, p. 210. And Stowe, in his Chronicle, says, "his Tomb was removed from Windsor, and it is

not commonly known what became of his body."

It is notorious, from the sanctity of this Prince's life, and the circumstances of his death, that his relics were held in great estimation by the people, insomuch as Henry VII. applied to the Court of Rome for his admission into the calendar of the saints of that church, and also for a license from the Pope to remove the body from Windsor to Westminster Abbey, to be buried with great solemnity: but the exorbitant demands of the church of Rome prevented the intention of removing the body, though the Pope's bull was obtained for that purpose. From this application, and return of the Pope's bull, the notion might arise, that the royal body was actually removed; yet it is evident this purpose of Henry VII. was never put in execution, as appears by the will of that prince, in which, speaking of Westminster Abbey, he says, "That we purpose right shortly to translate into the same, the body and reliques of our uncle of blessed memorie, King Henry VI." Farther, also, King Henry VIII., by his will, speaking of his interment in this chapel, ordains, "That the tombes and aulters of King Henry VI., and also of King Edward IV., our great uncle and graunt-father, be made more princely, in the same place where they now be, at our charge;" which certainly this Prince would never have ordered, had the body of King Henry VI. been before removed; and it appears at present, though much defaced by time, that the whole arch near which this prince is buried, was, according to this direction in King Henry VIII.'s will, sumptuously decorated, and adorned with the royal ensigns, and other devices peculiar to this Prince, and the royal arms are neatly cut and blazoned on the centre stone of the arch.

The burial of these two kings (Henry VI. and Edward IV.) in this chapel, under the same roof, and the unhappy fate of King Henry, is by Pope's plaintive muse expressed in these words:

"Let softest strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn;
Here o'er the murder'd king, the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps;
Whom, not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the German main,
The grave unites, where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and oppress'd."

Henry VI. was born at Windsor, Dec. 6, 1421; ascended the throne, August 31, 1422; proclaimed king of France the same year; crowned at Westminster, Nov. 6, 1429; crowned at Paris, Dec. 17, 1430; married to Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Anjou, April 12, 1445; Jack Cade's insurrection, 1446; Henry taken prisoner at St. Alban's, 1455; but regained his liberty, 1461; and deposed March 7 following, by his fourth cousin, Edward IV.; fled into Scotland, and taken prisoner in Lancashire, 1463; restored to his throne, 1470; taken prisoner again by Edward, April 11, 1471; Queen Margaret and her son taken prisoners at Tewkesbury, by Edward, May 4; the prince killed in cold blood, and Henry murdered in the Tower, May 21, 1472.

Well might Henry exclaim—

"Uneasy lays the head that wears a crown!"

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow—she is old and poor;—
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er.
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure—begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics! would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children: all
Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save
Her treasur'd jewels. Though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret—a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Long bowed before her Maker;—then no more
She muses on the grief of former days;
Her full heart melts and flows in Heaven's dissol[illegible]ing rays.

And Faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of Saints look pity on her. Death will come
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow;—all its gloom
Is scatter'd. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee,—
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eter[illegible]ity!

J. G. PERCIV[illegible].

TIME'S CHANGES.

YES, we are chang'd—there is not one
Throughout the earth, from whom
Some lovely treasure hath not gone,
Of beauty or of bloom:
And every year and every day
A something bright will pass away,
Until we reach the tomb!
But *there* shall fade each earthly stain,
And we shall all be pure again.

FADED BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'T was pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

HERRICK.

ANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. I.

sal of bodies, after death, by burn- to ashes, was (as our readers are tensively practised by the ancient and their example is followed by rn Hindoos. Mr. Bulwer, in his ys of Pompeii," gives a vivid pic- Roman funeral; and from his gra- iption a very complete notion will of all the ceremonies practised on on; particularly those which relate de in which the funeral ashes were and preserved. This is the point s reference more especially to our ubject. It is impossible to forget, onnection with this subject, the f poor Shelley's body, under the di- Lord Byron. A very impressive resque sketch of the scene is given in's "Conversations." He ob- On the occasion of Shelley's me- iate, I re-visited Pisa, and learned, ay of my arrival, that Lord Byron to the sea-shore, to assist in per- he last offices to his friend. We a spot, marked by the old and wi- ink of a fir-tree; and near it, on the eod a solitary hut, covered with The situation was well calculated for grave. A few weeks before, I had th Lord Byron and Shelley himself ry spot. In front was a magnificent the blue and placid Mediterranean, isles of Elba and Gorgona, and d Byron's yacht at anchor in the on the other side, an almost bound- it of sandy wilderness, without cul- nd without inhabitants. This view nded by an immense extent of the lps, which are here particularly pic- from their volcanic appearance and ape; and being composed of white their summits appear to be covered w. As a foreground to this picture, an extraordinary group. Lord By- Mr. Trelawney were seen standing burning pile, with some of the sol- the guard, and Leigh Hunt (whose ould not carry him through the horror,) lying back in the carriage; horses ready to drop with the inten- he noon-day sun. The stillness of d was made still more evident, by l scream of a solitary curlew; which, attracted by the body, wheeled round in such narrow circles, that it might m struck with the hand, and was so that it could not be driven away."

uman body is, in general, so little combustion, that it requires a very able time, with even an abundant of fuel, to reduce it to ashes. Dr. on (the most eminent British medical jurist) states, that the quantity of wood required to burn the body of an adult is about two cart-loads. The last man burned at the stake in Europe (except one in Spain) was in Normandy; and it required two large cart-loads of faggots, and several hours, to effect complete combustion. In the burning of criminals, (when that horrid mode of punishment was adopted,) as well as in the numerous cases of martyrs, who have triumphed in the flames, a great quantity of wood was necessary; and among the Romans, (to whom we have just referred.) so much wood was required to consume a body, that it was too expensive a mode of disposing of the dead, to be adopted by the common people. Hence a common fire, in the grate of a room, is not likely to be sufficient for the purpose. The murderer of Mrs. King occupied several days in burning the body, in a common chamber-grate; and though the murderer, Cook, five or six years ago, got rid of a great part of his victim's body in two days, by cutting it in small pieces before putting it on the fire, much seems to have been buried, without having been on the fire at all. Indeed, the bones cannot be calcined without the heat of a furnace.

But though, in ordinary cases, it is very difficult to reduce a body to ashes, there are instances in which (from some change in its constituent parts) it becomes susceptible of combustion, more or less complete, without the assistance of any fuel at all.—Even the bones, stubborn as we have seen them to be in general, have in several instances been calcined. This, which is one of the most remarkable phenomena to which the body is liable, is called *Spontaneous Human Combustion*. Some doubt, indeed, has arisen whether it should be called "*Spontaneous* Combustion." Dr. Christison, for instance, while he looks upon preternatural *combustibility* of the body as a well-ascertained fact, regards spontaneous *combustion* of it as a very questionable one: for, generally speaking, some ignited body (such as a candle or pipe) has been discovered near the remains of the body. Dr. Beck, a celebrated American writer, (whose work on Legal Medicine is still the text-book most resorted to, even by English students,) goes farther than this: for he says, that "we always find some burning body mentioned, as having excited the phenomenon in question;" and that, "probably, therefore, the term '*spontaneous*' is not strictly accurate;" but he adopts it, "because of its general use, and also because the term '*human combustion*, which it has been proposed to substitute in its place, appears too indefinite."—Too indefinite it certainly would be; since it would include all cases in which the body was destroyed by fire, from whatever cause arising, and whether before or after death.

As we proceed with the subject, however, we shall see reason to conclude, that the term "*spontaneous*" may very properly be applied: for there are some well-attested cases, in which no igneous substances were detected; and many medical jurists now admit the possibility of combustion taking place in the body spontaneously.

Like the burial-rites of the Romans, this subject has not escaped the pen of the novelist, however unfitted it might appear for his pages. Captain Marryat, who is rather remarkable for the mode in which he despatches his characters,* takes off Jacob Faithful's mother by spontaneous combustion; the principal phenomena of which he has described with great accuracy. The good lady in question certainly appears to have been a subject admirably fitted for such a catastrophe; being very fat, and an abject slave to the bottle. Her corpulence was aggravated by want of exercise. "Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin, and the vessel never. Being of this domestic habit, (as all married women ought to be,) she was always to be found when wanted. But, although always at hand, she was not always on her feet; for, towards the close of the day, she lay down upon her bed: a wise precaution when a person can no longer stand!" At last she became "a most unwieldly, bloated mountain of flesh." Jacob thus describes her death on board the lighter:—

"I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water; for I always drank more when we were above the bridges, having an idea that its taste was more pure and fresh. Indeed, I was a great water-drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food; and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern, that 'Gin wasn't good for little boys.' Having nothing more to do, I lay down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old.—I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished, and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when I was suddenly interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again; and I had hardly time to get on my legs, when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles, as the tide rushed quickly past.—For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupefied; but was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter. I hastened to her assistance. A strong, thick, empyreumatic smoke ascended from the cabin, and mounted up into the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in; but as soon as I encountered the smoke, I found it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done, in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down, and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin-hatch. The smoke had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and, although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called 'Mother!' but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still a-light; and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning; not even the curtains of my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear. With a trembling voice I again called out, 'Mother!' I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed. My mother was not there; but there appeared to be a black mass in the middle of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it: it was a sort of uncheous, pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror; my little senses reeled; I staggered from the cabin, and fell down on the deck."† N. R.

* See the death of the Phrenologist, in "Midshipman Easy."

PROSPERITY COMPARED WITH ADVERSITY.

The burthen of the poet's song may, "by Fortune's favourites," be stigmatised as satirical and misanthropic; but, take a peep into society, as its circles revolve in giddy whirl, and the just, moral mentor shall be impelled to say, that its state of conventional feeling on such cases as the theme alludes to, is *rather more depraved* at present than it was in Ovid's time. There is a mass of demonstration in the experience and observation of individuals, which, combined with the commentaries and essays of the most profoundly learned, and equally practical men, in all ages of the world, leaves the subject barren of contradiction. It is a vernacular proverb, that "Prosperity gains friends," but that "Adversity *tries* them." Now, the chief

† This quotation appeared in our 22nd volume; but our respected Correspondent deems its repetition requisite to illustrate his subject.

of the moralist is to prove, or essay to
n, the *rational* origin of such apho-
; a task which we will test our ability
form.

haps the following simile may do it
ctly, if not perfectly. As creeping in-
venomous reptiles, with myriads of ani-
les, are attracted and engendered into
r the effulgent and vivifying rays of a
summer's sun, whilst riding in the
an of his splendours, and are equally
d to fly for warmth and shelter to their
y holes and moss retreats, when the
chilling vapours of day-light descend,
e lengthening evening shade obscures
parting glory; so, that animal—man,
lly speaking, (for *there are* the noblest
ions to every dry and rigid rule,) joins
lf, apparently with the most cordial
ty, proffering an eternal friendship, to
rele of the social evolution of some
y compeer—the rising sun of molten
carved and engraven with man's de-
revelling in the convivial enjoyments
banquet-board; sharing, perhaps, in
arest and most sacred penetralia of his
old gods; commending his prodiga-
nd probably inciting him to grandeur,
of luxury, and profusion; going with
here he goes, dwelling with him where
ells, and, in one word, making himself
able of his friend. But,

Oh! what a falling off is there!

his fortune is wrecked upon the rocks
foreseen mischance, his influence de-
—his income gradually grows less;—
e, and then another prop of human
is thrown down. *Where* are his ful-
loving friends, to mend his shattered
— to rescue him from a jail, perhaps
mb of his mortal existence, or the se-
of his hopes, his prospects, and his
r? — where are those vermin that
l in the noon-tide glow of his affluence
me? Alas! for the integrity and ho-
of the human character! The "*multi*
" of his happier hours have *forsaken*,
ft him to the "merciless pelting of the
storm" of adverse circumstances;
nless *God be with him*, he *is* left
And, in return for the many favours
ts of charity done to others, the world
s his *want of discrimination*—his *im-*
ce—perhaps his extravagance; and
to *justify* its own cold-heartedness,
ty, and dissimulation, by ungratefully
ng its victim's foibles, and fiendishly
ing that *generous and ingenuous con-*
in human nature, which was the
d *primary* origin of his misfortunes!

hat's ungrateful has no crime but one;
ther crimes may pass for virtues in him.

asons' Quarterly Review, No. XVIII.

THE HUMAN EYE.

"But, of all the tracks of conveyance which God has been pleased to open up between the mind of man and the theatre by which he is surrounded, there is none by which he so multiplies his acquaintance with the rich and varied creation on every side of him, as by the organ of the eye. It is this which gives to him his loftiest command over the scenery of nature;—it is this by which so broad a range of observation is submitted to him;—it is this which enables him, by the act of a single moment, to send an exploring look over the surface of an ample territory, to crowd his mind with the whole assembly of its objects, and to fill his vision with those countless hues which diversify and adorn it;—it is this which carries him abroad, over all that is sublime in the immensity of distance; which sets him, as it were, on an elevated platform, from whence he may cast a surveying glance over the arena of innumerable worlds; which spreads before him so mighty a province of contemplation, that the earth he inhabits only appears to furnish him with the pedestal on which he may stand, and from which he may descry the wonders of all that magnificence, which the Divinity has poured so abundantly around him. It is by the narrow outlet of the eye that the mind of man takes its excursive flight over those golden tracks, where, in all the exhaustlessness of creative wealth, lie scattered the suns and the systems of astronomy. But, oh! how good a thing it is, and how becoming well for the philosopher to be humble, amid the proudest march of human discovery, and the sublimest triumphs of the human understanding, when he thinks of that unscaled barrier, beyond which no power, either of the eye or of the telescope, shall ever carry him; when he thinks that, on the other side of it, there is a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, to which the whole of this concave and visible firmament dwindles into the insignificancy of an atom; and, above all, how ready should he be to cast his every lofty imagination away from him, when he thinks of the God who, on the simple foundation of his word, has reared the whole of this stately architecture, and, by the force of his preserving mind, continues to uphold it;—ay, and should the word again come out from him, that this earth shall pass away, and a portion of the heavens which are around it shall again fall back into the annihilation from which he at first summoned them,—what an impressive rebuke does it bring on the swelling vanity of science, to think that the whole field of its most ambitious enterprises may be swept away altogether, and there remain before the eye of Him who sitteth on the throne an untra-

velled immensity, which he hath filled with innumerable splendours, and over the whole face of which he hath inscribed the evidence of his high attributes, in all their might, and in all their manifestation!"—*Chalmers.*

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE KNOUT IN RUSSIA.

By an Eye-Witness.

From the time of my arrival in the Russian capital, one of the sights which I was particularly anxious to witness, was that of a criminal undergoing the knout. This gratification, however, is much more difficult to be obtained than a person accustomed to the publicity given to every act connected with the administration of justice in England will easily understand. There, the law wisely considers punishment in the light of aiding in the prevention of crime, by exhibiting, in as awful a manner as possible, the unavoidable and dreadful consequences of convicted guilt, rather than as an act of retribution on the guilty offender. In Russia, it seems nearly the reverse: here, as an example, it is disregarded, and assumes in a great measure the aspect of barbarous and unmeaning revenge. The whole proceedings of the courts of justice are conducted, if not with absolute secrecy, at least without any steps being taken to make their proceedings public. No part of the trial or sentence is ever published; and when the criminal is at last convicted, (and years, I understand, sometimes elapse before the proceedings terminate,) the punishment takes place, not in the heart of the city, but in a remote corner, and at an hour earlier than even an Old Bailey execution.

Late one evening, I received a note from an acquaintance, informing me that a criminal was to be *knouted* on the following morning, at seven o'clock. His father was a respectable tradesman, occupying a shop in the Gostinoi Door; a man, from all I could learn, remarkable for sobriety and industry. His son was entirely the reverse, being idle, dissipated, and worthless. One day, having received some well-merited rebuke from his father, he seized a knife, and, in the presence of the whole family, plunged it into the body of the old man, who died upon the spot. He was immediately seized and disarmed, and, after a wonderfully expeditious trial, for Russia, sentenced to the knout. The blows adjudged for infliction amounted to one hundred and one—this number being considered equivalent to a sentence of death. A *direct* sentence of death is by the law of Russia abolished, except for military or state crimes.

The following morning, accompanied by the friend from whom I received the intimation, I repaired, between six and seven o'clock, to the place of punishment, which is in a field where a horse-market is held, on the banks of the Ligasa canal, rather more than a mile from the Admiralty. From being so early on the ground, we had a good opportunity of examining the preparations for the execution. They were simple enough. A strong flat stake, and a few mats laid on the ground, formed the whole that were visible. The stake was nearly five feet high, planted very firmly in the ground, and sloping about eight or ten inches off the perpendicular. In thickness it was about four inches, but its breadth was very unequal, being fully two feet at the top, and tapering gradually groundward to the earth, where it was not above eight inches. On the top, it was hollowed out into three semi-circles—the central one being appropriated for the neck, and the two others for the arms of the criminal. Near to the ground, the stake was penetrated by a hole of some two or three inches in diameter, for the reception of a cord wherewith to bind the malefactor's ancles. The mats were spread out on one side of the stake, for the purpose, as I imagined, of making the footing of the executioner as firm as possible.

Exactly at seven o'clock, a bustle among the military attracted our attention; and on looking round, we saw the criminal approaching on foot, guarded by four dismounted gen-d'armes, with naked sabres, accompanied by several officers of police, and followed by two executioners—each bearing under his arm a bundle, which we afterward found contained knout thongs. The battalion now formed a hollow square, three deep—the police, executioner, and criminal being in the centre.

I must now describe the criminal. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, very full built, but of low stature, with a countenance of that stolid description which defies all the science of the physiognomist. Though near him, and anxious to read in his features the workings of the mind within, I could neither trace remorse, ferocity, nor fear. He seemed perfectly callous to his situation, and while sentence was being read, he deliberately took off his cap, and prepared himself with perfect coolness for his punishment. Having thrown aside his caftan and shirt, and having nothing on but his trousers and boots, he approached the stake with a firm step, and was duly fastened to it by the executioners. This done, these functionaries threw off their coats, and got ready the instruments of torture. The knout consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or

five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad: it is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes soft.

The principal executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the thong of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waitband of his trousers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result—the same frightful yell—the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to, the first: a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed, in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was, might seem to justify. After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of renovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another; and, at each relay, adding a new thong, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the parricide. About the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first till about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker; the latter, indeed, had degenrated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased: the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag, and with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek, and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal, until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue; yet still, mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart having been draw into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and with the assistance of the gen-d'armes, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his caftan, then a mat over all. When removed from the stake, he was quite insensible; so much so, that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital: but I was mistaken: for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution; nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, and, whatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first; the whole affair, from the arrival till the departure of the criminal, not exceeding twenty minutes. What became of him afterward, I could not learn; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, or rather certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

The Naturalist.

THE BLIND SEAL.

About forty years ago, a youg seal was taken in Clew Bay, in Ireland, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described him to me, was "fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten."

Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country *the crippawn*—a kind

(The Blind Seal.)

of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over night came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favourite resting-place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Innis Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house-dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep.

The master of the house was immediately apprized of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this proposition the person who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight. Next morning, writhing in agony the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle died fast, and the beldame gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm, a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door. When morning broke, the door was opened—the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!

The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The hag who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murder. Every

thing about this devoted house melted away —sheep rotted, cattle died, "and blighted was the corn." Of several children none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died *blind* and miserable.

There is not a stone of the cottage building standing upon another.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE DOMESTIC INSTINCTS OF BIRDS.*

BIRDS present in their habits an interesting feature which distinguishes them from almost all other animals, viz. that most of them not only live in monogamy, but in a union, which ends only with the death of one of the parties. Moreover, the union of birds is distinguished by the circumstance, that the males of almost all the species living in monogamy, interest themselves in their progeny; whereas in the *Mammalia*, man alone excepted, it is only the female who takes charge of the young. This is partly a natural consequence of their being suckled by the female parent; but even after they have been weaned, the dam alone feeds or guides them, whereas the male does not even know or acknowledge his progeny.

It is the male that maintains, with great obstinacy, the place where the nest is to be constructed. This has been ascribed to the jealousy with which they assert their rights as legitimate husbands; and it is true that the male birds of many species do not tolerate any of their own species and sex within a certain district; but the females are never seen to contend for the building-place as the males do.

"A starling had this year built its nest in a box, fixed on a tree near my house. The young had scarcely left it, when a couple of house-sparrows, who had before made several vain endeavours to build in the same box, took possession of it. A few days after, the young starlings being so far advanced that they no longer required the incessant attention of their parents, the latter appeared again, and dislodged the sparrows; but only the males fought. The male starling cleared the box of the feathers carried there by the sparrows, and by making use of both beak and wings, drove the vociferous cock sparrow to a good distance from the box. On the third morning the hen sparrow had laid an egg in the box; the male starling arrived, entered the box, brought out the egg in his beak, and dropped it. The cock sparrow now, for the first time, furiously attacked the starling, but was so ill received that it made a precipitate retreat. After this the starling no longer disputed the place with the sparrows, which built in the box and reared their young. In a similar manner are conducted all struggles for building places; the males fight it out, while the females remain passive spectators."

The great sea-eagles hover *in pairs* over their eyries, and both parents take a share in rearing their young. Nay, the male feeds and guides them, in common with the female, after they have left their nest, until they can provide for their own subsistence and safety. Buzzards, also, the male not only feeds the female while she is sitting, but takes care of the young with great kindness.

The male of the honey-buzzard presents the only instance known among birds of prey, of not only assisting the female in rearing the young, but *also in hatching*. They relieve each other regularly. Mr. Mädel, of Gotha, shot a male upon its eyrie, and found that it had been sitting upon the eggs.

The male of both the russet and blackish-brown species of kite behave to their progeny like other birds of prey; but they show such caution in the exercise of their parental affection, that when they apprehend any danger, they will soar over the eyrie beyond the range of guns, and let the food fall into it from that height.

The males of the noble falcons evince about the same kind of affection for their young as the hawks. That of the peregrine falcon is but two-thirds the size of the female, but he feeds her whilst she is sitting, and assists faithfully in rearing the young. He clings so much to the favourite rock on which the eyrie is built, as to remain there even after the female and young have been destroyed. There is another species of the falcon, called *Subbuteo*, that present peculiar features. "It feeds its sitting mate, but does not carry the food to the eyrie itself. When it has caught a bird, it flies round and round the nest, shouting *glee, glee, glee*. Upon this the female, uttering a similar cry, leaves her eggs or tender young, flies to meet the male, and takes the prey from him, carrying it to the eyrie, there to eat it in comfort. It is delightful to observe the affectionate meeting of these noble falcons. In feeding the young the same forms are observed; the male soars round the nest with his joyous call, until the female arrives to receive the prey and carry it to the young. It is only when the female has been killed that the male extends his functions, and carries the food to the eyrie, where he often feeds the young with insects from his craw. It is also very interesting to observe how the male trains the young to hunting.—At first they are taught to seize some prey which the male presents to them when both parties are on the wing. When they are able to do this with sufficient precision, they catch dead birds, &c. which the parent lets fall; and

* By the Rev. Dr. Brehm, of Renthendorf, in Saxony. Extracted from the Magazine of Natural History, No. 20, Vol. II.

this instruction is continued until the young are skilful enough to catch living birds."

The behaviour of the Kestrel is very different. The males of this sub-genus are so much attached to their females, that they keep together even after the breeding season. They migrate with their respective mates to distant countries, and return with them. During the breeding season the attentions of the male become more marked, even before the first egg has been laid. When the female is resting near the newly-constructed eyrie, especially towards nightfall, the male will often carry to her a mouse, &c., and in arriving he utters a very tender call, which is returned by the female. When she has begun to sit, she may safely trust to the faithful care of her mate, who never fails to provide her with choice morsels. The food which he carries to her consists chiefly of mice. When he arrives he enters the eyrie with great eagerness, and appears to delight so much in seeing the female feasting, that he often stays a considerable time, during which the couple exchange many tender sounds. It is only after the female is duly provided for, that the male thinks about satisfying his own appetite; and this having been done, he perches on the pinnacle of an old tower, or a neighbouring tree, to keep watch over the female. He afterwards contributes his due share in rearing the young, to which he gives the food previously prepared in his craw. There is no eyrie where there is more bustle than about that of the kestrel.

Many are the peculiarities to be observed in the three species of sparrow-hawk, which are indigenous in Germany. "Even during the breeding season, the male perseveres in that stubborn and *insidious* disposition which is peculiar to the sub-genus, and which the female loses about that period. These species show a boldness when near their eggs or young, which is perfectly ridiculous. Instead of retreating when a man approaches the nest, they fly to meet him, perch before him in the most open place, and will even sometimes make a rush at the great enemy of all other creatures. On one occasion, a female sparrow-hawk would have taken my cap from my head, if I had not parried her off with my gun. The male does not act so openly. He supplies the female with food, as long as she is sitting or warming the young; but he proceeds in a very secret manner in performing the business. It is difficult to catch a glimpse of him when carrying food to his nest; and except at that time he is not to be seen at all. When the female of other birds of prey has been scared from her eyrie, and utters her anxious call, the male appears at once, joins her in her lamentations, and is ready to do all in his power to defend their progeny. The male of the sparrow-hawk behaves in a very different way. Let the female call ever so loudly and piteously, her mate will not make his appearance, at least so long as the young are not far advanced in growth. I am able to bear full testimony to the truth of this, having closely watched these birds near five different nests. It is only when the young are become larger, and the parents are obliged to make unusual exertions, that the male shows himself uncommonly active. He is then heard screaming about the eyrie, and seen carrying the prey to it. Four young ones, when nearly fledged, require a daily allowance of from sixteen to twenty small birds; and one or the other of the old birds arrives at the nest with food, at least once an hour, in case the neighbourhood abounds in such young birds as have lately left their nests; whereas before, the young were fed only once in two hours. Nay, if the female has been shot, the male makes double exertions, and will himself bring from twelve to fifteen birds daily."

"I know that the male of the reed-kite feeds his female whilst she is hatching, and assists her in rearing the young. This is also the case with the corn and meadow kite. It is remarkable how assiduously the females of the reed-kite are courted. I know an instance in which three males were shot near the same female in two days. The male of the corn-kite appears to take great delight in hovering over his sitting mate. If, in the month of June, we see a male of that species soaring much over one particular spot, we may be almost certain of finding the nest there, in corn, grass, or low bushes. While the young are being reared, the male of the kites hunts very eagerly and boldly, often till after sunset."

New Books.

FISK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

(*Continued from page 99.*)

Our author leaves France, and arrives at the Alps, by the way of Camberry and Mount Cenis. At a little town called St. Jean de Maurienne, a rivulet comes down the mountain, which has, from the quality of the water, formed for itself

A Natural Calcareous Aqueduct

through its whole course. The appearance is singularly imposing. The water, by its petrifying qualities and calcareous depositions, has raised itself many inches above the ground on either side of it, and formed for itself an artificial spout or aqueduct, as far as the eye could follow it up the side of the mountain.

The Descent of Mount Cenis,

in our way to Turin, was very magnificent. Leaving the plain of St. Nicholas, you

descend an almost perpendicular mountain by several stupendous galleries cut in the solid granite. These galleries are guarded by strong walls, and the road is spacious and of easy carriage. You see it not *winding* but *doubling* below you, stage after stage, upon the steep precipice; a cascade from the mountain is constantly crossing your course, but conducted under you by beautiful arches; and on the right and left of the scene, as you look into the valley of Cenis below, are Mount Genevre and Rochemelon piercing the clouds. After passing into the valley of Cenis and through it, you again descend and *descend* till you reach the valley of Suza. You see below delightful valleys, checkered with villages, and laid out into vineyards, and at such a distance beneath you that at first you are in doubt whether the houses of the villages be not the stones of the valley; and the vineyards with their straight lines, look like the marks of a chess-board.

From the Alps, Dr. Fisk proceeds through Italy; and at Florence witnesses the

Manufacture of the Celebrated Florentine Mosaic,

which, instead of being wrought and shaded with painted glass, like ordinary mosaics, is wrought in a tablet of slate or marble, with precious stones of the natural colour; the only manufacture of the kind in the world; and like that of the Royal Gobelin tapestry in Paris, it is wholly in the hands of the sovereign, and the artists are allowed to work for no one else. The great difficulty in this work is to match the stones with the requisite shades. To this end, all the variegated colours of the most beautiful stones and gems are procured and arranged for the use of the artist. To give some idea of the expense of this kind of manufacture: one table, which was pointed out to us, and which was nearly finished for the altar of the royal chapel, had employed twelve persons for eight years, and would cost twenty thousand crowns.

Funeral Ceremonies of the Neapolitans.

Those who can afford the expense of a funeral are generally buried by fraternities, who are associated together for this purpose. The different societies are dressed in long loose robes of various colours, according to their respective regulations, and all of them wear masks, or, rather, a sort of close hood, with openings for the eyes. These bodies walk in procession, bearing lighted wax candles, and are frequently followed by a number of Franciscan and Capuchin monks, who are dressed in black or brown mantles, with cowls hanging back upon their shoulders, exposing their naked heads sometimes half shaven; and whose feet are shod with a kind of sandal, or a shoe, having only a sole, and straps to bind and fasten it to the foot. We followed a procession of this kind one evening, just as the shadows of approaching night were beginning to cast a gloom upon the city, which is the usual hour for their sepulchral ceremonies. They led us into an upper room, where the corpse was lying in state, in full dress and with painted face; after a little ceremony and religious service, the body was taken and borne off to the church in solemn procession. The scene was heightened by the hour, by the long ranges of lights streaming upon the darkness, and the deep chant of the monks, "*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis,*" ("Give them eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.") When we arrived at the church, another more extended service was performed, and the coffin, in an unaccountable manner, disappeared. I suppose it must have been lowered down through the floor of the church; for we went down into the vault below, and found they had just been engaged in the burial.

Crater of Vesuvius.

Most of the travellers who have described this crater, agree in saying that it is from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet deep; and many of them speak of the possibility of approaching to the bottom. All this, to a visiter of the mountain in its present form, would seem utterly at variance with the truth. You go down, perhaps, for half a mile, a pretty rapid descent, over cliffs and yawning chasms, and through smoke and heated gas. Here you arrive at the inner crater; at the hole, for such it seems, which has been made through the bottom of this gigantic vase, and into which is inserted the cylindrical tube, that seems to extend quite down to the lambent flames and fiery pool of Tartarus. Of the depth of this cylinder you have a very imperfect means of judging; and whenever by a favourable action of the wind or a temporary suspension of the smoke, you approach a little nearer, and attempt a more satisfactory examination, a heated puff of sulphureous gas and smoke drives you back all but suffocated, to get a breath of pure air.

Cheap Living at Rome.

A dinner for six, consisting of three kinds of meat, soup, vegetables, macaroni, and a pudding, and enough to spare for the servants, was about two dollars. The whole expense for our establishment, including the cost of the public places visited, and the coach-hire, lodgings, &c., was about two dollars a piece per day. This cheapness of living in Rome is one chief cause why so many strangers resort here. Many an impaired English fortune has been restored and disencumbered by the removal of their domestic establishment to Italy, when a

respectable residence at home would have involved them deeper in debt.

While at the church of *St. Cecilia in Trastivere*, the author was present at the ceremony of two young ladies

Taking the White Veil.

After refreshment we went into the church, and soon an aged bishop, with locks whiter than wool, entered with his attendants. A golden crosier was borne before him. He was then clad with his sacerdotal vestments, the principal of which was a robe of silver tissue borderd with gold, and a mitre studded with brilliants. Soon the candidates entered, dressed like princesses, followed by little girls with wings from their backs in the character of angels, holding up their trains. After some ceremony by the bishop and the candidates, a discourse was delivered by a priest, which seemed to be a defence of perpetual virginity, and a reference to the advantages of the monastic life. The novices then retired, and directly appeared at a grate communicating with the church. This grated window had an altar on each side, within and without, and a communication between them about eight or ten inches square. Here, with the bishop and priests on one side, and the young ladies with their attendants on the other, the appointed service was performed. By the kindness of the brother of one of the candidates, I was accommodated with a favourable position near the altar, and near the new vestments with which they were about to be clothed. These lay in two separate piles, with the name of each upon her parcel. After a portion of the service, the candidates placed their heads by the window of the grate; and the officiating bishop, with a pair of golden scissors, taken from a plate of gold, cut off a lock of their hair. They then underwent a complete transformation as to their garments. The rich head-dress and ornaments were taken off, the hair turned back, the fine tresses straightened, and a plain tight cap without a border put upon the head. The ornaments were taken from the arms, the ears, the neck; the rich dress, in short, was removed, and left the candidates modestly blushing with only a close white underdress to cover them. The whole of this gay attire and these princely ornaments were loosely rolled together and put into the hands of the wearer, who, with some sentence which I could not understand, but which was, undoubtedly, expressive of her abdication of the world and its vanities, as if she should say,

> "I bid this world of noise and show,
> With all its flattering smiles, adieu,"

cast them from her. Her new attire was then brought forward, and article after article was received through the grate, affectionately kissed and put on, an official nun standing by each candidate and assisting in the investment. The order of the clothing was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows: first, a scarf, with an opening for the head, was thrown over the shoulders, and hung down, perhaps, as low as the knees, before and behind; around this a white sash; over the whole a robe, which, like the other garments, was of fine white stuff like worsted; then a peculiar collar for the neck, which was turned down before, but turned up behind, and pinned at the back of the head; and, finally, the white hood or veil, which was made stiff, and fashioned somewhat, in the part for the head, like a peasant's sun-bonnet, in our country, without, however, being gathered behind, for it extended down like a stiff veil over the shoulders. A crucifix, rosary, and prayer-book, together with a lighted candle, were given to each; all of which, as they were received one by one, were kissed by the candidates, as also was the priest's hand who presented them. Last of all, the head was surmounted by an armillary crown, either of silver, or tinsel resembling silver. The whole of this transformation was sudden, and the contrast most striking. It was as if a princess, by the touch of a Roman wand, had been metamorphosed into a meek-eyed, modestly-apparalled sister of charity.

Thus habited, the two novices threw themselves again upon the altar, with their faces buried in the velvet cushions before them, when the venerable bishop, assisted by other priests, performed the most solemn part of the service, which consisted of short sentences and brief responses, in which all seemed to join with a good deal of spirit. The new sisters then arose and kissed their assistant officials, the other attendant nuns, their attending cherubs, and their female friends who were within the grate. Up to that moment the friends of the *buried alive** seemed to be cheerful; but, now that the final separation was come, there was more apparent difficulty in concealing the emotions which, doubtless, they had all along felt; and I now noticed that the sister of one of them, who had been remarkably gay, drew back with swimming eyes. The candidates, on the contrary, through the whole scene manifested little emotion either of devotion or of excited sensibilities for friends, but seemed to pass through the ceremony with a self-possession and firmness that to me indicated either deep principle of duty or the indifference of disappointment.

* I say *buried alive*, because, although these had only taken the white veil, and therefore may, it is pretended, at their option, come out at the end of a year, still, I believe, in most cases, having taken the first step, they are made willing to proceed.

The Aqueducts at Rome

are numerous and splendid, it being almost impossible to conceive any thing more picturesque and grand, than the remaining arches of these stupendous watercourses, stretching across the Campana from various directions, some of them, by modern repairs, still rolling their refreshing streams into the eternal city. These aqueducts are led from the distance of twenty and thirty miles, and used to convey into the ancient city five hundred thousand hogsheads of water daily, although at present only about one-fifth of that amount is brought into the city. The three aqueducts, designated by *Aqua Vergine*, *Aqua Felice*, and *Aqua Paulina*, afford the principal supply to those fountains with which Rome abounds. *Aqua Vergine* is so called from the springs having been disclosed to some famishing soldiers by a peasant girl: it was brought to Rome by Agrippa, and now empties itself at the *Fontana de Trevé*, where are allegorical figures, rocks, cascades, and water-spouts of great beauty. The *Aqua Paulina* is from Trajan's aqueduct, and extends the distance of thirty miles, and is divided into two branches, one of which supplies the Mount Janiculum, and empties itself principally, in copious torrents, under a splendid Ionic colonnade of red granite, into a vast marble basin. There is water enough poured out here to work several mills. The other branch goes to the Vatican, and expends itself in the magnificent piazza of St. Peter's, in two fountains, which throw up the water in foaming columns many feet into the air, whence it comes down in copious showers. The main body of the water falls into magnificent basins of oriental granite, fifty feet in circumference.

THE CHURCHES OF LONDON.

(*By Messrs. Godwin and Britton.*)

[Nos. 14, 15, and 16, complete the first volume of this attractive work, which, in its appropriate binding of purple, merits place in every "family library."

No. 14 contains two plates of St. Alban's, Wood-street, one a cleverley-drawn interior, a wood cut of St. Michael's, in the same street; and a wood-cut of St. Augustine's, Watling-street, with the colossal shadow of St. Paul's in the distance. Our extracts from this Number are:—]

Hour-glass at St. Alban's.

In a curious brass frame attached to the pulpit, and shown in the engraving, is an hour-glass,—an appendage which was common in churches during parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in order to remind the preacher of the flight of time, but is now seldom met with. So early as 1564, we find this entry in an old churchwardens' book, belonging to St. Katherine's Christ Church, Aldgate:—"Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpitt when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away,—one shilling;" and in the same book, among the bequests in 1616, is mentioned "an hour-glass with a frame of Irone to stand in." At the church of St. Dunstan in the West, too, there was a large hour-glass in a silver frame; of which latter, when the instrument was taken to pieces in 1723, two heads were made for the parish staves.

Head of James IV. at St. Michael's.

It is stated by some authors that the head of James IV., King of Scotland, who fell, as was supposed, at the battle of "Flodden Field," fought in the reign of Henry VIII., was buried here, but this has been warmly disputed by others. According to the generally received account, the body of the king was found upon the field, and was conveyed to the monastery of Sheen, near Richmond, in Surrey, where it remained until the Dissolution. The monastery was plundered at that epoch, and Stow says, the king's corpse "wrapped in lead" was placed in a waste room amongst old timber and other lumber, and that he saw it there. When it was in this situation, some of the workmen cut off the head, and Launcelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, liking the sweet scent that proceeded from the medicaments with which it was embalmed, took it with him to his house in Wood-street; but, becoming careless of possessing it, afterwards gave it to the sexton of the church now under consideration, in order that he might bury it. The Scotch writers, however, contend that James was not killed at that battle, and that this head, therefore, could not be his, but was that of an individual who fought during the day in habiliments similar to those worn by the king, in order to draw off the attention of the English from James; and one writer asserts that the king escaped to Jerusalem, and died here sometime afterwards. Weever, however, is quite positive that Sheen *was* the place of James's burial.

[No. 15 is illustrated with a plate of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, exterior, and a capital interior of St. Dunstan's in the West, Fleet-street, the first we remember to have seen of this unique structure; also, a wood-cut of St. Bene't's, Paul's Wharf.]

Streets in Cripplegate.

The whole neighbourhood offers much interesting matter, both to the topographer and the historian; but our purpose and our limits, will allow us only to speak succinctly of its more striking points. Jewin-street was the only place in England, up to the year 1177, wherein the Jews were allowed to bury their dead, and was at that time called, in

consequence, the "Jews' Garden." Milton lived in this street, a short time previous to his death. Whitecross-street owed its name to a "whyte croyse" which stood there; having beside it a stone arch, through which ran a stream of water from Smithfield; and Barbican received its denomination from a watch-tower, or barbican, belonging to the crown, that was situated there. The whole of this parish appears anciently to have been a mere fen, or moor, unsound and impassable, and was, by the labour of the citizens, converted into gardens for their recreation; indeed up to even a comparatively recent period, part of Moorfields, now so thickly covered with houses, and densely populated, was only available for this purpose.

[St. Bene't's, it appears, is the burial-place of the the celebrated architect,

Inigo Jones.]

The father of Inigo Jones appears to have been in indifferent circumstances, and apprenticed his son, when young, to a joiner. While with his master, however, he displayed so much skill as a draughtsman, that he attracted the notice of William, Earl of Pembroke, and was sent by that nobleman to Italy, to improve his taste and acquire knowledge.* Here he quickly gained so good a reputation, that Christian IV., King of Denmark, appointed him his architect; and when the sister of that King married James I. of England, Jones came into this country, and received an appointment from her. About 1612, he again visited Italy, and on his return, was made Surveyor General to the King; and designed several buildings which were erected in London and various parts of the country.

In the reign of King Henry VIII., the pointed style of architecture declined in England; the simplicity and beauty which characterised it in its best state, had given way before a redundancy of ornament heaped upon it, through a craving for novelty on the part of its professors, and want of skill legitimately to gratify the desire. Artificers capable of executing works similar to those with which, up to that time, England had been adorned, began, too, to fail; and when, through the exertions of travellers, examples of Italian mouldings and ornaments were imported, they, being easily imitated, were eagerly adopted, and were used for some time indiscriminately with the forms of the last period of "Gothic" architecture. In 1566, we find at Caius College, Cambridge, small Roman Doric or Tuscan columns; and at the commencement of the seventeenth century, we see the five "orders," as they are termed, (or so many varieties of columns,) piled one above another on the face of the Schools' tower at Oxford; but previous to the time of Inigo Jones, there were no buildings designed entirely in accordance with the revived principles of Italian architecture; nor was there any great improvement observable in the style of domestic buildings in London. As among the best known of his numerous designs, we may mention the Banquetting House, Whitehall, intended to form a portion of a magnificent, and most extensive palace, designed by him for King James I., but never executed; a portion of Greenwich Hospital; Coleshill House, in Berkshire; the chapel of Lincoln's Inn; and St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, which is more singular than beautiful; and although, (since the investigation of the remains of Grecian architecture, from which arose that of Rome, has taught us the value of simplicity, and the beauty of breadth of parts,) we cannot express that admiration for them which they once excited, we must, nevertheless, extol the inventive powers which he possessed, and the taste which guided them. At that moment, the monuments of Greece had not been examined, nor indeed were the remains of Rome's former magnificence so well known then, as those of the former country are now, through the labours of Stuart and Revett, Donaldson, Wilkins, and others.

In his admiration of classic art, Jones sometimes allowed his judgment to sleep; as was the case when he affixed to old St. Paul's Cathedral, which was in the pointed style of architecture, a Corinthian portico; and again, when he laboured to prove, that Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, was a Roman Temple; but for these mistakes, and some others, he may readily be pardoned.

The latter part of his life was much disturbed, in consequence of the civil dissensions during the reign of King Charles I., with whom he was a great favourite. Being a Catholic, he was called on to pay a heavy fine in 1646, and it is supposed, that the mortifications he endured hastened his death, which took place in 1651. He was about eighty years old when he died.

[No. 16 comprises plates of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane; and St. Mary Somerset, Thames-street; and a wood-cut of St. Nicholas, Fish-street Hill.]

Stone Coffin at St. Vedast's.

In a vault under a small burial-ground, situated on the north side of the church, is a curious stone coffin, which was discovered in the year 1836, opposite the house, No. 17, Cheapside, when workmen were excavating for a drain. It consists of a block of free-stone, about seven feet long, and fifteen inches thick, hollowed out to receive the

* To show that Inigo Jones visited Italy rather as a student in painting than architecture, we may refer to a pocket-book of his Sketches in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, of which his Grace has very liberally had a few copies, made in *fac-simile*, to present to his friends, and public institutions.

body, with a deeper sinking for the head and shoulders. It tapers gradually from the bottom to the top, and both the ends are square. When found it contained a skeleton, and was covered with a flat stone, which, it seems, was destroyed during the excavations. The coffin itself was much broken. Several similar relics were found at the same time, and in the same situation; namely, about ten or twelve feet below the level of the road; but we do not learn that any clue to their identification was discovered.

[This No. contains the title-page and contents of the volume which it concludes.]

The Public Journals.

A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

[The following narrative presents very recent particulars relative to the state of the above interesting island. It is extracted from "The Voyage of her Majesty's Ship Actæon, Captain Lord W. Russel," in the *Nautical Magazine*, No. 8.]

We made Pitcairn's Island on the 10th, the weather squally, and the wind strong from the northward. This, and the following day, were so squally, and the sea ran so very high, that we were nearly bearing up for Valparaiso, as we could not work to windward; but fortunately on the 12th, the wind moderated, and our captain landed. Three canoes came off to the ship, through a very heavy surf. In these were Edward, John, Matthew, and Arthur Quintal, George Adams, and Charles Christian. Edward Quintal brought a note from Mr. Hill, which he delivered in due form. Mr. Hill was the man that had imposed upon the simple natives, by making them believe he was sent out by the English government to take charge of them, and look after their morals. They, never being accustomed to any deceits of this kind, placed implicit reliance in all he said. The consequence was that he became their ruler, and at length acquired such power over them, that he could make them do anything he wished; although latterly they obeyed him more from fear than any admiration of his good qualities. We had heard of this man at Valparaiso, and consequently were very much prejudiced against him, and, as it turned out, most deservedly so. Mr. Buffett, whom Captain Beechey speaks of in his work, and to whom he gives an excellent character, was a passenger with us from Valparaiso. He had been long resident at Pitcairn's Island as a schoolmaster, and was much liked; but having a numerous family, was obliged to discontinue his services. This man was flogged by Edward Quintal, (Mr. Hill's right-hand man,) at his suggestion, for some trivial reason, and in consequence was obliged to leave, his wife and family remaining behind. His life even was considered unsafe. Things were in this state when we arrived, bringing back Mr. Buffett from his place of exile. We were heartily welcomed by all the island.

The inhabitants amount to ninety-two, the greater proportion of them being Quintals. Lord Edward Russell landed on the 12th; and having assembled all the people to hear the different causes of complaint, gave judgment against Mr. Hill, telling the natives who he was, and that he had no longer any power over them; also giving him to understand that he must leave the island by the first opportunity. Mr. Buffett was kindly received by his old friends, and found his family and children well. Mr. Hobbs, another Englishman, was elected schoolmaster, by the general voice.

Bounty Bay, so called from the place where the mutineers landed, and where the Bounty was destroyed, is where ships lay off and communicate with the shore. Canoes came off with stock and refreshments, it being impossible for boats to bring such things without much danger. The productions are cocoanuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, and yams, which are cultivated by the inhabitants, and of a superior quality; also water melons, and excellent tobacco. Wild goats and poultry are plentiful, and the island is covered with verdure. They are obliged to work very hard at their yam beds, at certain seasons of the year, and, in consequence, are a strong, hardy race, well made, tall, and active, and very expert in the management of their canoes. The women are handsome, and above the common height, particularly strong and nimble. Their houses are well built, clean, and comfortable; and, in every respect, this little community cannot but claim the admiration of every impartial and unprejudiced person, who, taking into consideration their fathers' crimes, would otherwise look upon them with no very favourable eye. We brought for their use a great quantity of kettles, fishing lines, and hooks, knives and forks, and clothing, all of which they were much in want of.

All the mutineers of the Bounty are dead. John Adams, the last survivor, died about five years ago. The wives of Christian and Adams alone remain out of the first generation. They are natives of Tahiti, and very old, being nearly eighty-seven, but still strong and active, which proves the salubrity of the climate. Mrs. Christian recollects Captain Cook in his first voyage, and showed a very great respect for him. There were several small remnants of the Bounty left, such as pieces of copper, and some parts of the different bulk-heads, also the keys of her store-rooms; all of which were eagerly seized, and, as may be imagined, prized very much. We were astonished at the intelligence and quickness of the reply to any question we put to most of these people. They went through

the kings of England without a mistake; knew perfectly well all the reigning monarchs of Europe, and leading men of our own country, which made them doubly interesting to us. To find a race of men, inhabitants of one of the South Sea Islands, speaking our own language, and following our customs, could not fail to interest us all; and, when we see they have been brought up in everything that is good and proper, that as yet no immorality has crept in among them, and every sin is abhorred, and they continue to live in all simplicity and truth, we are, at once, disarmed of every ill-feeling arising from a reflection on the manner in which they came thither, and forget the crimes of their fathers. No doubt appears to remain that Pitcairn's Island was inhabited a considerable time previous to the arrival of the Bounty. Stone hatchets, and other implements of war, have been found buried in the soil; also the remains of several morais, or burial places. This proves that people of some description once lived there, and were either driven away, or left it for some more convenient spot.

The Gatherer.

Dyspepsia.— The effect of *mental disquietude* in producing this prevalent complaint is far greater than is generally supposed. It is well known, that persons in good health, of sound digestive organs, who take plenty of exercise, and are free from anxiety, may eat almost anything, and in quantities which would kill those in different circumstances. In reference to this point, Dr. Brigham observes—"We do not find dyspepsia prevalent in countries where the people do eat most enormously. Travellers in Siberia say, that the people there often eat forty pounds of food in one day. Admiral Seripchoff saw a Siberian eat, immediately after breakfast, twenty-five pounds of boiled rice, with three pounds of butter.—But dyspepsia is not a common disease in Siberia. We do not learn from Captain Parry or Captain Lyon, that their friends the Esquimaux are very nervous and dyspeptic, though they individually eat ten or twelve pounds of solid food in a day, washing it down with a gallon or so of train-oil. Captain Lyon was, to be sure, a little concerned for a delicate young lady Esquimaux, who ate her candles, wicks and all; yet he does not allude to her inability to digest them."

It is related of the Emperor Kaou-Tsoo, that he was in the habit of saying:—The monarch depends on the nation at large; the nation depends on the labouring classes. To extort from the people, in order to present to the monarch, is like cutting flesh from one's body to fill the stomach: the stomach may be filled, but the body will die; the monarch may be enriched, but the country will perish. I always consider the matter thus, and dare not indulge myself.

The subjoined description of a new reaping-machine, invented by Mr. R. Baldwin, Annan, Dumfries-shire, appeared a short time since in a Scotch newspaper. This machine is totally different from those highly-ingenious implements, invented by Mr. Bell and Mr. Smith, of Deanston. In operation, it combines the clipping with the cutting principle. The cutters are attached to a revolving cylindrical drum, from which they are exerted on the inner side, together with the rake for carrying round the cut corn, from whence they move round towards the exterior of the standing corn; when, after having performed the work allotted to them in each revolution, they are again withdrawn to the inside of the cylinder, for the purpose of facilitating the laying down of the grain in a regular manner, and in being shapened by a streak appended for that purpose. It also possesses the advantage, never hitherto obtained, of being equally applicable to standing as well as lying corn; and can be worked on the most irregular surface, in consequence of a regulating wheel preceding the cutter. It is calculated to cut ten acres a day, with the assistance of a man and a horse. W. G. C.

American Summer Fashions.— A slight squint over the left eye; the right hand in the bosom; the thumb and fore-finger lightly touching the watch-guard.

The hat should stand upon five hairs; a corner of a silk handkerchief just showing itself at the left temple. The whiskers should be long, and ear-locks descending half way down the face.

A light cane may be carried under the arm, which should be dexterously twirled, however, whenever you meet a dun. In such cases, the eyes should be stedfastly fixed on the clouds, and the step be brisk and hurried.

On meeting a lady, the upper lip should be gently curled; and if you have handsome teeth, be suddenly struck with a comical idea, which creates a broad smile.

If you see a poor acquaintance, stoop to brush the dust off your trousers' leg, or pause a moment to look at a picture, if any such be near. He will pass by, as a matter of course.

Carry a pocket full of pumice always with you, to fling into the eyes of the tailors' boys, if there is no other way to get clear of them.—*Boston Pearl.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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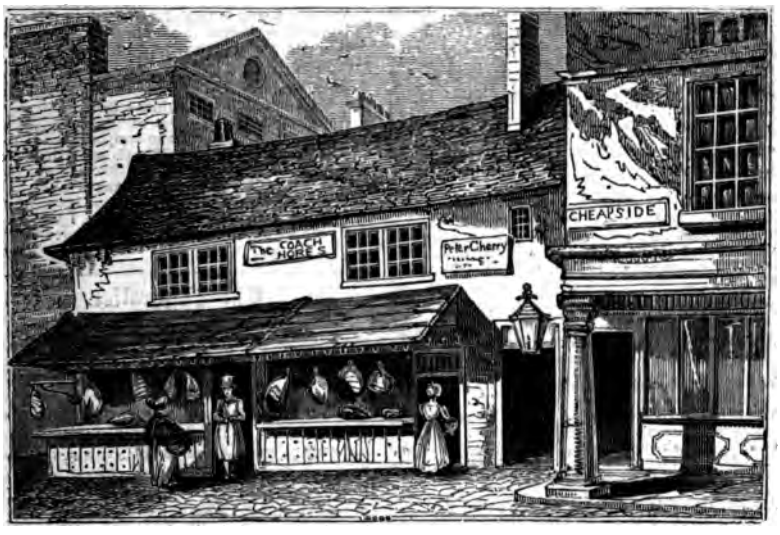

THE BIRTHPLACE OF H. K. WHITE, NOTTINGHAM.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong;
Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long;
Each feeling pure, as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrifi'd at last.
THE CORSAIR.

LEST "Decay's effacing finger" should too soon obliterate the birthplace of one endeared to his country by more than common ties, we this week present the reader with the above credited engraving

Fifty-three years have passed away since Henry drew his first breath in the humble dwelling here represented:—The room over the butcher's shop of "*Mee*," to the left of the sign "*Coach and Horses*," was the one then occupied by the Poet's father, and where the young aspirant after fame struggled into life. There are dear associations at all times to bind us to the birthplace or connexions of genius, and here materials for contemplation plentifully abound.

White, according to Southey, was the son of a butcher, and was born on the 21st of March, 1785. At a very youthful age his rising faculties developed themselves; he was predicted by his early school-mistress to inherit all the traits of disposition necessary for eminence and renown, which in after-years were found not wrongly calculated. His lines on "Childhood" thus allude to his first kind preceptor:—

Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd thro' life.

Genius is but too often allied to misfortune; and it would appear from general observation, that what fortune so ill supplies in a pecuniary point of view, in the lofty inspirations of thought she oftentimes affords an ample remuneration.

This gifted, virtuous youth, continued for a time his unremitted studies; till nature, at last, wearied and exhausted, yielded his spirit to him who gave it, on the 19th of Oct., 1806: thus fulfilling the truth of a known adage, that

"Heaven's belov'd die early."

Whether the short life of this young and amiable man be held as an example to the rising youth of our nation, or shown to the more wearied traveller in life's frail scene, the same moral is alike applicable. To the one, the propelling hand of perseverance points to ambition and honour; to the other,

meekness and submission under all afflictions. Byron did not eulogize undeservedly the character of the poet;—his countrymen yet forget not the charms of his soothing lyre;—and Britain mourns the departure of her favourite.

A brief sketch of his life, and a glance at the material poems of White, have already appeared by a talented Correspondent;* and having, on the banks of the Humber, more than once reclined beneath his favourite tree,† and having, still more recently, wandered with him over the fairy regions of his youthful romance, we now close our reminiscence with his birthplace; consecrated as it is by ties of no ordinary nature, and endeared to us by reflections which will never be forgotten. W. ANDREW.

THE PALM-TREE.

——"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees, and they encamped by the waters."—*Exodus*, chap. 15, verse 27.

MAJESTIC PALM! tow'ring on Lebanon.
On Sinai's hallow'd mount abiding still,
And beautiful as when upon thee shone
The lightening gleam that mark'd the sacred hill.

Thy graceful branches fall o'er lonely streams,
Far in the sunny vales of Palestine,
Where one of Judah's race, in musing dream,
Perchance recalls the glories of his line:
Once more the temple's splendours round him shine,
And kings, and gifted seers, and priests, again
On sad remembrance rise, a shadowy train!

All holy thoughts and memories dwelt with thee,
When Angels veil'd awhile their lustre fair,
And sat beneath thy shade, fair eastern tree!
In mercy visiting a world of care;—
Oh! who may tell the awe and reverence there,
Felt by the sacred few, before whose sight
Celestial guests appear'd in radiance bright!

Beside the water's brim, so lone and deep,
In the wild desert's heart, high palm-trees rose;
On the parch'd ground their graceful shadows sleep,
And there the heaven-directed host repose.
Beside the fountains cool their camels stray,
And silence reigns throughout the sultry day.

Enchanted land! in far off elder days,
A light divine did on thy deserts gleam;
Now, o'er thy fallen pride, the pilgrim strays,
To gaze and weep by Jordan's hallowed stream.
To sit beneath the Palm-Tree, spreading fair,
To muse on what has been,—what now is there!

ANNE R—

THE OAK'S PROGRESS.

THOU wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But faith thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree mellow'd the soil,
Design'd thy cradle, and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

Time made thee what thou wast—king of the woods,
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in! thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become,
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile,) a thing
Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth!

SONNET.

SITTING one evening with a learned Miss,
We soon began to talk of learned things;
Not frills or flowers, rigmarole or rings,
But fountains full of intellectual bliss.

Thus, in high converse, from some distant place
There came a strain of music, soft and clear;
I saw a flash of pleasure light her face,
And whisper'd poesy in her willing ear.
She smil'd, and asked me who compos'd the lines—
Where they were from? She thought them excellent,
And more expressive than the song of birds,
When earth, with lovely spring-flowers is besprent.
I answer'd Milton. She said, "Yes, I know it;
I've read his works—uncommon pretty poet!"

PETER.

* Anne R., see *Mirror*, vol. xxix., pp. 3, 4; see also, vol. vi., pp. 298, 306.

† For an engraving and description of which, see Vols. xxvii. and xxviii., pp. 161.—319.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—II.

Cells of Plants.

THE most simple form of a vegetable is a mere vesicle. The green mould which forms on damp walls is an aggregation of these vesicles, and is supposed to consist of an infinite number of perfect vegetables. The crimson snow, which has been observed in the Arctic regions, is also considered to owe its colour to minute vegetables. The following extract from the narrative of Captain Ross's first voyage, gives an interesting account of this remarkable phenomenon:—

"On the 17th of August, (1818,) it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting; being apparently stained or covered by some substance, which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were formed respecting the cause of this phenomenon; and a party was despatched from the ship, to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated (in many places to the depth of ten or twelve feet) by the colouring matter, and had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined by a microscope, magnifying a hundred times; and the substance appeared to consist of particles, resembling a very minute round seed; all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red colour. On being dissolved in water, the latter had the appearance of muddy port-wine; and in a few hours it deposited a sediment, which was again examined by the microscope; and, on being bruised, was found to be composed entirely of red matter, which (when applied to paper) produced a colour

resembling Indian red. It was the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, (who was consulted when the ship returned to England,) that this was not a marine production, but a vegetable substance, produced in the mountain immediately above." The voyagers soon afterwards encountered some red *ice;* but it was found to owe its colour to red paint, scraped off the bows of the ship.

Probably every part of a plant, when first formed, is a cell, and the great bulk of many plants is composed of cells; passages being left between them for the sap. Originally these cells are of a round form, but they generally acquire a hexagonal shape from pressure; like the cells in a bee-hive, and probably from the same cause. To illustrate this, we may mention, that if a batch of flat, round cakes be put into an oven, during the expansion caused by baking they will assume a hexagonal form. The pulp of all fruits lies in cells, which, in this case, are generally of a round or of an elliptical form. They are seen well in the orange. Cells are sometimes of a cylindrical form; their length being greater than their diameter.

Vessels of Plants.

1. *Lymphatic Vessels.* — These vessels are long, hollow tubes; often, but not always, too small to be discerned by the naked eye. They are well seen in an old oak or elm; and in mahogany, appear like black dots. They run from the root to the end of the branches. In very old wood, these vessels are sometimes found filled up.— Their office is to transmit water, which was called by the ancients *lymph;* for they mistook it for a fluid having peculiar properties. They are sometimes called *common* vessels.

2. *Spiral Vessels.* — These vessels are called by some *tracheæ,* or *air-tubes;* the "wind-pipe" of animals (which conveys air into the lungs) being called the *tracheæ.* They are supposed by many to carry air; but their real use is not known. They are not *sap-vessels,* as Dr. Darwin thought they were; for they are never found in the root, and are always dry. M. Dutrochet (a celebrated continental botanist) is of opinion that they convey to the leaves an etherial fluid, which is coagulable by nitric acid, and serves the same purpose as oxygen does in animals—ministering to respiration. They go to all parts of the leaves, and even to the seeds: they resemble a flat thread, rolled into a spiral form; and may be seen in the stem of a tulip, if we break it cautiously, and draw the fractured ends gently across. Dutrochet thinks that the spiral turns of the thread (which is itself hollow) are connected by a membrane, so as to make a larger tube, formed by the convolutions of the smaller one.

3. *Proper Vessels.* — These are also called *returning* vessels, because they return the sap, after it has undergone the proper change in the leaves. They take their rise from the back of the latter, and extend through all the plant. Sometimes they end in blind extremities, or *sacs.* If the bark be cut across, these vessels pour out a white fluid. Decandolle (another eminent continental botanist) calls them *repositories.* It is in these vessels (in those plants which yield it) that camphor is found; for that well-known substance is at first in a fluid state, and becomes solid from exposure to the air.

Plants of the lowest class (called *Cryptogamia*) have no vessels at all, but consist entirely of cells. Lately, however, vessels have been found in some of the ferns, which belong to the class in question. When a tree is *bored* or *tapped,* it is from its vessels that fluid issues. It is thus that the birch is tapped, and wine is made from the fluid which is poured out; and, in the same way, sugar is obtained from the sap of the maple-tree. In the tropics there is a remarkable tree, which supplies the natives with drink, when no rain falls for months.

Bark of Plants.

The bark is the part in which the medical virtues of plants generally reside; as is the case with cinnamon-bark, cinchona-bark, &c. The design of their containing the bitter principle in the one case, and the odoriferous principle in the other, is probably to defend the plant from insects. The bark of plants often contains gallic acid and taunin. The willow and the walnut yield the latter abundantly, and the plants which grow in bogs contain much of it. This it is which is said to give to bogs their antiseptic properties, by which men have been preserved in them for centuries. A few years ago, there was found in one of the bogs in Ireland the body of a man, who, from the hide in which he was enveloped, was considered to have been one of the ancient inhabitants of the island. We are not sure, however, that the antiseptic properties of bogs are owing to taunin; for some bogs do not yield it. St. Pierre informs us, that, in some countries, fallen trees are found, having all their wood decayed, but with the bark retaining its shape. Mrs. Trollope seems to have met with a tree of this kind, in her *pic-nic* in the American forest. In submarine forests, the bark is the only part of the trees which remains perfect.

There is a great quantity of mucilage in the bark of young trees, by which the latter are nourished. Bark for medical use, or the purposes of the arts, should be taken in autumn or winter; for its peculiar principles are absorbed into the wood, if left till spring. In northern countries, the bark of

the fir, and other trees, is sometimes ground, and used as a substitute for flour. The bark of many plants is furnished with prickles, as a means of defence. The plants which yield gum-arabic and gum-tragacanth, for instance, are defended by prickles. Some trees are guarded by prickles only to the height that cattle can reach. Many fruit-trees (such as the plum-tree and the pear-tree) are furnished with thorns, in their natural state, but lose them when cultivated in gardens.

Much additional information in that department of Botany which has engaged our attention in this paper, will be found in a "Treatise on Vegetable Physiology," in the "Library of Useful Knowledge." We take the opportunity of recommending, to those who wish to study the higher departments of the science, Dr. Lindley's Treatise on Botany, which likewise forms a part of the "Library." We regret that, contrary to the expectation originally held out, it has remained for months, and even years, unfinished. N. R.

THE SNOW WREATH.

This climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very near freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter eend of February, as far as my memory sarves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

Says Marm Bailey to me, Mr. Slick, says she, I don't know what onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax here, and a batch of moose-hunting officers, and I don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare. Well, says I, I'm no ways partikilar—I can put up with most anything. I'll gist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come, says I, first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word now-a-days. Yes, I'll gist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm birth it is too. Well, says she, I can't think o' that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again.

So arter supper, old Johnny Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was somethin' or another about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely-looking critter, but her countenance was sed; she was tall and well made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but, oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had, was a little fever-like-lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not,—that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one morsel, but was full formed and well waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for somethin' or another had gone wrong,—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me, she looked so streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry, and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll gist ax to'morrow all about her, for folks have pretty cute ears in Annapolis; there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over town in two twos, and sometimes they think they hear 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a larf, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikiler; but still no smile; her face was cold and clear and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent too, you could see the veins in it. Arter a while, the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it; but, oh! my sake's, how cold; it was like goin' down into a well in summer—it made my blood fairly thicken agin. Your tumbler is out, squire; try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin' wood, (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate;) and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half-clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes round me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets,—and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad,—they went off like thunder, and, now and then,

you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one minit, and the snow crackin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the window looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartainty. If I go for to drop off a sleep, as sure as the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like, out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in another,—then I doubled up all on a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend;—at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I see'd a flock o' sheep a takin' a split for it, over a wall, and tried to count 'em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it a comin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and, thinks I, it ain't so everlastin' long to day-light now; I'll try it any how—I'll be darned if I don't —so here goes.

Just as I shot my eyes, and made up my mind for a nap, I hears a low moan and a sob; well, I sits up and listens, but all was silent again. Nothin' but them etarnal nails agoin' off, one arter t'other, like any thing. Thinks I to myself, the wind's a gettin' up, I estimate; it's as like as not we shall have a change o' weather. Presently I heerd a light step on the entry, and the door opens softly, and in walks the widder's darter on tip toe, dressed in a long white wrapper; and after peerin' all round to see if I was asleep she goes and sits down in the chimbly corner, and picks up the coals and fixes the fire, and sits alookin' at it for ever so long. Oh! so sad, and so melancholy; it was dreadful to see her. Says I, to myself, says I, what on airth brings the poor critter here, all alone, this time o' night; and the air so plaguy cold, too. I guess, she thinks I'll freeze to death; or, perhaps, she's walkin' in her sleep. But there she sot lookin' more like a ghost than a human,—first she warmed one foot and then the other; and then held her hands over the coals and moaned bitterly. Dear! dear! thinks I, that poor crittir is a freezin' to death as well as me; I do believe the world is a comin' to an eend right off, and we shall all die of cold, and I shivered all over. Presently she got up, and I saw her face part covered, with her long black hair, and the other parts so white and so cold, it chilled me to look at it, and her footsteps I consaited sounded louder, and I cast my eyes down to her feet, and I actilly did fancy they looked froze. Well, she come near the bed, and lookin at me, stood for a space without stirrin', and then she cried bitterly. He, too, is doomed, said she; he is in the sleep of death, and so far from home, and all his friends, too. Not yet, said I, you dear critter you, not yet, you may depend;—but you will be, if you don't go to bed;—so says I, do, for gracious sake, return to your room, or you will perish. It's frozen, says she; it's deathy cold; the bed is a snow wreath, and the pillow is ice, and the coverlid is congealed; the chill has struck into my heart, and my blood has ceased to flow. I'm doomed, I'm doomed to die; and oh! how strange, how cold is death! Well, I was all struck up of a heap; I didn't know what on airth to do; says I to myself, says I, here's this poor gall in my room carryin' on like ravin' distracted mad in the middle of the night here; she's oneasy in her mind, and is awalkin' as sure as the world, and how it's agoin' to eend, I don't know,—that's a fact. Katey, says I, dear, I'll get up and give you my bed if you are cold, and I'll go and make up a great rousin' big fire, and I'll call up the old lady, and she will see to you, and get you a hot drink; somethin' must be done, to a sartainty, for I can't bear to hear you talk so. No, says she, not for the world; what will my mother say, Mr. Slick? and me here in your room, and nothin' but this wrapper on; it's too late now; it's all over; and with that she fainted, and fell right across the bed. Oh, how cold she was! the chill struck into me; I feel it yet; the very thoughts is enough to give one the ague. Well, I'm a modest man, squire; I was always modest from a boy;—but there was no time for ceremony now, for there was a sufferin', dyin' critter—so I drew her in, and folded her in my arms, in hopes she would come to, but death was there.

I breathed on her icy lips, but life seemed extinct, and every time I pressed her to me, I shrunk from her till my back touched the cold gypsum wall. It felt like a tomb, so chill, so damp, so cold—(you have no notion how cold them are kind o' walls are, they beat all natur')—squeezed between this frozen gall on one side, and the icy plaster on the other, I felt as if my own life was a ebbin' away fast. Poor critter! says I, has her care of me brought her to this pass? I'll press her to my heart once more; p'r'aps the little heat that's left there may revive her, and I can but die a few minutes sooner. It was a last effort, but it succeeded; she seemed to breathe again—I spoke to her, but she couldn't answer, tho' I felt her tears flow fast on my bosom; but I was actilly sinkin' fast myself now,—I felt my eend approachin'. Then came reflection, bitter and sad thoughts they were too, I tell you. Dear, dear! said I; here's a pretty kettle o' fish, ain't there? we shall be both found dead here in the

mornin', and what will folks say of this beautiful gall, and of one of our free and enlightened citizens, found in such a scrape? Nothin' will be too bad for 'em that they can lay their tongues to: that's a fact: the Yankee villain, the cheatin' Clockmaker, the ——: the thought gave my heart a jupe, so sharp, so deep, so painful, I awoke and found I was ahuggin' a snow wreath, that had sifted thru' a hole in the roof on the bed; part had melted and trickel'd down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes, and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad—it was all a dream, you may depend—but amasin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks with the 'cute rheumatis,—that's a fact.—*Sam Slick, Second Series.*

Notes of a Reader.

A CHAPTER ON OYSTERS.

Oysters! food fit for the gods! What had been the banquets of Apicius without ye? The shell that cradled Venus on the waters must have been an oyster-shell. Delicious children of the sea! ye were my solace in that all-nameless hour, when my heart was heavy within me,—when the present was a blank, the future a dark abyss, the past a shadowy desert. Then, in the recklessness of my despair, not knowing whether I had an appetite or not, I said, "Give me oysters!" and I ate of them. Lo! the clouds that shrouded my mind vanished:

"My bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne."

I lived—I joyed in life. Hogarth, that accurate observer of nature, represents a man at an election dinner dying with an oyster on his fork. Tell me, thou chronicler of the past, is there, on thy pages, the record of a death more glorious? A man may be sentimental over an oyster.

Man has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems, after all, to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals, he shines pre-eminent; here, he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four kinds of food to suit the taste, but this sense, in man, accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe,—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary mines to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out vessels, and, amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices, that add piquancy to a favourite dish! But, after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials, collectively, to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them, by skilful combinations, or incongruous mixtures?

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters, but still they seem to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagancies of an Heliogabulus, his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated; but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly.

Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors, and whether they are right or wrong may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but, whoever denies the complete supremacy of the Oyster, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness.

MEDITATIONS ON A NEWLY-OPENED COLCHESTER NATIVE.

With feelings strange and undefin'd I gaze upon thy face,
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race,
How calmly, yea, how meekly, thou reclinest in thy shell,
Yet, what thy woes and sufferings are, man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life, as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,
And, could'st thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;
For thou wast torn from friends and home, and all thy heart could wish,
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish!

Perhaps thou wast but newly join'd to some soft plump, young bride,
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee, when flow'd the flowing tide;*
Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,
Who sadly wail for him, alas! who never will return.

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,
Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy "home, sweet home!" away;

* Dr. Kitchener says, that oysters taken from the river, and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.

He stow'd thee in his coble, and he row'd thee to the strand.—
Thou wast bought, and sold, and open'd, and plac'd in this right hand!

I know that, while I moralize, thy flavour fades away.—
I know that thou should'at be ate alive,* before thy sweets decay!—
I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine,
And epicures may laugh at it, as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,
Thou wretched and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!
O'er thee, and o'er thy kindred, hangs one all-consuming doom,
To die a slow and lingering death, or, living, find a tomb!

E'en I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,
When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,
Can delay the fate no longer; one look,—it is my last!
A gulp;—one more;—a silent pause, a sigh, and all is past!

* Those who wish to eat this delicious restorative in the utmost perfection, must eat it the moment it is opened, with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten absolutely alive, its flavour and spirit are lost. —*Kitchener.*

THE DEATH-BED SCENE OF A MURDERER.

I SHALL never forget the horror of that young man's dissolution. He lay, at times, the picture of terror, gazing upon the walls, along which, in his imagination, crept myriads of loathsome reptiles, which now some frightful monster, and now a fire-lipped demon, stealing out of the shadows and preparing to dart upon him as their prey. Now he would whine and weep, as if asking forgiveness for some act of wrong done to the being man is most constant to wrong—the loving, the feeble, the confiding; and anon, seized by a tempest of passion, the cause of which could only be imagined, he would start up, fight, foam at the mouth, and fall back in convulsions. Once he sat up in bed, and, looking like a corpse, began to sing a bacchanalian song; on another occasion, after lying for many minutes in apparent stupefaction, he leaped out of bed before he could be prevented, and, uttering a yell that was heard in the street, endeavoured to throw himself from the window.

But the last raving act of all was the most horrid. He rose upon his knees with a strength that could not be resisted, caught up his pillow, thrust it down upon the bed with both hands and there held it, with a grim countenance and a chuckling laugh. None understood the act but myself: no other could read the devilish thoughts then at work in his bosom. It was the scene enacted in the chamber of his parent—he was repeating the deed of murder—he was exulting, in imagination, over a successful parricide.

In this thought he expired; for, while still pressing upon the pillow with a giant's strength, he suddenly fell on his face, and when turned over was a corpse. He gave but a single gasp, and was no more.

THE GREAT FALL OF NIAGARA.

IT has been said, that the tremors or presentiments of those who march to battle, are dissipated by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling of the war-drum, the clanguor of the trumpet, the clink and fall of swords—"the noise of the captains and the shouting." Some such kind of inspiration is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who goes under the Great Fall of Niagara. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his dexter,

"Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast."

while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely around about me, methought I had, in an evil hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music of Niagara took possession of my soul; and had Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed him home. For one moment only I faltered. The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, from its rude and fretting contact with the shore above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. Near Termination Rock, you pass by that dim border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darkness for the green and spectral light struggling through the thick water, you are enabled to discern where you are. My GOD! it is enough to make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eternal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal curve over your head, and looming in the deceptive and unearthly light to a seeming distance of many hundred feet, moaning with that ceaseless anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks arise toward Heaven—covered with the green ooze of centuries—hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the weight of that accumulated *sea* which tumbles and howls over their upper verge! There is no scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this. You stand beneath the rushing tributes from a hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with the spirit of the scene, you exclaim—"THERE IS A GOD!—and this vast cataract, awful, overpowering as it is, but a plaything of his hand!"

But if you would obtain the deepest and strongest thoughts of Niagara, do as I say. Observe the semicircular cataract on the Canada side from the *esplanade* of the Pavilion —But do not go down to the base of the Fall. Let the view remain upon your mind as a beautiful picture; keep the music in your ear; for it is a stern and many-toned music,

that you cannot choose but hear. Order the coachman to transport your luggage to the ferry below the Falls—some mile or so. There embark: you will be *frightened*, doubtless, as you gaze to the south, and see the awful torrent pouring down upon you; but you may take the word of the ferry-man, that for some dozen or twenty years he has never met with an accident: you may believe him, for the air of truth breathes through his large grim whiskers. You will see the waves curling their turbulent tops, and dark rocks emerging from their milky current and seething foam, within a yard of your prow—but be not afraid. You are soon at the foot of

The American Stair-case.

And here, after all, kind reader, is the place for a view. Do not look about you much. Be content with the thunder in your ears, and wait until some practised and tasteful observer, kindly acting as your *cicerone*, bids you stop just at that point on the stair-case where the plunging *river*, on the American side, dashes downward in its propulsive journey. There, by the onward plunge of the cataract, which bounds in a *ridge* over the abyss, describing as it were a *circular* fall, the view of Goat Island is completely cut off, and the whole sweep of the Falls—Canadian, American, and all—is seen at once; apparently one unbroken waste of stormy and tumultuous waters. You must be a *demigod*, if you can stand on that hallowed ground, shaking with the accents of a God, spanned with his bow, resounding with his strength, and laughing in his smile, without emotions of indescribable wonder:—

Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor, with his vain aspirings, hither come;
That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
And with its presence shakes the distant woods;
These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled—
For ages here his painted bow has smiled;
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal,—beautiful—serene—sublime!

THE WOODEN FIGURE OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with the misunderstanding existing among the subscribers to the intended Wellington statue, as to the propriety of its being erected on the triumphal arch at Hyde Park-corner. On the 8th of August last, the effigy, made of wood, of which the above engraving is a correct representation, was placed on the said arch; but by whose orders, it is not exactly known. Mr. Wyatt's friends deny the erection; nor is it exhibited by the direction of the sub-committee, nor with their sanction or concurrence. Doubtless it was placed there to see whether the site was proper for a statue. The arch seems made to be the pedestal of a group; and, as the Spectator observes, "whoever has stuck up the scenic effigy deserves thanks: it demonstrates two things,—that the position is a good one, and that a bad statue placed there would be an intolerable eye-sore."

TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN.

is district, towards which the tide of tion at the present time runs so y in America, it may not be unin- g to give the following description, n from a letter that appeared in the *Atlas*, and by us quoted from *The Town Courrier*, as being a faithful t of the advantages of that district:—]

isconsin is increasing with unprece- celerity in wealth and population; ny years will not elapse before it will d knocking at the gates of Congress ission into the Union. The country the Mississippi, between the degrees nd 42, is unsurpassed in the union of ges, which claim the principal regard agriculturist. In specifying their ad- s, I would name fertility of soil, ness of climate, and hydraulic power, so much wanting in the west. The and prairie lands exist in a more de- relation to each other, giving the new choice of situation, in which the most s may be pleased. As my attention en more particularly directed to the appearance, and future prospects em- within the latitudinal limits referred hat should be more properly defined Lower Iowa District, I will not remark e more northern portion of this section try, most improperly termed the Black Purchase. The general direction of rse of the Mississippi, which washes tern boundary of the sections of coun- er observation, is nearly a south-west; hin the named limits receives the wa- three considerable tributaries. The Iowa meanders in a south-east course miles; the Wabispinicon having its in the same beautiful region with the and pursuing an easterly direction is l by the Mississippi in a direct north- e above the mouth of the Iowa. Then he great Maquaquetois, having simi- ces, viz. from innumerable springs; dually magnifying itself into a river, two neighbours on the south, it is to the "Father of Waters." Either three are sufficiently large for steam- rigation, whenever any measures can ted to obviate the difficulty of shifting s. Besides these, there are three or ers, of less consequence, which also heir waters into the Mississippi. The abounds with fine springs, and where not raise the surface it is seldom ne- to excavate more than ten or twelve procure the best of water. Twelve ago this country had few or no actual and now there are many, and the ion will not cease, till every acre of itable for farming, is tilled. The ds are usually called groves, though some of them contain ten or twelve thousand acres. They are designated by some characteristic feature, or, may be, receive their names from the *first* settlers. Being surrounded by the prairie, there is an idea of vastness united with the appearance of exclusiveness, which renders the place enviable when contrasted with the limited domains of the New England farmer; who, I am of opinion, would be astonished to witness the little *preparation necessary* for cultivation in our vicinity. Every person moving here with the intention of cultivating, seldom comes with less than from six to ten yoke of oxen, which is termed a prairie team; and as soon as he finds a location to please himself, he builds a cabin for his family on the borders of his grove or timber land, and at once strikes into the priarie with his plough, which is so constructed, that it is not necessary for any person to follow it. Thus one man, or as often a boy, turns over two acres per day, and does not consider that he has made a fair *beginning* until he has eighty or one hundred acres ploughed and under fence; all of which he accomplishes in a few weeks. To speak of the wonderful productions of the western lands would only be directing your attention to a trite subject. I do not believe the cultivator would desire a more abundant compensation for his labour, or it might, with more propriety, be termed a gratuity; for the harvest is a thousand times more than equivalent for the labour invested. The difficulty that is experienced in the interior of Indiana and Illinois for the want of purchasers of produce, will never be felt here. The Mississippi is ever a ready market for every kind of produce. To the admirers of nature there cannot be any country more worthy of their admiration, as there can be none where nature has been more liberal of her charms. The hand that creates holds out great inducements to such as have *capacities to benefit*, and properly appreciate its beauties and its splendours. Towns no doubt will, at some future period, be required to do the business of the country; and there are some in a state of infancy, which must thrive from their being "strong points;" and which are hardly known on paper, being indebted for their existence to the *present* rather than to the *prospective* necessity of the country. Among this number, no one is more worthy of being named than Rockingham. Situated on the Mississippi, directly opposite the mouth of the Rock River, and possessing exclusively the advantage of its trade, as well as being a central position in her own flourishing territory. One concedes but a merited tribute, in speaking much in its praise, even if it were done at the expense of Stephenson and Rock Island city; the former being situated on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, three miles above the mouth of Rock River, and the latter

prettily staked out on an eminence three miles *up Rock River*. Twenty miles in the interior, in the midst of a flourishing settlement of two hundred families, there are one or two towns which recently attracted some notice; the most flourishing of which is appropriately called Centrevilie; so that every section of the district will build up for itself such places as the extent of its business may require. If you have a surplus population of any number, who are not too indolent to fashion their fortunes by industry and perseverance, to such men we will extend a hearty welcome. But we want no drones; nor dealers in wooden nutmegs."

New Books.

FISK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

(*Continued from page* 125.)

Manufacture of Mosaic Work, in Rome.

THIS ingenious and pleasing work of art is much practised in Rome. The chief manufactory of this kind is in the hands of government, and conducted in some of the lower apartments of the Vatican. The shading is by small pieces of glass, coloured in all the distinguishable varieties of shade, and there are many more than might at first be imagined. We visited the establishment, and saw the process with all the materials. The coloured glass was arranged in a prescribed order, according to the colours and varieties, to the number of twenty thousand different shades. Some of these pieces are extremely small: to form a picture, they are all set in a case prepared according to the size of the picture, and over which is spread a composition of marble dust, fine sand, gum, oil, and the white of eggs, which, being at first soft, receives readily the selected particles that are inserted to form the shades of the picture; it grows harder, however, by time; and, when the picture is finished and sufficiently indurated, it is polished, and thus a picture is transferred from the surface of the flexible and fading canvass, to a substance as hard as marble, and as durable as the imperishable materials of which it is formed, and as fadeless as it is durable. It is the transferring of a picture to the very substance of a manufactured article, like tapestry; but while the latter fades and decays, the former *endures* and resists the assaults of time. Like tapestry, however, it is a slow and costly process: some of these mosaic pictures cost several years of labour. One picture was shown us which employed twelve men eight years. All that is wanting as an artist, or, more properly, a manufacturer in this department, is a little experience, a mechanical exactness of habit, and, as the phrenologists would say, a good development of the organ of colour.

A Visit to Adrian's Villa.

This is situated at the foot of the mountain, at Tivoli, about one half mile from the main road. This villa, as it has been called, must have been almost a city, for it had theatres, temples, and public buildings in great abundance. Doubtless it was erected early in the second century of the Christian era, for the Emperor Adrian, by whom it was designed and built, died in 117. The design of the excellent, talented, and tasteful emperor, seems to have been to unite, in one single collection, many of the most intellectual and classical associations of Greece, and something also of Egypt. Hence he had the vale of Tempe, the river Peneus, the Elysian Fields, the entrance into the infernal regions, and the like. For edifices, he had what he called the Lyceum, the Academia of Plato, the Prytaneum, &c. &c. In this classical villa were a Greek and Latin library, and several splendid temples, the ruins of which are still seen. The temples are generally arched over at the tops, like the Pantheon at Rome. The temple of Serapis, a great portion of whose massy walls still remain, is an edifice of this kind. Behind the niches where the statues of the gods were placed, is a vacant space, which seems to have been entered by a secret passage from the top. Here, it is supposed, the priests were accustomed to conceal themselves, to give responses in answer to those who consulted the oracles, by which the ignorant multitude were deceived into the idea that the voice came from the god himself. From this temple much of the Egyptian statuary was taken. In fact, the works of art, and especially the sculpture taken from Adrian's Villa, have enriched more than one gallery, and more than one city or state, with some of the finest specimens of antiquity. In the Temple of Venus, we were shown the very niche from which the celebrated *Venus de Medicis*, now at Florence, was taken. In addition to the buildings already mentioned, there were two theatres and two amphitheatres. The latter, however, are more generally supposed to be *naumachia*, or places for the exhibition of naval combats or games; these were supposed to be filled with water at pleasure for this purpose, and around them are *logia*, or galleries, still standing, where the spectators were placed to behold these exhibitions; and underneath these logia were shops, still in a state of fine preservation, where they sold refreshments, &c. The most perfect rooms now remaining are the *Cento Camerelle*, or *One Hundred Chambers*, as they are called. They were the military barracks or lodges of the Prætorian guard.

The most extensive edifice, or rather range of edifices, was the imperial palace, many parts of which still remain but partially impaired; here were the royal chambers, the

saloons, the courts, the corridors, the gardens, the baths, and even, in one part, the prisons, all grand and majestic, though in ruins. The entire suite of architectural ruins belonging to this palace, must, I think, cover a number of acres. One of the courts has a subterranean corridor quite round it, lighted by oblique windows slanting outward and upward into the court; the corridor is arched, and lined with a coat of stucco, which is now hard as marble. But I must not dwell upon these ruins in detail; they are too numerous and extensive to be minutely described. The villa, it is said, extended over three miles in length, by one in breadth; and, indeed, what less could we expect when the Elysian Fields, the descent to the infernal regions, the temples of the principal deities, the schools of the philosophers, the public libraries, theatres and amphitheatres, and the imperial palace and gardens, with all their necessary appendages, were to be exhibited in connexion? How Adrian, amid all his other duties and studies, could find time to plan and execute this work, is surprising, when we reflect especially that he spent the first thirteen years out of the twenty-one of his reign in travelling over his vast empire, from Spain and the British Isles in the west to Asia in the east; and that, in the remaining eight years, he was diligently engaged in his private studies, in making laws, and in managing the affairs of his empire. He was indeed, a most extraordinary man, both in physical strength and in intellectual endowments, and, I might add, in moral virtues. Hence, in wandering among the ruins of his villa, the associations and historical reminiscences afford a much greater pleasure than when contemplating the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and of the *golden house* of Nero on the Palatine Hill in Rome. You feel that you are treading in the steps of a virtuous man, as well as of an illustrious prince and a sage philosopher. As you pass over the grounds of his extended *stoa*, you say, Here he walked and philosophized; and at the libraries, here he pursued his literary studies; and here, at the temples, he worshipped. It is true, he was not a Christian, but he became favourable to Christianity. He put an end to the persecutions that had raged against it under former emperors; and he thought so favourably of Jesus Christ, that he had serious thoughts, it is said, of *admitting him among the number of the gods!*

Another circumstance which enhances the pleasure of contemplating these ruins is the solitude that prevails around. In Rome you find crowding around the desolations of antiquity the busy multitude of a modern race. The Pantheon and various other ancient edifices are modern churches; the Temple of Antoninus Pius is a custom-house: the Temple of Pallas is a baker's shop; and the ancient Forum, with its nodding columns, and crumbling temples, is a market-place! But here you have no such intrusions; solitude reigns over these ruins; not even the farmer with his plough, nor the gardener with his spade, is allowed to break in upon the wildness and solitude of the scene. The wild chamois may feed here, and "the fox may dig his hole unscared." Forest trees have sprung up in every direction, overhanging the ruins and giving additional gloom to the picture. Nothing served more to impress upon the mind a vivid conception of the antiquity of the ruins than the sight of a stately pine, from two and a half to three feet diameter, growing in the centre of one of the courts of the imperial palace. Others of the same character are seen in different parts of the ground. But the tree that best chimes in with the genius of the place, and which is very abundant here, is the tall perennial cypress. They shoot up in gloomy majesty in different parts of these grounds, like silent sentinels keeping their watch over the consecrated ruins.

We hung around these relics of former grandeur until sunset; the shadows of the broken arches were deepened, the hollow winds moaned through the trees; the sensations of this hour were indescribable; it was the deepening of feelings that had long been gathering strength, as I had for months been holding communion with the ages of antiquity, and had become more and more assimilated into the spirit of these associations. The musings of that hour were a kind of enchantment, and made me almost wish for some lodge in this "lone wilderness," this extended contiguity of ruins, where, undisturbed, I might muse upon the fading glories of a changing and a transitory world. The last of the company, and with much reluctance, I at length, as the shades came on, broke away from the attractions, leaving the sighing winds to chant through another night, as they have done through the successive nights of by-gone centuries, the melancholy dirge of *Adrian's Villa in Ruins.*

A STALE LOAF.

The antiquary may be gratified with the sight of a loaf of bread upwards of 700 years old. It was included in a grant of the crown in the reign of King John, and has remained with the writings of the estate in the Sour's family, of Ambaston, in Derbyshire, ever since. Our Kegworth Correspondent says, he has seen and handled it at intervals during the last fifty years, and finds no alteration, except what may have arisen from the pilfering of a few crumbs by the curious.—*Notts. Review, Aug.* 1838.

EIGHTH MEETING OF THE

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 18, 1838.

THE first meeting of the General Committee, which always precedes the scientific business of the Association, was held at the County-court, in the Moot Hall, Professor Whewell, Vice-President, in the chair. The attendance of members was large, and amongst those present were the Marquis of Northampton, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Cole, M.P., Sir John Herschell, C. Lemon, and J. Robinson, Professors Babbage, Seacock, and Wheatstone, Colonels Sykes and Briggs, &c.

The following list of the officers of Sections recommended by the Council, was approved of by the meeting, to whom they were severally put.

Section A.—Mathematics and Physics.—President, Sir John Herschell; Vice-Presidents, Sir David Brewster, Sir W. Hamilton, Dr. Robinson, and Mr. F. Bailey; Secretaries, Major Sabine, Rev. Professor Chevalier, and Professor M'Culloch.

Section B.—Chymistry and Mineralogy.—President, Rev. W. Whewell; Vice-President, Dr. T. Thompson, and Dr. Daubeny.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.—President, Professor Lyell for Geology, and Lord Prudhoe for Geography; Vice-President, Dr. Buckland.

Section D.—Zoology and Botany.—President, Sir William Jardine; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Greville, the Rev. L. Jenyns, and the Rev. F. W. Hope; Secretaries, Mr. G. E. Gray, F.R.S., Professor Owen, and Dr. Richardson.

Section E.—Medical Science.—President, Dr. Headlam, the Mayor of Newcastle; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Clark, Mr. J. Fife, and Dr. Yellowly.

Section F.—Statistics.—President, Colonel Sykes, F.R.S.; Vice-Presidents, Sir C. Lemon, Messrs. C. R. Porter, and C. W. Bigge.

Section G.—Mechanics.—President, Mr. Babbage; Vice-Presidents. Sir J. Robinson, Messrs. B. Donkin and G. Stevenson.

Newcastle, August 21, 1838.—The business of the several Sections commenced yesterday, shortly after 11 o'clock. The Committee of each Section met in rooms adjacent to the respective Section rooms.

We shall proceed to notice the transactions of the day according to alphabetical order, adopted by the Association in the arrangement of their Sections.

Section A.—Mathematics and Physics.—Met in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, the whole of whose elegant apartments in Westgate-street have been placed at the disposal, and are appropriated to the convenience, of the Members of the Association, as are the Central Exchange, County Court, Town Hall, Assembly Rooms, Savings' Bank, in the Arcade; Surgeons' Hall, Music Hall, and the old Academy of Arts.

In Section B,—Chemistry and Mineralogy,—the following was the order of business:—

Professor Thompson—Notice on Dierseniate of Iron.

J. Richardson—On the Composition of Sphene.

M. Scanlan—On the Action of Light on Nitrate of Silver.

Observations on the Construction of Commercial Carbonate of Ammonia.

J. Murray.—On the waters of the Dead Sea.

Mr. Exley.—On the Specific Gravity of Nitrogen, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Chlorine, and Vapours of Sulphur, Arsenic, and Phosphorus.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.

1. Notes on a Bone Cave near Cheddar, in Somersetshire, containing human as well as other Animal Bones, by William Long, Esq.

2. Observations on the Newcastle Coal District, by John Buddle, Esq., Vice-President of the Section.

Section D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. On the Fish of Surinam with four eyes, by William Harrison Clarke, Esq., and John Mortimer, of Aldermanbury, London.

2. On the Botany of the Channel Islands, by C.C. Babington, Esq., M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

3.—1. W. C. Trevelynn, Esq., exhibited Specimens, living and in spirits, of *Coluber Natrix* of the Italian Naturalists which appear to differ from the English species.

2. A Species of Ustrea gathered in Elba.

3. A Collection of coleopterous insects from Naples, and some other specimens of Natural History.

4. John Eder Gray, Esq.—On a new Species of Shell found on the Coast of Northumberland, by Miss Mark, and on some rare shells of the same coast.

Section E.—Medical Science.—President, Dr. Headlam, the Mayor of Newcastle.

Mr. Farr.—On the Law of Mortality in Cholera.

Section F.—Statistics.—President, Colonel Sykes, F. R. S., Vice-president of the Statistical Society of London.

1.—Newcastle Police Returns, by John Stephens, Superintendant of Police.

2.—Statistical View of Mining Industry:

in France, by G. R. Porter, Esq. of the Board of Trade.

3.—Statistics of Vitality in Cadiz, by the President of the Section.

Section G.—Mechanical Science. — President, Professor Babbage.

On taking the chair, the President of this Section, in a short, appropriate, and well-received address, intimated the wish of the Committee, as well as his own, that as the object of the Meeting is to promote Science, with a view to economize time, no inquiry should be permitted as to the original inventor of any object brought before the Section, but that its merits only should be discussed.

The business of the Section then commenced, by a paper from the inventor being read, explanatory of Mr. Joseph Garnett's Invention and Improvement of Telegraphs; for which communication the thanks of the Section were voted to the inventor; as was done in the following instances, completing the day's business before this, the last Section, viz.:

Mr. Thomas Sopwith.—Instruments to facilitate the projection of objects Isometrically.

Mr. J. Scott Russell. — Resistance of Fluids to Vessels.

Mr. G. Webb Hall.—Economization of Heat for Domestic Purposes.

Mr. Peter Nicholson.—Construction of Oblique Bridges.

Mr. William Greener.—Materials and construction of Steam Boilers.

Sir John Robison.— Pump Buckets for Mines, when the quality of the water forbids the use of Metals; invented by a Swedish Engineer.

Mr. Thomas Sopwith.—Improved method of constructing large Writing and Drawing Tables.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Section D.—ZOOLOGY and BOTANY.

(From the Times.)

Mr. W. H. Clarke, of Liverpool, read a paper on a fish of Surinam, with four eyes, which, although previously unknown to zoologists, was met with in large shoals off some parts of the coast of Surinam, the water sometimes assuming a dark colour from their presence. Two of the eyes are in the usual position, but on the crown of the head there is a protuberance like the horn of a buffalo, in which there are two other organs of vision which move alternately with the former. It has a singular mode of escape from its enemies, for when alarmed it retreats to the bottom with its head upwards, and, by the aid of its dorsal fins, buries its body in the sand; but in this position they are frequently decapitated in large shoals by the ground shark, which is their most inveterate enemy. It possesses various Indian native names, one of which is "Food for the Chiefs," so that it appears to resemble the white bait of the River Thames. It was considered by the meeting that there was not sufficient authority to prove it a distinct species.

Section C.—GEOLOGY and GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Long read an interesting communication descriptive of a bone cave near Cheddar, in Somersetshire, containing human as well as other animal bones. The fact of human bones being found imbedded in any old formation was always worthy of notice, from the rarity of their occurrence, and the interest excited when these were found in connexion with extinct animals. The cave is situated in limestone-rock, and 30 ft. in depth. On the first entrance, it has the appearance of lofty chambers, tapering into an archway, which opens again into lofty chambers, on the bottom of which are found human sculls and bones, mixed with those of boars, deer, oxen, &c., imbedded in soil evidently of remote origin, and containing very few fossils, which are, however, very abundant in the rocks above. Professor Sedgwick remarked that he had not personally visited the locality, but always looked with suspicion at cases where the association of human bones with those of other animals of extinct species was sought to be established. The occurrence of human bones in caverns might be readily explained without their being coincident with the rock, and no argument could be drawn from it for changing the present system of geologists, in which the existence of bones belonging to the human species along with those of extinct species of animals had not been established. Professor Lyell mentioned that this subject had been minutely examined by eminent French geologists, who had found in a cavern in the south of France human bones associated with those of the rhinoceros and elephant; the latter were of living genera though extinct species. It was a singular fact that some pieces of pottery found along with those bones led them to examine a tumulus in the neighbourhood, where they found pieces of pottery of the same description, as also bones of the ox, ass and goat, but none of the extinct rhinoceros elephant. The circumstance of human bones being found in connexion with those of animals was no proof that they were coeval, but only that they were of high antiquity, though not referable to a geological era.

To be continued: it being our intention of giving a complete Synopsis of those subjects which may be deemed interesting to the general reader.

The Public Journals.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

[A VERY interesting paper in the *Quarterly Review* concludes as follows:—]

A word of explanation on one historical point of some interest--which it is well should be settled in season—and we have done. We have alluded to the *fact* that the late passage of the Atlantic by steam was by no means the first achievement of the kind. When we have spoken of the success of these new boats in strong terms, it has not been with the thought of encouraging such an impression; and we certainly do not think it of the least moment, so far as British honour is concerned, that such an impression should prevail. All admit, that the mere fact of a solitary steam-vessel crossing the ocean some twenty years ago—whether by steam, or by sails, or both, and with whatever purpose in view—is of little importance, as compared with the undertaking and the establishment of such an enterprise, in such a manner as to make it the grand, regular medium of communication, and the growing source of immense results, never before dreamed of, between America and Europe. This is the credit claimed, in the present instance, by British courage, energy, and skill. This the Americans allow us, and they may afford to do it. They have themselves, even in the same field, done enough to content ambition: they have taken up this scheme, in its present stage, with their usual spirit, and without a moment's hesitation or delay. Unseasonable circumstances, in their pecuniary situation, more, perhaps, than any thing else, may have prevented them from snatching this last honour from British hands: the conception itself was no new, crude, chimerical notion to them.

They have been too much accustomed to steam-movements on a grand scale to be taken by surprise with this. Not only did Fitch, of Philadelphia, half a century ago, *predict*, with perfect confidence, the establishment of Atlantic steam-navigation, but performances of substantially much the same character, as regards risk, have for many years been actually going on before the eyes of the American public, (as, indeed, to some extent, also of ours.) A few months since we noticed this paragraph in a New York journal:—

"The *British steamer*, 'Sir Lionel Smith,' for which so much anxiety has been felt, reached this port yesterday, *in fifteen days, from St. Thomas.*"

Along the extensive coasts, and up the vast rivers, of the United States, the nature of their steam-operations is well known. At New Orleans they were talking, a year or two since, (as well as at New York,) of establishing this connexion with Europe by steam; and the project seemed to have been abandoned merely on account of the "crisis." A British passage across was made last winter by the "City of Kingston," intended for a Jamaica and Carthagena mail-packet, we think. She, too, was much talked of as the first which had crossed. It seems, however, that she put in at Madeira on her way. It is also well ascertained, that three steam-vessels, at least, had crossed—all the way—before her. Two of these were the *Royal William*, built at Quebec, for the trade between that port and Halifax, which was sold some years ago to the crown of Portugal for 12,000*l.*, (and which we ourselves happened to see in Boston harbour, five or six years ago, when just arrived from Liverpool *viâ* Halifax); and the *Cape Breton*, which was built at Greenock or Glasgow, and sent out to Pictou, for the use of a mining company. But the vessel to which the real honour of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was the *Savannah;* thus alluded to in the *Times* of May 11, 1819:—

"*Great Experiment.*—A new steam-vessel, of 300 tons, has been built at New York, for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come to Liverpool direct."

And she did reach Liverpool accordingly, on the 20th of June; coming, moreover, direct from Savannah, in twenty-six days. We have seen it stated, that this vessel used her steam only when she failed to make four knots the hour by sailing; but these particulars, as we said before, are hardly worthy of notice. After a somewhat enthusiastic reception at Liverpool, she proceeded to Stockholm, where Bernadotte went on board, and made the captain sundry presents, significant of his royal gratification. The Emperor of Russia visited her also at Cronstadt, and gave his host a silver tea-kettle, which he retains, as a trophy of his adventure, to this day.

To these, we believe, might be added the *Curaçoa*, which is said to have gone over direct from Holland to Surinam, in 1828, making the voyage from off Dover in twenty-four days.

GLASS-MAKING AND COINING AT BIRMINGHAM.

A GREAT manufacturing town, with high chimneys smoking in all directions—the houses and shops, great and small, being of a dirty reddish hue, and seeming only subordinate and auxiliary to the manufactories—but few people to be seen in the streets, which were bad and dirty; add to all this, the thick, hazy, smoke-laden atmosphere, and the small searching rain coming down unintermittingly—and you may sup-

pose that there was nothing particularly calculated to elate our spirits. We were, however, exceedingly interested in the several manufactories which we visited. The first was a glass-house—how dark and hot it was!—especially when contrasted with the cold and wet without. Of course you and many of your readers must have seen a glass-house; I shall not, therefore, trouble you with a description of it. I know, however, and you can guess, what the intense and blasting furnace, which, out of small apertures, shot its lurid rays through the gloom, reminded one of—but will not mention it to "ears polite." It is curious to see a swart fellow poke a long hollow rod into the furnace, attach to the end of it a small quantity of the pliant mass, all red and glowing—blow it out, roll it about a little—and lo, in a twinkling, a saltcellar, a tumbler, a wine-glass, a decanter! In another part of the works a great number of women were grinding glass for lamps, &c. &c., an operation which seemed to me to require both care and dexterity. A third department was that of the glass-cutters, most of whom were little boys, who sat at their respective machines, working as gravely, silently, and methodically, as their fathers. This, also, is an interesting process. The last room was an outer one, on the door of which might have been inscribed,—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," for in it two elderly women were busily engaged sorting and most carefully washing, all the broken glass of the establishment, for the purpose of its being used up again. *Practice*, of course, *makes perfect*, but I shuddered to see the haste and recklessness with which they handled the sharp fragments—thrusting their hands into great baskets-full as carelessly as a child into the heaps of pebbles on the sea-shore. One of them informed me that she had not cut her hand, nor hardly scratched it, for a twelvemonth.

The next place which we visited, I hardly know how to describe. It consisted of extensive premises, principally occupied by a very large steam-engine, at full work when we entered, whose powers were chiefly applied to the rolling of brass, iron, and copper, into rods, bars, and plates, even of the greatest tenuity. They rolled a penny piece—save us from the Attorney-General!—into a thin slip of copper, some third of an inch in width, and I don't know how many yards in length. I shuddered as I stood in the midst of the machinery—immense wheels and cylinders all in full action, the former whirling round sixty times a minute, and keeping in rapid motion a vast number of smaller ones, which again communicated motion to numerous other portions of the machinery, some of them very remote, and belonging to various persons in different trades, who rented the use of the steam-engine of the proprietor of it—all working at the same moment. Whilst I was gazing in silent apprehension at the tremendous fly-wheel making its fearfully rapid revolutions, a shrill whistle was heard, and within a moment or two, every thing was at an absolute stand-still. Notice had been given that some small matter required rectifying. So easily is this huge agent controlled! I always feel great nervousness when amidst steam-machinery—a horror of being suddenly entangled and crushed to death, as I heard, on this occasion, of one or two frightful instances; and, gathering the tails of my surtout closely around me, I "walked circumspectly," and with some trepidation, close past the enormous fly-wheel, already mentioned, and whose motions it made one dizzy to look at. The process of rolling out the metal was the most striking of those I witnessed. Fancy two solid cylinders, of polished steel or iron, placed parallel horizontally, rolling round, say one set within three inches of one another, the next an inch, &c. Between them is pushed a solid bar of copper or iron, which, in passing through, of course suffers a certain degree of attenuation, and comes out proportionally flattened and elongated. Thus it would be passed between cylinders closer and closer together, till, if required, it might be reduced to the tenuity of tinfoil! As I stood watching the men who, with such an indifferent, and apparently careless air, thrust the metal between these rapidly revolving cylinders, I could not help a frequent shudder at the possibility of their fingers going a little too far, as had several times been the case. In one of the rooms attached to the central one, in which the engine stood, were a number of boys and women, sitting each at their machine, making iron heels for boots and shoes. How easily and rapidly it was done! the little straight bars of iron seemed like wax in the hands of a mere boy or girl, who moulded them into the proper shape, and punched the nail-holes in, and polished the rim, with surprising rapidity.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Extraordinary Blind Man.—Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs, vol. 1, p. 3, says—"A certain blind man, well known in Dhuboy, died during my residence there. Among various talents, he could generally discover hidden treasure, whether buried in the earth, or concealed under water; and possessed the faculty of diving and continuing a long time in that element, without inconvenience. As he never commenced a search without stipulating for one-third of the value restored, he had, by this occupation, maintained an aged father, a wife, and several children. A goldsmith having a quarrel with his wife, she, in

revenge, took her husband's plate and jewels, and threw them into a well, but which was uncertain. This blind man was applied to, he stipulating to receive one-third of the value for his trouble. After a short search, he found the treasure at the bottom of a well. The goldsmith objected afterwards to pay the blind man, who appealed to the court of adawlet, who decreed him one-third of the property."

Professor Carlisle, in one of his Lictures on Anatomy, observed, that the deeper mankind dive into anatomy, the more intricate and perplexing it appears. How the *mind* influences and operates upon the muscles, said he, is still unknown. If it be advanced, that it is by the aid of electricity, then what power directs that electricity? Nature has here set up a barrier against the frail inquiries of human nature. The wonderful mechanism of the body can only be ascribed to the wisdom of one great cause.

Two Golden Reasons why Nations should not go to War.

1. The interests of all nations being in harmony with each other, every measure tending to lessen production in one nation, tends also to lessen the reward of both labourer and capitalist in every other nation; and every nation that tends to increase it, tends to increase the reward of the labourer and capitalist in every other nation.

2. It is, therefore, the interest of all, that universal peace should prevail, whereby the waste of population and of capital should be arrested, and that the only strife among nations should be, to determine which should make the most rapid advances in those peaceful arts which tend to increase the comforts and enjoyments of the human race.—*Carey's Principles of Political Economy.*

Cooper, the American Novelist's Opinion of Sir Walter Scott: extracted from the American Monthly Magazine, July 1838.—"We state—and with positive knowledge—that *Mr. Cooper has asseverated openly that Sir Walter Scott died a drunkard.* Every man, who respects the illustrious memory of the great literary benefactor of his race, should make common cause in compelling the defamer to eat his words—words slanderous, false, and malignant. We trust that the slander will reach the ears of Sir Walter's friends in England, (and they are *all* the reading public,) so that the utterer of it may be soundly whipt of justice whenever he bares himself to the lash by cobbling up his old journals into the shape of a book."

Death of Hyde, Lord Clarendon.—Persecuted; deprived, for a long time, by the mandate of Charles, of the society of his children; by the same mandate driven from place to place; in sickness, and in any thing but wealth, Clarendon passed seven years of exile in the most persevering literary industry; and, after completing his masterly vindication of the ungrateful Stuarts, died, at Rouen, on the 9th of December, 1674, in the 65th year of his age. He rests in Westminster Abbey without a monument, and even without an inscription to mark the place of his interment.

A Locomotive Village.—The Messrs. Lyons, coachmakers of this city, are building a small moveable village for the Utica and Syracuse Railroad. This company have now on their road two steam-engines, which drive the piles upon which the road is built, and saw them off at the proper level; the rails are then laid, and the road completed as they go along. The "village," consisting of a number of neat-looking cottages, is to be placed on the road, in rear of the pile-drivers, for dwelling-houses for the mechanics and labourers on the road. Improvements will never stop; and we shall yet see the time when one may take a tea-kettle in his hand, put a few chips in his pocket, get across a broomstick, and go where he pleases.—*Utica Democrat.*

The following singular discovery was made a short time since, in the Blaen-y-nant lead-mine, situated near Mold, Flintshire:—At the end of one of the levels, the workmen were surprised by an immense rush of water suddenly bursting in upon them. After three days the water totally disappeared; and, on proceeding to the place, they found an opening of about four inches in diameter. Having enlarged the aperture, so as to admit of their passing through, they discovered the bed of a subterraneous river, which probably affords the principal supply to St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell, from which it is distant about twelve miles. In exploring the stream, which was shallow, they discovered, on both sides of it, several large caverns; from the roofs and sides of which were suspended numerous beautiful specimens of white spar, or stalactites. W. G. C.

Russian Court Dress.—The national dress of Russia, which was introduced at court by the present empress, consists of a white chimese with white sleeves, and a sarafan, or robe, without sleeves. The head-dress is a lofty crown, ornamented with pearls and jewels, from which hangs a large transparent veil. On holidays and fêtes, the peasant girls of Great Russia wear, in addition, a short silk mantle, sometimes bordered with fur, or down; and, for ear-rings, small red pearls, strung in a triangular form.—W. G. C.

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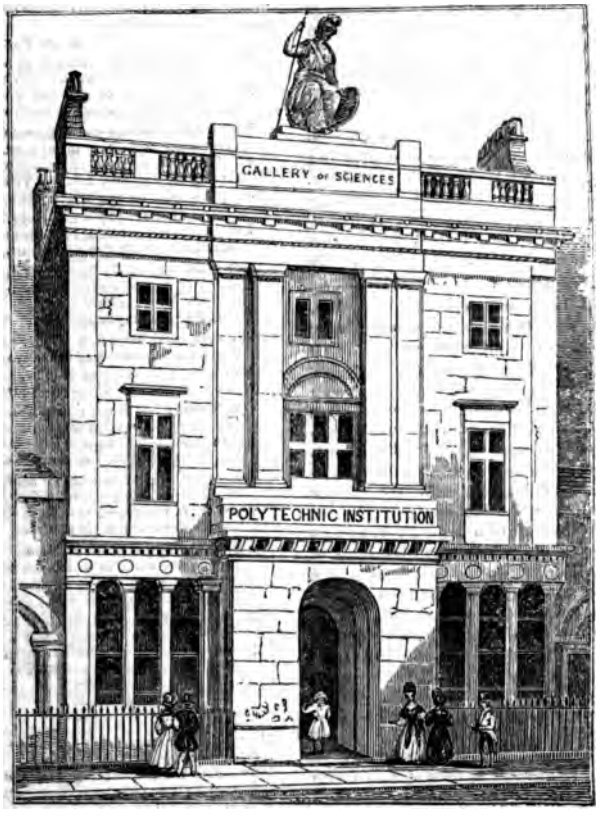
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 910.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1838. [PRICE 2*d.*



THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET.

THIS Institution has been formed for the advancement of Practical Science, in connexion with agriculture, arts, and manufactures; and the intention of the directors is, we understand, that the true and important principles upon which the sciences are established, shall be demonstrated by methods the most simple and satisfactory, as connected with the processes employed in the most useful arts and manufactures.

The premises are those lately belonging to Lord Bentinck, No. 5, Cavendish Square; and in order to carry out the object of the Institution to its fullest extent, a very spacious building has been erected in the rear of the above mansion, with a handsome architectural entrance, at No. 309, Regent Street, near Langham Place. The ground on which the buildings are erected, is 320 feet long by 40 feet wide, devoted to manufactures of various kinds, such as letter-press printing, optician's apparatus for polishing lenses, &c., a glass furnace, for melting, blowing, and working glass of all colours; and also machinery for cutting, polishing, and engraving; an ivory turner's workshop, with every apparatus used in turning; power-looms for weaving; and Earl Dundonald's rotary steam-engine for pumps and other machinery.

Beneath this Hall of Manufactures, a complete laboratory has been fitted up, un-

der the direction of Messrs. Cooper and Son, particularly adapted for private experimentalists and patentees, who may require assistance in chymical researches. On this floor is shown a novel and useful method of making bread; economical cooking by gas; an engineer's workshop, with forge; steam-engine boilers, and other machinery of that description. The principal staircase leads to a spacious apartment, appropriated to the "London Benevolent Repository," an association of ladies of distinction, who have humanely undertaken to dispose of works of ingenuity for benevolent purposes.

Over the Hall of Manufactures, is a Theatre, or Lecture Room, capable of containing 500 persons, in which lectures on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Chemical, are delivered, with extensive illustrations. A hydro-oxygen microscope, by Carey, the largest ever constructed, is here exhibited, the screen containing 425 square feet.

The Great Hall, which is 120 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 40 feet high, contains two immensely large metallic reflectors, by means of which whispers may be heard the whole length of the hall without a tube; cooking can also be performed by a fire 100 feet from the meat. Specimens of manufactures, paintings, models, and other works of art, are also to be seen here. In the centre of this hall are two canals, containing a surface of 700 feet of water, attached to which are all the appurtenances of a dock-yard, and an extensive series of locks and water-mills in motion. At the junction of the canals is a large circular reservoir, into which a diving-bell, with the apparatus for conducting the operations of conveying the visitors ten or twelve feet under the water, is lowered: this certainly seems one of the most attractive exhibitions of the establishment; four or five may descend at a time. A diver also is seen to descend: he is clothed in a patent water-proof and air-tight diving-dress, which enables him, in any depth of water, to rise or sink at pleasure, and exhibits the art of carrying on the operations under the water, such as clearing the wrecks of ships, &c. &c. The mode of recovering sunken vessels and their cargoes from the bed of the ocean, is also shown. Innumerable other objects of great interest, and of the most interesting nature, are to be seen, and to which we shall refer in a future number.

The Institution was opened to the public on Monday, August 6, 1838, since which time it has been visited by vast numbers of persons, it being found an intellectual treat.

It would be idle to dwell on the importance of an Institution of this kind and magnitude; its vast utility being so universally acknowledged. There is sufficient room in London for two establishments; the above and the Adelaide Gallery;* the situations, too, are so wide apart, that it is not likely their interests can clash; and if they should do so, in a small degree, it must urge them to greater exertions.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

"Two perspective painters lead us poor bewitched mortals through the whole theatre of life, and these are, Memory and Hope."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

MEMORY and HOPE—two spirits fair,
That on life's devious pathway tend;
Still looking back, or pointing where
Their lights and shadows both will end.

Two lovely shades,—yet different far,
Ever their radiant forms appear,
For Hope, how bright thy pictures are,
And Memory, how soft thy Tear!

"I know thee by thy robe of Mourning."
I know thee by thy wanderings lone;
Ever with twilight hours returning,
Afar from garish daylight bourn.

Her voice was on the breeze of night,
Her step the fallen leaves among;
I followed by a dreamy light,
Her far receding vales along.

She pointed to forgotten things,
Long vista'd scenes of other years;
And over them her magic flings,
A charm confess'd in silent tears.

Oh, Memory!—all too much of sadness,
Had thy pale visions imaged there,
I turned to Hope's blue eye of gladness,
Her pictured joys, her promise fair.

What glittering scenes before her lie,
What thronging joys, what flowery dreams!
I saw them bloom,—I saw them die,—
How withered now their beauty seems.

I wept to see them fade so soon.
The golden links in which she bound me,
The roseate hues, that long ere noon,
Had left all dark and lonely round me.

Then Hope from earth upraised her view,
And pointed to the starry way;
I dried my tears,—for well I knew,
That heavenly hope would ne'er decay!

ANNE R—.

LAMENT.

How bright the sun's declining rays
Glitter on yonder gilded spire!
How sweet the evening zephyr plays
Through those old trees, that seem on fire!
Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed
With MARY, rapture in my eyes!
But now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of MARY lies!

Oh! can I ere the scene forget?
'Twas such an evening—this the place,
That first the lovely girl I met,
And gazed upon her angel face.
The west, at day's departure, blushed,
And brightened to a crimson hue;
Her cheek with kindred tints was flushed,
And ah! her sun was sinking too!

She died!—and at that very hour
Hope broke her wand, and pleasure fled.
Life, as a charm, hath lost its power—
The enchantress of my days is dead!
That sun,—those scenes where oft I've strayed
Transported, I no longer prize,
For now, alas! beneath their shade,
All that remains of MARY lies!

J. C.

* For Views and Descriptions of the Adelaide Gallery, see *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., pp. 113, 135, 150; and vol. xxx., p. 7.

NTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. II.

first paper on this subject, (see page [referred to "The last days of Pom- for a graphic sketch of the ceremonies ed at a Roman funeral. Before pro- g farther, I shall give a condensed : of so much as bears upon our pre- ıbject; directing the reader, for fuller , to the work itself, where, at page he third volume, he will find an ex- ly beautiful chapter, entitled, "A Funeral."

was among the loveliest customs of ients to bury the young at the morn- light, for as they strove to give the interpretation to death, they poeti- agined that Aurora, who loved the had stolen them to her embrace. ırs were fading, one by one, from the avens, and night was slowly receding efore the approach of morn, when a roup stood motionless before the High and slender torches, made r the unmellowed dawn, cast their er various countenances, hushed for ment in one solemn and intent ex- ı. And now there arose a slow and music; which accorded sadly with , and floated far along the desolate athless streets, while a chorus of oices, accompanying the flute, sang eral dirge. As the hymn died away, ose, placed upon a couch, and covered purple pall, was carried forth with t foremost. The procession, headed torch-bearers, clad in black, swept it had traversed the streets, passed y gate, and gained the place of

sed in the form of an altar, stood the pyre, formed of unpolished pine; h preparations of combustible matter in its interstices; while around it l the dark and gloomy cypresses, so onsecrated by poetry to the tomb. er being placed on the pile, the chief r received, from the attending priest, ieral torch; and a sudden burst of nnounced the birth of the sanctifying

High and far into the dawning roke the fragrant fire. It flashed ısly across the gloomy cypresses; above the massive walls of the neigh- city; and the early fisherman start- behold the blaze reddening on the of the rippling sea. The breeze aided the combustion. By degrees me wavered; became lower and nd slowly, by fits and unequal starts, ay; emblem of life itself! Where efore, all was restlessness and flame, the dull and smouldering embers. it sparks were extinguished by the nts; and the ashes collected. Steeped in the rarest wine, and costliest odours, they were placed in a silver urn, which was solemnly deposited in one of the neighbouring sepulchres. They also placed within it the vial full of tears, and the small coin, which poetry still consecrated to the grim boatman.* The sepulchre was covered with flowers and chaplets; incense was kindled on the altar, and the tomb was hung round with lamps."

Various specimens of the funeral urns here referred to, may be seen in the British Museum; and engravings of them are given in the second volume of the "Townley Gallery," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." That which is represented at page 255, is particularly elegant. In the second of the two volumes on Pompeii, in the same attractive work, a chapter is devoted to tombs; and representations are given of many of them. At page 263, we have an engraving of the interior of one in excellent preservation; with urns ranged around on shelves and in niches. In a tomb at Pompeii, three glass urns were found. Besides burnt bones, they contained a liquid; which, on being analized, was found to consist of mingled wine, oil, and water.

I concluded my former paper with Capt. Marryat's vivid description of death from spontaneous combustion. From the region of fiction, however, let us turn to that of fact. The whole subject is one of great interest; owing to the remarkable state into which the body must be brought, and the striking nature of the effects produced. Nor is it as a mere matter of curiosity that the investigation of this subject is to be recommended; but as a means of promoting the ends of justice; for a murderer might consume the body of his victim, and attribute death to spontaneous combustion; while, on the other hand, a man has actually been condemned (though subsequently pardoned) on the charge of having murdered his wife, though there is little doubt her death was really occasioned by the cause under discussion. It becomes of great consequence to distinguish death from *spontaneous* combustion, from death caused by *accidental* combustion. The latter seldom proceeds to any extent without spreading to surrounding objects; while in the former they are often left untouched. If life should remain four or five days after partial combustion of a spontaneous kind, an insupportable fœtid odour is exhaled; the nails become detached, and worms are generated; all which characters distinguish the phenomenon in question from *accidental* combustion, or common burns. The bones, too, have often been found calcined in cases of

* The "grim boatman" was Charon; and the coin was designed for his fee, in return for rowing the recently deceased person over the Styx.

spontaneous combustion, though in the ordinary state of the body (as we before observed) this cannot be done without the aid of a furnace. It is also of importance to be acquainted with the appearance produced by death from burning; and the different marks occasioned by applying heat to the body *before* death, and *after* it. Some effects of heat are the same on *living* as on *dead* animal matter. The skin is first singed, and then charred; but in the living body there is a surrounding blush, which is capable of being removed by pressure. There may also be permanent redness, generally within an inch of the charred part. This is seen well after the application of a heated iron ("the actual cautery," as it is called) for surgical purposes; and it even continues after death. Fire applied to a body after death causes no redness, and raises no blisters. Dr. Christison, to whom I have before referred, has never been able, after numerous experiments, to produce them; so that if we find blisters and redness on a body partially consumed, we may be sure the fire was applied before death. But air bubbles may be raised on the skin; and we must be careful not to confound these with blisters. We must remember that a person whose body is found burned, may not have died from the burning; for there are many cases on record of murderers having put combustibles round the body of the victim, so as to give the death the appearance of burning. A celebrated Continental author, Foderé, gives an instance in which this was done in France on a large scale. In 1809, a wretch murdered several individuals with an axe, and then set fire to the house. The medical officer did not think it worth while to examine the bodies; and certified that their death was owing to the fire. Meanwhile an individual was discovered murdered, about a hundred paces from the house; and suspicion being excited, the bodies were disinterred: it was found that the flames had only burnt the flesh superficially, and that the marks of the axe were still distinctly visible.

Spontaneous Combustion is not confined to the human subject, but takes place, from chymical changes, in various inanimate substances. An examination of the latter will prepare us for an investigation of the former. One of the most familiar examples is that in which hay takes fire, owing to the heat generated by fermentation, from its having been stacked while damp. We may observe here that, when a haystack has been partially consumed, it should be examined, to see whether it has burned from the outside towards the middle; for, if so, the combustion was not spontaneous; though the latter may be imitated by forcing a chymical mixture into the middle of the haystack, by means of a stick, so as to make the combustion take place from the interior towards the outside. According to Dr. Traill (the very learned professor of Forensic Medicine in the University of Edinburgh,) Spontaneous Combustion may be occasioned by the following causes:—1. Friction, or percussion; by which what is called the *latent* heat of bodies is suddenly rendered sensible. 2. Fermentation of vegetable matter, as in the combustion of new hay, (which we have just mentioned,) collections of linen-rags, roasted bran, and powdered charcoal; in which the heat excited appears to be owing to the rapid absorption of watery vapour; which, when condensed, gives out its latent heat in sufficient quantity to produce ignition. 3. Chymical action; as in the effect which some kinds of oil have on hemp, flax, cotton, and some powders, particularly those of charcoal and the black oxide of manganese. It is also seen in the action of nitric acid on indigo, some kinds of oil, and some other substances; and also in the mixture of oil with wool.

With respect to friction, Dr. Traill once knew a mill consumed by being set in motion by a storm. The stones had not been pressed tightly together; and the rapid motion caused so much heat, as to ignite the wood. Great heat is excited by the process of punching holes in metals, owing to the latent heat being rendered sensible by the combined percussion and friction. As to fermentation, in addition to the striking instance we have already mentioned, we may refer to the great heat which is produced in dunghills, and which was made use of in Egypt for hatching eggs. Roasted coffee, beans, and peas, (if dry and ground into meal) may take fire spontaneously. In Saxony, a cow-house was burned down, owing, as was conjectured, to the dry bran which was applied to the necks of the cattle, having spontaneously taken fire. It was found, by one experimenter, that if meal was wrapped in a linen cloth, it soon ignited. Ground charcoal has often taken fire in powder-mills; and this is said to have taken place most frequently with charcoal made from the alder.

Let us come now to the third cause mentioned—chemical action; though, indeed, fermentation is but a modification of it. If a drying oil be mixed with lamp-black, or ochre, and wrapped in a cloth, combustion will take place. Many drying oils (such as that of linseed) will thus set fire to vegetable matter. On one occasion a sail-cloth, bedaubed with paint, ignited; and in the arsenals of Russia, fires have taken place several times, especially in the hemp arsenal at St. Petersburgh, though it is situated on an island in the river Neva; and no fire or light is allowed in it. Many vessels, probably, have been burned from similar causes. Many fires have taken place in

rope-walks in Russia, owing to oil falling among the hemp. If the latter be loose, it may inflame; and if it has been made into ropes, they often get hot, and then soon become useless by being charred. The Pantheon, in London, was thought to have been burned by the spontaneous ignition of a mixture of linseed oil and black oxide of manganese, used in the scenery. The ship Ajax was considered to have been consumed from the coals which it carried becoming spontaneously ignited; and many ships have been burned from the water gaining access to the unslaked lime which they carried; and so have houses, from unslaked lime being left in contact with wood. One fire occurred from rain getting into contact with lime on a bricklayer's premises. Threds of woollen cloth, containing much animal matter, heaped together, have been known, at Leeds and other places, to take fire. At Paris, a man hid in a cellar twenty-five pieces of cloth, in the manufacture of which abundance of oil had been used. The cellar was closed with dung. After some weeks, dense smoke was observed issuing from it; and on opening it, the cloth was found converted into a glutinous mass, which took fire when air was freely admitted. One parcel, which had been previously deprived of its grease, was found uninjured. N. R.

GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1666.

Pope has said, that the Monument erected on Fish Street Hill, to perpetuate the fact, that the Great Fire of London, which began the night of Sept. 2, 1666, was the effect of a preconcerted conspiracy by the Papists and others, recorded what was not true, and like a tall bully, lied. "Facts are stubborn things," and the paper we now print, dated five months anterior to the time of the occurrence of the conflagration, proves the conspiracy beyond all question. Historians seem not to be aware of this document, which the editor trusts will afford some gratification to his readers.

The London Gazette, [No. 48.]

Published by Authority.

From Thursday, April the 26th, to Monday, April the 30th, 1666.

[Inter alia, last Paragraph.]

At the sessions in the Old-Bailey, John Rathbone, an old-army colonel, William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, William Westcot, and John Cole, formerly officers or soldiers in the late rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his majesty, and the overthrow of the government; having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing his grace the lord general, Sir John Robinson, lieutenant of his majesty's tower of London, and Sir Richard Brown, and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, &c.

The better to effect this hellish design, the city was to have been fired, and the portcullis to have been let down to keep out all assistance; the horse-guards to have been surprized in the inns where they were quartered, several ostlers having been gained for that purpose: The Tower was accordingly viewed, and its surprize ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall. One Alexander, who is not yet taken, had likewise distributed sums of money to these conspirators; and, for the carrying on of the design more effectually, they were told of a council of the great ones that sate frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which council received their directions from another in Holland, who sate with the States; and that the third of September was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lillie's Almanack, and a scheme erected for that purpose to be a lucky day, a planet then ruling, which prognosticated the downfal of monarchy.

The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they, accordingly, found guilty of high treason.

London, printed by Thomas Newcomb, over-against Baynard's Castle, in Thames-Street, 1666.

A CHAPTER ON HANDS.

The hand, in the eyes of most people, is a natural, though rather complicated, machine, composed of four fingers and a thumb. Its anatomy we leave to Dr. Bell, who has rung a long peal on its wonders, and content ourselves with some passing observations, with a few sparrow-like peckings at the philosophy of the subject.

The precise object for which hands were intended is a matter still in dispute, and will remain so as long as hands are variously employed; and when they shall cease to be so, we have no present means of guessing. When man, the noble beast, roamed the woods, an uncontaminated child of nature, his hands were, most probably, claws, with which he scraped roots out of the earth, and climbed the tree, and tore to pieces the fruit on which his lordship fed. The stately children of the east still remind us that fingers were made before forks, by the continued preference given to the former at their tables. How different is the ever-restless, the untiring, hand, to the sober steady foot; the one flies here, there, and everywhere, its excitements are strong and endearing, it almost realizes the fiction of a perpetual motion; while the other, with its grave and judge-like dignity, serves but one purpose, moves but in

one course, (exceptions excepted.) avoiding, and almost scorning, the flighty tricks of its brother member. The first is a roystering hoyden, the second a matron of right steady habits and circumspect conduct. The hand is, now-a-days, of such varied application, its turnings and twistings are so tortuous that we know not well how to find it, or where to fix it. One hand holds the pen, another wields the ponderous hammer, a third emulates the delicate touches of a Raffael, a fourth handles a tarring-brush to perfection. And not less varied are hands themselves than the purposes of their appliance. We have the delicate and semi-transparent hand of the lady, through which a light appears as the moon veiled by a summer cloud, or the brighter verdure of the birch tree, amidst the dark foliage of the mountain pine-wood; and there are others so dissimilar in every respect, in hue, texture, and consistence, that a learned pig, or a philosophic baboon, would hesitate to regard them as one species of the same genus, though they could not fail to remark general features of resemblance. Between the two extremes there is found an infinite variety, hands of all sorts and sizes; some hands are said to be aristocratic, to which long taper fingers are regarded as an indispensible appendage; others are called vulgar, but the precise form or complexion necessary to render them so, has not been accurately determined.

The idea may call forth a smile, but we believe the appearance of the hand is generally indicative of the manners of the individual. Who ever saw a large loose fat hand that he did not find its owner to be of an indolent temperament; a thin muscular hand, on the contrary, as clearly indicates its possessor to be of an active stirring disposition. The sickly alabaster complexioned hand marks the sentimental man or woman; the fleshless and withered, betrays the nervous. This idea could be pursued to some extent, but we have other matters *in hand*, and but little time to devote to them.

The hand has found much food for metaphysics: it is said of one that he has a light or delicate hand; to another is ascribed a liberal hand; a third is remarked to have a tight hand, though a much more expressive phrase has been found for this variety, as a *close fist*, the degradation of the term may probably be looked for in the contempt with which such hands are viewed. To tell a person he has a clumsy hand, is very few removes from telling him he is a fool.

The hand has also been fruitful in peculiar idioms. In nautical phraseology the number of a ship's crew is calculated as so many hands, though somewhat singularly but one is allowed to each man. "Lend a hand," is a phrase also of the ocean. This would sadly puzzle any one but partially acquainted with our language; after racking his brains, he would, in all probability, arrive at the conclusion, that if any meaning at all attached to the words, the loan required must be a hand of pork.

But notwithstanding the immense variety of uses to which the hand is, and the many more to which it may be, applied, we see persons who really do not know what to do with this functionary of the body corporate. All must have marked lank gloveless paws hanging suspended at the ends of arms as though they had no connexion with the man; the fingers motionless, and pointing to the toes, the thumb calmly sleeping in the arms of its brothers, and the whole having the appearance of a forked icicle which for a week has braven the smoke and dust of London. In company this peculiarity will also be observed. It is a general accompaniment of bashfulness. The miserable creature will oftentimes find his hands behind his back; in a few minutes they will be hidden between his knees, but the most general resource is the pockets, where, let them once get quietly ensconced, they will be in no hurry to come forth. Occasionally this feeling has yet more singular consequences: we have known instances when the possessor of hands has been so anxious to hide them from view, that he would thrust them, not into his own pockets, but into those of any person who afforded him an opportunity.

Many hands are well employed; the reverse, we fear, might be said of more. Often it is the minister of good; sometimes the agent of evil. It will do and undo; build and throw down.

A shake of the hand is cordial, and, we think, almost English. Some more polished nations, so far as ladies are concerned, lay aside the shake and kiss the fair fingers. We have not time to argue which mode is preferable, but must confess a partiality to our own custom, which, because it is more natural, is likely to exhibit sincerer feeling. We hope, in bidding us farewell, the reader will extend a friendly hand, and not scruple to say that he shall be glad to meet us again.

W. L. G.

INTERESTING CASES OF INSANITY.

A CARPENTER was admitted as a patient into the asylum at Wakefield. He had previously made several attempts at self-destruction, and was then in a very desponding state. After the diseased action had subsided, great dejection still remained; he was, however, placed under the care of the gardener, who was then constructing a kind of grotto or moss-house in the grounds. The contriving the building offered a scope for his taste and ingenuity. He was con-

on the arrangement of the floor, which rmed of pieces of wood of different set in various figures. He was fur- l with tools, though he was of course carefully watched. He took so great terest in the little building, that the it of his thoughts was changed. All series were forgotten, and his recovery lace at the end of a few months. He stly attributed his restoration to the ouse. Many years ago, when the ien were fitting up the asylum at field with gas-pipes, one of them care- left in one of the wards an iron chisel, han three feet long. A very powerful olent patient seized it, and threatened l any one that should go near him. rs and patients all got out of his way, alone was soon in possession of the , no one daring to go near him. After g a little time, until he was at the fur- nd of it, I went towards him quite

I opened the door, and balanced y of the ward on the back of my hand, l very slowly towards him, looking in- upon it. His attention was imme- attracted; he came towards me, and ed what I was doing. I told him I ying to balance the key, and said, at me time, that he could not balance isel in the same way on the back of nd. He immediately placed it there, tending his hand with the chisel upon ook it off very quietly, and without g any comment. Though he seemed chagrined at having lost his weapon, le no attempt to regain it, and in a ime the irritation passed away. It is ible to account for the great effect nally produced in the minds of the in- by circumstances apparently most

A practical illustration occurred at ield. H. R., a female, about 40 years , had been insane for some years, dmitted. She was a very robust wo- nd being usually in a state of great tent, was the terror of all the patients ward, when not in confinement. If, time, a softening influence could be ed upon her, and more gentle feelings forth, it was by reference to the of early life. In one of her most ebullitions of passion, she contrived my wife, and to twist her hand in r at the back of her head, and she at her with a countenance expressive ltmost rage, and told her that she twist her head round," which, from at strength, was almost literally the when my wife answered with perfect s, "Yes, ye could; but I know you ot hurt a single hair." This confi- peal pacified her, and she immedi- go her hold.—*Ellis on Insanity.*

HOT WINDS.

(*By the Secretary to the Meteorological Society.*)

UNDER the head of hot winds are included all those which possess the most appalling and desolating effects. They are the terror of the traveller who journeys through the regions in which they occur, and frequently the destruction of whole caravans, as they cross the sandy deserts of Arabia, which, with Egypt, Syria, and Sicily, are the principal places at which they are known to occur. They have their rise in the desert continents, where the air acquires an excessive degree of heat and aridity. Travellers have given three names to the *hot winds* of the desert, viz., the *kamsin*, the *simoom*, and the *samiel*. The first of these appellations is the Arabic word *kamsin*, signifying fifty days, because they are known to prevail for about that period, preceding and following the equinoxes. The *simoom* is an Arabic word, signifying *poison*; and the *samiel* is from the word *shamiela*, which signifies the *wind of Syria*. The atmosphere assumes an alarming aspect as soon as these winds begin to blow. The sky becomes dark, which before was transparent as crystal, the sun loses its splendour, and appears of a violet colour. The darkness of the air does not proceed from clouds, but from its being loaded with dust. It sometimes appears yellowish, as asserted by some travellers, from the refraction of light in the minute pieces of quartz which are floating in the air. Sometimes it assumes a *blue colour*, arising, it is said, from the wind coming from those districts where the soil is composed of a great deal of blue marl and brimstone. However these appearances may be produced, they are equally appalling. The temperature of the wind at the commencement is not remarkably hot, but it soon increases till it ranges from 125 to 130 degrees, Fahrenheit. When the wind blows in sudden squalls, it is then that imminent danger is to be feared, as the velocity of the wind increases the heat to an almost, and often altogether, insupportable degree.

Volney gives the following description of this wind:—"When this wind occurs," says he, "all animated bodies discover it by the change it produces in them. The lungs, which a too-rarified air no longer expands, are contracted and become painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, and the body consumed by an internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore respiration: in vain is coolness sought for; all bodies in which it is usual to find it deceive the hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water—notwithstanding the sun no longer appears—are hot. The streets are deserted, and the dead silence of the night reigns everywhere. The inhabitants

of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in their tents, or in wells dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this destructive heat." Travellers recommend those who are overtaken with this wind to fall flat on their faces upon the ground, and cover their mouth and nostrils with their handkerchiefs. Camels in crossing the desert, on the approach of the squalls of this wind, bury their nostrils in the sand, and keep them there until the squall ceases. Bruce observes, that whilst he and his fellow-travellers were contemplating with unbounded delight a distant spot to which they were hastening, the guide cried out with a loud voice, "Fall on your faces, for here is the simoom!" This enterprising traveller then says it approached from the south-east with a haze, resembling the purple tint of a rainbow; but so rapid was its motion, that he had scarcely time to throw himself flat on the ground, before the heat of the current sensibly affected him: notwithstanding this precaution given by the guide, Bruce felt the heat so suffocating, after the squall had passed over, that he did not thoroughly get rid of the apparently asthmatic sensation it produced for nearly two years afterwards. He describes it as not occupying a space of more than twenty yards in breadth, and about twelve feet high from the ground. It moved very rapidly, and was like a blush in the air.

Lord Byron compares the sudden departure of the Giaour to the simoom:—

"He came, he went like the simoom,
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death;
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead."

The hot wind which passes over Sicily, and which is thought to have its origin in the burning deserts of Africa, is known by the name of *Sirocco*, the heat of which is said to be excessive. On the approach of this wind the inhabitants of the towns close their doors and windows, to keep out the external air, and sprinkle their rooms with water: no one ventures to go out into the open air; the sensation on so doing is like the burning steam from the mouth of an hot oven. The thermometer, which usually stands from 70 to 72 degrees, suddenly rises to 110 or 112 degrees. This wind blows from the south, and is succeeded by a north wind, called the *tramontane*, which is a salutary relief after so distressing a visitation. The *sirocco* produces great lassitude and depression of the animal spirits, and renders both the body and the mind unfit for the discharge of their daily functions; indeed, so remarkable is the effect produced by this wind, that when any work, either in literature or the arts, is flat or insipid, the greatest disapprobation of it is expressed in the following sentence "*Era scritto in tempo del sirocco*"—It was written in the time of the sirocco.

A modification of this wind is met with in Spain and Portugal, and is known there by the term *solano;* its effects are therefore less distressing than those of the sirocco, though partaking of the same character. These effects may serve to illustrate, in some degree, the influence of every kind of weather in exciting or depressing the energies of the animal system, in any season or in any climate.

In conclusion, we may learn that by the agency of wind the atmosphere is fumified from noxious effluvia, which would be destructive to animal and vegetable life: by the means of currents of air, too, clouds are transported to distant regions, where, descending in the form of rain, they fertilize those lands that would otherwise become barren. Seeds which are furnished by nature with pinions, or fringed wings, as it were, are borne along to extend to distant regions the empire of vegetation. Man, by his ingenuity, has converted the wind into a powerful lever, and made it subservient to his wants and the increase of his wealth, as well as conducive to his pleasure, by wafting him to distant countries, or carrying him on its wings to regions above the clouds:—*Extracted from that valuable journal, the Gardener's Gazette.*

PROUD ENGLAND!

England is an exceedingly *proud* nation, and it would be the greatest moral anomaly in the history of the world if she were not—for never had any nation so much to be proud of. She is proud of her own little island, and the more so, because she is so *little* and yet so *mighty*. She is proud of her London, her Liverpool, her Manchester, and all her great manufacturing towns and districts. She is proud of her princely merchants, of her immense commerce, of her enormous wealth, and even of her national debt — for what other nation on the globe, she exultingly demands, could pay the interest of such a debt without any perceptible check to her prosperity? She is proud of her navy, of her dock-yards, of her arsenals, and of her Greenwich and Chelsea palaces for invalid warriors; of her hospitals, her asylums, her alms-houses, which stud her island "like strings of sparkling diamonds." She is proud of her vast foreign possessions and dependencies, she is proud of her Gibraltar, of her tributary princes and emancipated islands. She is proud of her poets, of her Shakspeare, her Milton, her Pope, her Dryden, and hundreds of other inspired souls. She is proud of her philanthropists, of her Howard, her Reynolds, her Coram, and her Gresham. She is proud of her mechanics, of her Smeaton, her

Watts, her Telford, her Davy. She is proud of her Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey—of her Cathedrals—of her Churches. She is proud of her Drakes and Nelsons, and Marlboroughs and Wellingtons; of her statesmen and orators; of her Coke, her Littleton, her Bacon, her Newton, her Butler, her Locke. She is proud of what she *has been*, proud of what she *is*, proud of the anticipated verdict of posterity in her favour. And last, she is beginning to be proud of her once wayward daughter on the other side of the Atlantic.

MOUNT ZION

Formed one of the three hills on which Jerusalem was built — the other two being Mount Acra, and Mount Moriah: of these, Mount Zion was the highest, and was the southern portion of the ancient city, containing the city of David, strongly fortified within a wall of great solidity, which enabled the Jebusites so long to keep it as their strong hold, and to retain their command over the lower part of the city, even when they were obliged to allow the Israelites to share in its occupation. The city of Jerusalem most probably began at the southern, or Mount Zion part, and its extension, according to Josephus, comprehended a circuit of thirty-three furlongs; whereas that of the modern town does not appear to exceed two miles and a half. It was enclosed with strong high walls and towers, and flanked completely round. The breadth of the ravine, which in Hollar's large folding View of Jerusalem, is called the Valley of Tyropoeon, is about 150 feet: the bottom of this ravine is rock, and is the natural channel for conveying off the water that falls into it from the higher ground. From the rear of David's city a bridge led to Mount Calvary, and Mount Zion. In the valley of Jehosaphat was the garden where our Saviour preached to the people, and which spot is clearly shown in Hollar's view.

Mount Zion is now nearly excluded from the walls of the present city. Chateaubriand describes the hill as of a barren appearance, opening in the form of a crescent towards the city: he says, "From the top of the hill you see to the south the valley of Ben-Hinnon; beyond this, the Field of Blood, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver given to Judas; the hill of Evil Counsel; the tombs of the judges, and the whole desert towards Hebron and Bethlehem: to the north, the wall of Jerusalem, which passes over the top of Zion, intercepts the view of the city." On passing from the city by the Zion gate, the first object that meets the eye is a dingy-looking Turkish mosque, called the Mosque of David, and believed to have been built over his tomb, which is still exhibited in the interior, and held in the highest veneration by the Moslems. To the right of this mosque, and between it and the city gate, there is a small Armenian chapel, said to be built on the spot where once stood the palace of Caiaphus. A few paces to the west of the chapel there is a Christian burial-ground. A little to the south of this is shown the spot where the Virgin Mary is said to have expired; and on the north side of the gate is shown the place where the cock crew to Peter.

Dr. Richardson, in his highly important 'Travels,' thus concludes his account of this interesting spot:—"At the time when I visited this sacred ground, one part of it supported a crop of barley; another was undergoing the labour of the plough, and the soil

turned up consisted of stone and lime mixed with earth, such as is usually met with in the foundations of ruined cities. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the west side, and towards the east falls down in broad terraces on the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side, as it slopes down towards the brook Kedron. Each terrace is divided by the one above it by a low wall, built of the ruins of this celebrated spot. The terraces near the bottom of the hill are still used as gardens, and are watered from the pool of Siloam. They belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the small village of Siloa, immediately opposite. We have here another remarkable instance of the special fulfilment of prophecy: — "Therefore shall Zion, for your sake, be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." (Micah, iii. 12)

Speaking of this hallowed spot, the late unfortunate Mr. Davidson thus expresses himself:—"My object, however, was to direct attention to general, and not to particular localities; if these latter remain doubtful, still the natural boundaries of the city exist. The Mount of Olives still yields its fruit, the brook Kedron still murmurs through the vale, the ruins on Zion mark its position, the valley of Gehinnon is still studded with its tombs; the rocky undulations on the west speak not of habitations—and the north, where only we could look for any extension of the city, is closed by the tombs of its former kings. Truly may it be said of Jerusalem, her beauty is defiled with ashes, her splendour dimmed by calamity; that the gorgeous robe of her splendour has been torn from her shoulders, and she has mantled herself in the tattered garment of affliction; that her temples and palaces have mouldered in dust, her gold has become dross, and that no merchants from afar frequent her fairs; that her once crowded streets and thronged courts have become the places and lanes of desolation; that the joyous shout of her once proud possessors is changed to the stifled sigh of her present oppressed inhabitants; yet, under all this, little has she lost of her interest, and anxiously is that day looked forward to by her still favoured remnant, when, Phœnix-like, she is to rise from her ashes, plumed in beauty, resplendent in beatitudes."

Roman Pavement.—A few days ago some workmen employed in making a common-sewer down Queen-street, Cheapside, came in contact with a hard substance, twenty feet below the level of the road. On an examination being made, it was discovered to be the remains of a Roman pavement, and it was conveyed to Guildhall for public inspection. Apparently it was underneath the remains of St. Bennet's Church, which was burnt down during the great fire of London.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Section A.—MATHEMATICS and PHYSICS.

Colonel Reid, R. E., read a paper on the law of storms and monsoons. It was founded on the observation of several of the most remarkable storms occurring within the last few years, the courses of which were accurately defined. No theory was advanced, but a considerable number of facts adduced, to which he solicited the co-operation of future observers. He traced the effect of a monsoon as emanating from a centre, and describing a common circle, an opinion which was supported by the President, who stated the singular opinion that the spots of the sun were produced by the operations of causes similar to those producing terrestrial monsoons, which move in a parabolic curve in different directions in both hemispheres of the earth and sun.

Section C.—GEOLOGY and GEOGRAPHY.

A sketch of the Russian expedition to Nova Zembla, was read by Professor K. E. Von Baer. Five Russian expeditions had been undertaken since the commencement of this century, but they had all failed in their attempts to explore the eastern shore of that island. One important fact had, however, been established by the last expedition, that Nova Zembla was only two-thirds of the size previously laid down on other maps, and that the mountains were found to be from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height. The President paid a high compliment to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh, which had effected much good, whilst they had the generosity to attribute their exertions solely to the impetus afforded by British enterprize in the western shores of the Arctic region. It was a curious fact that Professor Baer found gales from the east, while Messrs. Dease and Simpson, in their recent enterprise in the west, had found fogs with westerly gales. In allusion to these intrepid travellers, we might now indulge in the pleasing hope that they had already achieved the most important geographical problem of modern times—the communication of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in those regions.

After some preliminary observations, Captain Washington, one of the secretaries, introduced to the notice of the meeting a native of Mandingo, by name Mahomed Sissel. In his early years he had been a companion of Mungo Park, and for this reason alone claimed sympathy and attention. He had been many years in captivity, and was now about to return to his native country and home, and, in fact, to the very spot

Mungo Park departed in 1792. On ond journey, in 1805, he met this al, who accompanied him on part of ney. At eight years of age he was chool, where he studied the Koran and became a very proficient scholar; owever of a rambling disposition, he n away, and was punished for his ncies. He also had recollection of it quantity of rum that was required for obtaining horses for his journey. now about fifty years of age, had much in Africa, and kept a school ears in his native village; but there ar with the neighbouring chiefs, was prisoner, and sold to a French sla- fter various vicissitudes he obtained ty, entered the English army, and n various occasions in the West In- n 1831 he married a Creole in Gre- ho with himself and a child were heir way home to Africa. He was a society of Africans in Trinidad, ed for the purpose of purchasing edom. He had lived with Captain ton for a month, and performs the y of his prayers from the top of e at sunrise every morning. The o race is of much importance, the embracing an extent of 120 miles, e language is spoken for a distance miles in the interior. He had en- m to write a grammar of that lan- nd he had already obtained 2,000 which would be of great importance travellers in that vicinity. The o was of a fine athletic frame, full n height, his appearance being in- and more resembling the Hindoo thick-lipped negro. He wrote the anguage with great facility.

Wednesday, August 22, 1838.

D.—ZOOLOGY and BOTANY.

EDMARSH, of Alnwick, read a com- on on the wild cattle of Chillingham orthumberland. The existence of imals here has long been considered esting problem of natural history, general opinion is, that they are s of the ancient breed of wild oxen earlier periods pastured over the particularly the northern parts, and e observations of the writer sanc- The herd consists of 80 individuals, possess all the characters of the cies, by hiding their young, feeding , remaining in security in the day, ing their positions when any person es even at a great distance. In ts of the park they will, however, rsons to come within a moderate when they snuff the wind, and if retreat with great velocity, taking e of the irregularities of the ground, by which they are soon concealed from sight. They are described as beautifully shaped, having short legs and a straight back, and their horns differing from those of ordinary cattle; the muzzle of the animal is brown, the ears are red, and the body is of a pure white. When any of their numbers become old or diseased, the rest of the herd will set upon it, and gore it to death; and in addition to all these characteristics of wild cattle, they appear to be of a species quite distinct from the English oxen, although this has not before met with the attention of naturalists. It is conjectured that they were enclosed from the Northumbrian or Caledonian forests in the reign of King John, or Henry III., when the park was first surrounded.

Mr. Turner exhibited a collection of insects from the Gold Coast, amongst which was a new species of that interesting genus, the Goliathus beetle, which is an object of commercial as well as entomological value, as much as 50*l.* having been given for a specimen, whilst 20*l.* to 25*l.* was an ordinary price.

SECTION F.—STATISTICS.

THE first paper read was statistical illustrations of the principal universities of Great Britain and Ireland, by the Rev. H. L. Jones, M. A., late Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The paper was compiled from the most authentic private as well as public documents, and amongst others comprised the following details with respect to their revenues. In Oxford there are 24 heads of colleges, with a revenue of 18,350*l.*; 557 fellows with 116,560*l.*; 393 scholarships with 6,030*l.*; 199 college officers with 15,650*l.*; 885 benefices and incumbents with 136,500*l.*; college revenues, 152,670*l.*, and receipts for rent of rooms, 11,730*l.* The revenues of Cambridge, containing 17 colleges, is for an equal number of heads, 12,650*l.*; 431 fellows whose revenue is 90,330*l.*; 793 scholarships with 13,390*l.*; 179 college officers with 17,750*l.*; 252 prizes of the value of 1,038*l.*; 591 benefices and incumbents with 93,300*l.*; rent of rooms, 15,680*l.*; and college revenues, 133,268*l.* In Dublin, the head of Trinity College receives 2,000*l.*; 25 fellows, 25,400*l.*; 70 scholars, 2,100*l.*; 10 college officers, 20 000*l.*; 62 benefices and incumbents, 9,300*l.*; rent of rooms, 2,000*l.*, and college revenues, 31,500*l.*

Friday, August 24.

MR. BABBAGE, in rising to propose the appointment of a president of the meeting next year, which is to be held at Birmingham, felt that the subject was one of considerable importance, particularly at this time, as it must have an effect upon all

the future proceedings of the Association. After some further observations upon the propriety of the choice of vice-presidents, he concluded by proposing for president at Birmingham the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, who had taken such a distinguished interest in the Association from the period of it formation.

Sir J. Herschell seconded the nomination, which was unanimously carried.

Section E.—MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Dr. Inglis exhibited the skull of Eugene Aram, and from the tenour of his observations appeared desirous to prove, by phrenological observations and inductions, that that individual had suffered unjustly. It was, however, observed by Dr. Knott, that the skull could scarcely be identified, and that it appeared to be that of a person not above 30 years of age, whereas Eugene Aram was 54 at the time he suffered.

Section F.—STATISTICS.

Mr. W. L. Charlton read a statistical report of the parish of Bellingham, Northumberland, at the close of which a conversation took place.

Mr. Robert Owen: It appears from Mr. Charlton's paper, that the inhabitants in general live almost solely on vegetable food. I would ask him if they possess good health?

Mr. Charlton: Sickness is not common in the parish. The inhabitants are, physically, rather a fine race of men.

Mr. Owen: On a more important point—that of education—I would take this opportunity of expressing my surprise, that in the British Association there is no section devoted to that subject. I rejoice that men are taking up, or preparing to take up, the question. There is no money that can be spent so economically as that which is devoted to the education of the people, judiciously conducted in a right direction. No capital will yield so large an amount of interest, speaking even in a pecuniary sense:—a company cannot better invest a portion of its principal than in the education of the work-people, especially the young, whom it may employ in its works; and I regret that this Association has not yet definitely taken up the subject. I regret also that we have not a section devoted to morals, as well as physics; for we have a large amount of physical science in this country misapplied, for want of moral science to give it a right direction. There is in the kingdom a sufficient amount of physical science to place the people, not only beyond the reach, but beyond even the fear of poverty. All that is required is moral science rightly to apply the physical; and I hope the time is not far distant, when the leading minds of the country will vigorously take up the question of national education—a question which this Association, from its great and well-merited moral influence with the nation, may urge forward with incalculable power.

New Books.

FISK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

(*Concluded from page* 129.)

The Bridge of Sighs.

Near the palace of Venice, and separated only by a canal, is a prison; this prison is connected with the palace by a high covered bridge, called the Bridge of Sighs.* This bridge has, or had, for it is now closed up, two passages: one leading from the prison into the council chambers, and another leading to other more private apartments and dungeons under the palace itself. These dungeons were also accessible from the palace by a secret passage, which was unknown to the public until the arcana of these apartments of death were laid open by the French. Indeed, it is said, that the citizens generally did not know of the existence of these wretched cells. Here the trembling victims were led to the torture and to death. We visited these gloomy prisons; they were dark as night, and consisted each of one arch of heavy masonry, with a single hole for purposes of respiration, &c. They had been generally lined with wood; but Napoleon permitted the citizens to enter and tear out all that was movable in these horrid cells. Here was a grated window where the victims used to be strangled. They were seated on a block within, and a rope fastened at one end, passed through the grate and round the neck, and out again to a machine, by the turning of which the head and shoulders were drawn up to the grate, and the poor wretch was strangled by the cord that passed round his neck. Another place was fitted up for decapitation, like a guillotine. The heavy knife, fixed to a frame, was raised by machinery to the proper distance, (the victim being fixed in the right position,) when it fell and struck the head from the body, and a trench in the stone and holes made for the purpose, conveyed the blood down into the waters below. All this was done by night, and with the utmost privacy; and here was the little arches in the wall, where the executioner placed his lamp while he performed his bloody work. The whole was made so real and brought so near by the associations around us, that the blood was almost chilled with horror; and we were glad to leave those gloomy vaults where thousands had languished out years of

* Because across this bridge the accused were led for their mock-trial to the secret tribunals, where the sighing prisoner had but little hope of justice.

solitary confinement, or peri hed miserably by the hand of the executioner.

Such was the government of Venice, up to the time when the French revolution, backed by the armies of the republic, came down upon Italy like a tremendous tornado, which hurled kings from their thrones—broke up the foundations of nominal republics—unsettled the feudal aristocracies, that had for fourteen centuries pressed upon the social system, and, what all must approve, unlocked the prison-doors and *let the prisoners go free.* This was literally true, at Venice and elsewhere; we saw one cell from which a prisoner was liberated, who had been confined fourteen years. Soon after his liberation he became blind, from the effect of the light upon eyes that had for fourteen years been accustomed only to the darkness of a dungeon.

The Horological Tower

Is in the splendid square of the Imperial Palace at Venice. It is also called the tower of the clock: it contains the city clock and a bell, with two large bronze human figures, who, with huge hammers, regularly strike the hours. Midway up the Horological Tower, sits a noble bronze gilt figure of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, with an open gallery in front of her, facing the square. On each side, is a door opening into the interior. At the striking of the clock, these doors fly open, and several persons move out in succession; the first is a trumpeter, who raises his trumpet to his mouth as he comes in front of the Virgin; then follows three others in succession, dressed like eastern sages, and one of them a person of colour. They all pass in front of the Virgin round to the other side, bowing as they pass, then halting a moment, they straighten up, and entering the other door, disappear. This is called, *the Visit of the Magic.*

The Villa D'Este, on the Lake of Como,

Was built by the late Queen Caroline of England; and here she lived a number of years in comparative retirement. And well did these grounds become her. They were retired and rural, and washed by the classic waters of the lake. The only carriage-road to her palace was one which she had caused to be constructed, at a great expense. The palace was directly under a mountain, whose magnificent terraces and picturesque cascades greatly enhance the interest of the site. She had gardens and rivulets, shrubbery and flowers—rustic bridges, artificial and natural cascades—statuary, grottoes, and labyrinths; all tastefully arranged in rural beauty. The grounds are not now well kept; and this, with the moaning of the evening breeze, gave double force to the mournful historic associations of the past.

State of Education in Prussia.

One of the features of education in Prussia, as in France, is, that the superintendency of the schools is made a distinct department of government, with an efficient minister at its head. He, with his council and subordinate officers, looks after the whole system. He not only takes care of the funds and of their distribution, but he sees that well-qualified teachers are employed, proper text-books introduced, suitable houses provided, &c. To carry out the system efficiently, the country is divided into provinces, and these into regency circles, and these again into smaller circles, and, finally, the smaller circles into parishes. Each parish *must* have a school. This school is under a parochial committee and inspector, subject to the supervision of the higher councils, and of the minister of instruction.

Every parent is obliged by law to send his child to school, from the age of seven years to fourteen. He can, however, by permission of the committee, take out his child before the age of fourteen, if the pupil shall have gone through the course of primary instruction; and, if the parent is not able to furnish the child with suitable clothing, &c., to attend school, the public furnishes them.

Each parish is obliged by law to establish and maintain a primary school.

The school-houses are well fitted and suitably located. A play-ground is generally laid out in connexion with the school-house, and often a garden, orchard, &c.

In addition to suitable books and maps, cheap apparatus and collections in natural history are required.

Religion is taught in the schools, and, where there are different religions, a spirit of accommodation is enjoined; and, if there is more than one master, when the parish is divided in its religious views, the head-master is to be of the religion of the majority, and the assistant of that of the minority.*

Girls' schools are required, as far as practicable, to be separate from the other sex.

In addition to the ordinary branches of a primary education as given in our country, drawing, singing, and the elements of geometry, are required. Agricultural instructions and gymnastic exercises are also insisted on.

But that which, more than anything else, gives character to these schools, is the competency of the instructors. To secure this there are forty-two normal schools, where teachers are trained to their profession. They are not only taught *what* to teach, but *how* to teach; and, to this end, they are required

* It should be recollected that this accommodation is effected where the population is divided between Catholics and Protestants; as is the case in a great part of Prussia. How much easier might this accommodation be effected between different Protestant sects?

to take a three years' course; at the end of which, if found qualified, they receive a certificate, specifiying their qualifications, aptness to teach, &c. As these teachers are educated at the public expense, they are required to pursue the business of teaching where the consistories appoint. Those who excel are promoted; those who are negligent are fined, and, if they continue unprofitable, they are dismissed. No one is allowed to teach who has not his regular diploma or certificate.

In addition to her primary schools and private seminaries, Prussia has one hundred and ten higher schools, called gymnasia; and above these, she has six universities.

From Germany, our author proceeds down the Rhine to Cologne, and from thence to Rotterdam, and arrives in a steamer in England. His remarks whilst here, although keen and observing, present nothing very novel. After a stay of some weeks he proceeds to Ireland; where, after the usual picture of wretchedness, beauty, depravity, and noble-heartedness, he gives the following account of

Beggars at Drogheda.

When we left Drogheda the next morning we saw the fruits of Romanism in the full and abundant harvest; a harvest of degradation and want. Our coach was surrounded with beggars, from whose importunities itseemed almost impossible to escape. Beggars, indeed, annoyed us almost the whole route. Whenever we stopped we were assailed, and never was there a race better skilled in the beggar's dialect than the poor Irish. At one place a blind man accosted us, who called himself "Poor Jack," and whose sight seemed to have been destroyed by a burn, which left his entire face scarred, shrivelled, and deformed. The language of his supplication was as follows: "Have compassion upon Poor Jack, and God will reward you!" It was uttered in a low, plaintive, undertone, which sounded as if the poor wretch had spoken from the depths of a dark prison-house. Such, indeed, was the gloomy habitation of his soul, for the windows of his house were curtained over in perpetual darkness. I shall never, I think, forget the sound of that voice in my ear. I hear it still. Poor Jack! who can doubt but that compassion for thee will meet the reward of Heaven? Another was the case of a miserable-looking, decrepit old lady, bending under the weight of threescore and ten. Her story was soon told, and, as it was more simple, so it was more expressive and touching even than that of Poor Jack. Her voice was distinct, though tremulous; and as she reached out her skinny, withered hand, she said, "*I am a poor widow; I can do nothing for myself!*" Oh, merciful Heaven! what a world is this! There is almost eno such an appeal to break one's heart. widow, stretching out her withered, h hand for charity, and her whole app speaking more forcibly than her tre voice, "*I can do nothing for my* Alas! how many widowed hearts th in this world who can do nothing for selves. That is not true, however, of wretched poor we saw on this route. the healthy and the young were ragg dirty, and their cabins were the wretched dwellings I ever saw. I th I saw the most cheerless dwellings ir that mortals could well inhabit, but th not compare with those of Ireland. cabins are built of turf, the walls ar and the floor is of earth. The pig much of the time in the same mud-cell donkey also enters in here; and some when he wishes to hold possession of bo interior and exterior domain, he stand his head and fore feet out, while his parts are *housed*; in this case he near up the hole of entrance. There is evi a good deal of indolence among the p try. Many of them had potato patch tached to their cabins, and in these, f most part, the weeds had attained a growth, and run up to seed. It is thu thousands of the Irish peasantry live i ness, poverty, and filth.

Anecdote Gallery.

DUKE OF LANCASTER.

THE following anecdote of Henry, th Duke of Lancaster, is extracted from Baine's History of Lancashire:—The of Lancaster, deeply imbued with th valrous spirit of the age in which he obtained a license from the King to pr to Syracuse, to fight against the in To guard against the possible consequ of this crusade, he obtained a royal providing, that in case he should depar life before his return, his executors s retain all his estates, castles, manors lands in their possession, until his were discharged. On his journey he taken prisoner in Germany, and constr to give 3,000 scutes of gold for his lib This surprisal was made at the instan the Duke of Brunswick; and lear before he came to his destination, the Christians and the Pagans had made a t he returned to Cologne, where he obse "that it did not belong to a person o Duke of Brunswick's rank to deal w stranger in a manner that the Duke dealt with him; that he had never offe him; and if the Duke thought prope interfere with his concerns, he would him ready to play a soldier's part. conversation having been communicate

the Duke of Brunswick, he sent the Duke of Lancaster a letter of challenge to meet, him at Calais in single combat. The Duke of Lancaster accepted this challenge with alacrity; and taking with him fifty knights and a large retinue, he proceeded towards the scene of action. A rencounter between two personages of so much distinction, excited the deepest interest both in France and England; and great efforts were made, but without success, to reconcile the combatants without an appeal to arms. On the appointed day they entered the lists, and having taken the usual oaths, mounted their horses for the combat. In the moment of trial, the courage of the Duke of Brunswick failed him, and he quitted the quarrel, and submitted himself to the award of the King of France. The King and his court, who were to have witnessed the combat, now became the mediators, and at a great feast, reconciled the Dukes to each other. Having effected this object, the King exhibited to the Duke of Lancaster a great variety of rare and costly ornaments, which he presented for his acceptance; but the Duke selected only one of the many curiosities which were laid before him, and that was a relic, in those days highly venerated, namely, a thorn out of the crown of our Saviour, which he brought to England, and deposited in the collegiate church of our Lady, at Leicester.

DEXTEROUS CONTRIVANCES OF THE ARABS.

The following anecdote is given by M. de Brussierre, as an illustration of the adroitness and audacity of the Arabs in some of their thefts:—An Arab introduced himself, by creeping on all fours, like a quadruped, into the tent in which one of the Beys was reposing, carrying off his clothes and arms, with which he attired himself. On quitting the tent very early in the morning, and assuming the manner and haughty carriage of the chief, whom he left asleep, so imposed upon the attendants by his appearance, that they led forth their master's horse, which the Arab mounted and rode off, without creating suspicion. An hour afterwards, the servants were surprised at hearing the voice of the Bey, proceeding from the tent, calling for assistance. The latter was still more astonished than his servants, the boldness and adroitness of the thief appeared to him totally incomprehensible. After several weeks spent in fruitless endeavours to discover the delinquent, the Bey announced a free pardon to whomsoever would acknowledge in what manner his arms had been removed from under the pillow on which he slept. Some days afterwards, the identical Arab presented himself before the Bey, and reminded him of his proclamation, motioned him to recline on his couch and remain silent, whilst he should explain the mode by which he effected the robbery. The Arab forthwith dressed and armed himself as before, left the tent, and again deceived the domestics, who brought out for his use a valuable and favourite horse, and, moreover, handed him a most magnificent pipe, supposing all the time that they were waiting on their master. During the whole of this scene, the Bey, who saw what was passing, was convulsed with laughter, but his merriment was soon checked, when his prototype fairly made off, at full gallop, with his weapons and baggage.

Manners and Customs.

A CHINESE BRIDE.

The following description of a Chinese bride is given by a modern traveller:—The son of our host having been married a few days, we were honoured, according to the usage of the country, during the honeymoon, with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person, apparently about seventeen years of age, of middling stature, with very agreeable features and a light complexion, though she seemed to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground: the sleeves were very full, and along the bottom was a beautiful fringe of small bells. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, and was elegantly beaded with rows of pearls, encircling it like a coronet; from the front of which, a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, which were joined together, and folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a view of what the Chinese consider the consummation of female beauty, raised the hem of the mantle from her feet for a moment or two: they were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. The shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold. Her demeanor, during this exhibition, was natural and becoming, and, once or twice, a smile for an instant showed that she was not unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

The Antiquary.—The late gallant Lieut.-Colonel Constable, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, and late of Park Crescent, who served in the Mahratta war under Lord Lake, was present at Ally Ghur, Delhi, Laswarie, and Agra, where he was seriously wounded, and left senseless on the field, was the nephew of George Constable, the original from whom Sir Walter Scott drew his character of the *Antiquary*.—*Times*, Aug. 20, 1838.

Advice to Organists.—They should never attempt to play extempore, unless they have some sentiment distinctly felt to which they wish to give utterance. Nothing is more stale, flat, and unprofitable, than the vague running over the keys of the instrument, or modulating from key to key without any definite object. All the science in the world, and even a fine ear for music, will be of little avail unless the organist has the proper spirit for his duty. He should be deeply impressed with the sacredness of his task; he should feel that he is not a mere hireling engaged to do a certain amount of drudgery, but that he is called upon to offer up to GOD a sublime tribute of adoration. Inspired with holy reverence and awe, he should seek to pour out his soul in praise to the Almighty. And if he comes to the work with such feelings, he will find the noble instrument not wanting in the power to give utterance to his devotion.

Curious Ancient Graves.—In a small field at the back of Graham-street, the property of Mr. Laing, Lauriestown, five or six ancient stone coffins have been discovered in the course of cutting some drains. They are without bottoms, and only in one was there any appearance of a cover. The sides are formed of six or eight pieces of flagstone undressed, and stuck edgeways in the soil. It is remarkable that not a single bone has been met with in these coffins, the interior being filled with clay and earth. In explanation of this singular fact, it may be observed, that they are covered only by a thin stratum of vegetable soil, not exceeding a foot in thickness, through which the rains would penetrate, and of course accelerate the process of decomposition. The subsoil is a yellow clay, in which the graves had been dug; but it is observed, that part of the clay within the coffins has a blue colour and an altered appearance, which may possibly arise from the incorporation of animal matter with it. The rudeness of the graves indicates great antiquity; but their regular position, with the feet to the east, and head to the west, shows that they belong to Christian times.—*Scotsman*, *Aug.* 1838.

Ostriches.—According to native testimony, the male ostrich sits on the nest (which is merely a hollow space scooped out in the sand) during the night, the bette to defend the eggs from jackals and othe nocturnal plunderers; towards morning h *brummels*, or utters a grumbling sound, fo the female to come and take his place; sh sits on the eggs during the cool of th morning and evening. In the middle of th day, the pair, leaving the eggs in charge o the sun, and "forgetting that the foot ma crush them, or the wild beast break them," employ themselves in feeding off the tops o bushes in the plain near their nest. Look- ing aloft at this time of day, a white Egyp tian vulture may be seen soaring in mid air with a large stone between his talon Having carefully surveyed the ground belo him, he suddenly lets fall the stone, an then follows it in rapid descent. Let th hunter run to the spot, and he will find nest of probably a score of eggs (each equ in size to 24 hen's eggs), some of them br ken by the vulture. The jackal is said roll the eggs together to break them, whil the hyena pushes them off with its nose bury them at a distance.—*Alexander's E pedition of Discovery.*

In a little hut, (says a recent writer there lived a child, who, as soon as the fir sunbeam glided softly through the casemen and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the fin and the linnet waked him merrily with th morning songs, arose, and went out into t green meadow, where he begged flour of t primrose, sugar of the violet, and butter of the butter-cup; shook dewdrops from the cowslip into the cup of a hare-bell; spr out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to partake his feast; but his favourite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee often murmured about his riches: but the child said, "were I a bee, heaps of treasure would make me gay and happy; and I should think it much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and golden honey into cells." To this the butterfly assented; and he told how, once on a time, he was greedy and sordid; and thought of nothing but eating without ever looking upward to the blu heavens. W. G. C.

We beg to refer Mr. W. Jones, and other Cor pondents, to whom we have not written, to the N on the wrapper of the monthly part.

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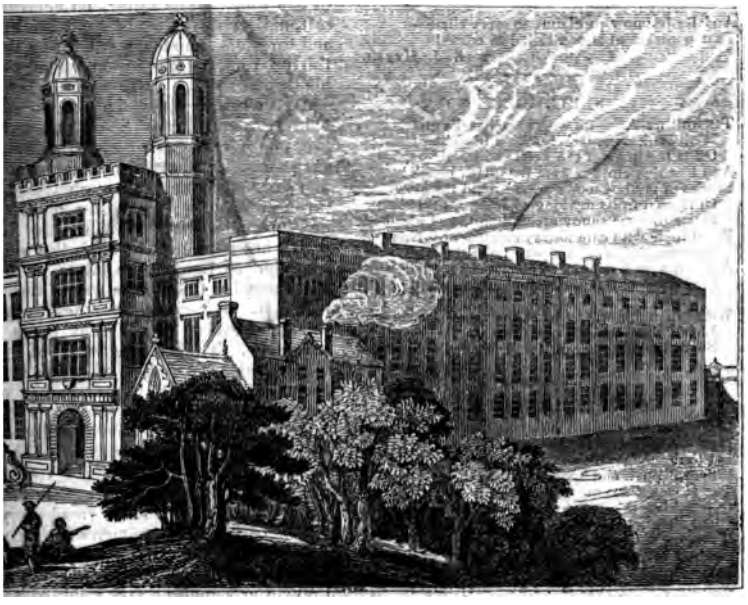
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

)11.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1838. [Price 2*d*.



STONYHURST COLLEGE, LANCASHIRE.

nerable house is situated in the town- f Aighton, about three miles to the ast of Ribchester, and was formerly ncely mansion of the Sherburnes. It on an eminence, which commands extensive views both of Calder-bottom ibbles-dale, but is well screened from rth by the vast bulk and extent of ridge-fells; and probably was begun Richard Sherburne, who died in 1594, ished by his son in 1596. The heavy s were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, ms to reside here in 1695; and the dug, and gardens laid out by himself Dutch taste. According to the custom old mansions, the domestic chapel was the gateway; but a spacious and me oratory has been more recently up, which, together with the size and l disposition of the apartments, render hole easily convertible to the purpose of e Catholic seminary, to which it is now priated. The house and demesne be- to Thomas Weld, Esq., of Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire. The former is a lofty, large pile, constructed at different periods, with a court in the middle. Its entrance gateway is ornamented with columns of the different orders, placed in pairs one above the other. The apartments are spacious, particularly the hall, and two large galleries, all of which demonstrate that greatness rather than convenience and comfort, were principally attended to at the time they were designed.

This place, with £7,000 a-year, was left by a Duchess of Norfolk, who died in 1754, to her heirs at law, the Welds, who were descended from the only sister of her father, Sir Nicholas Sherburne, Bart.

The family of the Welds possess great property in Lancashire, exclusive of Stonyhurst College. In the township of Aighton, abovementioned, the family are great benefactors to the poor; J. Weld, Esq., contributing £92 per annum towards the support of some alms-houses there, and also endowing a Free-school with £20 per annum.

SONNET.—BALBEC.

Palace and priestless Temple lying low!
Midst ruins, Balbec mourns in mute prostration;
And high enthroned sits moody desolation,
Where erst was heard the song's harmonious flow:
On moss-clad walls the thirsty lichens grow,
And where uprose the maiden's bridal hymn
With the loud anthem—there the lion grim
Walks in his majesty, erect and slow.
Can nations, once majestic, so decay,
And fall before the viewless scythe of time?
O cease, vain thought!—this land itself did slay;
Vice, crowned supreme, walk'd forth in bright array:
And Balbec now proclaims to every clime—
That punishment is ever link'd to crime!

E. J. Hytch.

SEPTEMBER.

Tis nutting-time—off where the hazel's grow,
With book and satchel, with a bounding tread;
Off to the quiet of the wood and mead,
And tear rich clusters from the lavish bough!
Shades of my boyhood's years! amid the glow
Of ripen'd fruits my longing footsteps lead!
Haste to some sunny orchard plot, and plead—
Plead there with care for my enjoyment. Now
Autumn has swept her pencil o'er the trees,
And left a golden stain. Hedge-rows are fair
(Fringing old lanes—round green and "cotted leas")
With hip and haw, the blackberry and sloe.
Lovely the moon, with bright flowers every where!
Sweet the new song of Redbreast warbling low.

Tait's Magazine.

HOPES OF IMMORTALITY.

Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality:
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual, and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth;
Anxious in heaven, until they, too, are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side,
And weep away your faults with holy tears:
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thought;
And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in Paradise.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson.

Sighs are unavailing,
Tears are also vain;
Lovers, unlike drooping flowers,
Are not restor'd by rain:
Maiden! leave the fickle youth,
Grief will not bring back his truth!

Words are idle breathing!
Could reproaches cure,
Never men would faithless be,
Never maids endure;
Woo not then the fickle youth,
Coldness may restore his truth!

Metropolitan Gazette, Sept. 1838.

ETERNITY.

Coeval with the Deity, who always was—
Coeval with Jehovah, who shall always be—
Immeasurable as space, and boundless as
The universe—*our* world is unto *Thee*
No source of change; for still thou rollest on,
As unaffected by its destiny,
As is the rolling of the mighty sea
By some frail skiff upon its bosom borne,
With rudder lost, sails rent, and spars and masts all gone.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—III.

Wood.

Having finished, in our last, the consideration of bark, we now come to that of wood. It consists of what are called ligneous layers, of which those in the centre are the hardest; and are called *duramen*, or *heart*-wood; while the outer ones are called *alburnum*, or *sap*-wood. The latter, on account of its soft, moist nature, is not good for building; and foresters sometimes cut away twenty or thirty layers, before they arrive at the durable heart-wood. It is in the latter that decay, when it attacks a tree, begins; and old trees, much decayed within, will sometimes be seen blooming with vigour; but in such a case the alburnum will be found entire. Sap does not ascend through the bark, or through the pith; for either of them may be removed without injuring the flower or fruit; but it ascends through the sap-wood. In order to harden the latter, it has been recommended to strip the tree of bark before felling it. It varies in thickness in different trees; and also in different parts of the same tree. Thus, if the trunk of a tree be sawn across, the circles of which it is composed will be found to be thicker at some parts than at others. This has been ascribed to the aspect, but it really depends on the soil; for the circles are thickest in those directions in which the roots obtain most nourishment. In general, one of these circles, or zones, is formed every year; but there may be two zones in one year, if the weather should change from warm to cold, and from cold to warm again; and if the winter should be very mild, so as not to put a stop to the growth of the tree, only one layer (though more than double the usual thickness) may be formed in two years. In general, however, the age of the tree may be known by the number of circles. If the summer be cold, of course the zone formed that year will not be so thick as the rest; and from this circumstance Linnæus, from examining old oaks, told what years had been remarkable for great cold. If the cold be so great as to freeze the sap in the alburnum, the outside of the latter is destroyed; but in the following year a new layer is deposited round it; and when the tree is cut down, you may tell the date of the hard winter by the number of circles which surround the decayed part. This was done in France, after a period of ninety-one years. On the same principle inscriptions have been found in the middle of a tree. Thus, in some trees in the East Indies, inscriptions were found which had been made by the Portuguese, two or three hundred years before; and which had been gradually closed in by fresh layers. The mark of the injury always remains; for wood is not de-

posited over it for some time. A stone may become enclosed in the same way, after a series of years. If the leaves of a tree be destroyed by caterpillars, but little wood is formed that year; because the sap is not elaborated. Knots are the bases of abortive branches, having become encased in the ligneous layers. External to the alburnum, is the *liber*, or innermost layer of the bark. It was much used for writing upon, before the invention of paper; insomuch, that it has given its name to the Latin word for *book*. Trees which grow very quickly are light and spongy. The American aloe grows nearly a foot a day.

In the section of the trunk of a tree, the circles are seen to be crossed by lines, radiating from the centre to the circumference. These are called *medullary rings*; and consist of luminæ, and not of mere threads. They are composed of cellular tissue; are thickest in the middle; and separate the fibres from the concentric layers. Some of them are complete,—reaching from the centre to the circumference; but many of them are not so. They are most numerous at the circumference.

The Pith.

Within the innermost circle of wood (like the marrow within a bone) is the pith, or medulla. It is surrounded by spiral vessels, which constitute what is called the medullary sheath. The form of the pith is various—being circular, or oval, or angular. Some have thought that the pith entirely disappears during the growth of the tree; but it is now said that it does not. Its uses have been variously stated. Some have said that it was like the brain and spinal marrow in animals—giving sensibility to the plant; but some plants have no pith. Some say that its office is to elaborate the sap; others that it is a reservoir of nutriment for the young shoots; for by means of the medullary rings, the buds are said to be brought into connection with the centre of the tree.

The Root.

Being aware of the great assistance which the memory derives from methodical arrangements, we shall endeavour to adopt the numerical method as much as possible. It is the plan followed in Rowden's "Introduction to the Study of Botany;" a little work which we beg leave to recommend to such of our readers as wish to see the facts of the science clothed in a poetical dress. It reminds us forcibly of Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden." Those who prefer plain prose will do well to consult Sir Edward Smith's "Introduction to Botany." Both of these works have the advantage of plates. For the alphabet of the science, we should strongly recommend Pinnock's "Catechism of Botany."

Plants are composed of five parts:—1. root; 2. stem; 3. leaves; 4. flowers; 5. appendages. We begin with the root, which is the part first developed. Some parasitic plants appear to consist only of flowers; having neither root, stem, nor leaves. They are called parasitic, because they grow upon others, (like the mistletoe upon the oak,) instead of by an independent root of their own. Plants are divided into *cellular* and *vascular*; the former consisting of cellular tissue, which we examined in our last paper; and the latter containing vessels, which we also took a view of on the same occasion. Vascular plants are divided into monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous, according as the seed consists of one, or of two lobes; a lobe being called a cotyledon. This is well shown by a common bean; which, if the outer skin be removed, will be found to consist of two portions, which are called *lobes* or *cotyledons*. These cotyledons, when a seed germinates, usually rise above the ground, and become leaves.

The root is the descending part of the plant. Its most simple form is that of a fibre, of uniform thickness. If the light have free access, it remains white, as is seen in the roots of hyacinths placed in glasses. The fibre is terminated by a little body, called a *spongiole*, through which water is received for the nourishment of the plant; and if it be cut off, new fibres are sent off above the section, each terminated by a spongiole. Duck-weed has a solitary fibre for a root; but most plants have many fibres, descending from what is called a *radical plate*. Fibrous roots belong to the most simple plants. The next gradation is the *divided* fibrous root; each fibre being furnished with a spongiole. This kind of root is well seen in the grasses. Altogether, eleven kinds of roots are enumerated, as follows:—1. simple; 2. fibrous; 3. ramose; 4. bulbous; 5. tuberous; 6. articulated; 7. fusiform; 8. globose; 9. creeping; 10. præmorse; 11. palmate; 12. bidorted; 13. beaded; 14. granulated. Fibrous roots are generally found in sandy soils. The ultimate divisions of the fibres are called *fibrillæ*. When a root has no subdivisions, (like the radish,) it is called *simple*; while those roots which are divided into lateral branches, are called *ramose*. A tulip is a good example of the *bulbous* root. They are of various kinds:—1. solid, as the meadow-saffron; 2. laurinated, as the onion; 3. scaly, as the squills, or sea-onion. The potato is the best example of a *tuberous* root, as it is called, although no proper root springs from the tuber; but the root (which is really a *fibrous* one) has tubers connected with it. Roots divided into joints (like the wood-sorrel) are called *articulated*; the different parts being, as it were, articulated to each other. Every

SONNET.—BALBEC.

PALACE and priestless Temple lying low!
Midst ruins, Balbec mourns in mute prostration;
And high enthroned sits moody desolation,
Where erst was heard the song's harmonious flow:
On moss-clad walls the thirsty lichens grow,
And where uprose the maiden's bridal hymn
With the loud anthem—there the lion grim
Walks in his majesty, erect and slow.
Can nations, once majestic, so decay,
And fall before the viewless scythe of time?
O cease, vain thought!—this land itself did
Vice, crowned supreme, walk'd forth in
array:
And Balbec now proclaims to every clime
That punishment is ever link'd to crime.

SEPTEMB

'Tis nutting-time—off who
With book and satche
Off to the quiet of t
And tear rich cluste
Shades of my boy
Of ripen'd fru
Haste to sor
Plead there
Autumn
And left
(Fring
With
Lo
S

HAVING
ation
It
becomes exhausted, and then the
plants should be put into that ground
their stead. This is not true in its full
extent; for plants of the same kind may
be made to grow in soils of very different
kinds. Some have assigned the different
shape of the roots as the reason why some
plants succeed well after others. If a pear-
tree be planted after a plum-tree, it does
well; because (it is said) it strikes its roots
more deeply. For similar reasons, it is said
that plants, with *creeping* roots, succeed
well after others with *tap*-roots.

Earths are fitted for the roots of plants in
several respects.—1. They are moist, and
therefore do not injure the tender spongioles
and fibrils. 2. They are but little soluble
in water, and are not changed by the air;
so that their permanency is secured. 3.
They are not transparent, or they would
admit too much of the sun's heat; and
light (which would injure germination) is
excluded. The advantage of this is seen in
the hyacinth, which, after having flowered in
water, with its roots exposed to the light,
must be put into the ground, to recover its
exhausted energies. 4. They are of a dark
colour, so as to *absorb* the heat of the sun,
instead of *reflecting* it. In this way a pro-
per degree of warmth is secured; and the
attainment of this object is much facilitated
by the addition of a little soot. N. R.

SYNAGOGUES.

ACCORDING to Mr. Basnage, there were no
synagogues until the reign of the Asmo-
næans, some few ages before Christ; and
which he supposes to have been founded by
the zealous traditionists, who, having made
long commentaries upon the law, thought it
a crime to keep the people in ignorance of
them, and instead of confining their expli-
cations to Jerusalem, where they found
themselves too much slighted and confined,
they carried them into every city where
there were oratories, and public places of
assembly. Before this, private persons made
these prayers to God in their houses, where
they had a place set aside for that holy
exercise. It was generally upon the top of the
house, which was flat-roofed, that the family
and their friends met together to read some
portion of the law on the Sabbath-day: and,
when there was any prophet in the city, the
devout people assembled at his house. But,
after that the doctors had added their tra-
ditions and commentaries to the law, the
business of interpreters became necessary,

e traditions not being written, so that
mber of interpreters and interpreta-
ere continually increasing. For this
onvenient places were made choice
'e people might the better meet
be instructed.
's (says a learned divine) were
, situated within and without
'd generally on an elevated
were usually raised above the
ellings, except when there was an
ction from the civil power, the Jews
ing a notion that it was a dishonour to God to have his house inferior or equal to those of men. They were always roofed and covered over, by which they were distinguished from the Proseuchæ, which were generally in the fields, and open to the heavens. In the middle was a desk, or pulpit, made probably in imitation of that which Ezra made use of; and from whence the book, or roll of the law, was read very solemnly; and from whence both he that expounded it, or he that preached to the congregation, always delivered himself. At the upper end of the synagogue, and over against the door, which was always situated facing the west, there was a chest, or press, wherein the book of the law was kept, wrapped in a fine embroidered cloth. During the time of divine service, the women were separated from the men, and seated in a gallery inclosed with lattices. Over the door, or entrance, was the following inscription: "This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous shall enter into it;" and on the walls in the interior were written the following sentences: "Remember thy Creator; Keep thy foot when thou goest into the house of the Lord; Silence is commendable in the time of prayer."

In the synagogue service, the first office was prayer. Their prayers at first were but few; but they have since increased to a great many, which occasions the service to be very long and tedious. What they reckon the most solemn part of their prayers are those which they call *Shemoneh Esh-reth*,* which, according to the Jewish doctors, were composed and instituted by Ezra, and the great synagogue. These prayers are of the same nature as the Lord's Prayer in the Church of England service, that is, the fundamental and principal part; for, besides these, they have a number of prayers, some of which are used before, some after, and others dispersed between them. They likewise read the *shema*, the *law*, and the *prophets*. The shema consists of three portions of Scripture: the first is from the beginning of the fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy to the end of the ninth verse; the second, from the beginning of the thirteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, to the end of the twenty-first verse; and the third, from the beginning of the thirty-seventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, to the end of the chapter; and, because the first of these portions in the Hebrew version begins with the word *shema*, that is, *hear*, therefore the reading of the whole is called the *reading of the shema*, which, next to the *Shemoneh Eshreth*, is reckoned the most solemn part of their religious service.

The five books of the law were originally divided into fifty-four sections, because in their intercalated years there were fifty-four sabbaths; and, as they read a section every sabbath-day, the whole was completed in the space of a year; but when the year was no longer intercalated, those who had the direction of the synagogue-worship reduced the sections to the number of sabbaths, by joining two short ones several times into one, because they held themselves obliged to have the whole law, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Deuteronomy, read over in this manner every year.

In the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes, when the reading of the law was prohibited, the Jews substituted fifty-four sections of the prophets, which were continued after the reading of the law was restored by the Maccabees; the section which was read every sabbath, out of the law, served for the first lesson, and the section out of the prophets for the second.

When the Chaldee became the national language of the Jews, it was the custom of the synagogue for one to read a paragraph in Hebrew, after which another interpreted it in the Chaldee. This, perhaps, was the cause of the sections of scripture being divided into verses; namely, that by this means the reader might know how much he was to read, and the interpreter how much he was to interpret, at every interval.

It appears that the ministration of the synagogue service was not confined to the sacerdotal order; the priests were consecrated only to the service of the temple, which consisted chiefly in offering up of sacrifices and oblations; but any one was considered qualified for the performance of the synagogue service, who had a knowledge of the law and the prophets.

There were a number of officers attached to the different synagogues, among whom were those who the New Testament designate as rulers of the synagogue: but we are not informed how many of these belonged to each synagogue; only we may presume that there were more than one, by their being mentioned in the plural number in respect of the same synagogue. Next to them, and perhaps forming one of their number, was the minister of the synagogue, called in Hebrew *Sheliach Zibbor*,† who offered up to God the public prayers of the

* The eighteen prayers.

† The angel of the church.

congregation. Then followed the deacons and inferior ministers, called in Hebrew *Chazanim*,* who were under the rules of the synagogue. Their business was to keep the books of the Holy Scriptures, the liturgies, and the utensils which they brought forth, and carried away again as there was occasion. After these was the interpreter, whose office was to recite the lessons in Chaldee, after they had been read in Hebrew; and, as it required a good deal of skill in both languages for such an undertaking, whenever the rulers of the synagogue found a person with the requisite qualifications, they awarded him a salary, and he became a minister among them.

The synagogue worship was appointed to take place three days a-week, and three times a-day on their fasts and festivals; namely, in the morning, in the afternoon, and at night. And, when at any of these times the blessing was to be given, if there was no priest present to perform the office, the *Sheliach Zibber* read the prayers in the form of a benediction; after which he dismissed the people.

W. G. C.

* Overseers.

Biography.

DR. MARSHMAN,

The late Chinese scholar and missionary, was born in April, 1768, at Westbury Leigh, in Wilts, of an obscure parentage, but traced his descent back to an officer in Oliver Cromwell's army, and who, at the restoration, abandoned the service.

The father of Dr. Marshman was originally a tailor, but settled at Westbury as a weaver, and married there. At the age of eight, young Marshman displayed an extreme propensity to reading; his studies, though from his circumstances necessarily desultory, were unremitting. He would often travel ten or twelve miles to borrow a book. At the age of twelve, his memory and accurate knowledge of history were astonishing. This faculty he retained to the last. At fifteen he was placed with a bookseller in London; at seventeen, he returned to the country; and by the time he was eighteen years of age, he had perused more than five hundred volumes.

He now studied Latin, and applied himself to reading works on divinity, without any distinction of sect. At twenty-three he married Miss Clarke, the daughter of a Baptist minister, and at twenty-five succeeded in obtaining a mastership in a school at Bristol, with a salary of forty pounds per annum. His leisure hours were occupied by a school of his own, and Mr. Rich, the late learned and assiduous British Consul at Bagdad, was one of his pupils. Marshman subsequently entered as a student at Dr. Ryland's Baptist Seminary, where he applied himself to Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic.

In 1799 he went out as a missionary to join Dr. Carey in India, and landed at Serampore in October of that year. The mischiefs created by excess of missionary zeal in various places, were, however, a subject of just apprehension to Lord Wellesley at that time: and the more, as several French priests were acting as emissaries of their government in India, and an invasion of the English dominions there was expected. A whimsical error added to those suspicions: the arrival of Marshman was announced as that of a Papist, instead of a Baptist missionary, and the vigilance of Lord Wellesley refused the ship a port-clearance, unless the captain would engage to take back the obnoxious Papist. The mistake was explained; but Marshman, with his companions, found it more eligible to remain under the shelter of the Danish authorities. Dr. Carey soon after joined them, and hence originated the Serampore mission.

The difficulties experienced previous to obtaining the charter of 1813, which granted free access for missionaries to India, had probably the salutary effect of restraining the superabundant zeal of that class generally, and which has led to such disastrous results in places where the vigilance of the authorities has unhappily slumbered. The conduct of the joint-labourers, Ward, Marshman, and Carey, was, however, above all praise; and, in addition to his sacred duties, the subject of this notice undertook in 1806 the study of Chinese, and published subsequently a translation of the Scriptures into that tongue, and also a grammar. He principally contributed to the efficacy of the Loll-Bazar Chapel in Calcutta, by going from house to house to solicit contributions, for which he was personated "as a pious missionary begging subscriptions" at a masqued ball given to Lord Minto. The jest was extremely successful, and the pious representative was said to have reaped an ample harvest by his ingenuity. Marshman, who appears to have viewed the matter in a serious light, and was probably ignorant that similar freaks in England have had equal success, endeavoured idly, but with honest simplicity, to discover his rival of an hour, and render him a fellow-labourer of the vineyard in earnest, by inducing him him to refund his acquisitions. Dr. Leydon, however, though acquainted with the name of the pseudo-missionary, would never disclose it, and seems to have considered the affair in its real light. This appears to have offended Dr. Marshman.

The establishment of the admirable Benevolent Institution at Calcutta was the joint work of Leyden, Hare, and Marshman; the latter became secretary, and retained the

office during his life. He also assisted Dr. Carey in translating the three volumes of the Ramayuna, published in English.

In 1826 he returned to England, and urged every where, in public addresses while travelling throughout the United Kingdom, the cause of missions. He thence proceeded to Denmark, and received from Frederick VI. a Charter of Incorporation for the College of Serampore, to which he returned in May, 1829. His exertions in the sacred cause of religion were unremitting to the last, though his mind was deeply affected by the demise of Dr. Carey, in June, 1834, after a close co-operation of thirty-five years; and the painful death of his daughter, Mrs. Haveland, in October last, gave a final blow to his system, from the effects of which he never thoroughly rallied, and he died at Serampore, on the 5th of December, 1837, in his seventieth year.

Tall, strong, and of an iron constitution, Dr. Marshman braved the climate of India without any ill effects. He rose at four to commence the business of the day. His knowledge and amiability rendered him a delightful companion; to his inferiors he conducted himself with gentleness and humility; and as a husband and a parent, he was unsurpassed, and unsurpassable. Mrs. Marshman, who died, we believe, about ten years before her husband, bore him twelve children; five of whom have survived their father.

Piety, firmness, energy, and perseverance, were the characteristics of Dr. Marshman. To the labours of the mission, he was a devotee without bigotry; and evinced singular personal disinterestedness in all pecuniary matters.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS: TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN AUTHORS.

RABELAIS.—On Du Bellai's embassy to the Pope, Rabelais was, along with the cardinal, presented to the holy father. Du Bellai, according to custom, prostrated himself, and kissed the papal toe. Rabelais, perceiving this, withdrew, not as it were surprised, but confused. Du Bellai, somewhat indignant at this proceeding, asked him the cause of this breach of homage due to his holiness; to which question Rabelais replied: "As you, who are my master, have kissed the pope's toe, I am at a loss to imagine what you would have *me* kiss?"

Rabelais being compelled to quit Rome, was determined to have a comfortable journey of it back to Paris. For this purpose he hit upon a stratagem, which to any other but himself would undoubtedly have proved fatal. Having reached Lyons, he asked for a private apartment, and a boy who knew how to read and write. He then made several little parcels of the dust and soot in the fireplace; having done this, he made the boy label them severally, with the following words: "Poison for the king," "poison for the queen," &c. When this was all done, and each parcel wrapped up neatly, and bound with silk, Rabelais, with a most mysterious face, said to the boy, "Now mind, my little friend, don't you go and say anything about this, will you?" The boy promised silence; but of course five minutes after broke it, and whilst he was eating his dinner revealed the whole secret. The frightened landlord immediately denounced his guest to the proper authorities—Rabelais was seized, and duly escorted to Paris. Arrived in the town, he disclosed himself, and requested an audience of the king. It was granted, and the monarch, on being made acquainted with this bold proceeding, it is said, laughed exceedingly, and often related the anecdote.

ALBERT DURER.—Maximilian I. one day requested Durer to draw some figures against the wall. Perceiving that the painter was not sufficiently tall to reach the higher parts of his drawing, he ordered one of his officers in waiting to serve him as a stool; the officer was obliged to prostrate himself, and allow the artist to stand on his back.

PHILIP IV. having been deprived of Portugal, as well as several other provinces, notwithstanding these losses, took upon himself to assume the title of "Great," which caused the Duke of Medina to observe, "His majesty may be compared to a ditch, the more it loses, the greater it gets."

MOLIERE.—"I see," said Louis XIV. to Moliere, "that you have now got a physician. What does he do for you?"—"Your majesty," answered the poet, "we talk together very amicably; he prescribes me a tolerable quantity of physic, I dont take it, and I get well all the sooner."

VOLTAIRE.—J. J. Rousseau was one day showing his "Ode to Posterity" to Voltaire; "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your "Ode" will never be forwarded to its address."

HENRI IV.—Fatigued with a long journey, Henri IV. signified his intention to make a short stay at Amiens. He was met by the inhabitants, at the head of whom stalked a most self-important orator. He began his speech in the following strain:—"Most mighty, most clement, most magnanimous . . ."—"Ay, ay," added the monarch, "you may say very hungry too."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—During the American war, Franklin was sent to the Prussian court, to solicit assistance. "What would you do with my assistance?" said Frederick. "Sire, fight for liberty."—"Doc-

tor," answered the king, "I am a monarch; you will not be surprised that I feel unwilling to do injury to the profession."

FREDERICK.—In the most critical period of the seven years' war, one of his soldiers deserted; he was taken, and restored to his regiment. "Why did you leave me?" said Frederick: "Sire," answered the soldier, "your majesty's affairs looked so bad, that I thought it safest for me to desert."—"Well, just stop till to-morrow, we are going to have an action, if they do not look any better, we will both desert together, there."

Frederick was excessively fond of dogs, and had always a number about him. His study was strewed with small leather balls to amuse them, and whenever any of them were ill, he had them most carefully attended to.

JOSEPH II.—During the emperor Joseph II.'s journey through Italy, one of the wheels of his carriage sustained some damage. It was with a good deal of trouble that he succeeded in reaching the nearest village. He stopped at a blacksmith's, and requested him to mend his carriage as quickly as possible. "I would do it most willingly," said the blacksmith, "but everybody is gone to mass; I haven't even anybody to work the bellows."—"Never mind that," answered the emperor, "come, I will blow." The monarch accordingly worked the bellows, the smith hammered, and all was presently right. "Well, what is your charge?"—"Nine sous." Joseph put nine ducats into the smith's hand, and off he went. The astonished blacksmith ran after the carriage, crying out, "Sir, Sir, you have made a mistake, I could not change this in the whole village."—"Change them where you can; the overplus is for the pleasure I have had in working the bellows."

LOUIS XVI.—After Louis XVI.'s second appearance at the conventional bar, he returned in the mayor's coach. During the journey, the master of the rolls kept his hat on: "The last time you were with us," said the king, "you had forgotten your hat, you have been more careful this time."

CHARLES XII.—The only occupation of this monarch at Bandee, was riding on horseback inspecting and manœuvring his troops. Those who were desirous to please him, followed him, and were booted the whole day. One morning, he entered the apartment of his chancellor, Müllern, whom he found still asleep. There was a large fire in the room, and several pairs of shoes here and there. The king threw them all in the fire, and went away. On awaking, the chancellor inquired the cause of the smell in his room: "What a king!" said he, on being made acquainted with the reason, "whose chancellor must be in his boots the whole day."

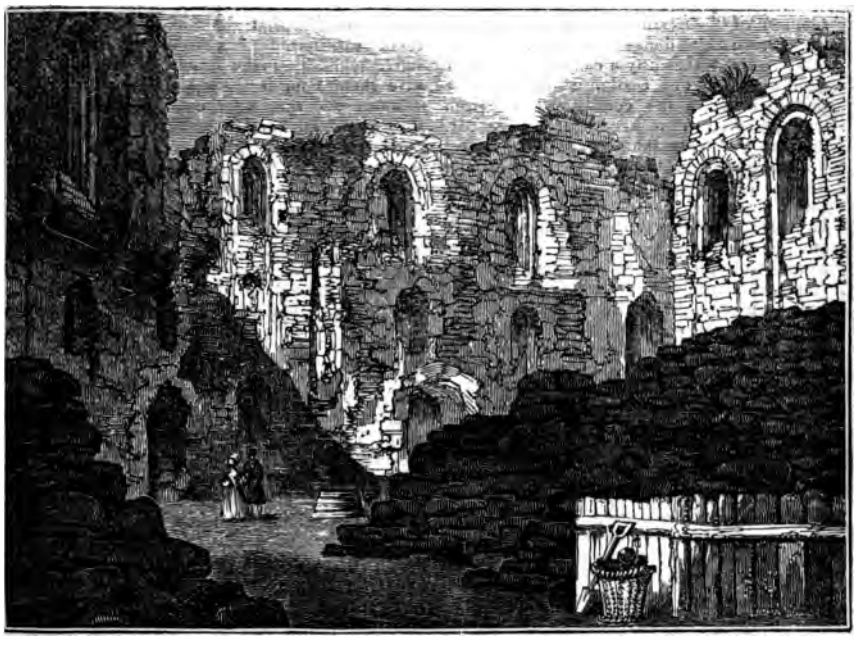
PHILIP II., king of Spain, once found himself without any of his retainers at the Escurial. A gentleman, who did not know him, begged him to show him the several curiosities of the palace. The king cheerfully acquiesced; and when all had been seen, the gentleman said, "Sir, my name is Don Garcias Torello, and I reside at Corunna: when you come that way I shall be delighted to see you—I'll let you taste my best wine."—"You are very good," answered the king; "As for me, my name is Philip, I am king of Spain and of both the Indies; and when you come to Madrid, I hope you will pay me a visit—you may depend upon it, you shall taste my very best wine."

AUGUSTUS, king of Poland, had once, during a convocation of various powers at Dresden, invited many of the most distinguished personages there assembled. Champagne on this occasion was by no means scarce. One of the pages in attendance on the king, managed dexterously enough to slip one of the bottles into his hind pocket, which, as coats used then to be worn, was of sufficient dimensions to admit another if necessary. Busy, however, as he was, he found it impossible to rid himself of the sparkling liquor; by being constantly swung to and fro it began to ferment, then to effervesce and pop! out came the cork, followed by a beautiful shower of the then ungenerous liquor. His majesty's wig had its share of the wine. Astonished and terrified at the consequences of his rashness, the poor page threw himself at the king's feet, imploring for mercy. The king, apparently unoffended, said, smiling, "Fetch me another wig — another time, don't keep champagne about you so long; it is a little stronger than your beer at Dresden."

H. M.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

NATURE is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.



CANTERBURY CASTLE.

THAT there was a castle here before the Conquest, appears from the survey of doomsday book, in which it is stated, that the king had this castle by an exchange made with the archbishop and the abbot of St. Augustine's. Before this, there is no mention made of any castle here, not even by our ancient historians, in their relations of their several sieges of this city by the Danes, in which as to every thing else they are very particular. The most probable opinion is, that the present building was one of those many castles or fortresses built by William the Conqueror, for his better subduing and bridling those parts of the kingdom which he most suspected, to several of which it has a very similar appearance. It had a bayle or yard, surrounded by a wall and ditch, both of which remained on the east side of it until very lately; but in 1792, the most considerable part of the boundary wall was demolished. The outworks were not so well built as the tower itself, and were become rotten, and mouldered even to rubbish, whereas those of the castle remain firm and solid as the stone itself. The ditch is mostly filled up, the only part now visible being that which was the city ditch, on the south side. The passage from the city to the castle was anciently by a bridge, and beyond that a gate, built at the north entrance of the bayle; and on the opposite side, towards the country, in the wall of it, it being the city wall likewise, was the ancient city gate, called Worthgate, the remains of which were nearly entire till within these few years, when it was taken down and removed into the garden of a neighbouring citizen; the appearance of it carried a greater show of antiquity than the castle itself, in the perfectly circular arch of long British or Roman bricks of great strength and beauty. This arch was repaired some years ago, out of veneration for its antiquity, by Dr. Gray, an eminent physician of Canterbury. It was supposed to be one of the most entire Roman arches in the kingdom. The ground on the side next the castle had risen to within eight feet eight inches of its summit; it was made entirely of bricks, set edgeways, each fifteen inches and a half long, and one inch and a half thick; the diameter was twelve feet three inches and a half, and the base within twelve feet six inches. Through this gate the passage seems to have led in the time of the Romans, over the stone-street way, to the portus lemanis, and afterwards as the public way to the city, to Ashford, and elsewhere, until it was diverted by another course, and this gate reserved solely for the use of the castle, and as such it continued, till at Wyatt's insurrection, in Queen Mary's reign, when it was closed up for the better

security of the castle from any assaults in these critical and dangerous times.

There was anciently a common prison or gaol kept in this castle, which was the principal one in the county. The prison was removed from hence probably, Mr. Somner thinks, in the reign of King Henry VIII., before which time the assizes for the county were frequently held here. From the above time, the castle seems to have been neglected, and to have fallen to ruin, and no farther use was made of it. The remains of it at present are only the outward quadrangular walls, seemingly not near their former height, built with rubble stones, and a great many British and Roman bricks interspersed among them; they are of an extraordinary thickness, with quoins and small circular windows and loop holes, cased with ashelar stone. The keep measured 88 feet in length, and 80 in width, and the walls eleven feet thick.

The engraving annexed to this description, is an accurate representation of the present state of this ancient building, which is now made use of as a repository, by the gas and water works company for the stowage of the gas and water apparatus. Near the castle several good houses have been erected, besides the gasometers and gas works for the supply of the city.—*Extracted from Ward's entertaining Canterbury Guide.*

HISTORY OF ELIAS FISHER, THE PEDLER:

Exemplifying the truth of the adage,

"THAT PERSEVERANCE ACHIEVES WONDERS."

Some ten or twenty years ago, there lived near Loudon, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, a poor decrepit widow, who had a son and a daughter. They were miserably destitute; and the mother, by the most humble employments, procured a scanty subsistence for her children.

Elias was about twelve years old, and much deformed. From the elbow to the wrist, the left arm projected at a right angle, while the hand hung helplessly from the wrist. The other arm was deformed, but less so than the left, and he could use them both to a limited extent. The muscles of his left cheek were drawn over the jaw-bone as if contracted by the palsy. The left eye shared in the deformity. One shoulder was an inch or two higher than the other. His speech, also, was affected to such a degree as to render him partially unintelligible to strangers. Nevertheless, Elias possessed a mind of unusual acuteness for a boy in his class of life; a kind, affectionate heart, and an amiability of temper, the equanimity of which nothing could ruffle or disturb.

The infirmities of the widow now assailed her so rapidly, that she was under the necessity of informing her children, with many bitter tears, that she would be unable to save them from famishing the approaching winter; and that when cold weather came, they would all have to be dependent on the parish for support. The proud spirit of Elias was roused—he could not brook the idea of becoming a pauper, and he said—"Mother, I can't bear that—I won't go to the poor-house. I can do something to help you and sister Catherine, and we'll try to get through next winter, and then I'll be older, and we may do better yet."

Elias had taken his resolution to "do something," and the only question was what he *could* do to save his mother and sister from starvation, or, what he thought a greater calamity, the poor-house.

At that time Pennsylyania was flooded with Yankee pedlers, who sold tin ware, wooden clocks, dry goods, &c. The great turnpike-road leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, passes through Loudon; and, inasmuch as Loudon is situated at the foot of the Tuscarora mountain, the pedlers were in the habit of stopping to water their horses before they began to ascend, and sometimes remained there all night. A pedler never loses an opportunity to swap a horse, or dispose to advantage of his wares; and, therefore, Elias had numerous opportunities of observing the acuteness, almost intuitive, with which they drove a trade, and the moral certainty of their getting the best of the bargain. Elias also judged that it must be a profitable business, or else so many would not be engaged in it; and he was satisfied of the fact when he saw them return from the west, laden with feathers, cotton, &c., and three or four led horses alongside the wagon—much finer animals than the crazy, spavined beasts with which they had journeyed west.

However, Elias *must do something*; and, after some hours of reflection, he determined to turn pedler. But where was his wagon or his horse? He had neither materials nor a cent to offer for them, and his bodily infirmities prohibited him from carrying a pack on his back. But, even if this difficulty was overcome, where were his goods on which to make the profits which were to alleviate the misery of his mother and sister? Nobody would credit a boy who looked a beggar, though he felt a man. Elias was in a dilemma; but he fancied he heard those that were alone dear to him on earth, moaning for bread, and the poor-house stared him in the face. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and Elias fell upon a plan which appeared to him to dissipate all the evils which threatened to crush him. He determined to make himself a little wagon, with wooden wheels, (he was too poor to buy iron,) and then, with a strap thrown across his

shoulder, he could haul it about the country, and hawk his goods among the neighbours. His resolution taken, he began the work, and being aided by a benevolent wagon-maker in the vicinity, the little machine, about the size of a market-basket, was constructed and equipped for a trip among the farmers.

But now an obstacle, the most trying to Elias's sensibilities, had occurred, and he must overcome it, or all his labour and all his hopes must vanish for ever. He was well aware of the disadvantages under which he laboured. He knew very well that a man obtains credit in proportion to his supposed ability to pay; and how could anybody suppose a boy who had not clothes to cover him —who was looked upon as half an idiot— deformed and imbecile—and whose mother was in abject poverty, could pay for goods to fill such a cart as that? He cast about how he should fill his wagon, for winter was approaching, and he was diffident of success —but *something must be done*. He still hoped heaven would help those who wished to do good. He resolved to apply to one of the village storekeepers who was the least likely to refuse him, and throw himself on his mercy. His story was favourably received, and the incipient pedler's wagon filled with refuse calicoes, pins, needles, tapes, thread, coarse combs, &c. And now behold the little lame pedler, of twelve years old, with his leather strap across his shoulder, dragging his wooden wagon along the turnpike, seeking the first avenue to the country where he could find farmers and farmers' girls to whom to tell his story and sell his wares.

In a few days Elias returned, having disposed of his stock of merchandize at some profit, with which he relieved the immediate necessities of his mother, whose expenses in the interim were diminished one-third, inasmuch as she had not to feed Elias. He promptly paid the merchant the price of his former venture, and with the residue of the profits not required for other purposes, he paid cash for a few articles, and then laid in the balance of his new stock on credit, and started again on his weary, lonely round. A few trips enabled him to set up for himself; that is, he paid for all his stock in cash, whereby he procured it at a lower price, and his profits were proportionably increased.

But winter had now set in, and Elias was gradually sinking under protracted exertions, which had made visible inroads upon a slender frame and fragile constitution. With impaired health, he was unable to undergo the fatigue and exposure of a winter campaign; but he was too poor to be idle. His means would be exhausted by spring, and he would have to begin anew.

But how to overcome the difficulty was the question. He had neither horse nor wagon. Ely hit upon an expedient which succeeded to admiration. He recollected that there were a pack of cur dogs infesting the village, whom their masters would, no doubt, be willing to get rid of on any terms, short of being their executioners. Ely's mind was fixed, and he set about accomplishing his design with laudable celerity. A tongue with a staple at the end was soon fixed in the wagon, and two miniature whiffletrees were attached with the aid of his former patron, the wagon-maker. A few old pieces of rope supplied the harness, and three curs, which had been a nuisance to the settlement, constituted the team. He experienced some difficulty in breaking the dogs to harness. But Ely's habitual perseverance overcame all difficulties; besides, he was a severe disciplinarian. He well new the meritorious properties of flagellation, and when soothing failed, he applied his leathern-thonged whip to such purpose, that he soon subjected the unruly trio to obedience.

Thus accoutred, Ely sallied forth with a well-filled wagon. He was now relieved from the toil of dragging his wagon himself. He could extend his excursions beyond his former limits, and with greater rapidity. The novelty of the retinue, and Ely's filial affection becoming known, he soon disposed of his cargo, and returned home once more. In the meantime, the great object was accomplished. Those he loved were relieved from immediate want, and Ely became cheerful and comparatively happy. But he was not yet satisfied. The wagon dragged too heavy for the dogs. It was not sufficiently capacious for his enlarged trade, and besides his rope harness was worn out. He determined to have a larger wagon, with a cover to it, and a hasp and lock to repel intruders, and spoke-wheels with iron tire. In addition to this he imagined that he could purchase stock to more advantage and at a cheaper rate in the large cities than in the village; and so he extended his excursions to Chambersburg and even to Baltimore. On the way he would trade with the farmers for butter, eggs, chickens, &c., which obtained a ready sale at the next town; and he would lay in a new store of merchandize to trade with the farmers he might meet on the way. Thus he made a double profit.

His outre equipage attracted attention in Baltimore, and his story becoming known, some benevolent merchants supplied him with a stock of goods at first cost, and perhaps in some instances at less than cost, for many of the merchants of Baltimore have kindly hearts. But Ely, besides bringing a few dollars with him from Loudon to meet contingencies, had greatly increased the value of his stock by traffic on his way to the city, and his wagon was not able to contain one-half the merchandize he was able to buy at the prices offered. For a moment Ely did

not know what to do, but his ingenuity did not fail him. He went about the city and purchased goods at the lowest price he could, paying cash as he went, and having taken them to the store of a merchant, who was peculiarly kind to him, had them boxed up and sent to Loudon in a wagon, thus saving himself one hundred miles of a trip in case he wanted to buy more.

He now determined to try his luck on the western side of the Tuscarora; and filling his wagon with a select parcel of goods, he toiled up the mountain, occasionally aiding his dogs by pushing at the hinder part of the vehicle. At length he reached the summit, and, for the first time, beheld the noble cove, which spread along its foot at either hand, while immediately beneath him lay M'Connelsburg, which looked in the distance like a fairy village.

In a few months Ely appeared in Bedford with a clever horse and a neat little wagon, well stored with an assortment of goods to suit the market he sought. He informed me that after his last trip, being an unusual time at home, his dogs became restive, and the neighbours blamed them for killing sheep. To suspect a dog of such an offence is to seal his doom, and Ely's dogs, guilty or not guilty, were speedily executed, *sans ceremonie*, without judge or jury. "Well," continued he, "I thought I *must do something to get along;* and I did not care much for the dogs no how they could fix it, for I was getting tired of them and thought I could do better if I had a larger stock; and so I bought me this horse and wagon, and now I can do business on a large scale. I have laid in a good stock, and can trade with any Yankee of them all, so I don't fear but I shall do well enough."

In a few months subsequent to Ely's appearance in Bedford with his wagon and horse, he was robbed on the Allegany mountain of nearly five hundred dollars in money and merchandize. Ely was a philosopher, however, and bore his loss with great equanimity. He said he could do without it and make it up again, but he thought they were a pack of mean scamps to rob a poor cripple like him. The ruffians have never been apprehended, nor the property recovered. About a year ago I saw Ely in Bedford, master of a pair of fine horses and a large wagon well stored with merchandize, and he said he thought that that would be his last trip—he was tired of pedling, and intended to sell his horses and wagon and set up a store of his own, that his mother was dead, he had provided comfortably for his sister, and he had money enough to go into business for himself.

Such is the history of Elias Fisher, the dog-pedler; and such will be the reward of every boy who will *try to do something* for himself, "his poor old mother, and helpless sister."—*New York Mirror.*

MUSIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Of all the sounds which music utters, none are so pleasing, so varied in expression, so capable of affecting the feelings, so refined and delicate, and at the same time overpowering, as the human voice. A single voice with the compass of only two octaves can express more than any instrument or any combination of instruments. Compared, indeed, with the tones of an instrument, the human voice seems like life, contrasted with inanimate nature. In singing, a soul seems to enter into sound and to give it life.

The voice rises in quality of tone and variety of expression far above them all, and by the combination of a variety of voices the uttermost perfection of music is attained. We prefer the effect of a number of persons singing in harmony to that produced by any single voice, however fine. Never shall we forget the delight we experienced in hearing the sweet little aria, the "Fleuve de Tage," better known to most of our readers as the music of "Come rest in this bosom," sung at the Gymnase, in Paris, by two females. One of them sang the air with words, the other, the captivating Leontine Fay, sang at the same time with exquisite grace and skill, an accompaniment which sounded to us, like one of the prettiest variations to the air. They were unsupported by any instrument, and the performance was completely unique, a perfect piece of art, yet so admirably executed as to conceal the art; so that it was only by reasoning that we could convince ourselves of the amount of skill displayed.

The perfection of vocal music is undoubtedly to be found in the choir of singers who perform mass in the presence of the Pope at Rome. In the selection and education of this choir, many things seem to be attended to, which are not thought of, or are impracticable in forming choirs elsewhere. The practice of employing eunuchs, which anciently distinguished the music of the Pope's chapel from that of all other churches, is now, we believe, entirely abandoned, and the band is made up of persons of different ages, from childhood up. But besides this, we fancied, when we heard these wonderful singers, that in choosing them, a distinction had been made which could be found nowhere else; namely, that the performers had been selected not merely with regard to the nature of the voice, whether it belonged to bass, or tenor, or alto, or the quality, whether harsh or sweet; but also that attention had been paid to the character of the voice, the kind of tone it uttered, and the class of sound it produced. For example, one voice will be found

liquid, and sweet, like the flute or
let, another may have the brilliancy of
arionet, a third, the gentle sweetness of
oe, a fourth, the rich reedy tone of the
diapason pipes in an organ. It is well
that the union of these various kinds
and, gives the peculiar charm to bands
usicians, and also to the full organ
combines them all. Now it appeared
that the same variety was found in the
of the Pope's choir; and when all
singing at once the effect was like that
ll organ, while the solos reminded us of
fferent stops in the instrument played
tely. The effect at the time was
t overpowering. The first time we
them was at the Sistine chapel. They
stationed in a gallery or recess in the
f the chapel, just large enough to con-
them, and were not accompanied by
nstrument whatever. When the Pope
he Cardinals had taken their places
the altar, above which was displayed
el Angelo's celebrated painting of the
Judgment, the singers entered silently
ook their places. The first burst of
was absolutely startling, it came at
n full strength like the burst of a full
or a large orchestra; each singer was
t, the combination was perfect, and the
sounds blended into one grand body
e such as we never heard equalled.
chanting for perhaps an hour with the
trength of the choir, the music ceased,
words were uttered by the Pope, and
one in that vast assembly sank to the
d. A death-like stillness ensued; when
came stealing on the calm a sound so
o sweet, so etherial, that it lingered on
r for a moment, before it could be dis-
hed by the senses to belong to mortal
s. This celestial sound swelled gra-
to more complete distinctness, and
nother voice, different in character, but
y soft and sweet, was heard in harmony
it; then a third, a fourth, and so on till
ound swelled to the full power of the
It seemed like the performance of a
l organist; we fancied him playing on
op diapason of the swell organ, then
ng the dulciana, then the flute and
oy, and thus adding stop to stop, till, by
s, he came to the full power of the
ment. The effect of this music was
unlike any thing we had ever heard
. The choruses of the opera singers
o resemblance to it, nor can the choirs
y other churches produce any similar

s is the choir which performs the cele-
"Miserere," by Allegri, of which we
uch wonderful descriptions by travellers.
ffects of this music are spoken of as
etely overpowering; a whole congre-
melted to tears, and many fainting
and carried out. No one who has heard the choir can doubt their power to produce such an effect. It has often been made the subject of wonder that no other choir could perform the same piece with any thing like the effect given it by the Pope's singers. Many of the best choirs in Europe have attempted to perform it, but have uniformly failed; so that it has been imagined that there was some wonderful secret which the singers of the Sistine chapel were unwilling or forbidden to impart, by which they were enabled to give this magical power to the piece. Much of the effect, however, has been attributed to the time and place. The "Miserere" is sung during the three days immediately preceding Easter, the awful commemoration of those days of darkness and horror, when the Saviour "descended into hell," and the hopes of man in eternity hung trembling in dreadful uncertainty, the world left in the reign of death, and no ray of light penetrating the gloom of the grave. The Sistine chapel, where the service is chanted, is dimly lighted as the sun goes down, and the gigantic figures in the painting of the Last Judgment seem to dilate into new grandeur and terror by the sepulchral light of the tapers, which are extinguished one after the other, to represent the desertion of the disciples in the last hours of our Saviour's life. All this adds, undoubtedly, very much to the effect of the music; but these aids might be had in other places. The wonder still remains, that no other musicians, however skilful, can execute the same piece with any power at all.

Gardiner's Music of Nature.

New Books.

AN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, 2 vols. *Colburne.*

By Captain Sir James Edward Alexander, K.L.S. &c.

"Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fontes.
Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores."

[SUCH is the elegant quotation prefixed to the introduction of this work; and although we cannot admit the "Avia Pieridum" to be exactly those paths which any one setting out from the Cape of Good Hope into the interior of Africa would be likely to tread in, inasmuch as we are not aware that the Muses ever wandered farther south into that portion of the globe than the city of the laughter-loving Terence, yet are we almost inclined to believe, from the pleasant familiar chit-chat of the author, that some one of the daughters of Pierus had met him on his way, and endowed him with her magpie propensities. We say this not in disparagement, for on the contrary, his book is so amusing, that it inspires its readers with light-heartedness and pleasing interest. To follow the track of one going into the wilderness with such courage

and gaiety, is of itself a treat; and the character of the gentleman and a soldier sufficiently warrant the detail, however occasionally novel, to be indisputable truth. He must, indeed, have passed over ground untrodden by European feet; under many a sultry sun he has doubtless joyfully discovered and drank at an African fountain, and gazed with delight at those gems which Flora scattered before his feet in new and fantastic colours. Sir James, at the commencement of his work, informs us, that having been invited by the Royal Geographical Society to undertake an African Expedition of Discovery, he consented to explore the regions of Eastern Africa extending from Delagoa Bay, westward, with a view to the extension of geographical knowledge and commerce. He embarked for that purpose on board H. M. S. Thalia, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the beginning of 1835; but finding, on his arrival, that the whole of Southern Africa was in a state of commotion, and that the Zoolahs had risen upon the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa, the place of his destination, he postponed the intended geographical research until after the conclusion of the Kaffer war. Dr. Smith having arrived at the Cape, after passing over the ground behind Delagoa Bay and the country which the author had intended to visit, caused a change in the route originally laid down, and determined him on exploring the country to the north of the Orange river, on the west coast, so that he might become acquainted with the Damaras, a nation inhabiting between the 21st and 24th parallels, and only known to us by report. He accordingly set out on the 10th September, 1836, with seven men, well armed, and provided with all necessaries; and having crossed the Mopelbank river, gives a proof, in his description of the first sight of the field of his labours, of the gaiety with which he commenced them.]

The Cape in September.

There was nothing of the desert in the appearance of the country at this season of the year; nor of aridity or barrenness observable; the face of nature being covered with a broad carpet of dark green, on which were patches of the most brilliant wild flowers. Cultivation was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of the farm-houses. On our right, the snow-capped peaks of the Drakenstein mountains, rising two or three thousand feet above the plains, formed a most agreeable picture. The Cape lark rose near us, perpendicularly, on whirring wing, to the height of about thirty feet, gently descending with a prolonged whistle; and all around us wore a delightful aspect of light and liberty.

[But we shall go on, without much further comment, laying before our readers such points in the work as may be considered best calculated to interest them.]

A Hottentot Venus and novel plate-warmer.

There is in this district a rival of the Hottentot Venus; if she does not excel her in the quantity of "cebaceous deposit." Rewarded by a trifle of money or tobacco, she will good-naturedly allow a cloth to be spread behind, and on which four plates may be laid, thus forming a peripatetic table!

Gross living of the Dutch.

It is not to be wondered at that the Dutch are occasionally annoyed with bowel complaints, from the gross manner in which they swallow grease of all kinds, pouring spoonsful of melted sheeps' tail fat over their food, and heaping butter in lumps on their bread. A supply of butter I had bought at a farm-house to last us for a week, disappeared at one sitting, before two young boors invited to partake our evening meal.

Dress of the Mamaquas.

Many of the women wore a leathern girdle, from which in front was suspended part of a jackal's skin with the fur outward, whilst behind dangled a square piece of stiff leather. Conical fur caps were on their heads, a karosse, or mantle of sheepskin, depended from their shoulders, whilst sandals or buskins of untanned leather were on their feet. In their hand they commonly bore a jackal's tail on a short stick, and with this Namaqua handkerchief they brushed the perspiration or dust from their eyes and face, and then dexterously twirled it between their palms.

The men were thin and athletic, of an olive-brown complexion, and with short noses, pouting lips, and narrow but keen eyes; their general height was five feet six or seven inches.

For arms, they had some old muskets and long guns obtained from the colony, (for four, six, or eight oxen each piece,) besides assegers or javelins, composed of a slender shaft, five feet long, with a small blade of iron inserted into the upper end, which was bound round with leather—a knobbed stick to throw at game, with which they are very dexterous—and bows and arrows; the former is about three feet long, and is strung with the back sinews of deer; the latter are composed of a reed shaft, into which is inserted a polished piece of sharpened bone, which is usually surrounded at the point with a black waxy-looking substance; this is poison prepared with gum from the milky sap of the euphorbia, and it kills the game without destroying the wholesomeness of the flesh; occasionally a few of the arrows have a barbed head of iron. Two dozen arrows are contained in a case of leather, or of the koker or quiver tree (*aloe dichotoma.*)

The women wore skin petticoats, or the Namaqua broek karosse, consisting of a prepared sheep or goat skin, so arranged, as to depend from the waist in a broad oval flap

behind, and in front to be only a few inches in depth, where also a tortoise-shell, with a long fringe of leather thongs, was suspended; this bunch of thongs reached to their ankles, and with it they sometimes chastised the children. The breasts were uncovered, strings of porcelain or glass beads were upon the neck, the woolly hair of the head was carefully concealed with a striped cotten handkerchief, though further in the interior a covering of softened leather is used; from the shoulders hung an ample sheep-skin mantle, ornamented at the nape of the neck with a square piece of leather, on which, black and white chequers of goat-skin were sewed. They took off the kaross when employed in any hard work.

Language of the Namaquas.

The great Namaquas use the very same clicking dialect as the Little Namaquas do. Almost every word has an initial click, or has one in the middle of it, and some words have two clicks. The clicks are of three kinds: one is performed by striking the tongue against the palate and front teeth; another by striking the tongue against the centre of the roof of the mouth; and a third by striking the tongue far back in the mouth. The word *'un'uma* (bulb) is an example of a word with two clicks (') in it. I need hardly add, that the language is one of great difficulty for a stranger to acquire and pronounce; the clicks resembling one another so closely, and each conveying a different signification.

The Public Journals.

A CRIMINAL COURT.

CAN an observer of human nature have a richer field laid before him than a Court of Criminal Justice? Amongst mankind there is nothing so solemn and affecting as—startling adumbration of *hereafter!*—man sitting in judgment upon his fellow man, searching, as far as his means will allow him, into the hidden springs of action, protecting innocence from the imputation and consequences of guilt, detecting and inflicting proportionate punishment upon guilt, even to the taking away of life itself! There, at the bar—all eyes anxiously settled upon him—stands, in terrified or sullen silence, an individual whose conduct in a particular transaction is the subject of inquiry; who knows, and probably *alone*, among men, KNOWS that he is guilty of the crime with which he stands charged; one word from whose damp and rigid lips would instantly clear up the whole mystery, supply the essential link of evidence, throw light on the darkest train of circumstances, and reconcile the most discrepant and inconsistent facts. He stands cold and benumbed within the panoply of legal protection against self-crimination—knowing that not a sign or a syllable can be extorted from him. His heart, nevertheless, suddenly shrinks—the blood deserts, for a moment, his flushed cheek—as his guilty soul feels that his pursuers are pressing, though in the dark, closer and closer upon the truth of the transaction! He is, perhaps, inwardly cursing himself for his folly in having said or done, or omitted to do, something while about the perpetration of his crime, which his accusers have got hold of, and are pressing home upon him, and upon his jury, with dreadful strength of inference and conclusion. And there is his judge, well versed in such inquiries—the occasional glance of whose practiced eye, which he *feels* upon him, shoots a thrill of terror into his soul, for he knows that he has *found him out*, and that a few words of his will presently clear away the previous doubt and uncertainty that may be felt by the jury, who, charged with the issues of life and death, will soon utter the fearful word—

"That summons him to heaven or to hell!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FIRST ITALIAN LADY WHO SANG IN ENGLAND.

IN 1692, an advertisement in the *London Gazette* announces that "the Italian lady, that is lately come over, that is so famous for singing," will sing at the concerts, in York-buildings, during the season. In April, 1693, Signor Tosi, the author of the celebrated treatise on singing, advertises a concert; and from that time the announcements of concerts by Italian performers became frequent. The "Italian lady," announced in 1693, as being so famous for her singing, was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who appeared in England. She came to this country with a German musician of the name of Greber; and hence we find her in some of the musical squibs of the day called "Greber's Peg." She sang in Italian operas and at concerts, and other musical entertainments till the year 1718, when she retired, and married the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. She was an excellent musician, being not only an accomplished singer, but an extraordinary performer on the harpsichord. She was so swarthy and ill-favoured that her husband used to call her Hecate, a name to which she answered with perfect good humour; but her want of personal charms did not prevent her from enjoying the uninterrupted favour of the public. By her marriage with Dr. Pepusch she brought him a fortune of 10,000*l.*, a sum which, by relieving him from the daily cares and toils of his profession, enabled him to follow his favourite pursuit of learned researches into the history and antiquities of his art. She

was a person of perfect respectability, but nevertheless was unceremoniously treated by some of the writers of the day, who had no love for foreign players and musicians. She had a sister who came to England in 1703; and these ladies are thus mentioned by Swift, in his journal to Stella:—"Aug. 6, 1711. We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly." The Dean frequently speaks of the music meetings at Windsor in the course of this season, always with spleen and an affectation of contempt, saying, for example, "In half an hour I was tired of their fine stuff," and so on, merely showing how little even a great man can make himself by talking flippantly of what he does not understand.—*Hogarth's Memoirs of the Musical Drama.*

The Gatherer.

Sept. 14th.—THE UNIVERSAL CREATION.—This sublime "circumstance" was now fashioned out of Chaos.

Let there be Light, said GOD; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep:
GOD saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night,
He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn.

15th.—The second day's work were the *ethereal* elements.

Again, GOD said, "*Let there be firmament*
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters;" and GOD made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental, air, diffus'd
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing.

16th.—The "third day's work was the perfect *vegetation* of the Earth.

"*Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n,*
Into one place, and let dry land appear."
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit; last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were crown'd;
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers.

17th.—The "fourth" day's work were the resplendent *sun*, and angel *stars*, and that fair handmaiden of earth, the *Moon*.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence; less bright the Moon.

Again the Almighty spake, "*Let there be light,*
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs
For seasons, and for days, and circling years."
And GOD made two great lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And sow'd with them the Heaven, thick as a field.

18th.—On the "fifth" day were formed all fishes and birds.

And GOD said, "Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven."
And GOD created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And blessed them, saying, "*be fruitful, multiply.*"

19th.—The "sixth" day brought into existence the more perfect animals, beasts, and creeping things; and on this day the Creator fashioned the first MAN.

The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With "evening" harps and matin; when GOD said,
Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of the earth
Each in her kind! The earth obey'd, and straight
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full-grown; the "beast" as from his lair.

20th.—THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE WORLD. The "seventh" day* has been entitled by Philo, a Jewish writer, an universal festival, or great "Sabbath" of *rest*, which GOD blessed and sanctified.

He resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work.
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there was struck a small silver coin, of little value, called a dandy prat; which, observes Bishop Fleetwood, was the origin of the term dandy, applied to worthless and contemptible persons. W. G. C.

Mr. M——, the artist, was reading the paper the other day, while his boy, who had the daily task of preparing his palette for him, was rubbing in the various tints, when the boy suddenly stopped, and, with an anxious look, said, "Pray, Sir, I have heard so much about it, will you have the goodness to tell me, what is the colour o'morbus?"

* The Jews and Mohammedans do not measure the day from midnight to midnight, as we do, but from sunrise to sunrise, as some Oriental people, but from sunset to sunset. Hence the night with the following day, and not the day with the following night, makes their day. Our Friday night is their Saturday night. The ancient Celts, Gauls, and Germans, measured the day in the same manner.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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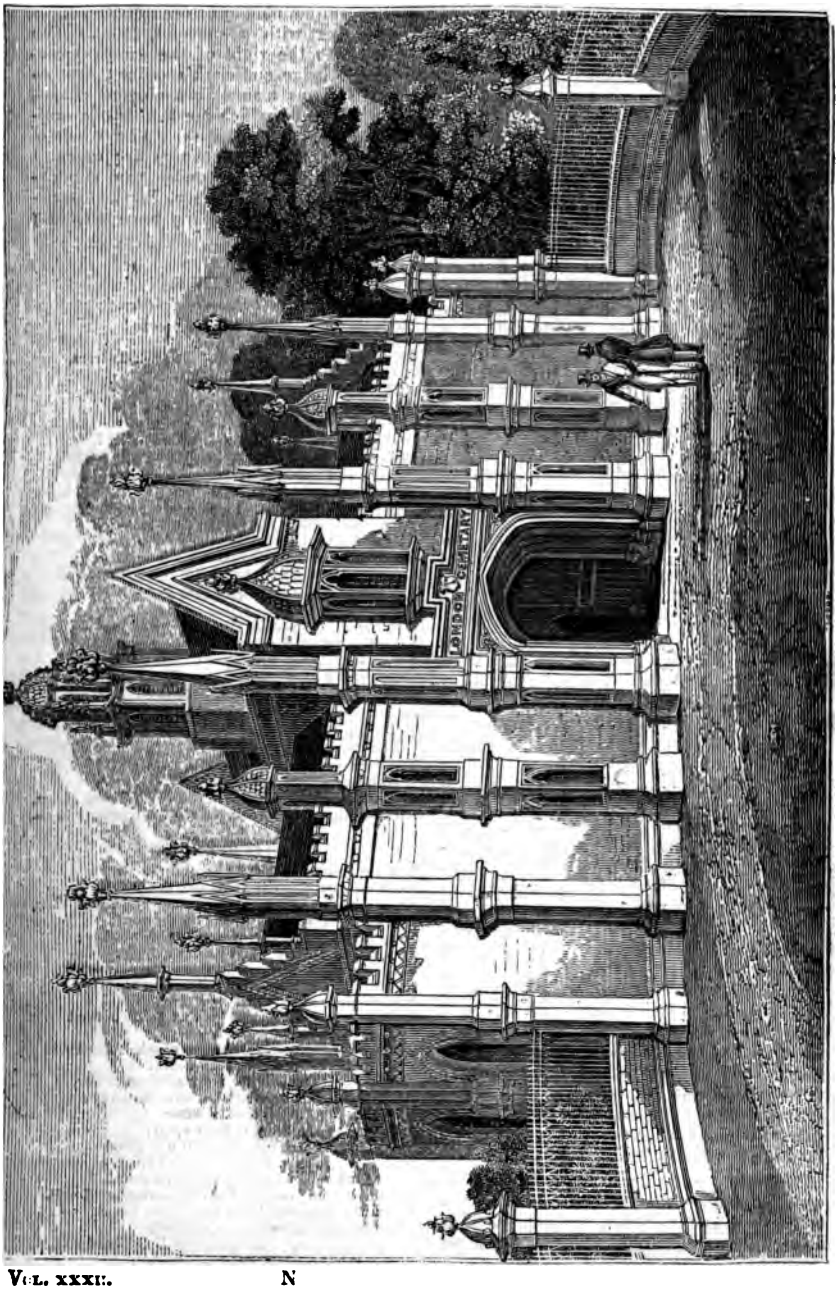

ENTRANCE TO THE LONDON CEMETERY, HIGHGATE.

LONDON CEMETERY, HIGHGATE.

The baneful effect produced by the continuance of numerous places of interment in the midst of crowded cities, is now generally admitted; and the success of the cemetery at Kensal Green having proved that no prejudice existed in favour of the ancient churchyards, the spirit of speculation has been directed to the establishment of cemeteries in many parts of the kingdom. A Company has recently been incorporated by Act of Parliament, called the London Cemetery Company, who are empowered to establish cemeteries on convenient sites in the northern, southern, and eastern suburbs of the metropolis. We learn from the report made by the directors of the company to a general meeting of the proprietors in February last, that the prudential expenditure of the funds of the proprietary, and a wish to delay, if possible, making calls upon them, have directed, and for the present confined, operations towards the completion of the Cemetery at Highgate; after which, the attention of the directors will be devoted to the formation of their southern and eastern cemeteries.

The site chosen for the Northern Cemetery is on the southern slope of Highgate Hill, immediately beneath the new Gothic church: the space occupied at present is about four hundred yards in length, and two hundred and fifty in width. All persons who are acquainted with the northern suburbs of London, will know that this is one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the vicinity of the metropolis, commanding, not only a view of the giant city, but of many miles of the country beyond it. It may well be supposed, that so eligible a spot would be decked with numerous villas and gardens belonging to gentlemen of opulence, to whom the establishment of a cemetery in the midst of their suburban retreats might be disagreeable, the directors of the company have prevented this feeling, by fully availing themselves of the capabilities of the ground, to convert into a beautiful landscape-garden the walks and shrubberies, ascending one above the other, by artificial means, as well as by the natural acclivity. The buildings erected in different parts of the ground are highly ornamented, and of varied styles of architecture. The whole is laid out with such taste, under the direction of Mr. David Ramsay, the company's landscape-gardener, that, again to quote the report, there is not a "shadow of probability that it will either injure the property, or annoy the feelings of the owners or occupiers of houses or land in the vicinity."

We purpose giving a more detailed account of the cemetery garden, the terrace, catacombs, and Lebanon sepulchres, with illustrations. The engraving annexed to this brief notice is a representation of the entrance to the cemetery from Swain's-lane. The large room over the gateway is lit by a bay window at each end; from the roof rises a small octangular tower of three stories, surmounted by an ornamented dome, terminating with a splendid finial. The building to the right of the gateway contains the lodge and clerk's office; that on the left forms a small but elegant chapel, the windows of which are beautifully ornamented with stained glass. The whole of the buildings of the Cemetery are executed from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Stephen Geary, Esq., an architect whose taste and ability have been long and justly appreciated.

THE EXILE.

From the German of Schiller.

Fresh in the morn is the living breeze!
And in the sunbeams bright,
Through the swaying arms of the dark fir-trees,
And the tops of the mountains,
The forests and fountains,
Redden and glow in a purple light.
The lark is abroad on her airy wing,
And the wakened woods with melody ring!

Blessed the hour of early light!
When meadow and stream
With beauty gleam,
And the grass is touched with a silver white!
When the smallest leaf on the fruit-tree top
Is a beautiful nest where the pearl reposes,
When showers of gems from the branches drop,
And the zephyrs chat and play with the roses.

Light smoke curls o'er the city's wall;
Steeds are neighing in valley and stall;
And the early birds are far away
To bathe their wings in the dazzling ray.

Joy to every thing beside;
Wo and ill myself betide;
Peace for me is—where? Oh, where?
In the grave—and only there!

The morn may waken brightly,
And purple tower and tree;
The evening air breathe lightly,
While men sleep dreamingly;
But in morn's first blush will the death-flower bloom,
And the night-breeze sweep o'er my dreamless tomb.

SPRING.

The sun is on the the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds, and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty. Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play,
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fired
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is filled
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway:
In man refined to holiness, a flame
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms
Of the glad season: but at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathom'd well,
And nurse the never dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

J. G. Percival.

MOUNT ETNA.

(*From the French of E. Sayve.*)

I HAD hitherto fancied that Mount Etna was merely one single mountain, of stupendous dimensions; the appearance it presents from a distance certainly seemed to justify the notion. On a nearer view, however, the eye is at once undeceived, and perceives that Etna is an assemblage of volcanic hills, the highest of which is the one at present open. Around this cone, and on the whole volcanic face of the mountain, above a hundred other craters may be counted, all of them now extinguished, Mount Etna itself looking like a father surrounded by his children, and reigning over them all by his incomparable loftiness.

The crater of Mount Etna, which is of an oval form, is at least three times larger than that of Vesuvius, and is not unlike a gigantic funnel, partitioned into two by an immense heap of ashes and lava. These two mouths, thus formed, are of unequal dimensions, and each again divided into two, but by a partition of a height much less considerable; so that these four openings ought not to be considered as four different craters, but rather as the two vents of the same common crater; besides, according to all appearances, they join at the bottom of the surface, which may be seen. My guide, in leading me as close as possible to the orifice, rolled large stones down; they occasioned a considerable noise, which grew less and less as they travelled on towards the bottom, and ended in a kind of rumbling sound, which after a few seconds entirely subsided. Every time that he hurled one, he exclaimed, "There goes another one for the devil!" The imagination, in effect, is scared, at thinking of the heat and torrents of boiling lava which this fearful abyss contains, and it is impossible to fancy a more frightful hell.

After having contemplated this wonderful and awful phenomenon, one can scarcely be surprised that there are still some of the inhabitants around this mountain, who implicitly believe that the crater of Mount Etna is one of the gates of hell. The man, even, who is the most addicted to philosophical meditations on the phenomena of nature, cannot arm himself with courage sufficient to behold these sulphureous mouths, unmoved. It must strike him that he is approaching the dwelling of infernal deities, and that he may be chastised for his temerity and presumption in thus daring to intrude on their fearful privacy. But on turning one's eyes in the opposite direction, the imagination experiences a most delightful and unspeakable change; then, the soul freeing itself from its physical ties, enjoys all the pleasure of feeling itself isolated amidst scenes of the most gorgeous splendour, and the absence of all human traces, appears to draw us nearer to the Divinity.

It is from the height of the crater that I witnessed the most beautiful phenomenon that perhaps ever falls to the lot of man to witness. The rising of the sun, from the spot on which I stood, is altogether unlike any that I have ever seen before, either on the open sea or anywhere on land. Light and semi-diaphonous clouds, which generally precede the rising, announced to us by their gilded appearance that the horizon was about to be illumined by the approaching sun. Instead of making its appearance from the sea as a disk, it first assumes the shape of a thin, pale crescent, darts an oblique ray on the summit of Etna, and again disappears in the gloomy depths of the ocean, and all is again involved in utter darkness; the next moment it is again seen, but larger, and seems to balance itself on the edge of the horizon; it disappears again, and presently reappears, and so till it presents its whole disk. On turning round to the west, a very different scene presents itself; near the horizon several stars may still be distinguished twinkling in the firmament; night's mantle is still cast over those distant parts; at your feet is a vast plain of snow, bordered by black woods. Below, everything is either wrapped up in mist or darkness; the whole of Sicily seems to form the basis of the mountain, and it is but on one side that light exists. On that side the waves and the horizon blend invisibly into each other by the sparkling brightness of their colours; and from the midst of this assemblage of effulgency and splendour, the sun rises majestically to illumine the world.

The prospect enjoyed from the summit of Mount Etna is so extensive and diversified, that it baffles all attempts at minute description. Towns and villages appear but as mere spots around Etna; the whole looks like a geographical map. I was for some time at a loss to distinguish the line of the sea-shore, the appearance it presents being that of a line traced horizontally in the sky. The whole of Sicily is at the foot of the spectator; a little farther, the gulf of Tarente and part of Calabria; towards the north the Lipari isles, and on the south the island of Malta, which may on a clear day be easily distinguished with the naked eye, although at the distance of 150 miles. H. M.

RAIN WITHOUT CLOUDS.—M. Arago has received a letter from M. Wartmann, that on the 31st of May last, at 7h. 2m., P.M., rain fell at Geneva for six minutes, though the sky was perfectly clear in the zenith, and no clouds in the immediate neighbourhood of it. At first the drops were large and the rain thick, but both became thinner towards the end. The rain was lukewarm, and the thermometer just above the ground stood at 18°. 15 cent.—*Railway Magazine.*

The Novelist.

THE PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE.

ADONIJAH SHUFFLEBOTHAM had a daughter, Kesiah, a year younger than Nehemiah Wragg. She was beautiful as a nymph, and gentle as a lamb, and seemed in her mild loveliness like a stray bird of Paradise, when compared with her more rugged compeers.

It was not in the hearts of two such beings as Nehemiah and Kesiah to enter fully into the violent feelings of animosity that influenced their parents; and though Nehemiah turned out with his faction, it was observed that he declaimed bitterly against the proceeding, and always spoke leniently of the Shufflebothams.

One moonlight evening, shortly after the introduction of the attornies, one of those luckless maidens that are to be found in every village, who, having no business of their own, make it their study to know the business of everybody else, was aware of two figures, a male and female, walking not far from the house of Adonijah Shufflebotham.

She watched them closely—she saw that the arm of the man gently encircled the waist of his companion, and that after walking for some time, he led her to the door of Adonijah, and there took leave of her with a chaste salute.

The next morning it was spread throughout Our Village that Nehemiah Wragg courted Kesiah Shufflebotham, and the astounding intelligence was conveyed forthwith to the ears of Ichabod.

An inquiry was the consequence; and Nehemiah, too proud and too honest to deny the truth, confessed that he loved Kesiah, and that his love was returned—but Ichabod had no sympathy with the feelings of youth; he drove his son from his presence in anger, and from that moment Nehemiah was lost to Our Village. Whither he was gone, or how disposed of, none knew—but all lamented his loss.

The gossip rumour, in like manner, conveyed the unpleasant information to the ears of Adonijah Shufflebotham, and with him it was attended with similar direful effects.

He furiously questioned his poor pale daughter; who, too simple and too innocent to make a denial, and too terrified to justify herself, sank down at his feet in a swoon—but the grey-headed man spurned her from him with a curse.

There were hearts in the village of softer material than that of Adonijah; and the stricken maid was received in the house of a neighbour, that she might abide the passing away of her father's wrath.

There her loss and her sense of utter helplessness became overwhelming, and were too much for her bodily powers to withstand, and sickness overtook her. She lingered for some time, apparently in a doubtful state whether she would continue here or quit this world for a better, where purity such as hers must needs be happy; but at length her youth and a good constitution prevailed, and she displayed slight symptoms of amendment; and the incident of her separation from Nehemiah, painful as it was to her, and, doubtless, also to him, became of happy consequences to the families of both.

Several months had elapsed, and no tidings had been received of Nehemiah, and he began, by common consent, to be ranked amongst the dead. His father bitterly lamented his loss, for in the secret corner of the old man's heart his name and lineaments were firmly graven—and often, and often, in his silent solitude did Ichabod accuse himself of the death of his son, and fervently wish that he were then the husband of Kesiah Shufflebotham.

Adonijah, also, had feelings of a similar tendency. He saw his daughter—his dear, his favourite daughter—silently suffering, not only disease, but that worst of anguish, the heart's utter hopelessness; and he heard on all hands, and could not help feeling it to be true, that his hard-hearted cruelty had helped to bring her to what she was; that, instead of being a support to her in her affliction, he had pressed the weight of sorrow with an unflinching hand upon her, and helped to bow her down to the dust.

As time progressed, the gentle Kesiah slowly improved; and, too feeble to support herself, was led by her kind-hearted entertainer to sit in the sun for an hour in the middle of the day, on a grassy bank not far from the house. The hour was well known to the young people of Our Village; and, daily as she sat there, she found herself surrounded by some or other of them, provided with a nosegay or a simple flower, or some other trifle that they knew would be acceptable to her.

An old man passed the spot several days together, and gazed at Kesiah with much earnestness, and with a look of feeling and of anguish. Again he passed; and he stopped some time to gaze upon her, and then passed on; but on the next day he came to see her, and, after looking upon her piteously for a little time, he rushed towards her, seized her hand—and, kissing it, sobbed out a blessing upon her. It was Ichabod Wragg!

The incident soon spread far and wide, and the blessing that Ichabod Wragg had bestowed upon Kesiah Shufflebotham was returned to him tenfold by the inhabitants of Our Village.

Adonijah also heard of it, and, in the first moment of disappointed selfishness, he felt as if Ichabod had invaded his right, and deprived him of some portion of the sympathy

due to a suffering child; but a better feeling prevailed, and he became sensible that Ichabod had set him an example that it would be sinful not to follow. He soon afterwards found himself at the bedside of his daughter, and all was peace between them!

Adonijah and Ichabod daily paid their visits to the suffering Kesiah, and it was not long before they met together over the bed of sickness. At first the feeling was an awkward one on both sides. There was a remembrance of ancient wrongs and grievances, and a struggling with old prejudices and antipathies, and a frown darkened the countenances of the two men who for years had been opposed to each other. But all vanished as a dream when Ichabod, acting upon a better impulse than that of his reason's conviction, tendered the hand of peace to Adonijah.

Adonijah accepted the proffered hand, and whilst the two palms were united in something like friendly greeting, the two old sinners looked at each other with a shake of the head, and a leer in which there was much latent humour, and a look that implied that each was glad to see that his old opponent had at length discovered the error of his ways.

The reconciliation of Adonijah and Ichabod was followed by the reconciliation of their respective followers and friends.

Adonijah and Ichabod now become as firm friends as they had formerly been enemies, united together to improve and enlarge Our Village, and at the same time to improve and enlarge their own fortunes, in which they became eminently successful.

They acquired considerable quantities of land by more honest means than those by which they acquired their first locations, and invited settlers from a distance; and being naturally shrewd energetic men, and possessed of a certain degree of influence as the patriarchs of the village, they succeeded in their object.

Thus matters proceeded for a period of six years or upwards after the reconciliation of the two families, and Our Village attained a great degree of prosperity.

On the morning of the fair crowds of strangers, dressed in their holiday clothes, entered Our Village, and an assemblage of those who usually took the lead amongst us, including Adonijah and Ichabod, having gone upon the ground and formally announced the commencement of the fair, its business, its pleasures, and its frolics were not long ere they burst forth in all their glory.

Adonijah and Ichabod, after attending the ceremony of opening the fair, had retired from the bustle; but on the second day, having heard so good an account of the first, they agreed to walk through it together, and to take Kesiah betwixt them under their joint protection.

They accordingly went and viewed all its wonders—looked at the stores and goods arranged in beautiful and tasteful order, and admired and wondered at each thing they saw, and at the vast company collected together. They strolled on, gazing at this thing and at that, until they found themselves opposite to the booth where the facetious Merryandrew was amusing a delighted audience. There he was, in all the dignity of paint and tinsel, twisting himself about in the most singularly droll evolutions, and exhibiting a face that defied gravity herself to maintain her stoic indifference, and dealing witticisms right and left that drew forth shouts of laughter from the assembled multitude.

Adonijah and Ichabod pressed through the crowd and got to the front, with Kesiah betwixt them linking an arm with each.

Wild were the antics and the jests of the Merryandrew, and wild were the delighted screams of the spectators; but he caught a glimpse of Kesiah and her companions—his mirth ceased—he rolled off the stage on which he stood, and knelt at the feet of the group. The facetious Merryandrew was the long-lost Nehemiah Wragg!

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the scene that ensued. Kesiah sank down in a swoon, and her two aged companions were in little better condition. Some friends who were present conveyed the whole party away to the house of Adonijah; and the wonderful return of Nehemiah Wragg being soon spread through the village, all the relatives on both sides were soon assembled there to satisfy themselves of the truth of his re-appearance.

Nehemiah had a long tale to tell—a long account to give of sufferings and privations, and a very small per contra account of enjoyments, during the time he had been away from Our Village.

He at first, it appeared, had travelled as far from his native home as his money would enable him to do without stopping. He then got work as a farm-labourer, which, after some time, he quitted, and entered into the service of a gentleman as groom. He remained in that capacity until his master died, after which he was reduced to great distress, and joined a company of strolling players—the whole party were taken into custody, and imprisoned as rogues and vagabonds; and after his liberation he had a narrow escape of being enlisted for a soldier, but instead of that got employment as a hand in a coasting vessel. There he remained some time, at very hard work and for very little wages, and was ultimately wrecked. Quitting the sea, he assumed the original occupation of his father, and traversed the country as an itinerant tinker,

and ultimately he joined the company with which he visited Our Village, to whom his wit and drollery rendered him a valuable acquisition, though his heart was frequently ready to burst with anguish when he appeared the very personification of mirth and jollity.

During the whole time of his absence he had heard no tidings of Kesiah nor of his own family, and knowing the implacable enmity that existed betwixt his father and Adonijah, he saw little chance that good would result from any inquiry he might institute. He had, therefore, remained silent, and striven with might and main to forget Our Village and all that it contained. But that might not be; for in the midst of his hardships, and in the hour of his deepest distress, a figure was present to his fancy, and floating visions passed before him in his dreams, bearing comfort to him, and telling him of happiness to come, and that figure was always prominent in the scenes that were at those times pictured to his imagination, and always promoted and shared in the blessings that he in fancy enjoyed.

It cannot, therefore, be surprising that when Nehemiah, by an accident, heard of the rapid increase of Our Village, and of the fair intended to be holden there, he prevailed on his companions to travel a considerable distance out of their way to attend it; trusting, as he did, that he should have some opportunity to see Kesiah, and entertaining an undefined hope that something would occur favourable to his wishes. With what did occur the reader is acquainted.

The bustle and excitement of our great undertaking being over, the people of Our Village had leisure to think of something else, and they rushed almost in a body to congratulate Nehemiah and Kesiah. The two families of Shufflebotham and Wragg manfully came forward to take the stroller by the hand, and placed him in business with themselves, and an immediate marriage was concluded upon betwixt the two, who, it was well known, had long been united in heart.

And such a marriage it was! No nonsensical parade—no affected postponement—no driving away to spend some time out of the sight and hearing of their friends. No!—the Wednesday after the fair was named for the wedding, and publicly announced in the village, and we all thought that we had not only a right, but that it was our bounden duty to be present.

On the morning of the wedding Nehemiah and Kesiah walked to the altar, accompanied by every one of their respective families, and followed by the entire of Our Village, man, woman, and child, that was able to walk. We considered it a holiday, and we made it a feast.

After the ceremony we all accompanied them back to the house of Adonijah S botham, and there the whole multitu nounced a loud and a fervent blessin them, and departed.

Such was their wedding, and the blessed—blessed in their fortunes, fo have been prosperous—and in their for they have children, who are v and prosperous also.

Adonijah Shufflebotham and I Wragg lived several years after thi saw their children and their children dren flourishing about them, and at sank into the grave, full of years, and ing with them the respect and the re of their survivors—a proof that, alth man may commence life in error, h by the Divine assistance, terminate i factorily.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Arts and Sciences.

THE EXPERIMENTAL ASCENT OF TH SAU BALLOON, ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 4,

Mr. Green's Narrative.

It will be remembered by our reade viewed the progress of the aërostat chines, at the different courses th floating bodies struck into shortly aft had left the spot whence they had Even to the spectator that fact bore proof of the existence of varied curr air, although the substance operated first appeared to be moving at nearl elevations. The results to which the as affecting the Nassau balloon, has l the different effects to which it w ject during the journey, we have been favoured with by Mr. Green, to whc science of aërostation is more dee debted than to any individual who has made that peculiar branch of disco study. It will, by a careful perusal account, be seen, that effects hithe observed were produced, and with accuracy marked by the three travelle by neither of them with more avidity, more anxiety, than by Mr. Rush, from memoranda a great proportion of the p lars have been furnished. Independen details contained in Mr. Green's versic gentleman and Mr. Spencer have in us, that, after they had "o'ertopped opponent, the appearance it present that of a large body skimming alo surface of the earth, although a por that time it was as far therefrom a feet. Since their arrival in town th parties have been told, that the Nass loon was visible to the eye of the ga an hour after it had quitted the g It is clear, then, such being the ca balloon must have been seen in L when it had reached a distance of 3(from the metropolis.

Mr. Green's narrative is as follows:

"My ascent on Tuesday last from Vauxhall-gardens, in the great Nassau balloon, was in company with Mr. Edward Spencer, and Mr. Rush, of Elsenham-hall, Essex, who had intimated to me his desire to make an ascent of considerable elevation, with a view of ascertaining the greatest altitude that could with safety be attained with three persons in the car; and further, to ascertain the changes of temperature that would take place at different elevations, as well as the variations of the currents of air; and, finally, to establish the important fact, as to whether the same difficulties existed with regard to respiration in a very rarified atmosphere by persons ascending with a balloon to any great altitude, as have been felt and described by persons who have ascended lofty mountains.

"Ever since I constructed the Nassau balloon I have had a strong desire to set these questions at rest, and I therefore feel great pleasure in being able to communicate to the public (through the medium of your journal) the result of our experiments, extracted from our minutes out of Mr. Rush's note-book, and which were made by him at short intervals during the progress of our ascent and descent.

"We left the earth at 25 minutes before 7 p.m., with two barometers standing each at 30 inches. One of these instruments, as well as a thermometer, was furnished by Mr. Rush, constructed on the most accurate principles, and made expressly for the purpose by Mr. Jones, optician, of Charing-cross. The thermometer stood at 66° Fahrenheit. During our ascent, the barometer and thermometer, at our different elevations, varied thus:—

BAROMETER.	THERMOMETER.
30 inches.	66 degrees.
23 —	56 —
21 —	53 —
19 —	46 —
18 —	42 —
17 —	39 —
16 —	35 —
15 —	25 —
Greatest altitude 14. 70	25 —

"On our first rising from the Gardens we took a north-westerly direction, and continued that course until we arrived over Vauxhall-bridge, when we were at an elevation of 2,500 feet. The line then changed to the north, and shortly after to north-east. All the time we were passing over the metropolis we discharged ballast, and rose in proportion. We then pursued our journey, passing over Dalston, Lea-bridge, and Epping, in which direction we continued with but little variation, leaving Dunmow, in Essex, on our left. At this period we had attained our greatest altitude; namely, 19,335 feet, or 3¾ miles and 855 feet. It was now that, for the first time, our view of the earth was intercepted by a stratum of cloud, which was apparently somewhere about 6,000 feet below us. In consequence of the vast quantity of ballast that we continued to discharge after having cleared the metropolis, our ascent became very rapid, and from the great expansion of the inflating power the gas rushed out from the lower valve in considerable torrents. The velocity of our upward progress caused the balloon and car to rotate in a spiral motion on its axis with astonishing rapidity. (A similar operation takes place, although not to so great an extent, on all occasions of a rapid ascent or descent.) During our ascension we, at different periods, threw overboard about 1,200 lb. of ballast, reserving only 100 lb. by which to regulate our descent.

"Our course then veered to the north over Thaxted. We were now under the influence of the same current as that which governed our progress immediately on quitting *terra firma*, and the balloon was propelled over Debden, where we effected our descent, at five minutes after 8 o'clock, having accomplished the voyage in one hour and 30 minutes. We reached the earth in a field near Rowney-wood, in the parish of Debden, a distance of 47 miles from Vauxhall-gardens, three miles south of Saffron Walden, and only five miles from the residence of our fellow-voyager, Mr. Rush, to whose house we at once proceeded, and after having partaken of his hospitality, passed the night.

"It will be perceived by the table I have given above, that at our greatest altitude the mercury in the barometer had fallen to 14 inches 70, giving an elevation of 19,335 feet. Since my arrival in London the matter has undergone a calculation by Mr. Jones, the optician, from which the following results have been arrived at:—

Barometer at starting . .	30.
Ditto at greatest elevation .	14. 70.
Thermometer . . .	66.
Ditto . . .	25.
Approximate feet	18,826
Allowance for temperature .	509
Total elevation . .	19,335,

or 3¾ miles, minus 465 feet.

"During our descent, when at 1,200 feet from the earth, we encountered a heavy fall of snow, which lasted for half an hour, accompanied with a sudden and very great reduction of temperature, the thermometer dropping to 22 degrees, or 10 degrees below freezing point. The mercury in the barometer at this moment had risen to 19 inches. By a comparison of this state of the two glasses with that which they presented as

we went up, it will be seen that, at the same elevation, whilst the barometer was at 19, and thermometer at 46, the former retained its position, but the latter had fallen to 22, thereby showing a reduction of temperature in the course of one hour, at the same elevation, of 24 degrees. I mention this circumstance for the purpose of directing the attention of the scientific world to those local and sudden changes of temperature which in the course of my numerous ascents I have often experienced.

"I have further to observe, that although the air near the earth was in a tranquil state, the current by which the balloon was principally operated upon, (namely, south by west,) must have been moving at the rate of at least 60 miles an hour; for, notwithstanding the rapidity of our ascent and descent, which necessarily formed a powerful resistance to this horizontal current, we travelled at an average speed of 30 miles per hour.

"When at an elevation of 15,000 feet, we discerned in the south-east an extremely vivid flash of lightning.

"With reference to the fact of there being a supposed natural difficulty of respiration at great altitudes above the earth's surface, as mentioned in the works of Humboldt and other celebrated travellers, by whom it has been painfully experienced in their ascents of high mountains, I am inclined, from the circumstance of an opposite result having been produced upon ourselves on this occasion, to imagine that the fatigue and depression of the muscular powers produced by the accomplishment of their journey, must alone have led to such an end. Mr. Rush, Mr. Spencer, and myself, at no moment, even when at our greatest elevation, laboured under the slightest inconvenience in respect to a difficulty of respiration. We breathed with the utmost ease, and as freely as when walking on the earth's surface."—*Times, Sept.* 7, 1838.

THE ESTABLISHMENT AT POINT PUER, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND,

FOR JUVENILE CONVICTS.

[In vol. xxvi., p. 249, of the *Mirror*, a view of the above Establishment is given, accompanied by elucidatory remarks. But this vital measure having since that period been the subject of the most serious attention of the legislature, we subjoin from the "Report on Transportation," the following interesting particulars; printed by order of the House of Commons:]—

The juvenile establishment at Point Puer was formed in January, 1834; the system, with little variation, has not deviated from that which was first established, the daily routine of duties are as follows, viz., the boys rise at five o' clock, roll up and stow their hammocks and bedding; this done, the whole are assembled together, when a portion of Scripture and a suitable morning-prayer is read by the catechist, after which the boys leave the barracks, wash and amuse themselves within the prescribed bounds (extending about a quarter of a mile) preparatory to being inspected as to personal cleanliness previous to breakfast, which takes place at seven o'clock; it consists of ten ounces of bread, one pint of gruel made from two ounces of flour: the meal ended, they again disperse till the general muster for the labours of the day, commencing at eight o'clock; they continue at work until twelve, when the bell rings for leaving off; they then prepare and wash themselves, previous to being again inspected as to personal cleanliness for dinner at half-past twelve; this meal consists of three-quarters of a pound of fresh or salt beef, or half-a-pound of salt pork, ten ounces of pudding made from seven ounces of flour, with the fat procured from boiling the meat, or one pint of soup thickened with one ounce of flour, one pound of cabbage or turnip, or one pint of soup made from boiling the meat, and eight ounces of bread, or half-a-pound of potatoes in lieu of other vegetables; they are again mustered for labour at half-past one o'clock, in the interim amusing themselves; they are kept at work until five o'clock; their supper is prepared by half-past five, previous to which they are inspected: this latter meal consists of the same as breakfast. The entire ration allowed to the boys at this establishment, is the same as issued to the men at the penal settlement; viz., one pound and three-quarters of flour, three-quarters of a pound of fresh or salt beef, or half-a-pound of salt pork, one pound of cabbage or turnip, or half-a-pound of potatoes, quarter of an ounce of salt, and half an ounce of soap, per diem; two ounces of raisins, as an indulgence, is given to each boy on Sunday for pudding. The portion of raisins of such as have misconducted themselves during the week is forfeited, and given to the well-behaved.

The boys are divided into messes of from ten to twelve each; corporals are appointed (one from each mess), who fall in regularly prior to each meal, and march to the cook-house to draw the ration for their respective messes, when it is taken to the barrack-room, and divided by them under the inspection of the superintendent, or principal overseer; some of the boys most conversant with figures, generally attend at the cook-house to see justice done them in weighing out the provisions.

At a quarter past six the boys are mustered for school, which continues one hour, when the evening is closed by singing the evening hymn; a portion of Scripture being read, and finally with an appropriate prayer, as in the morning; after this the boys retire to bed.

Lights are kept burning in the barracks, and a watch is kept by the overseers alternately during the night.

On Saturday afternoon no work is performed, except by such as have misconducted themselves during the week; but the whole of them are examined by the surgeon with their shirts off, to ascertain their bodily state of health and capabilities for the different occupations to which they have been assigned during the week.

On Sunday the boys rise as usual, attend morning-prayers, and at nine o'clock a clean shirt and soap is issued to them for the week; at half-past ten they are mustered for Divine service, which is held in the barracks; dinner at one, school from half-past two until half-past four, supper at five, and Divine service in the evening at six, which is performed by the superintendent officiating as catechist (occasionally by the Wesleyan minister attached to Port Arthur); the prayers read are those of the Established Church of England, and on each occasion an approved sermon, adapted to the comprehension of the congregation, is delivered, at the close of which the boys are catechised on the subject of the discourse. It affords much pleasure to observe, from the answers given, that a considerable degree of attention to the subject must have been paid, though the voluntary answers given appear to be confined to a few only, and those generally by such as are more devoutly disposed.

The plan pursued in the daily school is that commonly in use in England prior to the introduction of the national-school system. The instruction given at Point Puer is confined to plain reading, writing, and the simple rules of arithmetic, under the inspection of the superintendent, aided by the overseers and men attached to the establishment, who act as teachers in the various departments, according to their abilities.

The school is at present held in the apartment in the barracks, which cannot be avoided until the erection of the contemplated building of chapel and school-room combined; this will also afford an opportunity of introducing the Lancasterian system in the school, which the present arrangement of the barrack-room will not admit. The boys are divided into two divisions, (who are subdivided into classes,) one of which is engaged in reading, spelling, and exercises in the arithmetical tables, whilst the other is writing and cyphering.

On Sunday afternoon, the school duties are confined to reading and spelling, learning and repeating the Church Catechism.

The books used in the school are the Bible and New Testament, Psalter and common spelling-book. A small library is at present in possession of this establishment, consisting of books chiefly furnished through the kindness of different individuals who have visited Point Puer, a small donation from the Religious Tract Society, London, together with a number of tracts presented by different persons, of which the boys frequently avail themselves during their leisure hours.

The Sabbath is passed in a strictly devout manner, and at all times profane, blasphemous, and indecent language or conduct is checked and punished.

The trades taught are such as are most likely to be useful in a new country, and consist of boot and shoe-makers, carpenters, blacksmiths, nailors, tailors, coopers, bakers, kitchen-gardeners, and sawyers, a few are about to be put to book-binding and turning, in the different branches. In addition to the above, a number of boys have been removed to Port Arthur (where every attention possible is paid in keeping them separate from the adults), for the purpose of learning stone-cutting and boat-building. The instructors of those trades are selected from the more steady and intelligent men belonging to the penal settlement, who have hitherto evinced themselves zealous in forwarding the boys, and exemplary in other respects in their conduct. Many of the boys have already been assigned as being good and useful mechanics.

The boys on their arrival are employed in what is termed the "labouring-gang," breaking up new ground, cultivating the Government garden, carrying sawn timber from the pits for use and shipment, making roads, felling, cross-cutting, and splitting timber for firewood, for the use of the establishment, carrying the same, washing and cooking, cleaning in and about the barracks, and all duties connected with their own wants and attendance. The whole of the boys, more or less, are taught the use of husbandry tools, the axe, the saw, &c. The benefit of their services is of importance to the establishment generally; for instance, the carpenters have recently prepared a portion of the fittings for the church now erecting at Port Arthur, and several articles of furniture for various government buildings; they have erected almost the whole of the buildings forming their own establishment, together with making all necessary repairs. The sawyers have prepared the greater part of the material for the same, and, in addition, assisted in cutting timber to supply the requisitions made by the different departments in Hobart Town. The shoemakers make the whole of the boots supplied to the boys and overseers, and a considerable number for the establishment at Port Arthur. The nailors assist in making spriggs for the above, nails for the shipwrights' establishment. Tailors in like manner make up the clothing for the boys at the establishment, and occasionally for the prisoners at Port Arthur. Blacksmiths make and repair pick-axes, &c., sharpen tools for the stone-cutters,

&c., &c., and in a variety of ways as necessity requires; indeed the whole prove extremely useful to the establishment.

The clothing furnished to the boys is the same as that allowed to other prisoners throughout the colony; viz. two jackets, two pairs of trousers, two pairs of boots, two striped cotton shirts, one cloth waistcoat, and a cap, annually; the above, if the material is good, and proper attention paid to timely repairs, is quite sufficient. The bedding consists of one rug, one blanket, one bed-tick or hammock. As the barrack-room is rather cold, I have taken upon myself to issue an extra blanket to the boys who conduct themselves, but which is taken from them when sleeping in the cells, &c., or under punishment.

The most trivial crime or irregularity is not permitted to pass without punishment in proportion to the degree or nature of the offence, which consists in confinement to the muster-ground during cessation from labour, where no amusement is allowed, and the boys so confined are required to do the duties of scavengers. The next grade of punishment, where a more refractory spirit is evinced, is to be placed in a cell immediately labour ceases, and receive their meals therein, where no talking or noise is permitted; they also sleep in them, but attend school, and are confined until they manifest a disposition to amendment. The next grade of punishment is confinement in a cell on bread and water; one pound of bread per diem only is the scale of ration for solitary confinement, and when under this sentence they perform no labour. The periods generally are very short; these cells are five feet six inches by three feet six inches. In cases of more determined violation of the regulations, the offender is sentenced to punishment on the breech. This measure is never resorted to until every other means to reform have been tried without effect, unless under some particular circumstances, such as a mutinous disposition. It has been found necessary to keep up a very strict line of discipline at this establishment, much more so than I would wish, though I am still happy to say that few offences are committed (considering the number and character of the boys) that come under the head of serious ones.

STATUES OF THE METROPOLIS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

THE attention of the public having lately been called to the above interesting subject, I transmit what I believe is a tolerably correct register of such statues as have been erected in the open air, in London, and its environs.

"It is a matter of surprise," says a correspondent of the *Times*," to foreigners who visit our metropolis, the hive of nations, that although it so much exceeds, in its extent and the vastness of its population, in its riches, and in its industry, every other city—although so much care is devoted to keep it in that trimness, and give it that sunshiny and halcyon look by which it is more especially distinguished from every other city—and although it is acknowledged that the genius of the nation is capable of appreciating what is meritorious in works of art, yet that in the designs both of their public and domestic architecture, the citizens of London fall lamentably below the standard of taste which exists in many, if not most, of the second and third-rate cities of Europe—nay, that this anomaly should be more apparent in the capital than in many of the privincial and manufacturing towns of the kingdom, is remarkable. But, without alluding to the cause of so strange a fact, we briefly come to the immediate subject of this notice. One feature which more particularly distinguishes the continental cities from our own, and which at once strikes the English traveller, is the number of statues erected in the public places, in the open air, to the memory of their kings, or consecrated by a grateful people to those who, either as statesmen, leaders, or philosophers, have proved themselves the benefactors or the ornaments of their country. We will undertake to say, that there is hardly a third-rate town of civilized Europe which does not exhibit as many testimonials of its respect in this manner as are displayed throughout the vast metropolis of Britain. The paucity of public monuments (for those can hardly be reckoned as public, although erected at public cost, which are encaged and closely guarded within the walls of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the exhibition of which is regarded as private right and property) is indeed a subject of surprise and regret—of surprise, that in a people, amongst whom neither talent, wealth, nor will are wanting, the last and greatest public demonstration of gratitude to benefactors has been so scantily displayed—of regret, that the national character is lowered in the eyes of strangers, and that the designation of a shopkeeping people, bestowed on us by Napoleon, should in this respect, at least, seem not to have been undeserved. Within the wide circuit of ancient Rome every square, street, and alley, was alive with effigies of its patriots and its heroes; and it is recorded as a saying of the Emperor Adrian, that the living population of the city scarcely surpassed in number the statues which gratitude had caused to be erected for public services performed, or which the patriotism of private citizens had created to decorate the capital of the empire. The greater number of the capitals of continental Europe -- Paris, Berlin, Florence, Milan, St. Petersburgh, &c., and indeed most

of its cities of any note, are decorated with the works of ancient or modern art. Their gardens, squares, and bridges are the places on which they are displayed; and although many of them are hardly deserving the criticism of the connoisseur, yet, taken as a whole, it cannot be denied that they confer a character of grandeur and beauty on the continental cities which we in vain look for in our own."

It is indeed surprising, that our public monuments are so few; and that not one has hitherto been erected in honour of either our poets, painters, or mechanics.*

CATALOGUE.

KING ALFRED.

There is a wretched-looking statue of the above monarch in front of Trinity-Church, Southwark.

HENRY VIII.

In front of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

EDWARD VI.†

One of bronze, by Scheemaker, in the centre court of St. Thomas's Hospital; and one in the front of Christ's Hospital.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

One at Lord Hertford's villa, in the Regent's Park; which stood originally on the west side of Ludgate, and afterwards placed at the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street. There is also another in front of Temple-bar.

JAMES I.

In the front of Temple-bar.

CHARLES I.

The equestrian statue at Charing-cross, by the celebrated La Soeur. It was cast for the Earl of Arundel, and was not erected there till 1687: the pedestal is the work of Grinlin Gibbons. There was another statue formerly in front of the Royal Exchange, which was uninjured; and there is a third in front of Temple-bar.

CHARLES II.

Of this monarch there are five statues: 1, formerly in the front of the Royal Exchange, undestroyed; 2, in the quadrangle of the same building, also undestroyed; 3, in front of Temple-bar; 4, a pedestrian statue in Soho-square. This was placed there by his unfortunate son, the Duke of Monmouth, whose house it faced, and which stood on the ground now called Bateman's Buildings; and 5, one in bronze, at Chelsea Hospital.

JAMES II.

At the back of Whitehall, stands the bronze statue of James II. It was cast by Grinlin Gibbons in 1687, the year previous to his forfeiture.

WILLIAM III.

One, on horseback, in St. James's-square. It is by the younger Bacon.

QUEEN ANNE.

One in front of St. Paul's Cathedral; and another in Queen-square, Westminster.

GEORGE I.

One in the Roll's Court, Chancery-lane; another (equestrian) in Grosvenor-square, by Van Nort, and was erected by Sir Robert Grosvenor, in 1726; and a third, also equestrian, in Leicester-square: it is of bronze, and was modelled by C. Buchard, for the Duke of Chandos, and stood in the centre of the first quadrangle, at his seat at Canons. The statue at the top of the steeple of the church of St. George, Bloomsbury, is also of George I. The architect who placed the king at such an exalted and curious station, was named J. Hawksmann.

GEORGE II.

In the great quadrangle of Greenwich Hospital. It is by Risbrach.

GEORGE III.

Of this monarch, there is one of the finest statues in Europe, in the quadrangle in Somerset-place, Strand; it is of bronze, and by that skilful artist the elder Bacon. There is another (equestrian) in Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, by Mr. Wyatt; ‡ and a third at Windsor.

GEORGE IV.

Of this munificent patron of the fine arts, there is only one, and that is at King's Cross, Battle Bridge. It is not worthy to be called a statue.

FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK. §

The pillar erected, by public subscription, to his memory, in Charlton Gardens.

DUKE OF KENT.

In bronze, by Gahagan, at the top of Portland-place. ‖

WILLIAM PITT.

In Hanover-square: it is of bronze, by Chantry.

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

In Russell-square: the artist is Westmacott.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

In Bloomsbury-square: it is of bronze, by Westmacott.

* It is true, we have some sepulchral effigies to the memories of a few of such illustrious men; but they are, unfortunately, hid from 'the million,' being erected in places seldom visited. In fact, such are not public statues; to render them so, they ought to be placed in our most conspicuous situations, to be witnessed by every one; and not huddled up where no one can see them without paying; but, as Sterne says, "they order these matters better in France." We must, however, satisfy ourselves with the fond hope, that wiser and more liberal days are in store for us.

† There were formerly three statues in the front of Guildhall Chapel, of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles I. They have been carefully preserved and repaired by order of the corporation, and will shortly be placed in the east end of Guildhall, where three niches are being prepared for them: the statue of Elizabeth is particularly fine.

‡ See *Mirror*, No. 792. p. 113. § Vol. xx. p. 417. ‖ No. 61, p. 481.

GEORGE CANNING. *
Facing Old Palace-yard : by Westmacott.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.
In Burton Crescent.

THOMAS GUY.
In the centre of the square of his hospital, in the Borough : it is of bronze, by Scheemaker.

ROBERT ASKE.
At the entrance of his Alms-houses, at Hoxton.

SIR R. CLAYTON.
In one of the court yards of St. Thomas's Hospital: it is of stone.

JAMES HUBERT.
In the court yard of the Fishmongers' Alms-houses, Newington.

THE ACHILLES IN HYDE-PARK,
Is the only one now to be mentioned. The figure is 18 feet in height; and is the work of Westmacott.

As the above is a list of statues erected in the open air, perhaps I should not be strictly correct in classing among them those of Sir Thomas Gresham, and Sir John Barnard, formerly in the Royal Exchange; not mentioning the series of English monarchs which also embellished the same far-famed structure. Σ.

* No. 705, p. 81.

New Books.

LORD LINDSAY'S TRAVELS.*

Egypt.

[Perhaps the most be-travelled places in all the world are the sacred countries, Greece and Rome:—Rome, emphatically styled by Byron, the Niobe of nations; her progenitor where Homer wrote and Sappho sung: and Palestina—

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross.

But in an exact ratio to the distance of the object and the obscurity of its chronicles, does imagination (and something higher in our nature we hope) fondly measure the footsteps of departed days. Rome has a terrible sublimity about it. But we venture to say that this is to be traced to something more appalling as a moral phenomenon than the clash of arms and din of victory and struggle; and the renown of mighty deeds which we are apt to identify with the Eternal City. In short, the interest would be a merely cold classic one, (as in the case of Greece,) did one not unite those memorable associations with it, which recognise that city with the system located in it, which has borne such an influence for evil on mankind; and those declarations, which, from education and belief we hold sacred, of its impending doom; as the head of the mystical city of confusion —" Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen!" But how do our feelings, in meditating on the Scripture countries, revel, in unalloyed sublimity, (for the characters there have been made plain, and neither the social, the intellectual, nor the moral principles of our nature are darkened with a veil;) and we read in their past and present history and condition, as in a printed book, some of the most memorable lessons and deep-toned sentiments which the moral Governor of the universe would commend to the attention of his intelligent creatures. Hence every book of travels on the East, if penned by a person possessing any sentiment or moral sympathy, has ever awakened earnest attention on the part of the public; and the appetite increases by what it feeds on; instance Buckingham's exquisite Lectures on the Scripture countries, which ought to be listened to by every Sabbath School in the kingdom; his Book of Travels, Cærnes, Irby, Mangles, and twenty others, which have been published during the last ten years. Lord Lindsay is a young author: his style rather discursive, and apparently flippant; which it would be, but for redeeming characteristics, which makes us regret that he wanders over so much ground, and touches upon so many things, when he can so well illustrate and express himself, when he sets down in good earnest upon any given topic.]

Alexandria.

So much for this " City of the Dead!" living Alexandria is equally interesting, though strangely different; turbaned Turks, wild Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Jews—every nation seems to have its representatives here; and the strings of camels towering along, the women gliding about in their long veils, with holes only for the eyes to peep out at—graceful in their carriage, some carrying their children at their sides, others astride on their shoulders—are objects thoroughly Oriental. The Arabs, especially, drest just like the Ishmaelites and Midianites of old, carry one's imagination further yet back even than the catacombs—far, far into antiquity—to the days of Joseph and the Patriarchs.

But it is no use attempting to sketch so varied and shifting a scene; though already it be somewhat familiar to me, my ideas are still all in a whirl. One is really bewildered too with the crowd of associations, ancient and modern, this place teems with, independent of visible objects; — Alexander the Great, who intended to make it the seat of his empire, and the emporium of the world, which indeed it became under the Ptolemies, as the link between India and the West—the museum, the library, the revival of Greek

* Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land: 2 vols. Colburn.

literature and philosophy under the enlightened successors of Alexander—the version of the Old Testament by the seventy-two interpreters, if we may believe the old legend, though its falsity cannot affect the historical fact, that the Law and the Prophets were translated into Greek nearly three centuries before our Saviour's birth, and while those wonderful prophecies of Daniel about the kings of the North and the South, the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ, were actually fulfilling* —Cæsar, Cleopatra, Anthony, and Shakspeare's play—Mark and his ministry, the school of Clement and Origen, Athanasius, the noble patriarch, and his chequered fortunes during a lifetime devoted to the defence of God's truth against Arius—Amrou and the Saracens—and lastly, after twelve hundred years of silence and decay, Abercrombie, gallant Abercrombie, his Highland hearts around him, the cry of victory in his ear,

"Looking *meekly* to heaven from his death-bed of fame!"

What varied scenes—what opposite characters—what warring influences of good and evil!

[The next sketch is of the Pasha of Egypt, whose present position, in the critical condition of the destinies of the East, is still fraught with deep interest, as his fortunes hitherto have displayed him to Europe.]

Mohammed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt.

We have received the kindest attentions from every one. Colonel Campbell, our Consul-general, has procured us every thing we could desire in the way of passports, firmans, &c. He introduced us to the Pasha a few evenings ago; as it is now Ramadan, (the Turkish Lent, during which they fast all day and feast all night,) he receives after sunset. We visited the old spider in his den, the citadel, where he ensnared and murdered the Mamelukes. Ascending a broad marble passage on an inclined plane, (the substitute for a staircase,) and traversing a lofty antechamber crowded with attendants, we found ourselves in the presence-chamber, a noble saloon, richly ornamented, but without an article of furniture, except a broad divan, or sofa, extending round the three sides of the room, in one corner of which squatted his Highness Mohammed Ali. Six wax-candles, ten feet high, stood in a row in the centre of the hall, yet gave but little light.

About half an hour's conversation ensued between Colonel Campbell and the Pasha, chiefly statistical, and interesting as showing his singular and intimate knowledge, extending to the minutest details, of every thing going on in his dominions.† He does, in fact, every thing himself; he has made a great deal of Egypt, considered as his private property, but at the expense of the people, who are fewer in number, and those few far more miserable than they were before his time.

And how could it be otherwise?‡ He "has drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day. His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country within a few years is said to be extraordinary. Every where the land is falling

* These prophecies of Daniel, foretelling the sufferings and persecutions of the Jews, from Alexander's successors in Syria and Egypt, till the end of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, during a disastrous period of 160 years, are, if possible, more surprising and astonishing, than even his grand prophetic period of 2300 years, and the several successions of empire, or the four temporal kingdoms, that were to precede the spiritual kingdom of God upon earth. The magnificence of the whole scheme, comprising the fortunes of all mankind, seems to be an object suitable to the Omniscient Governor of the Universe, calculated to excite awe and admiration; but the minuteness of detail, exhibited in this part, exceeds that of any existing history of those times. The prophecy is really more concise and comprehensive, and yet more circumstantial and complete, than any history. No one historian has related so many circumstances, and in such exact order of time and place, as the prophet; so that it was necessary to have recourse to several authors, Greek and Roman, Jewish and Christian, for the better explaining and illustrating the great variety of particulars contained in this prophecy.—The astonishing exactness with which this minute prophetic detail has been fulfilled, furnishes the strongest pledge, from analogy, that the remaining prophecies were and will be as exactly fulfilled, each in their proper season."—*Dr. Hales' Analysis of Chronology*, vol. ii. p. 556.

† "We walked straight into the Divan Chamber without being announced, or any ceremony whatever. The renowned Mohammed Ali was squatting in one corner of the room, smoking a most superb pipe, clustered with whole handfuls of diamonds; we all, after bowing, sat down on each side of him. Coffee was brought to each in the small cups like egg-cups, in beautiful filagree stands, universally used in the East; a pipe is never given but to a peer. He sent for his interpreter, and Colonel Campbell sustained the conversation for three quarters of an hour nearly. The Pasha spoke most practically and statistically of all his manufactures and undertakings, entered into all the details of ship-building, and the merits of particular woods, told us of some extraordinary instance of his *lenient rule*, in the case of a village which he had pardoned its contributions, informed us he had exported 425,000 quintals of cotton last year, and so on.

"He did not address any of his guests, but I observed his sharp cunning eye fixing itself on every one. The light was not strong enough to remark minutely, but I can agree with former travellers as to the vivid expression of his eye, and, for the rest, under a huge tarboosh and immense white beard and mustachioes, it is absurd to talk of, or to have any clear idea of the expression of his face; but an expression I have read somewhere, 'his cold heartless laugh,' came suddenly into my head when I heard him laugh: it sounded hard, cold, and pleasureless, and enough to make any one freeze whose head was at his mercy."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

‡ The following observations on the present state of Egypt are extracted from Mr. Ramsay's Journal; I have substituted them for my own, which were nearly to the same effect, though shorter and less interesting.

out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing.

"He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he therefore charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and, as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance.

"He then, in the character of universal land-proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and, if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from government at the new rate which the Pasha has fixed for its sale, of course, many per cents dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; e. g. when he has to receive money, it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is vice versa; he pays after date, and gains also upon the deaths.

"We have heard much at home of the reforming enlightened spirit of Mohammed Ali, but what is it founded on? it looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question: it seems not to be far distant. Last year he had no money (and he pushed hard for it) to pay his troops and dependents, and this year he will have no more than he had last.

"He has *forced* the riches of the country prematurely, and to an extent they could not bear, at the same time removing the means of their reproduction, and thus he has procured the present means of prosecuting the really wonderful, and what, in other circumstances, would have been the useful and beneficial improvements and institutions, which we have heard so much of, and which certainly strike a traveller much."

Extent of Mohammed Ali's Dominions.

One word more, however, about Mohammed Ali:—few in England seem to be aware how vast his dominions really are; nominally the Pasha of Egypt, he is supreme in Nubia, Dongola, Sennaar, to the borders of Abyssinia; the Hedjaz, the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, Palestine and Syria, and Asia Minor south of Mount Taurus, pay him tribute and obey him; and even the desert-dwellers as far as Palmyra stand in awe and respect him. But it is not mere extent of dominion that gives an abiding niche in the temple of history; he sits on the throne of Zenobia, but who will remember his name a hundred years hence?

The Naturalist.

THE BLACK RHINOCEROS,

Whose domains we seemed now to have invaded, resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight feet and a half, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen except on the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye; in the young animals the foremost horn is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half or more: though the older the rhinoceros the shorter are its horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against the trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion.

When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favourite glades of mimosa bushes, (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns fixed loosely on his skin, make a clapping noise, by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of a hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand stiff, and ready for combat on his terrible front.

The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of his horns. When he is standing at his ease among the thick bushes, or rubbing himself up against a dwarf tree, stout and strong like himself, the bird attends him that it may feed on the insects which either fly about him, or which are found in the wrinkles of his head and neck. The creeping hunter, stealthily approaching on the leeward side, carefully notes the motions of the sentinel-bird; for he may hear though he cannot see the rhinoceros behind the leafy screen. If the monster moves his head slightly, and without alarm, the bird flies from his horns to his shoulder, remains there a short time, and then returns to its former strange perch; but if the bird, from its elevated position and better eyes, notes the approach of danger, and flies up in the air suddenly, then let the hunter beware; for the rhinoceros instantly rushes desperately and fearlessly to wherever he hears the branches crack.

Thick and clumsy though the legs of the

rhinoceros are, yet no man can hope to escape him by fleetness of foot on open ground; once he has a man fairly in his wicked eye, and there is no broken ground or bush for concealment, destruction is certain. The monster, snorting and uttering occasionally a short fiendish scream of rage, bears down in a cloud of dust, tearing up the ground with his curved plough-share, kicking out his hind legs in a paroxysm of passion, and thrusting his horns between the trembling legs of his flying victim, he hurls him into the air as if he were a rag, and the poor wretch falls many yards off. The brute now looks about for him, and if there is the least movement of life, he runs at him, rips him open, and tramples him to a mummy!

RHINOCEROS STORY.

"TELL me a rhinoceros story," said I to oud Jan, the best story-teller of the party, and handing him at the some time a well-filled stone pipe; and, after a few satisfactory whiffs, he commenced:—

"Once on a time my father took his sons out to hunt; he had only a gun, and we had assegaes and knives. At first we were very unsuccessful; we found nothing till the second day; we were very hungry, when we came on a rhinoceros. The old man soon wounded it in the leg, and he then told us to throw stones at it, to make the wound worse. You know how Namaquas can throw stones; so we crept upon the rhinoceros, followed it, and threw stones with such effect, that at last it lay down from pain. I being armed with a knife, then approached it from behind, and commenced to hamstring it, while my elder brother, who is now dead, Cobus, remarkable for two strange rings round his eyes, tried to climb over the back of the rhinoceros, to thrust his lance into his shoulder (it would have been very dangerous to have gone up to its shoulder on foot); he had just begun to climb, when the rhinoceros rose suddenly with a terrible blast or snort, and we all ran off as fast as we could to a tree, and there held a consultation about our further proceedings.

"We had not been long at the tree, when the rhinoceros observing where we were, rushed towards us with his horns at first in the air, and then as he came near, he tore up the ground with them. We scattered ourselves before him, when Cobus, getting into a passion, stopped short in his flight, called the rhinoceros an ugly name, and turned and faced it. The rhinoceros, astonished at this unexpected manœuvre, also stopped and stared at Cobus, who then commenced calling out loudly and abusing the monster; it now seemed to be seized with fear, for it sidled off, when Cobus, who had a heart like a lion's, and was as active as an ape, immediately pursued the rhinoceros, seized the tail, sprung with its assistance on its back, rode it well, and plunging his assegae deep into its shoulder, it fell, and was despatched by the rest of us."

FATAL RHINOCEROS HUNT.

HENRICK BUYS was in the field hunting springboks, and having wounded one in the leg, he followed it on the spoor with two or three other men in company. They were coming up with the game, when they crossed the fresh track of a rhinoceros, and shortly afterwards saw a large black male in a bush. Henrick immediately "becrept" him, and with his long elephant rifle he inflicted a severe wound on his fore leg. The rhinoceros charged, the men fled, and the monster singling one of them out, closely pursued him, when the man stopping short, whilst the horn of the rhinoceros was ploughing up the ground at his heels, and dexterously jumping to one side, the rhinoceros missed him and passed in full career, and before the brute could recover himself and change his course, the whole of the party had got up into trees, whilst the limping rhinoceros was trying in vain to hunt them out by the smell.

The Bugbear in "Jack and the Beanstalk," according to our Scotch edition of the story, says,

> "Snouk but and snouk ben,
> I find the smell of earthly men,"

and so now seemed the limping rhinoceros to *snouk* or hunt about like a dog for his victims. One of the men, named Arasap, and armed with an assegae, said to his comrades, "Why are we all here doing nothing —shoot! shoot!"

"Well," said Hendrick, "if you are in a hurry to shoot without waiting for the proper time, here is my powder-horn and ball-belt for you, and my gun is at the bottom of the tree."

Accordingly, Arasap descended from his tree, loaded the gun, and approaching the rhinoceros, he fired, and wounded him severely, but not mortally, in the jaw; the ball was a leaden one, it did not break the bone, but was flattened against it, and stunned and dropped the animal.

The hunters now collected round the rhinoceros, thinking that it was incapable of rising again; and Arasap, in the pride of his heart, was directing the rest how to stab him with the best effect, with their assegaes, in different parts, when the beast, beginning to recover, *spurtled* or kicked with his legs, and Henrick, calling to the men to run for their lives, he set them the example, and swift-footed like Camilla, he scoured the plane, and was soon out of danger. The rhinoceros started up, singled out the unfortunate Arasap, and with ears erect, and screaming and snorting with rage, he thun-

dered after him. Arasap, seeing that he was unable to outrun him, tried the same trick with which the other hunter had succeeded; that is, he stopped short, and hoped that the rhinoceros would pass him; the brute was not to be baulked a second time, but catching the doomed man on his horn, under the left thigh (which was cut open as if an axe had been used), he tossed him a dozen yards into the air.

Arasap fell facing the rhinoceros, and with his legs spread; the beast rushed at him, ripped up his abdomen to the ball-belt, and again threw him aloft. Henrick looked round, and saw Arasap like a jacket in the air. He fell heavily on the ground; the rhinoceros watched his fall, and running up to him, he trod upon him and pounded him to death. Arasap expired with the Namaqua exclamation of surprise and fear on his lip, "Eisey! eisey!"

After this tragedy, the rhinoceros limped off to the shelter of a bush. Henrick and the others crept up to destroy him. He dashed out again, and would have caught another man, had it not been for a dog which came in the way barking. In turning short after the dog, the half-broken bone of the rhinoceros snapped—it fell, unable to recover itself, and was immediately shot dead!—*Alexander's Expedition.*

The Gatherer.

Look into life, and watch the growth of the soul. Men are not what they seem to the outward eye—mere machines moving about in customary occupations—productive labourers of food and wearing apparel—slaves from morn till night at task-work set them by the wealth of nations. They are the children of God. The soul never sleeps—not even when its wearied body is heard snoring by people living in the next street. All the souls now in this world are for ever awake; and this life, believe us, though in moral sadness it has often been rightly called so, is no dream. In a dream we have no will of our own, no power over ourselves; ourselves are not felt to be ourselves; our familiar friends seem strangers from some far-off country; the dead are alive, yet we wonder not; the laws of the physical world are suspended, or changed, or confused by our phantasy; intellect, imagination, the moral sense, affection, passion, are not possessed by us in the same way we possess them out of that mystery: were life a dream, or like a dream, it would never lead to heaven. Again, then, we say, look into life, and watch the growth of the soul. In a world where the ear cannot listen without hearing the clank of chains, the soul may yet be as free as if it already inhabited the skies. For its Maker gave it LIBERTY OF CHOICE OF GOOD OR OF EVIL—and if it has chosen the good, it is a king. All its faculties are then fed on their appropriate food, provided for them in nature. The soul then knows where the necessaries and the luxuries of its life grows, and how they may be grathered—in a still sunny region, inaccessible to blight—"no mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother."—*Blackwood.*

In Cockfield, Suffolk, there is not a single wild primrose to be found; while the hedgerows in the extreme boundaries of the contiguous parishes, appear decorated in the proper season. The villagers declare, that in the fatal soil of Cockfield, the modest primrose sickens and dies, whatever attention may be paid to its culture.—W. G. C.

In Wilkin's Leges Saxon, given by Dr. Henry, in his History of England, are the prices of various articles in England, in the reign of Ethelred, about 997. The following is the value of the undermentioned, in money of the present time: — A man or slave, 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*; a horse, 1*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*; a mare or colt, 1*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*; an ass or mule, 14*s.* 1*d.*; an ox, 7*s.* ½*d.*; a cow, 6*s.* 2*d.*; a swine, 1*s.* 10½*d.*; a sheep, 1*s.* 2*d.*; a goat, 4½*d.*—W. G. C.

The following account of the method the natives adopt in preparing the mortar used in the buildings at Algiers, is given by Pananti, in his description of that city:—This composition, to which the natives give the name of *Tabbi*, consists of two parts wood-ashes, three parts lime, and one part sand. When they have well mixed these ingredients together, they throw in a quantity of oil: after which, the whole is beat for three days and nights without intermission, by which time it has attained the proper consistence. After being used in building, it becomes harder than marble, and is impermeable to water.
W. G. C.

A Soldier at Anchor.—A military officer, who most cordially detested the halberds, was used, as a substitute for flogging, to expose delinquents upon parade with a large iron bomb-shell attached to one of their legs. One day, when several men were undergoing the punishment, a sailor, who by chance had strolled near, called out to his companions—"My eyes, shipmates! only just look here—I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor."
C. S.

Men in general are, in their mental natures, composed pretty much like the air they breathe: seventy-nine parts in a hundred are nitrogen, or the neutral quality, neither good or evil; twenty parts oxygen, or positive good; and one part carbonic acid, or positive evil.

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HOKIANGA HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND.

HOKIANGA HARBOUR, NEW ZEALAND.

As it is in contemplation to establish a Settlement in New Zealand, by a chartered Company, and the subject having lately engrossed much attention, we have given a Plan of the Harbour of Hokianga; and intend to advert again to these interesting islands.

Hokianga (Cook's Disappointment Harbour) is situated twenty-four leagues south-east from Cape Maria Van Dieman. "The approach to the harbour," says Mr. Pollock, "is narrow and intricate, and not to be attempted with a ship drawing more than fourteen feet water, unless well acquainted with the harbour, which is navigable nearly thirty-five miles from its entrance: a number of rivers and creeks of fresh water join this noble estuary.

"There are about one hundred Europeans settled at Hokianga, including the missionaries. Several of the settlers are married to European females, who, without exception, have set an example to the native women, that has in no minor degree aided the usefulness of the Wesleyan brethren, who have been successful in their missionary exertions throughout their districts. Unfortunately, a war broke out in Hokianga, in 1837, on the subject of a religious dispute, between those who placed themselves under the banners of the Wesleyan missionaries and some new idolaters, who term themselves disciples of Pāpāhurihia, and who teach the people that the missionaries are cheats. A native catechist of the Wesleyan mission went forth to preach among the natives, who were averse to the doctrines of the mission. The young preacher was desired not to advance, but to leave the settlement. This advice he disregarded, and, in stepping forward, was shot through the body. Some fighting was the consequence, in which the idolaters suffered the most, who agreed to a treaty of peace, and promised to sin no more"*

The Chart exhibits the localities of the chapels and preaching-places as numbered, belonging to the mission; and the beautiful spectacle is presented of the light of divine truth efficaciously dispersing from these recent wilds of heathenism, the darkness of idolatry; and the voice of praise and thanksgiving to a revealed God, succeeding to the fell war-hoop and cannibal dance of savages. This interesting colony owes an immense deal to the self-denying labours and zeal of the Church Missionary Society, which is watching over the welfare of this remote region of the earth with maternal solicitude, that the rapacity of commercial enterprise may not altogether destroy the principles of our holy religion, which the missionaries have assiduously inculcated for several years, amidst unparalleled difficulties. "Your committee," says one of the last reports of the society, "cannot close their statements without adverting to the peculiar situation of New Zealand, as it is regarded by the public at large. What events may await this fair portion of the globe; whether England will regard, with a sister's eye, so beautiful an island, placed like herself in a commanding position, well harboured, well wooded, and fertile in resourses; whether this country will so stretch forth a vigorous and friendly arm, as that New Zealand may, with her native population, adorn the page of future history, as an industrious, well-ordered, and Christian nation, it is not for the committee to anticipate; but this consolation they do possess—they know that the society has, for twenty years, done good for the natives, hoping for nothing again;—nothing, saving the delight of promoting glory to God and good-will among men. The society has sent its heralds of peace and messengers of salvation, and has contracted thus such an obligation towards those whom it has sought to benefit, that your committee are constrained to lift up their voice on behalf of that island, and to claim that no measures shall be adopted towards that interesting country which would involve any violation of the principles of justice on our part, or of the rights and liberties of the natives of New Zealand."

* Pollock's Travels in New Zealand, vol. ii. pp. 63, 64.

NATURE'S PHILOSOPHY.

NATURE, how fair thou art!—there is no blot
Upon thy face, where all serenely smiles;
And to the soul whom never vice beguiles,
There is no joyless land, nor darksome spot:
Thou smilest alike on palace as on cot,
Impartest beauty to earth's perfumed isles;
And, where the cloud moves on in playful wiles,
There is no place where happiness is not.
If earth is glad, how should its tenants be?
Repining at the present or the past?
Viewing some lightning flash or thunder-blast
In every trial, at whose frown doth flee
Hope from the soul? No! rather man caress
The joys thou hast, than pine for those thou can'st not press!

E. J. HYTCH.

THE ARAB TO HIS WOUNDED STEED.

THE blood swells through thy silver mane,
And down thy panting side;
No more those hoofs shall spurn the plain,
That broad chest cleave the tide;
No more, as flies the swift djerreed,
Shalt thou the giaour pursue:
My trust for safety was thy speed—
My trust for vengeance too!

No more, my barb, at Zelia's call,
Shalt thou to meet her spring—
No more my boys their reinless thrall
Shall gallop at the ring.
Curse on the spoil!—what worth to me
Is every plundered gem?
My household, when they ask for thee,
How shall I answer them?

Though wealth to buy a hundred steeds
Weighs down by caftan's fold,
Not 'mid Morocco's choicest breeds,
Not in the Tartar's fold,
Is there one steed, however fleet,
Could be to me as thee!
The music of whose tramping feet
No more shall cheer me now.

J. B.

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. III.

My last paper was occupied with instances of spontaneous combustion, as introductory to the subject of spontaneous *human* combustion. Since then I have observed in the newspapers the following case of spontaneous combustion, not in the human subject, which is quite to our purpose.—"A fire lately broke out at Englefield Green, in a dog-cart, (well loaded with old rags and bottles,) belonging to a man named Knowles, a general dealer from Windsor. One of the bottles (which it is supposed must have contained vitriol) broke; and the cart was quickly in a blaze. The dog, naturally frightened at the circumstance, ran off, and proceeded across the green to a considerable distance, before it could be stopped. The poor animal was, fortunately, not injured; but a portion of the cart, and the whole of its contents, were destroyed." It will be seen that, in this account, the origin of the fire is attributed to *vitriol*, which is not likely to be correct: because oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) is of a *corrosive* nature, people think it is *inflammatory*, but it is not. It will turn rags black, but it will not set them on fire. It is much more likely that *nitric* acid (*aqua fortis*, as it is commonly called) and oil of turpentine, from some of the old bottles, accidentally came into contact, and produced the catastrophe. I noticed, in my last, the effects of nitric acid on essential oils. If it be added to oil of turpentine, the whole will instantly leap into a flame; but the experiment should be performed, with great caution, in the grate of a fire-place, in order that the fierce fumes and volumes of smoke which are given out, may be carried up the chimney. The oil of turpentine may be placed in a saucer, and the nitric acid added by means of a long ladle, so that the experimenter may keep at a distance.

Let us come, now, to those cases of combustion, which have occurred spontaneously in the *human subject*. One of the most remarkable is that of Cornelia Bandi, Countess of Cesina, an Italian lady, sixty-two years of age. Having felt particularly drowsy, one evening, she retired to bed earlier than usual, and her maid remained in her room till she fell asleep. On the following morning, when the girl entered the apartment for the purpose of awakening her mistress, a dreadful spectacle presented itself, for she found the remains of the Countess's body in a most horrible condition: at the distance of four feet from the bed, was a heap of ashes, in which the head, legs, and arms of the unfortunate lady could alone be distinguished. The head lay between the lower extremities, from which it must be inferred, that the Countess perished while in a sitting posture. The back part of the skull, the whole of the brain, and the chin, were entirely consumed; three of the fingers were reduced to a state resembling that of charcoal; but, with this exception, the arms, as well as the legs, were not injured; the rest of the body was reduced to ashes, which, when touched, left upon the fingers a greasy moisture, having a fetid odour. A moist kind of soot, of the colour of ashes, covered the furniture of the room, and the tapestry. It had even penetrated into the drawers, and soiled the linen which they contained. There was no unusual derangement of the bed, the clothes being thrown on one side, as is the case when a person gets up. Two candles and a small lamp were in the room; and it is very important to notice their condition: the candles (which had been placed on a table near the bed) were melted, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with moisture, but the wicks remained unconsumed; the candles, therefore, were not *burnt*, but *melted*. The lamp, which stood on the floor, was covered with ashes, and contained no oil. It is also deserving of remark, that this lady was accustomed to bathe herself with camphorated spirits of wine; and some are disposed to think that her body became impregnated with these highly inflammable substances. This case was communicated to the Royal Society, by Dr. Mortimer, and will be found in a paper published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1745.

A case still more remarkable than the preceding, and equally well attested, is that of Don Gio-Maria Bertholi, who lived in Mount Volere, in Italy. In the year 1776, he went to the fair at Filetto; and after having walked about all day, retired in the evening to the house of his brother-in-law, at Fenile. Immediately on his arrival, he requested to be shown to his apartment; and, when conducted to it, had a handkerchief spread over his shoulders, beneath his shirt. He was then left to his devotions; but a few minutes had scarcely elapsed, before a noise, mingled with cries, was heard in the room; the people of the house rushed in, and found the priest extended on the floor, and surrounded by a lambent flame, which retired as they approached, and ultimately disappeared. Next morning, Joseph Battaglia, a surgeon, residing at Poule Basio, was called in, and found the skin of the right arm loosened from the flesh, and hanging down; that part of the back which is situated between the shoulders, was in the same state, and so were the thighs. That part of the arm which had sustained most injury, appeared in a state of incipient putrefaction; and next day, in spite of the active measures which the surgeon adopted, it was completely mortified. By the next day, the mortification had extended to all the injured parts; and the patient was tormented

with thirst, fever, vomiting, convulsions, and delirium. On the fourth day, he fell into a state of stupor, and after it had lasted two hours, expired. The surgeon observed, at the last visit he paid before the death of the patient, that putrefaction had already made considerable progress. The nails had become loosened from the left hand; the body exhaled an insufferable odour; and worms crawled from it on the bed.

The account which the patient gave of this attack was, that he felt a blow (as if inflicted with a cudgel) on his right hand, and, at the same time, saw a bluish flame attack his shirt, which was immediately burnt to ashes, with the exception of the wristbands, which remained untouched. The handkerchief already spoken of was not injured; but his nightcap was consumed, though his hair was not touched. There was no empyreumatic smell in the room, nor any appearance of smoke; there was no fire in the room, except that of a lamp, which (though it had been full of oil) was now dry, and its wick reduced to a cinder. It should also be recorded that the night was calm, cool, and clear. The reader cannot have failed to remark how much the sudden blow complained of, and the blue flame seen, resemble the shock and the spark of electricity; and it is, therefore, a case very much relied on by those who ascribe the phenomena we are describing to an electrical origin. The case is also remarkable on account of the time which the sufferer survived after the catastrophe, so as to be able to give an account of the manner in which he was attacked.

But these cases, it will be observed, took place on the Continent. The following occurred nearer home:—Between twelve and one o'clock, on a Saturday night, Anne Nelis, wife of a wine and porter-merchant, living in South Frederick-street, Dublin, let in her husband, who had been out at a party. Both were in a state of intoxication; and, after some altercation had taken place between them, Mr. Nelis went up stairs to bed, but in a few minutes came down again, to request his wife to accompany him;—an invitation which she positively declined. Upon this he took away with him her candle, observing, that if she was determined to sit up, she should do so in the dark. On the following morning the maid servant, having opened the windows of the back-parlour, observed in the arm-chair in which Mrs. Nelis usually sate, something which she at first sight imagined to have been put there by young Nelis, (who at the instant entered the room,) for the purpose of frightening her. Upon closer examination, however, it turned out to be the remains of her mistress, who was found in the following state.—She was seated in the chair, at a distance from the grate, (the fire in which appeared to have burned out,) with her head resting upon her right hand, and leaning against the wall behind. The trunk of the body was burned to a cinder, as were also the clothes which invested it; but the pelvic region, the lower and upper extremities, and such portions of her dress as covered these parts, sustained no injury. Her face had a scorched appearance; but her hair, and the papers she had put in it, had entirely escaped. The back and seat of the chair had not suffered; but its arms were charred on the inner side, and were in contact with the body. With the exception of this part of the chair, the combustion had not extended to surrounding bodies. The room was filled with a penetrating and offensive odour; which was perceptible after the lapse of several days. This woman was about forty-five years of age, of low stature, having a tendency to corpulency, and a confirmed drunkard. Strange to say, there was no inquest; and such was the anxiety of the family to hush up everything connected with the occurrence, that a request made by Dr. Tuomy, (who was then Professor of Medicine in the School of Physic,) for permission to examine the body, was denied. The public in general, and the medical world in particular, are indebted to Dr. Apjohn, the highly accomplished Professor of Chemistry, in the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, for the foregoing particulars, which he had great difficulty in collecting.

The same gentleman has also investigated the following case, which first appeared in the "Methodist Magazine" for 1809, as related by Mr. Wood, a Wesleyan minister, then residing in Limerick. Mr. O'Neill, keeper of the "Five Pounds Alms-House," in the city of Limerick, was awakened about two o'clock in the morning, by a person knocking at his room-door; upon which he arose, and having inquired who knocked, opened the door; and going with the person who had called him into his apartment, (which was situated under a room occupied by a Mrs. Pocock,) he found a dead body lying on the ground, burning with fire, and red as copper, having dropped down from the room above, which was on fire. On examining this room, he saw a large hole, the size of the dead body, burned through the boards and ceiling. He instantly ran up stairs; and having burst open the door of Mrs. Pococke's room, saw, in the middle of the floor, the hole through which the body had fallen. Having, with assistance, quenched the fire about the hole, he endeavoured to ascertain by what means the body had taken fire, but could not discover any. There was no candle or candlestick near the place; nor any fire in the grate, except what was raked together in the ashes, in the way in which it is usual in that country to keep in the fire at night. The room was examined, and nothing had taken fire but

that part of the floor through which the wretched woman had fallen. Even a small basket, made of twigs, and a small trunk of dry wood, which lay near the hole, escaped; not being so much as touched by the fire. Next day, this remarkable catastrophe was inquired into by the Mayor of Limerick, and several clergymen and gentlemen of the city. Mr. Wood, I believe, is still alive; for it is but recently that he confirmed the above statement, in a letter to Dr. Apjohn. Nor does the case rest on his testimony alone; for an intelligent lady, residing in Limerick, assured Dr. Apjohn that she personally inspected the floor through which the hole was burned. The repairs undergone by it, still point out the spot at which the perforation took place. It should not be overlooked that the sufferer, Mrs. Pococke, was about sixty years of age, and that she indulged immoderately in intoxicating liquors.

At present we can make room for only one more case, which, like the two preceding, occurred in Ireland. Mrs. Stout, widow of a watchmaker, and married (a second time) to a man of the name of H——, went to bed one evening in apparent health, and was found next morning, on the floor of her room, burned to a cinder. A vapour was still issuing from her mouth and nostrils; and those parts of the body, the form of which had not been altered, immediately crumbled down upon being handled. A remarkable circumstance was, that her night-dress escaped uninjured. This occurrence took place at Coote Hill, in the county of Cavan. The subject of it was about sixty years of age, and an inveterate dram-drinker. An inquest was held, and from the impossibility of accounting for the occurrence on any known principle, the verdict was, "Died by the visitation of God." N. R.

GOLCONDA.*

How dazzling are the visions which the very name of this far-famed place conjures up in the mind! Even the least imaginative person must feel his spirit stirred within him at the recollections attached to "all Golconda's vaunted gold," whence, in a great measure, our ideas of the riches and glory of the East have been derived. Although the name of Golconda, in consequence of the reputation of its diamonds, which were supposed to have been dug from inexhaustible mines in its vicinity, is more familiar to the English reader than that of any other place in India, its actual history is very little known, while during a long period it has wholly ceased to attract public attention. There can be no doubt that, from the time of the erection of the surrounding districts into a separate kingdom, which was accomplished by the followers of the Patan Feroze Shah, long before the establishment of the Mogul empire, until its impolitic subjection by Aurungzebe, who, in destroying its independence, weakened the Mohamedan powers, Golconda was a place of great importance. The history of this division of the Bhamanee empire, written by Ferishta, is filled with almost marvellous accounts of the riches and grandeur of the long succession of kings who ruled over this province, and the splendid tombs belonging to the monarchs and their relations of the Cootub Shah dynasty, sufficiently attest its former magnificence. Too solidly constructed to share in the ruin around, the proud mausoleums of the descendants of the founder of the kingdom of Golconda lift their regal heads majestically still, though despoiled of their costly accessories, the revenues for the maintenance of an attendant priesthood, and the parks and gardens with which they were surrounded. Desolate and abandoned to the ravages of time, they rear their stately domes and pinnacles on the bare plain, no outward defences now existing to ward off the approaches of any assailant, who through ignorance or wantonness may hasten the progress of decay. The most ancient of these tombs is not more than three hundred years old, but they have been subjected to so many and such barbarous attacks, that nothing save the great solidity of their walls has preserved them from utter ruin. Each mausoleum stands in the centre of a spacious quadrangular platform or terrace, approached on all sides by flights of steps, entering upon a rich arcade formed of an equal number of pointed arches on each front, and finished with a lofty balustrade, and a minaret at each angle. The body of the building, also quadrangular, rises about thirty feet above the upper terrace of this arcade, and is also surrounded by a balustrade, flanked with minarets of smaller dimensions than those below; from the centre of this portion of the building springs the dome, forming, by its magnitude, a distinguished feature in a structure equally remarkable for the splendour and the symmetry of its proportions. The principal material employed is grey granite, ornamented in some parts with stucco, and in others with the porcelain tiles for which India was at one time so famous. The colours retain their brilliancy to the present day, and the extracts from the *Koran*, formed of white characters on a polished blue ground, have all the richness of enamel. There is a mosque attached to each of these tombs, which formerly possessed the privileges of sanctuary; and these religious edifices not only supported a considerable number of priests, but also afforded a

* Golconda is situated in the Deccan Proper, or Southern Hindoostan, to the east of the city of Hyderabad.

daily meal to the neighbouring poor. The surrounding gardens were beautifully planted, and adorned with many fountains, altogether forming a delicious retreat during every season of the year, and being particularly grateful in the hot weather. Though bereft of these attractive features, they have lost nothing of their grandeur, and perhaps the very desolation with which they are surrounded produces a more powerful effect upon the mind than if the hand of man was still visibly employed in their preservation. Not so richly ornamented as the monumental remains at Allahabad in Guzerat, their magnitude and solidity strike at once upon the eye, and produce a stronger impression upon the mind than could be effected by the most elaborate sculpture. These tombs were erected at a great expense, some of them being said to have cost £150,000. The enameled work with which they are ornamented, is reported to have been the production of artists brought from China for the purpose; but there is every reason to believe that these decorations are of native workmanship, similar ornaments being to be found at Beejapore, Agra, Behar, Bengal, and other places. Although it is very evident that attempts have been made to injure these splendid mausoleums, the greater number, notwithstanding the destructive influences to which they have been exposed, are still in a high state of preservation. Having outlasted a period of great danger, we may hope that such superb specimens of the architecture of a former age,—specimens which we cannot expect to see equalled, since science and labour will in all probability take another direction—may survive until a new one shall arise in the Deccan, and either as the precious relics of antiquity, or as religious edifices consecrated to a pure form of worship, they may be venerated and kept in repair. Should Christianity ever flourish and take deep root in India, there will be no want of cathedrals for the performance of its religious services, in places where the muezzin has long ceased to summon the followers of the Prophet to prayers. The summits of these tombs command an extensive and striking prospect of the surrounding country, in all its sullen grandeur, together with a partial view of Hyderabad.

The tombs of the Kings of Golconda are built at the distance of about six hundred yards from the fort, which, being the depository of the jewels and other treasures of the present sovereign, the Nizam of Hyderabad, is very strictly guarded, no stranger being permitted to enter. The fort itself is erected upon one of the rocky ridges before described, every advantage being taken, according to the Indian style of fortification, of the masses of granite already heaped together by the hand of nature. There appears to be several inclosures, and the works are strong and in good repair. In the eyes of an European, however, as a place of defence, it is quite contemptible, for the adjacent tombs, &c., being strong, and very numerous, and within breaching distance, would command these works. Native engineers seldom take such circumstances into calculation, the greater number of fortresses erected throughout the country being similarly exposed to the attacks of an enemy. The tombs at Golconda bear testimony to their dangerous vicinity to the fort, by the marks of shot fired at them at the period in which the army of Aurungzebe invested the place. The diamond mines, for which Golconda has so long been celebrated, do not occur in the territory adjoining the fortress, which has never produced precious stones, the diamonds having been brought from the base of the Neela Mulla mountains, in the vicinity of the Khrishna and Pennar rivers. These gems were usually conveyed to Golconda in a rough state, for the purpose of being cut and polished, and the place consequently becoming a principal mart, it was commonly supposed that the jewels were found in its immediate vicinity. The diamond mines formerly furnishing these much-prized gems are now exhausted and deserted; and modern geologists are of opinion, that the most productive veins exist in virgin soil, yet untried by the natives of India, who have no scientific data to guide their researches. In fact, it is supposed that the strata of many parts of the country is entirely diamonds, and that the earth contains inexhaustible treasures of these gems.

Asiatic Journal.

Biography.

MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE.

This once favourite and pleasing actress was born in Vienna, January 17, 1774. Her father was a musician of the name of Fleury, who afterwards took that of De Camp, and her aunt was a dancer of eminence, both in this country and abroad, who introduced the infant Marie Theresa De Camp (the subject of our memoir) to the Italian Opera House, where she played Cupid in a popular ballet, she being then six years of age. She was subsequently under the tuition of the celebrated reader, Tessier, and by him removed to the Circus, where she was engaged as a dancer, as also the Columbine of the company. In 1784 and 1785 she danced in a Scotch ballet at the Haymarket, called *Jamie's Return.*

On the 24th of October, 1786, she made her first appearance at one of the winter theatres, as Julie, in an after-piece, called *Richard Cœur de Lion;* but it was her representation of the character of Captain Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera,* on the 15th of

August, 1792, for the benefit of Jack Johnstone, when the characters were all reversed, old Bannister playing Polly, and Johnstone Lucy, that brought her into notice. In 1795, she was occasionally the substitute for Madame Storace and Mrs. Crouch—a proof that she had musical talents far above mediocrity. Between 1795 and 1798, she performed the parts of Floranthe, Portia, and Desdemona, and such like serious characters; and in 1801, she played the part of Lady Teazle at the same theatre. Miss De Camp was the original Theodore in *Deaf and Dumb*, when it was brought out at Drury Lane, February 24, 1801. We find the last season her name was inserted in the play-bills, as Miss De Camp, was that of 1805-6. It may be in the remembrance of many persons the unpleasant fracas occasioned by the imprudence of John Philip Kemble in forcing himself into the dressing-room, which ended in Mr. Kemble making a public apology in the papers, for the private conduct of Miss De Camp was irreproachable. On July 2, 1806, she was married to Mr. Charles Kemble; and in the seasons of 1806-7, she performed at Covent Garden Theatre. The pressing duties of her family affairs precluded her appearing in public until 1819: and her last original part was that of Madge Wildfire, in the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, in the same year. She went afterwards to Covent Garden, where she took the parts of Edmund, in the *Blind Boy*; Mrs. Sullen, Violante, Beatrice, and Lady Elizabeth Freelove in the *Day after the Wedding*, of which play she was the authoress. In 1811, she gained much reputation as Nell, in the *Devil to Pay*. She left the stage in 1819, but returned to it for one night, at Covent Garden, October 5, 1829, and took the part of Lady Capulet, for the purpose of introducing her daughter, the celebrated Miss Fanny Kemble, in the character of Juliet. We believe she also played one other night in the following season. Mrs. Kemble adapted a piece called *First Faults*, in 1799.

She died, after a painful illness, at her house near Chertsey, on Monday, September 3, 1838. Unfortunately neither her husband or children were with her at the time of her decease.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Written during his Confinement in the Tower.

These Letters are faithfully copied from the MS. in the possession of the Cecil Family, by whom they have been preserved as a most valuable treasure. They carry in them every sort of internal evidence of *authenticity*. They were probably enclosed in envelopes; but whether addressed to the Queen, or to some confidential person, cannot be known, as the covers have been destroyed. No superscription appears on the Letters.

First Letter.

September 6, 1600.

Haste, paper, to that happy presence, whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss that fair correcting hand which lays new plasters to my lighter hurtes, butt to my greatest wounde applyeth nothing: Say this cometh from

Pining, Languishing, Despairing,
S. X.

Second Letter.

September 9, 1600.

Wordes, if you can, expresse my lowly thankfullness—butt presse nott, sigh nott, moane nott, lest passion prompt you, and I by you both be betrayed. Reporte my silence, my solitarines, for mynne uttermost ambition is to be a mutte person in that presence, whear joy and wonder would barre speech,

From
the Greatest Ladye's in Power
And Goodnesse
humblest, mutte Vassable,
S. X.

EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Third Letter.

"*July 26th.*

"In the long trance (most deere, and most admired Sovereigne), I must sometimes moane, look up, and speake, that your Majesty may knowe that your Servant lives. I live, although sicke in Spirit unto the Deathe, yet moane not from impatiency as commonly sicke Men doo. I look up to your Majesty on Earthe as my only Physitian, yet looke for no physicke, till your Majesty in your deepest wisdome and gracious favour shall think the crisis paste, and the time fit for a cure; I speake not the wordes of my lippes, but the wordes of my soul; yett cannot utter that which most concerneth me, and shoulde give my full heartt greatest ease, therefore I say to myselfe ly still, looke downe, and be silent. Your Majesty never buryed alive any creature of your favoure, and hath passed your princely worde, that your correction is not intended for the ruinne of your Majesty's humble vassalle.

"Pining, Languishing, Despairing,
"S. X."

In the above adulatory strain did this great person address the Woman he despised, the Sovereign against whom he rebelled! The cipher S. X. for *Essex*, is quaint, and quaintness was the *ton* of the age. Some happy quaintness distinguishes all the epistles which have come down to us from the days of "Good Queen Bess,"——whether the writers were generals, poets, or lovers. Essex

was assuredly one of the most elegant and best educated men of that reign. These letters give us no very ravishing idea of the Court.

Arts and Sciences.

DR. URE'S DICTIONARY.

[DR. URE has published the first part of his "*Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.*" It is full of valuable information suited to the generality of readers; and one, among the many advantages of the work, is, that it is divested of those technical terms and pedantic phraseology which tend to bewilder the student, instead of enlightening his understanding. The first part is illustrated with diagrams; is very neatly printed, of a convenient size, and certainly bids fair to become one of the most useful and popular works of the present day. The following is Dr. Ure's description of the

Alum Manufactories.]

The only alum manufactories now worked in Great Britain, are those of Whitby, in England, and of Hurlett and Campsie, near Glasgow, in Scotland; and these derive the acid and earthy constituents of the salt from a mineral called alum slate. This mineral has a bluish or greenish black colour, emits sulphurous fumes when heated, and acquires thereby an aluminous taste. The alum manufactured in Great Britain contains potash as its alkaline constituent; that made in France commonly contains ammonia, either alone or with variable quantities of potash. Alum may in general be examined by water of ammonia, which separates from its watery solutions its earthy basis, in the form of a light flocculent precipitate. If the solution be dilute, this precipitate will float long as an opalescent fluid.

[The following judicious remarks on water, which the learned Doctor gives under the article "Baths," are very important.]

The supply of water of proper quality and quantity is a very important point as connected with the present subject. The water should be soft, clean, and pure, and as free as possible from all substances mechanically suspended in it. In many cases it answers to dig a well for the exclusive supply of a large house with water. In most parts of London this may effectually be accomplished at a comparatively moderate expense, and if the well be deep enough, the water will be abundant, soft, and pellucid. The labour of forcing it by a pump to the top of the house is the only drawback; this, however, is very easily done by a horse-engine, or there are people enough about town gladly to undertake it at a shilling a-day. I am led to these remarks by observing the filthy state of the water usually supplied at very extravagant rates by the water companies. It often partakes more of the appearance of pea-soup than of the pure element; fills our cisterns and pipes with mud and dirt, and, even when cleared by subsidence, is extremely unpalatable. It deposits its nastiness in the pipes connected with warm baths, and throws down a slippery deposit upon the bottom of the vessel itself to such an extent as often to preclude its being used, at least as a luxury, which a clear and clean bath really is. This inconvenience may in some measure be avoided by suffering the water to throw down its extraneous matters upon the bottom of the cistern, and drawing our supply from pipes a little above it; there will, however, be always more or less deposit in the pipes themselves; and every time the water runs into the cistern the grouts are stirred up and diffused through the mass. This, from some cause or other, has lately become an intolerable nuisance, and he who reflects on the miscellaneous contents of Thames water will not have his appetite sharpened by a draught of the Grand Junction beverage, nor feel reanimated and refreshed by bathing in a compound so heterogeneous and unsavoury.

HATCHING CHICKENS BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

A SUCCESSFUL attempt of this kind has very recently been made by Mr. W. S. Worboys, chymist, of Charlotte-terrace, Waterloo-road, near the Victoria Theatre. It occurred to this gentleman some little time ago, that by a peculiar method which he had in contemplation, he could bring eggs to life by philosophical agency; and, accordingly, with a small tin oven of his own construction, he commenced the experiment; and after the most unceasing assiduity in the performance, he at length succeeded in accomplishing his object. One of the living creatures, a hen, is now in the possession of a friend and neighbour of Mr. Worboys, and from her present corpulent appearance, is likely to vie in longevity with any of her species who owe their existence to a less extraordinary birth. The above plan was practiced by Mr. Worboys, but on a diminutive scale, the whole apparatus being sufficiently small to admit of transportation by a child of the age of five years. The trial was one of mere caprice, to test the worth of his prescience upon the subject. The following description of the oven may not, perhaps, be uninteresting:—The whole machine in union is, to all appearance, an oblong square tin box, in length twelve inches, in width six inches, and in depth six inches. The sides are all of them double, leaving an interval of about the sixth of an inch every way, except at the bottom, where the vacuity becomes extended to a width not less than three inches. In this lower cavity is contained a requisite supply of water, which is kept to a heat sufficient.

to fix the thermometer at 95 degrees, by a small lamp constantly burning underneath; and the steam generated thereby, after circulating itself throughout the side intervals, and the vacuity between the water's surface and the bottom of the inner vessel, (which is about three inches deep), escapes at a small aperture, made for that purpose, at the top of one of the narrow ends. The central position of the inner cauldron is maintained by its connection with the upper part of the outer sides, whereto a portion of the former, bent over horizontally (*i. e.*, to an angle of 90 degrees with itself) to the width of the intervals, is soldered all round, immediately above the level of the steam-escape. Some distance below, and not far from the bottom of the outer case, is a shrot spout, pointing upwards from the side to which it is attached, and with which it makes an angle of about 45 degrees for the purpose of admitting the supply of water to the lower cavity. In the centre of the opposite narrow end is an horizontal pipe, by which the inner box is supplied with air, which escapes at a square hole in the top of the lid, covering the entire apparatus. In this hole is inserted the thermometer, to record, as it were, the operations; while, at the bottom of the inner cauldron, repose the eggs, upon a portion of wool spread out for that purpose. Mr. Worboys subsequently adopted a trifling improvement to the whole design, which, although it can be well dispensed with, is at least worthy of mention. It is a contrivance for keeping the eggs elevated about half-an-inch from their usual resting-place—the tin plate directly above the water—by means of a false metallic bottom, having four feet, and punched round with holes, after the manner of a colander, but with this difference, that the holes in the former are so close together as nearly to resemble the meshes of lace-work. *H. Soulthorpe.*

WENLOCK ABBEY, SHROPSHIRE.

The beautiful remains of the Priory Church of Wenlock, are situated in a marshy soil, near the eastern extremity of the churchyard of the parish of Much Wenlock. It is of very ancient origin, having been founded about the year 680, by St. Milburga, daughter of Merwald, and niece of Wulphene, king of Mercia. Like all other ecclesiastical edifices in those stormy times, it suffered greatly from the ravages of the Danes, and was raised from a state of utter desolation by Leofric and his lady, the celebrated Godiva, about the time of Edward the Confessor. Their institution, however, could not have been of long continuance, as we find that in the eleventh century it was rebuilt by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel, Chichester, and Shrewsbury, who made it a cell to the Abbey of La Charité, in France, and placed in it a prior and monks of the order of Cluni; in which vassalage it continued until the reign of Richard II., when the monks procured its emancipation. This abbey, which enjoyed the highest reputation for sanctity and strict adherence to the rules of its order, was dedicated to its pious founder, the canonized Milburga, whose body, when discovered in 1127, is said to have wrought many and wonderful cures. Its venerable ruins present to view no architectural features of an earlier date than the Norman era; but the cruciform church, which is about 400 feet in length, affords many and varied specimens, both of the Norman and early English styles; it is very lofty and extensive. The transepts are

about 165 feet long. The pillars of the choir are entirely gone, but the chapter-house is yet remaining, and there may be still traced a curious and spacious west portal, in a deep recess; but its once rich mouldings have long since fallen under the effects of time, or the attack of fanatical reform. The grand entrance to the priory was on the north side of the close, through a gate which must have been formerly flanked with square towers, as one of them is yet standing. The ancient seal of the convent was dug up about 80 years back; it is described in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for November, 1806, to have been made of brass, having the figure of St. Michael trampling upon, and thrusting a spear into the throat of a dragon, with the inscription in Gothic characters "Sigillum Ecclesia Conventualis de Wenlok ad causas tantum." The domestic history of this abbey, like that of most others, is meagre in the extreme. Religious houses, previously to the Reformation, seem to have held one monotonous and undisturbed course: their dissolution indeed made them the subject of temporary interest, but it was the flashing of the meteor, which bursts, and is seen no more. Now, sadly pleasing are the melancholy sensations which pervade the heart when we look upon the mouldering cloisters and wasted aisles of these ancient ecclesiastical edifices. We feel there the same halcyon rest, the same solemn monastic peace which hallowed the studies of the pious monk. We sit possibly in the place where his graphic skill once emblazoned the illuminated manuscript, and regard with admiration those architectural relics which his refined geometrical genius prompted him to erect. But where is he, the cowled inhabitant of these holy shades, where contemplation held her seal, and hoary meditation found a home? He has passed away—it is fancy alone who pourtrays the airy form. His very gravestone has crumbled with him into dust: but though no precatory brass may entreat a prayer from the passer by, yet still its object remains unimpaired; and as we leave the ruined aisle in which he sleeps, "Peace to his soul!" bursts unconsciously from the lips, while we humbly hope that his errors may have been fully atoned for by the fervency of his devotion. C. S.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS: TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH AUTHORS.

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB.*—The author of "Emile" is buried at Ermenonville, about thirty miles N.E. of Paris, and one only from Clermont. It is difficult to suppress a sense of deep emotion, as you land on the diminutive island of poplars, which rises in the middle of the lake. These beautiful trees, the noble yet simple monument which they almost conceal by their shade, that beautiful turf which covers the whole island, those gentle rippling waves which wash its circumference, all tend to render this spot the asylum of melancholy and meditation. It is there was buried Jean Jaques Rousseau, who having arrived at Ermenonville the 20th May, 1779, died there the following 2nd July. A piece of rock is still shown, on which the philosopher often came to sit down during the last days of his life. Opposite the principal inn of the place stands a humble cottage, on the door of which may be read these words: "The emperor Joseph II. dined in this house, on the 24th July, 1784."

THE GRAND-DUKE CONSTANTINE.—The jokes which the actor Frogère would play off on the grand duke, and which this prince countenanced, on condition of their being repaid, prove to what a degree he enjoyed his favour. One day the grand duke was walking on the road which leads to Petrowski; a poor woman, the very picture of misery and want, approached, and begged for alms; he turned round to one of his officers, and ordered him to give the mendicant a piece of gold. The same evening, in the middle of one of the grand saloons, the prince saw this same old woman in the identical rags she wore in the morning; he asked her abruptly how she came there, and what was her business. "My Lord," replied the old woman, "I am afraid you have been imposed upon; the officer you ordered to give me a piece of gold, only gave me one of silver, and no doubt he will set it down as gold."—"Does this woman speak the truth?" inquired Constantine, turning round and addressing himself to the officer. "I appeal to Frogère, my Lord, he will expose her falsehood."—"But Frogère," said the grand duke, "was not present."—"I beg your pardon, my Lord," said the beggar, "I declare that the old woman has lied."—The grand duke, recognising in the mendicant his friend Frogère, indulged himself in a hearty laugh, shared by all present. It was, in fact, who could best mystify the other. At a grand banquet, Constantine addressed himself to Frogère, and pointing to a Russian nobleman, seated at some distance, said in French: "There is M. Chovalof, who does not understand a word of your language; I should like very much to see him become your pupil."—"My Lord, most willingly," replied Frogère; "all that is agreeable to you, becomes so to me the same instant."—"I must, however, my poor fellow, appise you of the difficulties you will have to encounter; M. Chovalof, as I told you, does not understand a word of French, and his

* See *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 1, for a view and further account of Rousseau's tomb.

uncommonly hard, unfortunately; c, now, don't you think his very phy- y bespeaks one of the stupidest of —" I will do my best to make some on on it."—" One can easily see that blockhead, don't you think so?"— very true, my Lord-"—" Are you not ch flattered," said Constantine, turn- M. Chovaloff, " at the opinion Mr. is so good as to form of you?"— nly resource I have left, I am afraid, t Mr. Frogère down as but an indif- hysiognomist." At these words, in a very good French accent, the uke could no longer restrain himself, aking to Frogère, he said, as he , " There, my dear fellow, you have it is your turn."

NI.—It was in 1817, elated with the his "Cenerentola" had met with, returned to Milan, not a little anxious ow the Milanese would receive him; notwithstanding all their entreaties, them to lavish on another spot the ductions of his genius. To make rt of compensation, to atone for this was necessary he should compose ster-piece—he composed "la Gazza." ork was finished, the several parts every performer sure of his success; were posted, and Rossini was pre- o make his appearance, when one of ds rushed into the room, his counte- espeaking despair: " Eh, bon Dieu! the matter?" cried the maestro.

! my poor friend! it is horrible to it—such a piece of music, too!"

y, what do you mean? do speak."

h a piece of music, to be hissed— e hissed."

y hissed?"

, my poor fellow, there is a plot laid you—your composition is to be hissed, ed too with all possible fury."

ni heaved a great sigh. It was time n; he made his appearance in the a, and took his usual place at the A whisper, that from its loudness to portend no good, ran through the y present. The ill-starred composer round him with a woful countenance; d revenge, he thought, sat upon every row, and he already fancied he saw ouths preparing to utter that abo- sound borrowed from the serpent for a and mortification of dramatic au-

ver, make a beginning he must; his g fingers fell on the notes, and he at- he overture. The orchestra performed asterly style the beautiful march of he first part consists; there was a deep Then followed the *allegro;* Ros- s heart beating with anxiety, was o every little sound; his disordered imagination prompted him to construe every little noise into a hiss—every shrill note from the flute made him shudder. At length the overture was finished, the chorus was sung—the storm had not yet burst. Ninetta at last made her sweet notes to be heard, and the words, " Bene, molto bene, bravo!" already resounded in several parts of the saloon. After the trio of Ninetta, Fernando, and Podesta, the bursts of enthusiasm could no longer be restrained, and "Bravo! bravo! viva Rossini," rang from every corner of the house.

Now, the custom is in Italy, that on such an occasion, the author so honoured rises and bows to the company. Rossini accordingly rose, and bowed and bowed; deafening applause all the time testifying that peace was concluded. The piece was continued, and excited the same enthusiasm, " Viva! viva Rossini!" and the composer was obliged again to be on his legs, bowing in return; and the same for each succeeding part. The first act was scarcely gone through, that Rossini already feared the public might give him a curvature of the spine.

It was still worse during the second act; Rossini, overcome with fatigue, was again and again obliged to rise and bow to the company: he was hardly seated, than the public enthusiasm was expressed with as much warmth, and sometimes frenzy, as before; and, as may well be supposed, the unfortunate Rossini waited with impatience that this triumph should have an end. It came at last—the curtain dropped. Poor Rossini—he kept his bed for a week afterwards.

MOLIÈRE.—Molière always consulted his servant—he read to her his popular scenes; what excited her laughter, was preserved, what left her serious and unmoved, was discarded. Endowed with some kind of instinct, old Laforet had become quite a connoisseur. One day the great actor-author determined to put her sagacity to a trial, and for that purpose read to her a few scenes from Brécourt. At the fourth scene, she had already as many times said, shaking her head, " No, no, that's not Monsieur's, let's have another."

THE DEY OF ALGIERS.—A young French poet had written and dedicated to the king of the Barbarians an ode. What was the poor young fellow's anxiety, till he should know how his lines would be received, and what remuneration he might expect? Day after day, week after week, he spent in his garret, conjuring up the most pleasing dreams of honour and ultimate riches. At length, one morning he heard a heavy footstep, and a sea-captain presented himself; " Sir," said he, " as agent to the dey of Algiers, I am commissioned to transmit a present to you."

" Ah!" exclaimed the young man, on the tip-toe of expectation, and rising from his bed, which stood to him in the double relation of chair and table.

"The present is rather a weighty one."

"Indeed!" and the poet's face was flushed with hope and surmise.

"It gave us a good deal of trouble, too."

The young man stood gaping-mouthed, at a loss to imagine how many bags of sequins he would be justified in expecting.

"But I don't see that you have much room here—it has had young ones."

"Young ones!" howled the poet, aghast with amazement.

"Why yes, sir; the present is twice doubled now. The dey had only sent you a beautiful lioness—you have three more by her."

The poet died of a brain fever three months after.

WAGERS.—The town of Charleroi has lately been noted for its extraordinary wagers. Mr. S. undertook to run over thirty miles of country whilst a snail was getting through ten inches of grated sugar. The same Mr. S. bet he would stay longer in the river Sambre than another gentleman. After having been in the water six hours, Mr. S. sent for his night-cap, declaring he would not come out till the next day; upon which his antagonist declared himself beaten.

LALANDE.—At a great dinner given by many of the first rank, Lalande was placed between Mme. de Stael and Mme. Recamier. "How lucky I am," said he; "here am I seated between wit and beauty."—"And without possessing either the one or the other," observed Mme. de Stael."

MARIA-LOUISA.—At the time of the marriage of the Empress Maria Louisa, it used to be said, that she was the first arch-duchess who had made "*un mariage civil*," (si vil,) i. e. *so vile*. H. M.

Manners and Customs.

HUTS OF THE NAMAQUAS.

THE huts are universally composed of bent boughs, covered with neatly woven mats, and are perfect hemispheres. These huts are easily removed from one place to another: the mats are rolled up and tied along with the boughs on the backs of oxen, the earthen cooking pots and milk bambus hang from forked sticks on each side, and the children, two or three, one behind the other, sit astride of the ox, and hold on by the upright sticks; the mother drives the ox, which is laden with her offspring, her house, and utensils.

NAMAQUA REED DANCE.

ON the 20th February, the chief, according to Namqua usage, presented me with six sheep, and gave me a grand reed dance, as follows:—A dozen men assembled, and with reeds which, closed at one end, were from one foot long to seven, like the horns of different sizes, of the Russian horn-bands, the music of which I used to hear float like that of a grand piano, over the waters of the Neva. Women and girls also came, and, throwing of their karosses, stood by. One man then blew on his reed, holding it in the left hand, with the fingers opening and shutting to modulate the sound, whilst in his right hand, pressed close to his ear, he held a slight stick to clear the reed; the leader blew strongly, his head stooping forwards, and his feet stamping the ground to beat time; the others blew also, to accompany their leader; wild music arose, whilst the musicians circled round, looking inward, stooping, and beating time. The music quickened, the women sang, then sprang forward, clapping their hands, and ran round the circle of reed players, giving their bodies various odd twists, and ending by dexterously throwing up the skirt of their skin half-petticoat behind, previous to falling into their places. Sometimes the women got into the middle, and the men stamped and blew their reeds round them; and thus they continued for two or three hours, with occasional pauses, to favour me with the reed dance, which I had never seen or heard of before.

POT DANCE OF THE NAMAQUA.

THE pot dance, which I had not yet seen, was performed. About thirty Namaqua women seated themselves in a hut, from the arched roof of which hung two chords; these were grasped by a man, who commenced stamping the ground, first with one foot, and, when that was tired, changing it for the other. He also sung in low chorus, "Uwahu," to the "Ei, oh! ei, oh! ei, oh! ei, oh! ei, oh!—oh! oh! oh!" and clapping of the hands of the women. One of these held before her a bambus, in which was a little water, and over the top of it was stretched a piece of sheep-skin. This was occasionally wetted with the water inside, and was beaten with the fore-finger of the right hand, whilst the pitch was regulated by the fore-finger and thumb of the left.

The dancer tried occasionally to slip off the skin head-coverings of the women, and after he had danced his fill, his place was supplied by another. It was pleasing to see people so happy as these were, and so innocently engaged. There was not the least impropriety observable in this dance; it was merely harmless excitement, and abandonment to the mirth inspired by the most simple of all music.

METHOD OF SHOOTING LEOPARDS.

Two short stakes are driven into the ground near the leopard's haunt, at the distance of three feet from each other; the ramrod is

taken out of the loaded gun; a short stick is tied across the stock in rear of the lock; from one end of the stick a string communicates with the trigger, from the other end a long string leads past the cock and through the ramrod guards; and the gun is then fixed to the stakes at a height of fifteen inches above the ground, to take a leopard in the breast; the other end of the long string communicates with a piece of meat, and the gun is carefully concealed with the bushes. Some skill is required to fix the muzzle of the gun at the proper height for wild animals, from a lion to a jackal, but the natives are expert, and the charge seldom fails to take effect.

BEE HUNTING.

Bee hunting was very curious. Whilst I was engaged in the chase one day on foot with a Namaqua attendant, he picked up a small stone, looked at it earnestly, then over the plain, and threw it down again. I asked what it was; he said there was the mark of a bee on it; taking it up, I also saw on it a small pointed drop of wax, which had fallen from a bee in its flight. The Namaqua noticed the direction the point of the drop indicated, and walking on, he picked up another stone, also with a drop of wax on it, and so on at considerable intervals, till getting below a crag he looked up, and bees were seen flying across the sky, and in and out of a cleft in the face of the rock. Here of course was the honey that he was in pursuit of. A dry bush is selected, fire is made, the cliff is ascended, and the nest is robbed in the smoke.

HUTS OF THE INHABITANTS OF WALVISCH BAY.

The huts were of singular construction. Crooked stakes were arranged in a circular form, and met at the top, where a stout straight post supported the roof. Some of the crooked stakes projected beyond the entrance, so as to form a porch, to prevent the west wind from blowing into the hut, which was well thatched with grass and reeds, and was roomy and comfortable inside.

MANNERS OF THE HILL DAMARAS.

Few people are more simple in their habits than the Hill Damaras, and among them there are hardly any ceremonies on those occasions when most other nations show marked peculiarities. Thus, when a man wishes to marry a girl, he goes to the father with a present of bulbs and striped mice, to feast the old gentleman; and if he is accepted as a son-in-law, he adds to *the onions and mice*, an assegae or two, bows and arrows, a couple of karosses of springbok or rabbit skins, &c., and some of which he gets back again. They then dance a little (they make no honey beer at a marriage), and the bridegroom carries off his wife to his own hut.

REED DANCE AT NIAIS.

Immediately after the arrival of the expedition at Niais, Aramap ordered a grand reed dance to take place, and at least a hundred women came before the tent, young and old. A full band of reed-players blew and stamped, as before described, the women clapped their hands, sang, and ran round the players; and there was dust and noise to our hearts' content. There was one old woman here with ostrich feathers in her hair, who was one of the most persevering dancers I ever saw, for she danced for two or three days after the above beginning. There seemed to be no tiring her throat, palms, or heels.—*Alexander's African Expedition.*

New Books.

LORD LYNDSAY'S TRAVELS.

(*Continued from page* 190.)

Religious State of Egypt.

Missionary exertions throughout the Levant are chiefly directed to the conversion of the native Christians as a step to that of the Moslems. This they attempt to effect by schools for the young, and the circulation of the Scriptures in the native dialects among those of more advanced years. Mr. Lieder is the amiable and zealous promoter of the good cause in Egypt, now, as in every age, emphatically a house of bondage; spiritual darkness, foreshadowed, one might almost think, by the three days' gloom of Moses, broods over the land; the Christians seem to differ little from the heathen; indeed their character is, generally speaking, so bad as materially to impede the progress of the truth among the Mahometans.

There are many Arab Christians besides the Copts and Armenians, *all* of whom rank nominally as such; the Copts, a sort of mongrels, in whose veins runs the blood of every nation that has trodden down Egypt, are by far the cleverest of the modern Egyptians, and the business of the country is, for the most part, in their hands;—Boghaz Bey, the Pasha's right-hand man, is an Armenian, but I do not believe there are many of his sleek and comely, honest, plodding countrymen here;—the Jews are numerous—the same in appearance and character as elsewhere—scorned alike by Turk and Christian;

> "Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
> When will ye flee away, and be at rest?"

You will easily gather from what I have said, that I fear there is no hope for Egypt—at least, at present. There *is* a gleam in the sky, as if the light of civilization were about to rise, but, like the false dawn in India, it will fade away, and deeper darkness will succeed. Yet the true dawn will come at

last, and brighten into perfect day, and then, and not till then, will Egypt, Christian Egypt, rise from the dust, and resume her seat among the nations.

[After viewing the oft-described Thebes: the Memnoneum "in all its glory," of ruined splendour, and the palace of Rameses the 3rd, where in the sculptures of one of the upper rooms "you see him seated with his wife and daughters—like seeing their ghosts!" Lord L. describes the tombs of the Pharoahs, and remarks upon the paintings.]

Egyptian Doctrines—Mummies of Kings.

But the information we can gather from these paintings as to the religious opinions of the Egyptians is still more interesting. The doctrines of a future state, of judgment after death, and of rewards and punishments, are invariable subjects of representation; in one instance, a condemned soul is carried away in the shape of a sow, and the word *gluttony* is written over it to explain his crime; this is probably emblematical only, but it looks like the original Indian doctrine of transmigration, which Pythagoras is supposed to have picked up in Egypt. The punishments of the bad are frequently depicted, and the rewards of the good, who swim and sport like fish in the celestial Nile—"the rivers of the waters of life!"

But, amidst these gleams of traditional truth, "every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, are portrayed upon the wall round about," in these dark chambers of imagery, just as Ezekiel beheld them in the temple at Jerusalem. Serpents of the most extraordinary forms are seen in every direction—short, thick, and hooded, or long and tapering—the latter often carried in long mystical procession, human heads surmounting their own, or female heads growing, as it were, on their backs, between each bearer. Every step I took reminded me of some incident in Indian or Grecian mythology, and convinced me more and more that every system, eastern or western, is intimately connected in its origin—primitive revelation and patriarchal tradition, more or less corrupted. One subject, frequently repeated in these tombs, forcibly struck me—the eventual conquest of the great serpent, Apophis, by the Gods, who transfix him with daggers, and bind him, head and foot, with ropes: it was impossible not to think of the prophecies.

What a commentary are these tombs on that most sublime passage of Isaiah, in which Hades, the world unseen, personified, is represented as stirring up the mighty dead, all the kings of the nations, from the thrones on which "they lie in glory, each in his own sepulchre," to behold the corpse of Belshazzar, cast forth at the mouth of their long home, unburied, trodden under foot, honoured:—

"Art thou also become weak as thou made like unto us?

"Is thy pride brought down to th and the sound of thy viols? Is th spread under thee, and doth the ear cover thee?

"How art thou fallen from he Lucifer, son of the morning!—art c to the earth, thou that subduest the n

"Yet thou hast said in thine hear ascend into heaven, above the stars c will exalt my throne; I will sit on th of Congregation on the sides of the I will ascend above the heights of the I will be like the Most High!'

"But thou shalt be brought dow grave, to the sides of the pit!

"'They that see thee shall narro upon thee and consider thee—'Is man that made the earth tremble, shake kingdoms?

"That made the world as a wilder destroyed the cities thereof? that op the house of his prisoners?'

"All the kings of the nations, all lie down in glory, each in his own se

"But thou art cast out of the grave abominable branch, and as the rai those that are slain, thrust through sword,—that go down to the stones o —as a carcase trodden under foot!"

In front of the tomb of Amunoph's I saw a mummy that once possibly and wore a crown, rifled of its ce black and bent double, peering like ture of life, over the brow of the hill, watched my motions; an Arab pushe his foot—it fell on its side, and t broke,—and there it lay, "a carcase under foot," soon to be redissolved elements that human art had so m defrauded of their prey. "Was this that made the earth tremble, th kingdoms?" A Pharaoh, probably have fancied him Belshazzer; at a the miserable epitome at my feet ha *Man* three thousand years before me let might have moralized there for h we have a brighter hope—

> "Why should this worthless tegument e
> If its undying guest be lost for ever?
> Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and
> In living virtue, that, when both must
> Although corruption may our frame con
> The immortal spirit in the skies may blo

How often, rambling over the Thebes, has that noble poem sung me!

[We hope to return next week volumes.]

The Public Journals.

CHANNING'S REMARKS ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Extracted from Fraser's Magazine, No. CV.)

CHANNING, in his "Literary and Political Essays," presents us with a graphic sketch of the exploits of Napoleon. These were rapid and imposing. We follow him to Italy and Egypt, and broad Europe, and find victory in his wake. The speed and decision which he manifested startled the civilized world; and men, that would have met and successfully resisted them, were awed into submission, as before a destiny too terrible to be approached. There can be no doubt that Napoleon's object was empire. This consumed his energies, and absorbed him. For this he fought, and planned, and immolated his fellow men. He minded not the steps provided he attained the summit. These might be the bodies of murdered men, or the laws of peaceful nations, or crowns, or prostrate nobility and bleeding justice. His aim was mastery. But it is presumption to detain our readers by the expression of thoughts, to many of which Channing has given his own beautiful and faithful expression.

Force and corruption were the great engines of Napoleon; and he plied them without disguise or reserve, not caring how far he insulted and armed against himself the moral and national feelings of Europe. His great reliance was on the military spirit and energy of the French people. To make France a nation of soldiers was the first and main instrument of his policy; and here he was successful. The revolution, indeed, had in no small degree done this work to his hands. To complete it, he introduced a national system of education, having for its plain end to train the whole youth of France to a military life, to familiarise the mind to this destination from its earliest years, and to associate the idea of glory almost exclusively with arms. The conscription gave full efficacy to this system; for as every young man in the empire had reason to anticipate a summons to the army, the first object in education naturally was to fit him for the field. The public honours bestowed on military talent, and a vigorous impartiality in awarding promotion to merit, so that no origin, however obscure, was a bar to what were deemed the highest honours of Europe, kindled the ambition of the whole people into a flame, and directed it exclusively to the camp. It is true the conscription, which thinned so terribly the ranks of her youth, and spread anxiety and bereavement through all her dwellings, was severely felt in France. But Napoleon knew the race whom it was his business to manage; and by the glare of victory, and the title of the grand empire, he succeeded in reconciling them for a time to the most painful domestic privations, and to an unexampled waste of life. Thus he secured what he accounted the most important instrument of dominion, a great military force.

'Napoleon,' says the gifted editor of Fraser's Magazine, 'saw the dreadful price at which a throne was to be purchased, and he was prepared to pay it down to the utmost farthing. There is one remarkable fact, to which our author has directed our attention. Napoleon saw no other elements of mastery than the *physical*. He never dreamed of hewing out a way to a crown by any other weapons than bayonets and muskets, and kindred brute forces. Even his mildest measures were physical. He regarded men as possessed of nothing nobler than the senses. From the captivity of the outer man, he calculated an undisturbed empire. Channing regards this as a proof of the weakness of the first consul. He says:—

"He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make, at least, a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away the ancient pageantry and forms, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and a luxurious court He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable change to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy.

"It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon to adopt—perhaps, to conceive—a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking fea-

ture of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect sway, a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibleness, which were his master feelings, and which made force the darling instrument of his dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be the centre, in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations, as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the great empire, discovered that he expected to reign, not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance.

"But Napoleon thought himself more than a match for the moral instincts and sentiments of our nature. He thought himself able to cover the most atrocious deeds by the splendour of his name, and even to extort applause for crimes by the brilliancy of his success. He took no pains to conciliate esteem. In his own eyes he was mightier than conscience; and thus he turned against himself the power and resentment of virtue, in every breast where that divine principle yet found a home."

The Gatherer.

When the English fleet, under Lord Nelson, was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the Captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, turned to the captain of marines, and said:—"Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company, it may be as well for you to say something to the men more particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner:—"My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shores which they were rapidly nearing, "that," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils you'll soon be in the house of bondage."—The effect was electrical. C. S.

Moving Mountains in Calabria.—From each side of the deep valley, or ravine, of Terranuova, (says a modern traveller,) enormous masses of the adjoining country, having been detached and cast down into the course of the river, have given rise to a number of large lakes. Oaks, olive trees, vineyards, and corn, are stated to have been carried to the bottom of the ravine, where they were seen growing, as little injured as those from which they had been separated on the plain above, which is situated at least five hundred feet higher, and at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile. In one part of this ravine is an enormous mass, two hundred feet high, and about four hundred in diameter at its base. This mass travelled down the ravine near four miles, after having been put in motion by an earthquake. The momentum of the *terre movitine*, or lavas, as the flowing mud is called in the country, must be very great, to be the means of transporting of masses that may be compared to small hills, for a distance of several miles at a time. W. G. C.

Quarrels.—All quarrels ought to be studiously avoided, but especially conjugal ones, as no one can possibly tell where they may end; besides, that lasting dislike is often the consequence of occasional disgust, and that the cup of life is surely bitter enough, without squeezing in the hateful rind of resentment.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Domestic Servants.—It appears from an article in the London and Westminster Review, that in the last census, the number of this useful class in the United Kingdom, was—Females, 923,646; men and boys, 211,966: total, 1,135,612.

Woman is most beautiful when in tears—like a rose wet with the crystal dew.

September.—By the ancient Saxons it was named *Gerst* (barley) month; subsequently *Halig* (holy) month; and *Herst* (autumn) month, by the Dutch and Germans.

Sept. 19. "The Recuyell of the History of Troy," the first book printed in the English tongue, issued from the press at Cologne, 1471.

19. Dr. Johnson born, 1709, N. S.

21. Sir Richard Steele died, 1729

21. Anniversary of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, London, 1550.

22. Dogget, the comedian, died, 1721.

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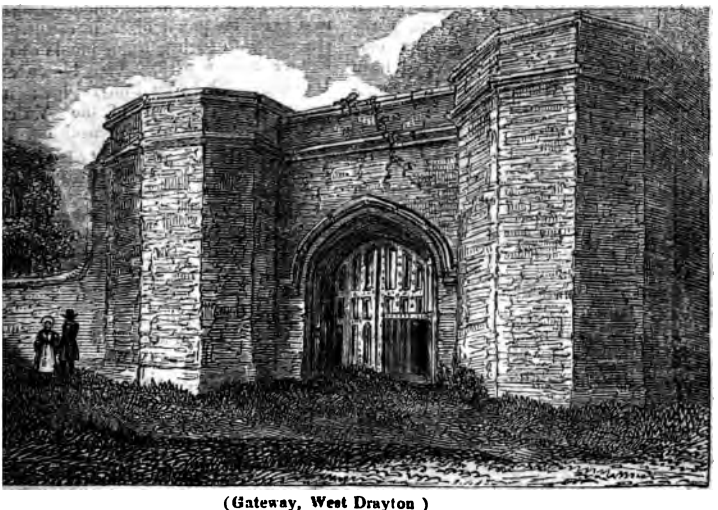
14.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1838. [PRICE 2d.

Railway Sketches.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PADDINGTON TO WEST DRAYTON.

(West Drayton Church.)



(Gateway, West Drayton)

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

From Paddington to Drayton.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been Steaming on the Great Western Railway, having been invited by your friend Lloyd, the antiquary, to accompany him on an exploring expedition to the village of West Drayton; and if you think a full, true, and particular account of the excursion will be pleasing to your numerous readers, you have our gracious permission to insert it, with the illustrative Sketches, in the *Mirror*.

The London commencement of the Great Western Railway is at Paddington, a little beyond the basin of the Grand Junction Canal. The new road leading to the railway is entered through iron gates; the carriageway and footpaths are spacious and convenient; the sloping banks at the side of the road are ornamented with shrubs and evergreens.

The buildings, containing offices, warehouses, &c. connected with the railroad, are neat and convenient. There are separate entrances and waiting-rooms for the passengers by the first and second-class carriages; we were among the latter. Upon paying our fare, the clerk handed us a printed receipt, and we were conducted by an attendant to a large covered space, containing the commencement of the railway, upon which the carriages forming the train upon the point of starting were placed: the floor of the platform upon which the passengers stand, is nearly upon a level with the bottom of the carriages, so that persons can step from one to the other with the greatest ease. The train consisted of four open, and nine close, carriages; the open, or second class carriages, are each divided into three compartments, each of which will accommodate twelve passengers, seated opposite each other; thus, an open carriage will, without being crowded, convey thirty-six persons; the first-class carriages are, in form and appearance, like the body of a stage-coach, but considerably larger. The attendants are numerous; they are dressed in green, edged with red; the conductors of the train are distinguished by frock coats and broad black belts passing over the shoulder, ornamented with chased gilt buckles. The superintendant had the appearance of a military officer, in a blue frock coat.

The utmost attention was paid to the passengers, who were conducted to their seats according to the distance they were going on the road. There was no bustle or confusion; the attendants of every grade were civil and attentive, nor did they annoy the passengers by impudently applying for money, so generally practised by all persons connected with stage coaches.

When the passengers were seated, and the doors of the carriages properly secured, the engine, called the Vulcan, with its attendant carriages, containing coal and water, were attached to the train. The moving mass, glittering with its polished brazen appurtenances, seemed to pant with eagerness for its career on the road. At length the important words—all right!—were pronounced; the Vulcan responded by a yell of delight, so loud and shrill, that for a moment it spread general alarm; we afterwards found that it was the usual intimation of approach or departure, and was the substitute for the horn used by the mail guards for a like purpose; but, surely, the steam-engine, which is so well trained in all other respects, might be taught to modulate its tone a little. We are off: forth from the murky throat of the Vulcan, "in dusky wreaths, the smoke began to roll;" we proceeded gently for a short distance, when the engine was permitted to show its speed. London receded from the view: we caught a glance of the cemetery at Kensal Green; the Campus Martius of the metropolis, Wormwood Scrubs, scene of many a bloody and bloodless battle, was scarcely approached but it was passed. Onward we flew, through the well-cultivated meads of the metropolitan county, the whole of which has the appearance of being the pleasure-ground of London. Acton and Ealing, the scene of Major Sturgeon's exploits, appear and vanish from our sight. We are now soaring in air, looking down upon fields and villages that seem spread beneath us like a map. Now on the Wharncliffe Viaduct; beneath is the village of Hanwell: here we are presented with a complete bird's-eye view of the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum, a most extensive pile of buildings, plain in its architecture, yet grand from its magnitude; its halls, dormitories, workshops, courts, and gardens, are seen at a glance. Englishmen may well be proud of their country, that is studded with such glorious proofs of its beneficence and wealth. Away!—we cross the Uxbridge-road by an iron bridge; in a few minutes the scream of the Vulcan announces that we are approaching Drayton. The train stops, and the passengers for Drayton step from the carriage to the platform. A farewell scream from the engine, and the train whirled onward; ere we could descend from the platform to the road leading to the village, it was out of sight.

On entering the road leading to the most thickly inhabited part of the village of Drayton, we observed to the right a neat national school; it was the middle of the day, and the juvenile throng poured from the path which led to knowledge, showing by their joyous activity and vociferation their delight at being freed from restraint. A few cottages of the humblest description stood on the other side of the road; one of them was a beer-shop;

whence, even at this time of day, the stupid exclamation of rustic inebriety polluted the ear, blighting the idea of peaceful retirement which the scene, at first sight, is so calculated to inspire. Wending our way beneath the elms which shaded the road, we arrived at the village green, upon which geese, pigs, and donkeys were grazing with all the felicity of rural security; the green is surrounded by houses placed at irregular distances from each other, one of them was the Swan Inn, where refreshment was promised to man and beast. Here we agreed to lunch, preparatory to Lloyd's antiquarian researches; we were conducted to an upper apartment, appropriated to first-class guests, to use the rail-road distinction; here we found a little man about to commence the refreshment process; he was a fellow-passenger, with whom I had exchanged a word or two in our twenty-minutes' flight from London; he greeted us as old acquaintances. After we had sufficiently discussed the eatables set before us, and exhilirated the interior with a glass or two of sherry, our little friend became communicative. "I am a hatter, sir; my name is Stubbs, a wholesale hatter, sir," said he, addressing Lloyd. "A capital business, sir," rejoined the F.A S., laughing at his own pun. "Yes, sir, here's my card; shall be happy to serve, that is, I mean, see you. Sink business for the day; came out for pleasure—that's my business now. Dull place this, though—been all over it already. Shall be happy to spend an hour or two with you till the train returns: how shall we pass our time?" "We are going to the church," said Lloyd. "To church—what, on a week-day—how odd, and for pleasure too,—odder and odder! going to be married, perhaps."—"Married! pshaw," cried Lloyd. "No, sir, I am going there to examine some ancient monuments."—"Well, that is odd, too; you are a stone-mason, mayhap." Lloyd looked daggers at the hatter; and to prevent an explosion, I explained. "My friend is an antiquary, Mr. Stubbs, and finds pleasure in connecting past time with the present, by means of ancient monuments: if you choose to accompany us, it may open a new source of pleasure to you."—"Well, sir, if you think so, I shall be happy to go with you." By this time we were informed that the sexton was waiting below with the keys of the church, the landlord having sent for that functionary at the request of Lloyd. Such a formidable triumvirate, preceded by the sexton, was a sight not often seen in Drayton: many a pretty face was protruded from an open casement, to gaze upon us as we passed; and Stubbs waggishly observed, that there really was something worth seeing in the place. On our road to the church, we passed an ancient house, inclosed by a high brick wall. "This looks like a prison," said the hatter. "A prison, sir," cried Lloyd, "it is the wall that surrounded the mansion of the Pagets, sir. This gateway was the entrance to the court-yard. You will, of course, make a sketch of it; and while you do so, I will turn to my notes, and give you its history." I agreed to this arrangement. Lloyd now mounted his hobby, and proceeded as follows:—"The Manor of Drayton is noticed in Doomsday-Book; it was given by King Athelstan to the canons of St Paul's; they retained possession till the reign of Henry VIII., when it was taken from the church in the year 1547, and bestowed upon Sir William Paget, who was afterwards created Lord Paget, of Beaudesert: he greatly enlarged the Mansion-house, and built the gateway you are now sketching. I have enclosed the drawing of the gateway; it is a pointed arch, between large octangular turrets; they are built of brick, and are in excellent preservation."—"Have the Pagets had it ever since?" asked Stubbs. "No, sir," replied Lloyd, "Lord Paget was deprived of it for a short time during the reign of Edward VI., but regained possession in the reign of Queen Mary. He was succeeded by his son Thomas, but on the attainder of that nobleman, in 1587, the manor was granted by Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Hatton, for his life; it was afterwards leased to Lord Hunsdon, for twenty-one years, but restored to the Pagets in 1597. The last inhabitant was a gentleman named Copinger, of whom I shall have to speak when we enter the church." I had finished my sketch, and Lloyd his narration, when we entered the church-yard; unlike others, it was perfectly flat, the walks gravelled, and the grass-plots kept in order. On expressing my surprise at this circumstance, Lloyd informed us that the first Lord Paget could not endure a church-yard so near his mansion; he therefore obtained permission to exchange an acre of ground at the town's end for the church-yard, which he enclosed with a wall, but allowed the inhabitants free access to the church. This arrangement still continues, and hence the unusual appearance of this church-yard. In compliance with the wishes of Lloyd, I made a sketch of the church; the tower is built of flint and stone, and was originally embattled, but now so completely covered with ivy that no battlement can be distinguished. We entered the church by an open porch formed of wood, projecting a considerable distance from the walls. The church is dedicated to St. Martin; it consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles; the windows are most of them in that style of Gothic architecture, called perpendicular; the roof of the nave is supported by pointed arches, springing from

octagonal piers: the font is curious, and is one of the most elegant in the county, as you will perceive from the annexed drawing. The upper part is divided into panels, in which are represented the crucifixion, a sculptor at work on some foliage, and our Lady of Pity; the remaining panels are filled with angels holding shields.

The chancel contains several monuments of the family of De Burgh. Lloyd expatiated at great length on the origin of the present family of that name. The lineal descendant of the justly celebrated Hubert De Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Lord Chief Justiciary, in the reign of Henry III., was a lady named Eastor De Burgh, who was married to F. Coppinger, Esq.: this gentleman, by royal permission, took the name of De Burgh. A neat monument in the chancel records the death of Eastor De Burgh, in 1823, aged 82. On the south side of the chancel is a monument to Fysh De Burgh, who died in 1793; also, a monument to Rupert Billingsly, captain of the Royal George, who died in 1720. On the floor is a tomb, with a figure in brass of Dr. John Goode, a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an eminent physician; he died in 1581. There is a small tablet, recording a donation to the poor, by Lord Hundsden; it is on the north side of the chancel, near the altar. There are other monuments in the church, but not of sufficient importance to interest your readers. Lloyd would have sent you an article sufficiently long to have occupied three numbers of the *Mirror*, which I have taken the liberty to abbreviate; but enough is told to show that Drayton has been a place of some importance, and well worth a visit by tourists on the railroad. We returned to the Drayton railroad-station at five o'clock. In a short time the shriek of the engine proclaimed its approach; we again paid our fare, took our seats, and within twenty minutes were at Paddington, fourteen miles and a half from Drayton. We parted with our friend Stubbs at Paddington, who boasted that he had learned and heard that day more than he ever knew before; and that no one that lived in the borough of Southwark would believe that ever he should be so odd, to go for to travel so many miles out of town by the railroad, to go to church on a week-day. N. W.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—IV.

Roots of Plants.

We noticed, in our last paper on this subject, several particulars in which earths are suited to the roots of plants. We shall say a few words on some of the different *kinds* of earth. 1. *Alumina.* This earth is clay, purified from the oxide of iron, with which it is generally mixed; and to which it is indebted for its yellow colour. It is smooth, unctuous, and very tenacious. If a soil, in our cold climate, contain a greater proportion of clay than four parts in five, it is not fit for culture. 2. *Silex.* This is the chief ingredient in quarts, flint, rock-crystal, &c. In soil, it exists in the shape of sand. From its great hardness it will cut glass. Unmixed with other kinds of earth, it is not fit for plants; for it holds no water, and is driven away by the wind. 3. *Lime.* In a pure state, it would destroy the roots of plants; but its combination with carbonic acid renders it inocuous. Too much of it renders a soil unproductive.

Animal matters divide clay, and give tenacity to sand; and contribute to form a better sponge to retain the water than the soil alone. The plant called *trefoil* contains much sulphate of lime; and therefore it is thought of advantage to supply its roots with plaster of Paris. Some botanists are of opinion, that plants derive nourishment from the *earth*; and the fact that hyacinths are obliged to be put into the ground after flowering, would appear to confirm this opinion; but other facts go to prove that the plants derive nourishment from *air* and *water* alone. It cannot be denied, however, that the sensible properties of plants are affected by the soils in which they grow. The colour of some plants is affected by this circumstance; and culinary vegetables acquire a disagreeable flavour, from soils containing much animal

manure. Vines grown on volcanic soils, impart a peculiar pleasant taste to wine.

Salt is sometimes used to stimulate the roots of plants; on which account sea-weeds are employed as manure. Lime, in small quantities, is also used; for when water reaches it, it becomes hot; and thus promotes the growth of the roots. Lime is also sometimes employed to kill vermin and weeds; for the latter have a more delicate organization than other plants, and are therefore more easily destroyed.

Some plants insinuate their roots into clefts in the ground; and by their growth (which acts with amazing power) separate the most tenacious masses. This may be illustrated by the fact, that if water be added to a few dry peas, they become so much swelled as to exercise an expansive power of several hundred weight. It is in this way that the firmly-knit bones of the human skull are separated for anatomical purposes. The skull is filled with dry peas, and the interstices are filled up with water, and the swelling of the peas forces the bones asunder. Many plants, by their long roots, bind a loose soil together. Other plants at the sea-side, for instance, are calculated to bind together the sand, and make the soil firm. In the "Amulet" for 1830, there is an account of "The Irish Herculaneum,"—a town which was overflowed by the sea, in consequence of the destruction of some plants which had bound the sand together, and formed a barrier against the sea. The name of the town was *Baunow*. The Dutch have made good use of such plants as these in forming dykes; and so also have the French, to prevent the sea gaining on that tract of land whence claret is procured. In New England, the inhabitants are obliged, by law, to plant beech-grass for this purpose.

The root is the part of plants which is chiefly used in medicine. It has a larger proportion of bark, in which the virtues of the plant reside. In beet-root, crystals of sugar may sometimes be seen with the naked eye. In France, beet-root is likely to yield sugar cheaper than the sugar-cane in the West Indies. Ale may be got from parsnips, and brandy from the root of couch-grass. Starch abounds in almost all herbaceous roots. Cassava contains a deadly poison in its raw state; but when boiled, it yields an abundance of farinaceous food, much used for bread within the tropics.

The most common *position* for the root of plants is at the base of the stem; from which it descends into the ground, gradually tapering to a point, and giving off, on all sides, irregular branches of a filamentous character. These branches are termed *fibrils*; and are chiefly composed of vessels and cellular tissue, covered with a skin called *epidermis*, except at the extremities, where the cellular tissue is exposed, and where are situated the absorbents of the root, which we have already mentioned under the expressive term "*spongioles*." The structure of the main part of the root (called the *tap* or *caudex*) is very much like that of the stem, except that it has no pith, in that large division of plants called *dicotyledonous*. The greater proportion which the bark bears to the whole mass in the root than in the stem, is owing to its being kept moist by its underground position, which renders it more capable of distention. It is well seen in the carrot, where the bark is of a different colour from the rest of the root. Roots are seldom of a green colour, except when they appear above ground. Some plants have *no* descending *caudex*, or root-stem, and then the fibrils are given off from a flattened plate, as in the bulbs of hyacinths. Roots, however, may be developed from *any* part of the stem, or even of the branches, if subjected to a proper degree of moisture and shade. Some tropical plants constantly produce roots from their stems and branches; which roots descend into the ground, and become fixed, and thus support the branches, which are enabled to extend over a large tract of land. In fact, it appears that when the roots have reached the ground, the exposed portion assumes the character of a stem. The most celebrated example of this kind, is the *banyan tree* of the East Indies. A representation of it, with an elephant reposing in its shade, may be seen in Professor Henslow's compendious treatise on botany, in "Lardner's Cyclopædia." We are indebted to him for some of the preceding particulars, and shall occasionally return to his pages. The *maize*, the *mangrove*, and some exotic *fig-trees*, besides the roots by which they are terminated below, produce others from various parts of their stem, and these descend often from a considerable height, and penetrate the ground. These supernumerary roots have been called adventitious; and a very remarkable fact relating to them is, that they begin to enlarge in diameter only when their extremity has reached the soil, and extracts from it the materials of its growth.

It has been asserted that the root is so distinct from the stem, that the former is never capable of assuming the character of the latter. It is not uncommon, however, to find ash trees, which have grown on the stumps of pollard willows, and have sent their roots through the decayed wood into the ground; and when the willows have fallen to pieces, the exposed roots of the ash have become coated with a green bark, and have not appeared to differ in any respect from the trunk itself. Many roots are as capable of producing stems or branches, as we have seen that stems or branches are of producing roots. This is often the case with the white poplar; and there are some elms which throw up such

numerous suckers, as to injure the pasturage of meadows when planted in them. We must not, however, confound with roots *subterraneous stems*, which creep horizontally under ground, as in the plant called *Solomon's seal*. Their direction alone would almost always suffice to distinguish them; but there are other characters which we shall more particularly consider in our next paper, when we come to treat of "stems of plants." The subject is well treated in the "Elements of Botany," by M. Richard, of Paris; a work which we shall occasionally lay under contribution. It has been translated, and illustrated by numerous engravings, by Mr. Macgillivray, of Edinburgh, and also by Dr. Clinton, of Dublin.

The most important purpose which the root is destined to serve, is that of absorbing nutriment. But it is generally so placed, as to take firm hold of the ground, and thus enables the plant to maintain its position in one and the same spot during its life-time. There are, however, certain plants (such as the common *duck-weed*) which float on the surface of ponds, and the roots of which are suspended in the water, without ever reaching the bottom. There are some others of a still more remarkable nature. They are termed *air-plants*, for their roots cling closely to the branches of trees, and derive their nutriment from the moist atmosphere which perpetually hangs over a tropical forest. If these plants were placed with their roots in the ground, they would die. The roots of some of the aquatic plants to which we have referred, are furnished with appendages in the form of little membranous bladders, which are partly filled with air, and serve to float the plant, in order that it may be enabled to flower above the surface of the water. Most aquatic plants, however, (as the buck-bean, and water-lily,) have roots which, penetrating into the mud, attach them to the soil. Some plants, either wholly immersed in water, or floating on its surface, absorb nutriment by every part of their surface, instead of having a portion (called a root) specially devoted to that purpose. Other plants vegetate on rocks, (as *lichens*,) or on the walls, (as the common *wall-flower*, and *snap-dragon*,) or on the trunks of trees (as *ivy*, and most of the *mosses*.) The latter immerse their roots into the trunks, and appear to extract the materials of nutrition from them, and to live at their expense. They are therefore called *parasitic* plants; but it is not likely that they really extract nourishment from the other plants on which they grow.

If a branch of willow, or poplar, be cut off, and the ends immersed in the ground, the extremities will shoot out into fibres; and these will enlarge into roots, and fix the branch in the ground. It is on this property which the stems, and even the leaves, of many vegetables possess, of giving rise to new roots, that the practice of propagating by slips is founded. There is a great resemblance in structure between the roots which a tree gives out in the earth, and the twigs which it spreads out in the air; the principal differences observed between them, depending on the difference of the media in which they are developed. Indeed, a young tree may be reversed, so as to have its branches immersed in the ground, and its roots spread out in the air, when it will accommodate itself to its new circumstances—the leaf-buds being converted into root-fibres, and the root-buds becoming leaves.

Plants are divided into *annual*, *biennial*, and *perennial*, according to the duration of their roots. Annual plants are those which are developed, produce fruit, and die, in the space of a single year; *wheat*, the *lark's-spur*, and the *poppy*, are familiar examples. Biennial plants are those which require two years for their perfect development; they commonly produce only leaves the first year, and die the second, after producing flowers and fruit; the *carrot*, and *fraglove*, may be mentioned as examples. Perennial plants are those which live and blossom through many successive seasons to an indefinite period, as *trees*, *shrubs*, and many herbaceous plants, such as *asparagus*. This division of plants, however, according to the duration of their roots, is liable to vary from the influence of different circumstances. It is not uncommon to see *annual* plants vegetate for *two years*, or even more, if placed in a soil which is favourable to them, and protected from cold. Thus *mignionette*, which is an *annual* plant in this country, becomes *perennial* in the deserts of Egypt. On the other hand, *perennial* plants of Africa and America, sometimes become *annual* when transplanted into northern regions, as the *nasturtium*. The *castor-oil* plant, which forms a tree in Africa, lasts for only one year in our climate; but resumes its woody character, when it happens to be placed in a favourable situation. The term "*biennial*" is applied to any plant that is produced *one* year, and flowers *another*, provided it flowers but *once*, whether that event takes place the *second* year, as usual, or, from unfavourable circumstances, happens to be deferred to a *subsequent* year. This is the case with the tree-mallow, and with other plants when growing out of their natural soil or station. It is remarked by the celebrated Linnæus, that, however impervious with respect to cold such plants may be *before* they blossom, they perish the first winter *after* that event; nor can any artificial heat preserve them. This, no doubt, is to be attributed to the exhaustion of their vital energy by flowering. The *fibres* of the root, particularly those extremities which imbibe nourishment, are annual in

ss. During the winter, the powers of
ot lie dormant, and that is the proper
, therefore, for their transplantation.
they have begun to throw out new
it is more or less dangerous to remove
very young *annual* plants, however,
y form new fibres with great facility,
ransplantation pretty well at any time,
ed they receive abundant supplies of
by the leaves, till the root has recovered
In the *turnip*, and sometimes the
p and *carrot*, part of the body of the
bare, and above ground, partaking of
ture of a stem.
fibres of the roots of grasses which
n loose sand, are remarkably downy;
s for the purpose of fixing them more
y in so slippery a support, and to mul-
ie points of absorption where nourish-
is so scarce. The roots of some para-
plants are very strong, for the purpose
ling them so firmly to the branches of
es on which they grow, as to defy the
f the winds. Creeping roots are very
ous of life, for any part will grow.
those weeds that are furnished with
are very difficult to root out.—N. R.

INCIDENCES, OMENS, AND PRESENTIMENTS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

s is something so extraordinarily stri-
and at times awful, in many of the
stances which have been, as it were,
rerunners of others, either fatal in
onsequences, or strangely analogous,
partial account of them, and here and
a cursory examination into their causes
fects, becomes a matter of much curi-
vestigation and research. What, for
se, are the thoughts that may arise
sidering the circumstance of the fall-
a large emerald out of the crown of
e III., at his coronation, when we re-
that during his reign America was
us? What, when at the coronation
arles X., Louis Philippe picked up
ng's hat, which had fallen off? or,
when at Napoleon's demise, we hear
e island of St. Helena was visited by
the most violent hurricanes on record?
oughts, we must confess, that arise
ese corresponding circumstances, are
ry mixed character, and may, per-
baffle our attempts at analyzing them.
re scarcely attribute the occurrences
ect interference of Providence; in
se, we run the risk of being accused
stition; nor do we feel exactly in-
to attribute them solely to *chance;*
and indeed most of them, have turned
exceedingly correct in their resem-
to what we may look upon as the
omen. All the Kings of England,
consorts were of French origin, have
died violent deaths: Edward II., who had married Isabella, was murdered in Berkely Castle; Richard II., who had married the daughter of Charles VI., died at Pontefract Castle of a most cruel death; and Charles I., who had married Henrietta Maria, was beheaded. The females of the House of Brunswick, down to the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, have all either died of premature deaths, or have had miserable ends:—Charlotte Christina fell a victim to the ferosity of her husband, and died in childbed in 1715; Sophia of Brunswick, died miserably after a confinement of forty years, in 1726; Augusta-Caroline perished in a very mysterious manner, it is supposed in Siberia; Elizabeth, was divorced from her husband, the King of Prussia, and was confined at Stettin; Carolina-Matilda, sister of George III., died miserably in the prime of life, in 1775; Princess Charlotte in 1817, and Caroline of Brunswick closes the dismal scene! More than twenty years before the execution of Maria Antoinette, her mother, Maria Theresa, was warned by Dr. Gassner that "there were crosses for all shoulders," long before there was the slightest suspicion that she would ever be united to a French prince.

These are remarkable coincidences. The extraordinary manner in which each individual of the first met his end, and all three under the same common circumstance, is sufficiently curious; and the striking similarity of tragic fate which attended only the females of the House of Brunswick, is, we must acknowledge, somewhat startling; as are also the ultimate ends of those of the House of Stuart, who were unfortunate enough to be called to the throne:—James I., of Scotland, was assassinated; James II. was killed by accident; James III. was murdered; James IV. was killed at Flodden; James V. died of grief; Henry, Lord Darnley, was murdered; Queen Mary was beheaded; James II. died in exile; and the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded. With regard to the last of the three coincidences I have mentioned above, some palpable sign seems to have existed on the countenance of the arch-duchess at the time of the prediction. It is well known that the features of Charles I. bore that peculiar stamp, which seems to have excited some latent fear, that his end might be an unfortunate one. Bernini, who was commissioned to make a bust of his majesty, from drawings by Vandyke, could not refrain from frequently expressing his conviction that the monarch was destined to a violent end, and always felt an aversion to prosecute his labour. Whilst the King was examining this bust, a hawk, with a partridge in its claws, flew over it, and dropped some blood on its neck, which was not permitted to be wiped off. We have Sir Walter Scott's testimony on perhaps, one of the strangest

of coincidences on record, viz. the prediction made to Josephine, that she would rise to the highest pitch of human grandeur, without ever being a *Queen*; which, in fact, was correct enough, for she rose to the imperial throne. Sir Walter says, in his "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," that it was many years before the actual occurrence took place, that he heard this prediction, which was communicated to him by a lady, an intimate acquaintance of Josephine's. It was moreover foretold, that she would die in an hospital: this part of the prophecy was likewise fulfilled, for she died at Malmaison, which formerly *was* an hospital. During the time Charles I. was on his trial before the Parliament, the head of his cane fell off, and rolled on the floor: this circumstance evidently affected the King at the time.

The presentiments or presages we must allow to be the mere work of chance; we are not justified in supposing these people endowed with a superhuman foresight;—it were impious to presume that such an attribute could ever be given to sinning mortal. The father of Napoleon, on his death-bed, exhorted his children to look to their brother for support and advancement; this seems to have been prophetic, but the father might already have discerned in his son the seeds of that domineering and ambitious spirit which afterwards governed his life, and for a time held in its grasp the destinies of half the civilized world. Henri IV., for a few days before his assassination, was tormented with the idea that his end was approaching; he knew no peace: "I am told I shall die in a coach," he frequently said to Sully, and the morning of his death he was observed to be peculiarly devout, so strong was his conviction of his approaching death. H. M.

(*To be continued.*)

ROMAN VILLA.

THE remains of a Roman villa have recently been found on the estate of Mr. John Henry Shore, at Whatley, near Frome, Somersetshire. Earth to the depth of three feet has been removed, and a fine tesselated pavement uncovered, consisting, as it at present appears, of two rooms connected together; one of them being about thirty-two feet by twenty, and the other twenty-two feet by fourteen. The pavement is tolerably perfect, but has suffered damage in one part. The tesseræ are very small, and of seven different colours. Some coins, and which are believed to be of the reign of Constantine, Roman pottery, and other curious antiquities, were dug up at the time the excavation was made. It is believed, from the appearance of the surrounding earth, that if the excavations were continued, further interesting discoveries would be made.

MILAN AND THE IRON CROWN.

THE foundation of the cathedral of Milan was laid by Visconti, the first Duke of Milan, June 13, 1386, yet no religious offices were performed in it till Oct. 16, 1684, when Pope Martin V. blessed the altar; the consecration of the church followed by Cardinal Borromeo. In architecture, as in sculpture, men of taste and science have established certain principles to prevent the arts being made the sport of fancy and caprice; yet, out of the most gross absurdities, effects are sometimes produced which have had a power over the imagination, and set established rules at defiance. Of this description is the architecture of the Cathedral of Milan; it resembles the ivory carving of a Chinese artist, and has the same reference to architecture; and its popularity is founded on the same principles—richness of ornament, and an endless profusion of laborious ingenuity.

A capricious Gothic style pervades the façade, made still more fantastical by its being blended with very corrupt Roman architecture. The exterior of the whole church is constructed of an imperfect white marble, encumbered beyond all example with sculptured ornaments, bas-reliefs, and bad statues, in countless numbers.

The sculpture in the cathedral partakes of every extravagance of fancy—prophets, as large as Gog and Magog in Guildhall, without the merit of their simplicity; bronzed doctors, and the beasts of Ezekiel, in a style equally distant from Grecian taste and common sense. The celebrated statue of St. Bartholomew has been admired for having his skin in his hand; but, for such novelties few possess any great partiality; and the vain inscription of the artist—"Non me Praxiteles sed Marc' Finxit agrat." was never worse applied.

The plan of the church consists of a nave and four-side aisles, without projecting chapels to contract any part of the area. There are no less than fifty-two clustered pillars, which produce a very novel and striking effect. The choir is a little elevated, and has no screen to separate it from the body of the church, which, for the general effect, is a vast improvement.

The celebrated Iron Crown of the Lombard kings, with which the emperors of Germany are crowned, is a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. It is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, connected together by close hinges; the jewels and embossed gold ornaments are set in a ground of blue and gold enamel, exhibiting an exact resemblance to the workmanship of the enamelled part of a gold ornament which once belonged to king Alfred, now in the Ashmolean Museum, certainly the most interesting relique of the olden day in that depository.

The crown is said to have been presented to the Greek emperor, Constantine, by his mother, St. Helen; and the sacred iron rim, from which it has its name, was to protect him in battle. The rim, now the most important part of this crown, is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and a tenth of an inch thick, attached round the inside of it, made of one of the nails * used in the Crucifixion; and although this iron has now been exposed for more than fifteen hundred years, there is not a speck of rust upon it. This the person who exhibits the crown, calls the attention of the viewer to the fact as a permanent miracle.

An ornamented cross, deposited over an altar, closely shut up within folding doors of gilded brass, in the Cathedral of Monza, is the depository of this memorable relique. The exhibition is attended with some ceremony; and the cross, within an octagonal aperture, in the centre of which it is placed, is not usually taken down from its elevated situation to gratify common curiosity by a nearer view.

On the medals struck to commemorate the coronation of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine at Milan, as king and queen of Italy, † it is said, on the lower circle of the crown, is this inscription:—"Agilvlfvs, Gratia Dei, gloriosvs Rex"—"Agilulfus, by the grace of God, glorious king;" but Duppa, who saw the crown in 1822, says nothing of any such inscription.

Napoleon, at Turin, on the 17th of June following, founded the Order of the Iron Crown.

* Another of these nails is in the treasury of St Mark, at Venice, and one in the Church of the Benedictine Monastery at Catania, which, by its miraculous powers, prevented the destruction of that monastery on the overwhelming eruption of Ætna, in the year 1669, when the lava flowed around it, and left the edifice standing uninjured amid the liquid fire.

† On the 17th of March, 1805, a deputation from Milan brought to Napoleon the votes of the Italian people, praying him to accept the crown of Italy. On the 22d of the same month appeared a decree, fixing the coronation for the 23d of May. On March 31st, the constitutional statute declaring Napoleon king of Italy, was proclaimed at Milan; and on May 8th, the Emperor and Empress Josephine made their formal entry into that capital. The iron crown of the Lombard kings was, on the 22d, brought from Monza to Milan, and on the 26th, (not on the 23rd, as appears erroneously on the medal struck for this occasion,) the coronation took place in the cathedral. After receiving at the foot of the altar from the cardinal, Archbishop Caprara, the ring, mantle, and sword, Napoleon gave the last to the Prince Eugene Beauharnois, thereby indicating that he at once constituted him his delegate and defender. Then, ascending to the altar, he took the iron crown, and placing it himself on his head, uttered in a loud voice, the words—"Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touchera."—"God gives it me, let him who touches it beware."

New Books.

LORD LINDSAY'S TRAVELS.

Continued from page 206.

Holy Land.

[We return to these truly interesting volumes; and find, as we advance with the author, a deep-toned sentiment, and an elevated and expansive religious feeling, seldom, we fear, to be found amongst the great and the wise of this world. The following, on drawing near the Holy City, is very beautiful.]

Approach to Jerusalem.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white-bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties, too, of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with "Bon viaggio," and "Benvenuti Signori!" others with the emphatic "Salam," "Peace!" or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

[Our readers will find in former volumes of the *Mirror* notices of the Holy City: but the impressions on various minds of the same heart-stirring object is instructive, as showing the various emotions by which men are actuated, antiquarian zeal, poetic ardour, superstitious excitement, and religious joy.]

Jerusalem.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery; Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Silos still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture.—It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the words of the Bible,

the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it —to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loca sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final Judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

> "In Earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
> Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!"

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

[The following passage is beautifully concluded:]

The Valley of Megiddon.

In about an hour and a quarter beyond Sepphoury, we reached the loftiest ridge between the plain of Esdraelon and the sea; the view on every side was superb—in front of us stretched the magnificent plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, so interesting in the annals of history past—and to come, for there, according to the Apocalypse, will be fought the last great battle of Megiddon: Mount Tabor was full in view; the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon rose in the distance, and at our feet lay Nazareth, embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in his mother's arms.

[Another interesting object, the sea of Galilee, is thus described:]

Lake of Tiberias.

We did not enter Tiberias, but pitched on the banks of the lake; the earthquake had left the town in ruins, its walls cast down to the ground, its towers split in two, and their galleries and chambers laid open and yawning in mid air. We all bathed, and found it most refreshing. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening on the shore of this lovely lake—not, I hope, without thoughts of Him who dwelt on its banks and walked on its waves, and stilled them at his word, and whose will is still all-powerful to sustain us, when the winds wage war, and the waters rise against us, and faith, like Peter, sinks in the heart, even while it wishes to draw nigh to God, and we look around for help, and finding none, cry aloud, "Lord, save us, we perish!"—and then, and not till then, is the hand outstretched, and the voice heard, that says to the winds, "Peace!" and to the sea, "Be still!" and there is a great calm, and the heart, like its emblem, recomposed to rest, Faith walks once more on the waters, hand in hand, and in communion with her Saviour.

Thoughtfully and peacefully passed that evening. A few hours' repose were very welcome after so many days' incessant march.

[An incidental illustration of the unerring truth of prophecy is given us in his Lordship's researches for cities which, by the divine fiat, had been consigned to oblivion and destruction, for unbelief.]

Capernaum:—Chorazin:—Bethsaida.

About an hour north of Tiberias, and at the bottom of a deep bay, unnoticed in the map, we entered the plain of Gennesareth, of which Josephus gives such a glowing description, nor do I think it overcharged. It is excessively fertile, but for the most part uncultivated; the waste parts are covered with the rankest vegetation, reeds, nebbek-trees, oleanders, honeysuckles, wild flowers, and splendid thistles in immense crops; I saw a stunted palm or two, and there *are* fig-trees, though I did not see them,—once they were numerous. A broad clear stream and innumerable rapid little rivulets cross the road. Medjdel, a wretched village, probably represents Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, both names implying "tower," in Arabic and Hebrew,—but of Capernaum no traces remain, not even, so far as I could ascertain by repeated inquiries, the memory of its name. Truly, indeed, has Capernaum been cast down to Hades—the grave of oblivion. I think it must have stood on the northern extremity of the plain, close to the sea; its position on the shore cannot be doubted,—it was also very near the mountain on which our Saviour preached his sermon, for, descending from it, he entered into Capernaum;—the hills to the south of the plain are very rugged and barren—no one would for a moment dream of climbing them for such a purpose as our Saviour had in view,—those that bound the plain to the west are too distant from the lake to answer the conditions,—while that to the north,

which we crossed on our road to the head of the lake, agrees with them in every point, the summit, an easy walk from the town, supposing it situated as I conceive it was, being perfectly smooth and covered with fine grass, though the sides are rocky.

Beyond this hill, in another small plain, flow several very copious streams of warm mineral waters, and there are extensive ruins of Roman baths and aqueducts. After traversing a succession of sloping meadows, and some of the finest thickets of oleander I ever saw, in full flower, we reached the head of the lake, in four hours after leaving Tiberias.

I could hear nothing of Chorazin and Bethsaida, though I named them to almost every one we met. Bethsaida, however, was discovered by Pococke in ruins, and called by the same name, rather out of this immediate district, but Chorazin ought to be somewhere hereabouts. Dr. Richardson was informed that both Chorazin and Capernaum were near, but in ruins—no one, however, that we met seemed to know anything about them. Some future traveller may be more fortunate in this interesting inquiry.

[The following paragraph is singular, considering the rickety tenure in which this fiend land is held.]

Ejection of the Turks from Holy Land.

In our ride that afternoon, the old Sheikh pointed out many fine fields as his property; the land, he said, was very rich, and, if the English would but come and take possession of it, they would join heart and hand with them, and drive out the Turks with the sword. This feeling is almost universal among the villagers east of the Jordan, and no wonder, scorched as they are by that iron furnace—Egypt.

[This brief passage illustrates another incident in prophecy:—]

Ammon.

Such are the relics of ancient Ammon, or, rather, of Philadelphia, for no building there can boast of a prior date to that of the change of name.—It was a bright cheerful morning, but still the valley is a very dreary spot, even when the sun shines brightest. Vultures were garbaging on a camel, as we slowly rode back through the glen, and reascended the *akiba*, by which we approached it. Ammon is now quite deserted, except by the Bedouins, who water their flocks at its little river, descending to it by a Wady, nearly opposite the theatre, (in which Dr. Mac Lennan saw great herds and flocks, and, if I recollect right, considerable ruins,) and by the *akiba*. Reascending it, we met sheep and goats by thousands, and camels by hundreds, coming down to drink,—all in beautiful condition. How—let me again cite the prophecy—how runs it?—"Ammon shall be a desolation!—Rabbah of the Ammonites . . . . shall be a desolate heap!—I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!"

[Our readers are doubtless familiar with the magnificent representation in Isaiah of the Redeemer coming out of Edom in garments dyed with the blood of vengeance. Lord L. thus describes

Bozrah.]

Next morning, passing numerous villages en route, though the whole country looks like a desert in the map, we encamped, after six hours' ride, among the ruins of Bozrah. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?"—"I, that publish righteousness, mighty to save!" At no place, during my tour, did I feel more vivid pleasure from the mere consciousness of being at it; ignorant of Arabic, and unaware of the great, though, perhaps, only temporary, political change, that, for the present, enables a Frank to visit these countries openly and without disguise, I had never supposed the possibility of visiting it;—yet there are few places so interesting, both to the admirer of sacred literature, and the student of history; for Bozrah, the northern capital of Arabia Provincia under the Romans, and the birthplace of the Emperor Philip, is yet more memorable, as dear A—— will recollect, in the early annals of the Saracens, as the first town the arms of the Calips subdued in Syria; while every one must remember the sublime passage in which the name is introduced in Scripture, in prophetic reference to a period, now, perhaps, not very far distant.

Bozrah is now for the most part a heap of ruins, a most dreary spectacle: here and there the direction of a street or alley is discernible, but that is all; the modern inhabitants—a mere handful—are almost lost in the maze of ruins. Olive trees grew here within a few years, they told us—all extinct now, like the vines for which the Bostra of the Romans was famous.—And such, in the nineteenth century, and under Moslem rule, is the condition of a city which, even in the seventh century, at the time of its capture by the Saracens, was called by Caled "the market-place of Syria, Irak, (Mesopotamia), and the Hedjaz."—"For I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord of Hosts, that Bozrah shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes!" And it is so.

Topography.

THE STATE AND IMPORTANCE OF DOVER HARBOUR.

"No promontory, town, or haven, in Christendom, is so placed by nature and situation, both to gratify friends, and annoy enemies, as this town of Dover; no place is so settled to receive and deliver intelligence for all matters and actions in Europe, from time to time; no town is by nature so settled, either to allure intercourse by sea, or to train inhabitants by land, to make it great, fair, rich, and populous; nor is there in the whole circuit of this famous island any port, either in respect to security and defence, or of traffic or intercourse, more convenient, needful, or rather of necessity to be regarded, than this of Dover, situated on a promontory next fronting a puissant foreign king, and in the very streight, passage, and intercourse of almost all the shipping in Christendom.

"And if that our renowned king (Henry 8th), your majesty's father, found how necessary it was to make a haven at Dover (when Sandwich, Rye, Camber, and others, were good havens, and Calais also was then in his possession), and yet spared not to bestow, of his treasure, so great a mass, in building that pier, which then secured a probable means to perform the same; how much more is the same now needful, or rather of necessity, (those good havens being extremely decayed,) no safe harbour being left in all the coast almost between Portsmout and Yarmouth. Seeing, then, it hath pleased God to give unto this realm such a situation for a port and town, as all Christendom hath not the like, and endowed the same with all commodities by land and sea, that can be wished, to make the harbour allure intercourse, and maintain inhabitants; and that the same once performed, must be advantageous to the revenue, and augment the welfare and riches of the realm in general; and both needful and necessary, as well for the succouring and protecting friends, as annoying and offending enemies, both in war and peace; methinks, there remaineth no other deliberation in this case, but how most sufficiently, and with greatest perfection possible, most speedily the same may be accomplished."

The above words are given in "a memorial presented to Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight;" and quoted by Lieut. Worthington, in his "proposed plan for improving Dover Harbour," as given in the "Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal;" from which valuable work we extract the following quotation:—

"Before the pier was built out, there are men alive can remember that there was no banks or shelves of beach to be seen before Dover, but all clean sea, between Archcliff tower and the Castle cliff.

"By experience it hath been always found, that as the pier was built out, so the banks of beach also began to grow, and lay farther out as the pier was farther built, and as the pier hath decayed, so these banks of beach also have been either scoured away, or driven farther in, and that those banks of beach never rest farther forth into the sea, than they are defended by the pier.

"Also it is found that the making of groins will ever encrease the quantity of beach, and the decay or pulling down those groins, doth also cause the same bank of beach to wear away, so far forth as the groins are built or taken away.

"Also it is found that the abundance of beach is so great as they cannot be stayed by any groins, but that they will fill the groins, and then go about them, holding on their course as the flood carries them.

"Also that there is no other entrance or haven mouth at this present, but such as the ebbing out of the sea water, and course of the river do keep open.

"It is also found by experience that the same mouth or entrance doth always grow nearer and nearer towards the town; and that in times past it hath grown so near, that by the violent rage of the sea, passing through the same, a part of the town itself hath been in danger to be overthrown.

"Also it is found, that the beach hath, and doth encrease still more and more, under and beyond the castle.

"Also that lately where five rods of bavin work had been made up of the broken pier, the beach is also grown out to the end thereof, and so groweth down from thence lower and lower towards the town-ward.

"Also it is found that the great rocks that were sunken by king Henry VIII., do still lie there, and are not removed by any violence of sea, but by the wearing of them, or looseness of the ground under them, have sunk somewhat lower and lower.

"Also it is found that part of the pier standeth on a firm rock of chalk, and part on a soft soil.

"Also it is apparent at this present, that where the beach and ooze are incorporated together in a main shelf, it so retaineth the water inclosed within the same, towards the cliff, that there is ever a long-standing pool of water, twelve feet at least higher than the sea without at low water."—*Architects' Journal.*

DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, BEHEADED AT SALISBURY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Salisbury Journal* has furnished that paper with a most interesting account of the recent discovery of the mutilated remains of the celebrated Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was be-

d in that city in 1483. History records Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, cousin of Buckingham" of Shakspeare's rtal page, having failed in his plan of ection against Richard III., took refuge house of his servant Bannister, near rsbury; that he was "by that wretch red" into the hands of the King, then linbury, and suffered death at that city ut form of trial, according to the sum- method of that age, by decollation and station of the right arm. Tradition as- the court-yard of the Blue Boar Inn as ene of this bloody tragedy. During the tions and improvements which are still ogress at the Saracen's Head Inn, h, there can be no doubt, formed part premises originally attached to the Blue) it became necessary to remove the flooring of one of the rooms, and dig to depth. In the course of this operation, eight inches below the surface of the hey came to a human skeleton. The here indicated can only be a few yards, ply feet, from the very spot where Buck- am suffered decapitation. The remains scovered were evidently those of a human ; and the skeleton was complete, save it wanted the head and right arm. first impression on the mind of the land- Mr. Shucker, was, that the remains so vered were those of some travelling ped- ho had been murdered in the house, and creey buried on the spot. The absence arm, it seems, suggested the idea that might possibly have been the vocation deceased, and they accounted for the ppearance of the head by supposing it had been cut off by the murderers, ding that the grave that they had exca- was too small to contain the body. this impression the landlord himself up one of the ribs, and measuring it by m, averred that the deceased must have of large dimensions. The spinal co- appeared completely imbedded in the and on handling or taking up some of tached vertebræ they crumbled into dust eir hands. As may be supposed, the remains were in a like friable condition; cting on the impression that what was the most high and puissant Prince y of Buckingham, was no other than rdered pedlar, they actually, with their y shovels," knocked about his "noble " and in a few minutes compounded it the clay "whereto 'twas kin."*—*Sale- Journal, Sept.* 1838.

. correspondent of the *Times* doubts the truth above statement; but he does not give one co- reason that can shake its veracity. In all the es of Salisbury, it is asserted, as a positive hat Buckingham was executed there; and is a monument in the church of St. Thomas, is generally supposed to be that of the Duke kingham.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—(From a correspondent.)—At half-past 7 o'clock, last Sunday evening, (Sept. 16, 1838), there was observed at St. Alban's, the sky being perfectly clear and starlight, a bright band of light, extending from about 20 degrees from the western horizon, to about 40 degrees from the eastern horizon. When this appearance was first noticed (which must have been within a few minutes after it became visible) the band of light was exactly vertical; it then moved very slowly about 35 degrees towards the south, where it remained stationary, till, in about a quarter of an hour, it had gradually disappeared. The band was nearly in a straight line, from which it deviated a little when it moved, and as wide as the distance between two of the well-known stars in the Great Bear. The northern edge was clearly defined, and very bright. The southern edge was shaded off. At the same time a thin column of light shot up about 20 degrees above the eastern horizon, in a line with the above-mentioned band of light. Shortly after their disappearance, the Aurora Borealis became very bright, and the coruscations later in the evening were singularly brilliant. The band of light and the aurora evidently originated from the same cause.

Lunar Iris.—This exceedingly rare phenomenon was witnessed on Sunday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, at Charlton, in Kent, bearing N.W. by W., stretching across the horizon towards the nadir, obliquely bisecting the milky way at an angle of 45 degrees.

Singular Tidal Phenomenon.—The *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, of November, 18, 1837, gives an account of a remarkable tidal phenomenon, which had just occurred on the shore of the island. We shall lay before our readers the substance:—"Soon after six o'clock, on Tuesday evening, the sea fell very rapidly about eight feet, leaving several vessels aground. The weather was clear and pleasant; thermometer at 74° 5′, barometer 30° 6′; fine breeze from the north-east, equally at intervals. The water, after remaining stationary a few seconds, rose again to the ordinary high-water mark, and at 6h. 40m. again receded four feet six inches perpendicularly, in 27 minutes; it then again rose to the same height as before, and fell again six feet three inches. The third time it rose four inches higher than before. After the fourth, all the ebb and flow, which had hitherto occupied about 28 minutes each, gradually diminished and varied in time, flowing in 10, and ebbing in 20 minutes. This continued during the night and part of Wednesday forenoon. The rapidity with which the water rose and fell varied considerably in different parts of the

harbour. At no time did the water rise above high-water mark. Towards midnight the wind subsided, and much rain fell, but there were no unusual atmospheric appearances, or trembling of the earth. The whole commotion appeared to be in the sea. The same phenomenon occurred at the islands in May, 1819, without any earthquake here or at the other islands. The reasons assigned at the moment for the strange tide, (says the editor,) were in themselves an endless excitement to risibility. Among the imaginations of the spectators, the most whimsical theories were devised, from whence to adduce a reasonable and sufficient explanation of the mystery. Volcanic disturbances at Hawai, or in the vicinity of the islands at sea, as well as earthquakes, either at some part of this group, or in some adjacent island, may have been the 'why and the wherefore' of this tide. An earthquake may have been at the bottom of it, but that it was caused by the spouting of a large body of whales, by the sinking of a part of the foundation of the unfathomable ocean, or by other equally mysterious impulse, we must doubt. Similar phenomena, we are aware, have been witnessed at other places. We leave scientific speculators to probe the subject, abandoning the investigation of it ourselves, as well as the increase of our string of imaginations upon it, to other topics."

Tremendous Waterspout at Kingscourt, County of Cavan.—On Wednesday morning, (Sept. 12, 1838), about 5 o'clock, the village and neighbourhood of Kingscourt, county of Cavan, to the extent of four or five square miles, was visited, for upwards of six hours, by a tremendous waterspout, the most destructive in its consequences ever witnessed in this part of the country.

The village, being situated on the side of a mountain, with much difficulty resisted the overpowering torrent, which rolled from the heights with accumulated power; several houses were deserted by the inhabitants, and left a prey to the destroying element.

Corniscea, the seat of Mr. F. Pratt, was so completely and suddenly overwhelmed, that 20 men were required, knee-deep in the water, to keep out the flood from the parlour and drawing-room; and some valuable papers kept in an under apartment, were rescued by Mrs. Pratt, at the risk almost of personal safety.

ODE ON HUMAN LIFE.

(*From the Chinese.*)

In Spring, to wander o'er the earth, whose hues
Are vivid with the fresh and fragrant flowers;
In Summer's heat, o'er lilied pools to muse;
To quaff the wine in Autumn's fading bowers;
And when the snowy blast of Winter's strong,
To listen to an ancient poet's song.
At nights—the unexpected nights—to rest
Until the unasked for morns again unclose;
Such is a life of virtue! ah, how blest
Year after year in calm succession flows!

Asiatic Journal.

HATCHING FOWLS BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

In No. 913 of your journal, an interesting account of Mr. Worboys' mode of hatching chickens is given; I now transmit you another experiment. "Mr. B. Wetherall, of Lincoln, for many years an invalid, and spent the major part of his life on his sofa, being of a kind, placid temper, became extremely partial to animals. It happened one year that one of his cropper pigeons during incubation rejected one of its eggs; but determining that no part of the progeny of his favoured Fanny should be frustrated, he resolved to rear the egg himself. He accordingly took it into his own bosom, wrapped it up in flannel, and turned it night and day, watching over it with a mother's care. At length the eventful period arrived when the feathery wonder was to be ushered into the world. It tapped at first lightly at the shell, and its beak was soon peeping through the opening that it made. It was fed at first by Mr. Wetherall with bread and water from his mouth, and it throve famously. The only peculiarity of the little animal was that its legs were a little bowed, so that its claws were turned inwards."

Anecdote Gallery.

THE ARABS.

(*Continued from page 150.*)

In the beginning of the eleventh century, a short time after Persia had been conquered by Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghezna, a caravan, when crossing the great desert of Nauhendigan, was plundered by the Arabs; and, among those who fell was the son of a widow, who, on learning his fate, set out for Ghezna, and demanded justice of the Sultan for the life of her son. Mahmound having heard her complaint with attention, told her, that, Irac being far removed from his seat of Government, it was impossible to remedy every disorder which might happen at such a distance. "Why, then," said the widow, "dost thou conquer more than thou canst govern. Will not an account of this be required of thee at the Day of Judgment?" Mahmoud was not offended at the widow's reply; but, on the contrary, made her rich presents, and promised her speedy justice. He hastened immediately to Ispahan, and issued a proclamation, promising security in person and property, to all travellers through the desert; in consequence of which, many merchants came to Ispahan; but, when the caravan was ready to depart, they were surprised to find only a hundred soldiers appointed for their guard: upon the discovery of which, they represented to the sultan, that the robbers being so numerous and so bold, a thousand would not be sufficient. He, however, desired them to depart, with

assurance of perfect safety; having, in the mean time, privately given directions for a number of hampers of choice fruits to be poisoned. Before the caravan left Ispahan, he gave orders to the commander of the guard to halt in a certain place, where the Arabs generally made their attack, and there to unload the fruits, under pretence of drying them in the sun. On their arrival at the appointed rendezvous, they commenced unpacking the hampers; but, on the Arabs appearing, the guards, as they were ordered, fled. Nothing could be more tempting in those scorching deserts, than such cool and delicious fruits; and the Arabs knowing that the caravan might be soon overtaken, after allowing them to move on, commenced devouring the fruits, with so little moderation, that before they could discover the poison, it began to operate; and the whole of them perished on the spot. W. G. C.

BONAPARTE'S COSTLY COSTUME.

Much has been the discussion of late, as to the cost of the dresses so recently displayed on the Coronations of our Lady Queen Victoria, of England, and of the Emperor of Germany, this month, at Milan; but these were surpassed by the ordinary appearances of the Emperor Napoleon, on state occasions, when attired in the full-dress uniform of a French general, as the following estimate, drawn from official sources, will testify:—

	£	s.	d.
Velvet embroidered suit, full-dress uniform	126	0	0
Half-boots, gold embroidery	6	0	0
Military hat, finest beaver	1	10	0
Diamond button, weight 277 carats, for hat	232,000	0	0
Sabre, the blade of best Damascus manufacture	10	0	0
Sabre hilt, a crocodile,* solid gold, weight, twenty-seven ounces	108	0	0
Diamond, called the Regent, in mouth of the crocodile	136,000	0	0
Diamonds, set as eyes in the crocodile	1,500	0	0
Epaulets, formed of the finest brilliants	30,000	0	0
Total cost	£397,741	10	0

Thus, on analyzing the above, it will appear the clothing, hat, and boots, including the gold embroidery, was only 133*l.* 10*s.*, leaving, on the score of ornament, the enormous plus of 397,608*l.*

* In commemoration of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, his most darling project, in which he was foiled by the daring of the English, and the success which attended the military prowess of Sir Ralph Abercromby, at Alexandria, and Sir Sydney Smith, at St. Jean d'Acre, aided by the glorious achievement of the destruction of the French fleet, at the battle of the Nile, by that Napoleon of the seas, Lord Nelson. Napoleon was instigated to this project, because Alexander of Macedon, and Julius Cæsar, the too greatest warriors on record, had been there before him—he wasted his fame to equal theirs; he followed in their track, as he did that of Hannibal over the Alps. B.

The Public Journals.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To suppose that any one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

An honest, thriving, soap-boiler, imagines he has a talent for public speaking, commences orator, and cannot comprehend, after many a speech, why the government does not become better, nor why his business has become worse.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbours frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

The property of a *felo-de-se* is confiscated, so that for his vice and folly, an unoffending infant family may be rendered beggars, as well as orphans.

You subscribe yourself to a correspondent whom you care little for, or perhaps absolutely dislike, "Most truly Yours."

To lend money to a man whose friendship you are desirous to preserve.

To pronounce them the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

Not for the world would you miss the opera—and you do not understand one word of Italian, nor one word of music.

In a severe paroxysm of gout, you determine never to commit excess again.

To think for yourself, and declare your real opinions in every society you frequent.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

Fasting on turbot and lobster-sauce.

To preach up sobriety to your children, and yet indulge in all manner of excess yourself.

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

Not to flatter the weaknesses of every man from whom you want a favour.

The daughters of poor curates and farmers playing on the piano-forte, and reading French novels.

To expect your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To expect punctuality from an idle man.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To put out one's fire on a given day of the year though cold easterly winds should blow.

You have half-a-dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To flatter yourself you are a poet because you can write verses.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing

the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life, and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last for ever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

To live fifty years, and be surprised at anything.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Banoît de Sainte.—More wrote a long poem in Anglo-Norman on the siege of Troy, in which he speaks of Homer as but a contemptible authority, and gives us a curious anecdote, for which we may look in vain elsewhere. "Homer," says he "was a wonderful poet; he wrote on the siege and destruction of Troy, and why it was deserted, and has never since been inhabited. But his book does not tell us the truth, for we know without any doubt, that he was born a hundred years after the great army was assembled, so that he certainly was not a witness of the events he describes. When he had finished his book, and it was brought to Athens, there was a wonderful contention about it. They were on the point of condemning him, and with reason, because he had made the gods fight with mortal men, and the goddesses in the same manner; and when they recited his book, many refused it on that account: but Homer was such a great poet, and had so much influence, that he ended by prevailing on them to receive his book as good authority."

In April, 1745, a wager for a very large sum of money was laid, that a Mr. Cooper Thornhill did not ride three times between his house at Stilton and Shoreditch, London, in 15 hours, a distance of 213 miles. He was allowed as many horses to do it with as he pleased. He accomplished the feat in 11 hours and a half, and, unquestionably, the state of the roads at the period being taken into account, it was a very remarkable performance. It will probably be under the estimate, including accidental delays from changes and casualties of passage through a long line of country, and those required for the purpose of refreshment, if we deduct an hour and a-half from the space actually spent in the saddle. This would make the rate a continuous speed of better than 21 miles an hour—probably as rapid travelling by animal conveyance as under similar circumstances and distance we should be able to match.—*Sporting Magazine.*

Anecdote of Lord St. Vincent.—While on his West Indian expedition there were some circumstances attending the procedure of a convoy to Europe on which the Admiral wished to consult the differer pers. A signal was made to this effe masters of the merchantmen atten board the flag-ship; he stated to th motives which had influenced him t vene them, and requested their sen on the subject. Finding that each de his opinion as his respective intere tated, the Admiral endeavoured to sh expediency of unanimity, but without at which, much irritated, he hastily the deck, loudly snapping his finger ing with a voice of no common sh "Sing tantararara, rogues all, rogu sing tantararara, rogues all;'? and re it with such vehemence, that the m dreading some more impressive me the Admiral's displeasure, hastene their boats and shoved off.—*United Journal.*

Cigar Race.—This variety of sp may be new to some of our readers. conditions are, the rider starts with a cigar in his mouth, continues to sm during the race, and comes in with it l much, of course, depends on the go of the cigar, but still more the tact smoker. If he does not ride fast e he loses the race that way; if he rid fast, the air may either blow it out, o it to burn so fiercely, that it will be consumed before he reaches the w post. The latest cigar race on reco run in December last at Kingston, Ja mile heats. Time—the first heat, t nutes ten seconds; the second hea minutes twelve seconds. Climate an circumstances considered, it must, in sense of the expression, have been a ing race.

October 1, 1553.—Queen Mary c at Westminster. "It was done re In the church Elizabeth whispe Nowilles, that the crown in her han very heavy. "Be patient," he sai will seem lighter when it is on you head." The Earl of Devonshire wa one of the Knights of the Bath. Th ration runs: "Almighty God give y 'pressing' of all knighthood.' You honour God above all things; you sh stedfast in the faith of holy church, a shall maintain and defend to your You shall love your sovereign abo earthly creatures: and for your sou and sovereign's right and dignity, li die. You shall defend widows, ma and orphans, in their right. You suffer no extortion as far forth as you

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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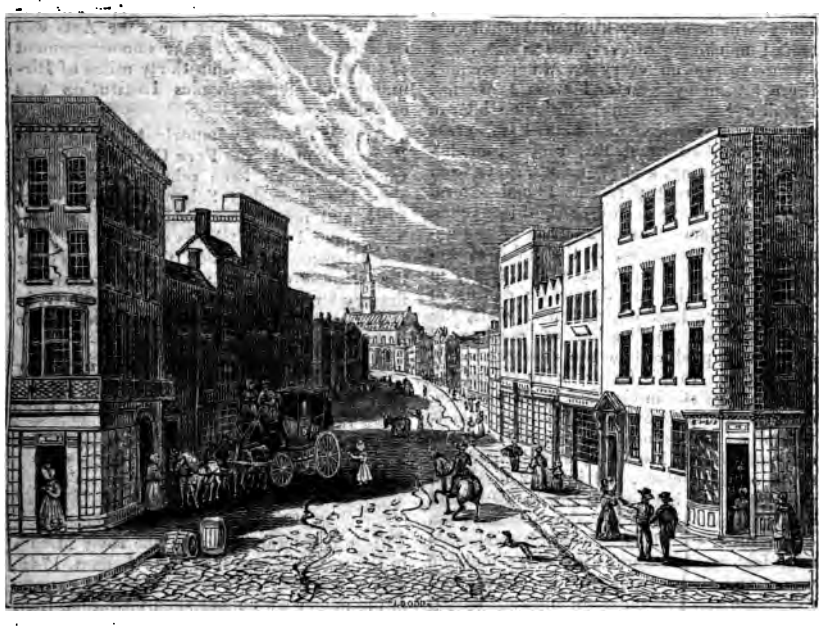


NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

The celebrated manufacturing town of Birmingham is 109 (N.W.) miles from London, on the road to Holyhead, and contains, with the environs, nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The earliest notice of this place occurs in Doomsday-book, in which it is called *Bermengeham*, whence may be easily adduced *Bromwycham*, which name is supposed to be derived from the quantity of broom growing in the neighbourhood. Its history, prior to the Conquest, is involved in great obscurity; and from that period until the reign of Charles I., few incidents of moment are recorded. In the civil wars it took the side of the Parliament, and the town suffered severely. In 1791 it was the scene of disgraceful riots, when the mob burnt the house and destroyed the valuable library, philosophical apparatus, and manuscripts, of the learned Dr. Priestley.

The extraordinary increase of the town, the improvement of its manufactures, the extension of its trade, and the rapid growth of its commerce, within the last century, may be attributed to the mines of iron-ore and coal with which the district abounds; to its freedom from the restrictions of incorporations, which has made it the resort of genius and of talent; and to the numerous canals, by which it is connected with every part of the kingdom; and, latterly, by the important rail-roads to Manchester and to London; these momentous channels cause it to carry on, not only an immense inland trade, but export its manufactures to every quarter of the world.

Birmingham, in the reign of Henry VIII., was inhabited principally "by smithes, that used to make knives and all manner of cutting tooles, and lorimers that make bittes, and a great many nailours." Soon after the Revolution, in 1688, the manufacture of fire-arms was introduced, and continued to flourish until the close of the late war, during which, the government-contracts for muskets alone generally averaged thirty thousand per month: the manufacturing of swords and army accoutrements is still carried on to a considerable extent. It is uncertain at what time the manufacture of buttons was begun, but it has continued to flourish in every variety from a remote period, and is still a source of wealth to many, and of employment to thousands. The

buckle-trade was established soon after the Revolution, but which became nearly extinct in 1812. The leather-trade was at one time very extensively carried on, but now there is only one tan-yard in the town. The principal branches of manufacture are of light and heavy steel goods (here called toys) gold, silver, and plated wares; trinkets, jewellery; fancy articles of every kind in the gilt toy-trade; machinery of every description, and steam-engines on every known principle: there are many iron and brass foundries, metallic hothouse manufactories on a large scale, and various rolling-mills of great power, worked by steam; casting, modelling, die-sinking, and engraving, have been brought to great perfection; and several glass-houses have been erected of late years. The most ancient and extensive of the numerous manufactories, is the Soho Manufactory, about a mile from the town, in which, under the superintending genius of the late Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Watt, the most efficient application of mechanical power was produced in the construction of machinery. In this factory were coined the penny pieces still in circulation. It was here, also, the first application of gas, as a substitute of oil and tallow, was made, under the auspices of Mr. Murdock, who lighted the shops of the factory, and in 1802 displayed the success of his researches in a splendid public illumination of the Soho, in celebration of the peace with France.—Mr. Thomason's manufactory in Church-street, for metallic vases, and other articles in gold, silver, and plated ware; also for medals, bronzes, statues, and other ornaments, is an establishment of great celebrity.—The manufacture of japan and papier maché has been much improved by Messrs. Jennens and Betteridge, and the most beautiful specimens are exhibited in their work-rooms. Mr. Phipson's pin-manufactory exhibits the progress of this article through all its stages, and occupies one thousand persons, besides affording employment to the inmates of the parish asylum and the county bridewell. The number and variety of the manufactories, while they preclude the possibility of enumeration, are such as to justify the assertion, that there is no species of manufacture carried on here which is not in a state of absolute or relative perfection. The Pantechnetheca, or General Repository, was erected in 1824, for the exhibition and sale of articles in the finer department of the arts, selected from the various manufactories of the town.

The market-days are Monday and Thursday: the latter being for the sale of horses and horn-cattle.

The News-room, built in 1825, is a handsome edifice, with stuccoed front, and ornamented pillars of the Ionic order. The Old Library, re-established in 1798, is a handsome stone building, with a circular portico: there is also a New Library erected upon a smaller scale.—The Philosophical Society have a commodious theatre for the delivery of lectures; and they have also a very valuable museum, a library and a reading-room.—The Society of Arts was instituted in 1821; the building is a chaste and elegant specimen of the Corinthian order.—The Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts was established, in 1828, for the encouragement of artists residing within thirty miles of Birmingham.—A Mechanics Institution was established in 1825.

Among the many important buildings in Birmingham, is the Free Grammar-school, which has lately been rebuilt.*—There is, also, the Blue-coat School, established in 1724, and many other public seminaries.—The General Hospital was opened in 1779; the Dispensary in 1794; the Infirmary for the Disease of the Eyes, in 1823; the Infirmary for the Cure of Bodily Deformity, in 1817; and an Asylum for Deaf and Dumb in 1815.

Birmingham has also to boast of many handsome streets; one of the most prominent is the New Street, of which we have given the View.

Biography.

MR. DONALD MACKAY.

This old veteran served in the Reay Militia in the memorable year of the rebellion, 1745, and was one of those engaged in the capture of the money which had been forwarded from the Continent for the use of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart. He was the intimate friend of the celebrated Rob Doun, the bard of Lord Reay's country, some of whose favourite songs he was in the habit of chanting within a few days of his death. He was a man of exceedingly sober habits. During the last part of his life he was employed in selling cattle and horses, and visited the Beauly Market for this purpose so late as the year 1832. Mr. Mackay died September, 1838, at Brawlbin in the county of Caithness, Scotland, at the age of 108.

MRS. LETITIA COX.

This lady was a grown up woman at the time of the destruction of Port Royal by an earthquake, and must therefore have been upwards of 160 years of age. She declared she never drank any thing but water during her life. She died, June 26, 1838, at Bybrook, Jamaica.

ON OLD BLACK WOMAN.

On Holland estate, Jamaica, died April, 1837, aged 140 years: she also declared she never drank anything but water.

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. xxviii. p. 81, for a View and History of this School.

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. IV.

We concluded our last paper with three cases which occurred in Ireland, and which are less frequently known than those which are usually reported on this subject; the following, which is also an Irish case, and still less known than the preceding, rests on the unexceptionable testimony of the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Dublin; who, in his professional capacity, had frequent opportunities of visiting the family. The name of the sufferer (a woman about sixty years of age) is suppressed. She lived with her brother in the county of Down, and retired one evening to bed with her daughter; both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day-light the next morning, some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke which pervaded their apartment, and on going into the chamber where the woman before referred to and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. Although there was no flame, it was found a difficult matter to arrest the combustion; and, when it was effected, life was found to be extinct. While the body was being removed into the coffin (which was done as soon as possible) it was dropping in pieces. Her daughter, who slept in the same bed, sustained no injury; nor did the combustion extend to the bed or bed-clothes, which exhibited no other traces of fire than the stains produced by the smoke. According to the testimony of one of the relations, who is represented as a woman of the strictest veracity, there was no fire whatever in the room. The subject of this case had been grossly intemperate for several days before her decease; having drunk, in that period, much more ardent spirit than usual. The reverend gentleman, who reported the case to Dr. Apjohn, examined the room in which the wretched woman had been burned, and satisfied himself that the fire had not extended to the bed, bed-clothes, or furniture.

Leaving Ireland, let us return to the Continent. The first case we shall notice is one which bears a great analogy to those we have already detailed, but in it the disease was much slower, and more partial in its operation. The body seems to have been brought into a state ripe for combustion, but to have stopped short of an actual conflagration. The occurrence is of recent date, and occurred at Paris. A man who had been for fourteen days affected with headache and cholicy pains, was admitted into the hospital called Hotel Dieu. He then complained of nothing but weakness in the lower limbs, the left of which was found to be swollen, and his breathing quick and difficult. During a fit of delirium, which lasted only a few minutes, he spoke of having been bit by a dog in the leg, but no mark of any such injury could be found on examination. He died in the night of the day on which he had been admitted into the hospital; and when the body was examined eight hours afterwards, blood was found to have exuded from the skin, and some was found in a clotted state in the nostrils; the skin, over all the surface of the body, was of a violet-colour, and puffed up with air, and was studded with vesicles containing a reddish fluid and gas. The left lower extremity was most swollen and puffy; and when an incision was made into it, a gas escaped which was set on fire by the flame of a candle. Through a perforation which was made into the abdomen, a gas issued, which was ignited in a similar manner, and burned with a bluish flame. The air, which we have already mentioned as being diffused under the skin throughout the whole body, was also found to be inflammable.

Another analogous case, which occurred in Italy in 1822, presents us with a link still more remote; the disease having proceeded no further than the production of intense heat, and the case ending in recovery. A farmer, about twenty-six years of age, was seized (about the beginning of January) with an intermittent fever, connected with irritation of the stomach. On the seventh day he felt in the throat a burning heat, ascending from the region of the stomach, and appearing to him as intense as if caused by red-hot coals. His breath, which smoked, could not be borne by the hand at the distance of two feet. He drank cold water incessantly; but with only temporary relief. The thirst was succeeded by a most voracious appetite, the internal heat continuing unabated. He appears to have been very judiciously treated, by repeated immersions in the cold-bath, conjoined with the exhibition of draughts of iced water; and was perfectly cured.

Let us now return to more decided cases. The earliest instance on record, of spontaneous human combustion, appears to be that recorded in the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society; it occurred, in 1692, to a woman of the lower class. For three years she had used spirituous liquors to such excess, that she took no other nourishment; and having sat down one evening in a straw chair to sleep, she was consumed in the night-time; so that, next morning, no part of her was found but the skull, and the extreme joints of the fingers. All the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.

About half a century later, another old lady, equally attached to the spirit-bottle, became the subject of a similar catastrophe.

It occurred, in 1749, to Madame de Boisseon, who was eighty years of age, and had drunk nothing but spirits for several years. She was sitting in her elbow-chair before the fire while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few moments. The latter, on her return, saw her mistress on fire, and immediately gave the alarm. Some persons having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinquish the flames with his hand; but they adhered to it as if it had been dipped in brandy or oil on fire. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it appeared to increase the violence of the fire which was not extinguished till all the flesh was consumed. Her skeleton, of a very black colour, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched; only the bones of one leg, and of the two hands, detaching themselves from the rest. It is not known whether her clothes had caught fire by approaching the grate, but she was in the same place in which she sat every day: the fire was not unusually large, and she had not fallen forwards.

The new world is not a stranger to this fearful phenomenon. The following well-authenticated instance occurred in the state of Massachusetts:—On the 16th of March, 1802, the body of an elderly woman disappeared in the space of about an hour and a half. Part of the family had retired to bed, and the rest were from home, while the old woman remained awake to take care of the house. Soon afterwards one of the grandchildren came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm being given, a light was brought, and means were taken to extinguish the fire. While these measures were in progress, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth, and on the contiguous floor. There was a kind of greasy soot, together with ashes, and the remains of a human body, and there was an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were found to have been consumed. The fire in the grate is stated to have been small.

Retracing our way across the Atlantic, let us notice a case which occurred at home. Grace Pell, about sixty years of age, the wife of a fishmonger at Ipswich, had contracted a habit (which she continued for several years) of coming down from her bedroom every night to smoke a pipe. On the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from her bed as usual; her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive that she was absent till she awoke the next morning; soon after which she put on her clothes and went down into the kitchen. She there found her mother stretched out on her right side, with the head near the grate. The body was extended on the hearth, but the legs were on the deal floor. The remains had the appearance of a log of wood consumed by a fire without apparent flame. On beholding the spectacle, the girl ran in great haste and poured over her mother's body some water to extinguish the flames. The smoke and fœtid odour which exhaled from the body almost suffocated some of the neighbours who hastened to the assistance of the girl. The trunk of the body was, as it were, incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head and all the limbs had participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor, in consequence of being overjoyed at the return of one of her daughters from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burned entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was quite near her. There were found, near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper-screen, which had sustained no injury from the fire. Her dress consisted of a cotton-gown.

The following case is very interesting, on account of the judicial proceedings to which it gave rise, and the injustice (nearly carried to the loss of life) to which it exposed an innocent man. It is that of the wife of the Sieur Millet, of Rheims. She got intoxicated every day, and the domestic economy of the house was managed by a handsome young female. We shall afterwards see the mischief of which this pretty housekeeper was the innocent cause. On the 29th of February, 1725, this woman was found consumed, at the distance of a foot and a half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower limbs, and part of the spine, had escaped combustion. A foot and a half of the flooring, under the body, had been consumed; but a kneading-trough and a tub, which were very near the body, sustained no injury. M. Chretien, a surgeon, examined the remains, with every legal formality. Jean Millet, the husband, being interrogated by the judges, declared that, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 19th of February, he had retired to rest with his wife, who, not being able to sleep, had gone into the kitchen, where he thought she was warming herself. Having fallen asleep, he was awakened (about two o'clock in the morning) by an infectious odour; and, running into the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state described in the report of the physicians and surgeons. The judges formed an opinion, that he had conspired with his servant, (for whom he was suspected to entertain a *penchant*,) to destroy his wife, and he was condemned to death. On an appeal to a higher court, however, this decree was reversed, and it was pronounced to be a case of Human Combustion; but his health and fortune were irreparably destroyed, and he died in an hospital.

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The literary history of Great Britain may be portioned into three great eras, or cycles;—the Elizabethan; that of Queen Anne; and that of George IV. But it will tend to elucidate the subject, if, out of the heterogeneous material from which the English tongue and literature assumed a fixed and national type, we can fix its origin. We will take a slight, and cursory, view of the decline of letters in the old Roman empire; that mighty stream which emptied itself into a subterranean abyss in the middle or dark ages; until after many centuries, (to continue the figure,) its waters sprang up in the several modern European states; the fragments of that stupendous empire, which once swayed the destinies of the civilized world. The enormity of the Roman empire rendered its partition a natural consequence. Out of *one* empire, two arose; namely, the *Eastern* and the *Western*. The latter soon sunk; and in the fifth century, Rome, the "mistress of the world," owned a barbarian lord as her conqueror.

The Eastern empire, or that of the Byzantine Greeks, existed much longer. It lasted in fact 1,000 years longer than the Latin; until the descendants of Mahomet totally annihilated it in the fifteenth century. The interval between constitutes the Dark Ages. The age of barbarity and ignorance may be dated, in an historical point of view, from the destruction of the magnificent Alexandrian Library. When that city was taken, the commander of the Saracens found there John the Grammarian, whose learning commanded the respect even of barbarians. He noticed the preservation of the philosophical books in the Royal Libraries. Amrus despatched a courier to Omar, the commander of the faithful; and the fatal answer was returned:—"*As to the book of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the Book of God, (the Koran,) there is without them in the Book of God all that is sufficient. But if there be in them any thing repugnant to that Book, we in no respect want them.* Let them be destroyed."

This magnificent collection was dispersed through the baths, and served for fuel for six months. Abulphurgius, the historian, who records the transaction, expresses his sense of the calamity by a graphic exclamation:—"Hear what was done: be silent; and wonder!"

The rapid victories of these Eastern conquerors soon carried their empire from Asia into the remote regions of Spain. When their empire was established, science and literature were thought worthy of cultivation. This was exactly the case as with the ancient Greeks when Persia was conquered; Rome, too, when Carthage was destroyed: so likewise the Arabians, after the Calephete was established at Bagdad. Letters followed them, and flourished in a splendid manner during eight centuries of the existence of the illustrious house of the *Abbasedae*. The Tartars and Turks extinguished the sovereignty and politeness of the Arabians. We turn to the West; and the whole of Europe was in a manner wholly barbarous; ignorant barons, and their more ignorant vassals; men, like Homer's Cimmerians,

"With fog and cloud enveloped."

As error crept into the prevailing religion, ignorance followed in its train; and apostate Christianity, at the fourth Council of Carthage, prohibited bishops from reading secular books. This was in 398. This is to be noted as a *consequence*, and not as a cause. Wherever religious truth prevails, there is a consequent intellectual development. We will see this most wonderfully illustrated as we proceed, at the period of the Reformation. Rome, in her day of greatness, not only imposed her yoke, but her language, on conquered nations. Throughout the empire the corruption of the Latin tongue commenced. This *living* language ceased, and the treasury of knowledge was locked up; but the worst consequence was, that the *newly-formed tongues* were hardly ever made use of in writing. For a layman to sign his name was a marvel.

England reached her lowest point of intellectual degradation in the middle of the ninth century. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state of letters throughout Europe, in this and the preceding century. In the year 1000, scarcely one individual could be found in all Rome who knew the A. B. C. Alfred tells us, that he did not know one priest south of Thames who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate a Latin letter in his day. The scarcity of books caused the universal ignorance. The Egyptian papyrus was no longer imported, since the reduction of Alexandria by the Saracens; and the expense of the materials of which parchment was made, led to the unfortunate practice of erasing a MS. in order to substitute some idle fable or superstitious legend on the same skin. Ignorance engendered superstition; and vice and poverty completed the destruction of civil society.

H. I.

Piety communicates a divine lustre to the mind—beauty and wit may flourish for a season, but age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and sorrow will stop the current of wit and humour; and in that gloomy time, which is appointed for all, piety will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

COINCIDENCES, OMENS, AND PRESENTIMENTS.

(*Concluded from page* 216.)

There are many accounts on record of the strangest presentiments entertained by individuals, which have been actually brought to pass. A niece of the Prince Radzwil could never be induced to enter by one of the principal doors which led to a great saloon, over which was hung a massy brass frame, emblazoned with the arms of the family—her repugnance could by no means whatever be overcome, pass through it she would not. At length, on the eve of her marriage, a game was got up, and it was her turn to pass through this door—she was forced in—the door slammed behind her—the frame was loosened from its hold above, and the unfortunate young lady was killed under its weight.—The unconquerable aversion the beautiful arch-duchess Josepha entertained to visit the imperial vault previous to her setting out to meet her intended bridegroom, the king of Naples, was strangely prophetic of her fate. Compelled by her mother, at length, to do it, she resignedly complied with her request, and four days after she died of the small-pox.—Louis XV. died from much the same cause; on a hunting excursion, he met the funeral of a young woman; on hearing that she had died of the small-pox, he was immediately seized with the presentiment that that malady would be the cause of his death; it effectively was, for in ten days he was a corpse.—Cardinal Wolsey knew the exact hour he would die: "Eight of the clock," quoth he, "that cannot be;" rehearsing divers times, "eight of the clock, eight of the clock. Nay, nay," quoth he, at the last, "it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock, ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near, that I must depart out of this world."* The cardinal actually died at that hour.—Cromwell had a presentiment in favour of the third day of September, and a remarkable day it was to him: on that day 1650, he gave the Scots, whom he hated and despised, a total overthrow at the battle of Dunbar; on that day twelvemonths, he defeated Charles II. at Worcester; and on that day, in the year 1658, he died.—Byron's reluctance to begin any undertaking on a Friday, must be known to most persons; his conviction that it would entail ill luck on him was firmly grounded. Indeed the last undertaking of his life seems to justify the aversion he held this ill-omened day in, for he set out on his unfortunate journey to Greece on a Friday.

Many more might be quoted were proper researches to be made. The month of April has been observed to be more fatal to celebrated women than any other: in this month have died, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, Christina of Sweden, Queen Elizabeth, Diana of Poictiers, Petrarch's "Laura," Madame de Sévigné, Judith, Queen of France, Jeanne de Navarre, &c. &c. This is a strange coincidence in the fates of renowned females. The 21st of the month was singularly fatal to Louis XVI.: on the 21st of June following his marriage which took place on the 21st of April, 1,500 of his subjects lost their lives by an accident in celebrating the nuptials. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Vacennes; on the 21st of September, the following year, he was dethroned, and royalty was abolished, and on on the 21st of January, 1793, he was beheaded.—January was fatal to Charles and to Louis XVI.; the sum of the digits composing the respective years in which they were beheaded, each amount to twenty, viz., 1+6+4+9=20 and 1+7+9+3=20, and the digits denoting the date of the month likewise make the same sum, viz., three, 2+1=3 and 3+0=3. On the death of both these monarchs, their thrones were filled by usurpers, and their respective lines eventually restored to their rights, but again deposed and that too after two brothers had sat on the throne, the last of which was dethroned and died in exile. Charles II. and Louis XVIII. completed their reigns, and their brothers and successors; James II. and Charles X. both died in exile: curiously enough too, both families were restored in the month of May: the parallel is therefore complete. The accession of a new branch of the Capets on the throne of France has always been preceded by the death of three brothers. Philip the handsome left four sons at his death; three of them reigned and the branch of the Valois succeeded. When their time was completed, Henri II. died, leaving four heirs, three of whom filled the throne, viz., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III., that branch then became extinct, and the Bourbons swayed the sceptre. After the death of the three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., a different branch succeeded, the same that now governs the kingdom. These are, we must confess, unaccountable phenomena. A sort of fatality seems to have guided the whole of the occurrences.

The reason why Louis XIII, married Anne of Austria, who afterwards became the mother of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., is extremely singular, as well as one or two circumstances which followed their marriage. Had it not been for the following occurrences, the affairs of the kingdom might have been completely altered; it appears, then, that "Luys de Bourbon" (the ancient orthography) contained thirteen letters, he was thirteen years old, and was the thirteenth

* Cavendish. † Moore.

King of France of that name. The princess "Anne d'Autriche," likewise had thirteen letters in her name, was also in her thirteenth year, and was the thirteenth Princess of the House of Spain. But, besides this, Louis and Anne were born on the same day of the same month of the same year. All these coincidences were irresistible and they were deemed made for each other. Now, Anne had no children till she had been married twenty-three years, *i. e.* "vingt-trois ans," which words contain thirteen letters; no other number whatever would have made the thirteen letters. Their sons' names were *Louis* and *Philippe*, which words again contain thirteen letters.

It is well known how curiously the name of Napoleon may be analysed, *Napoleon*, "the Lion of the wood," *apoleon*, "the destroyer," *poleon*, "of cities," &c. Dr. Granville mentions three very curious coincidences, and which, I believe, are not known to those who have not read his delightful "Journey to St. Petersburgh." These coincidences, it is worthy of remark, only hold good in the native language of this extraordinary man; here they are in the order Dr. Granville himself places them in, and which is at once ingenious and simple:—

Napoleon

Crowned in 1805	and in Paris	Dethroned in 1814
1		1
8		8
0		1
5		4
14	Deduction 14 14	14
	Nihil	

N apoleon	P russia
I achimo	A ustria
H ieronimo	R ussia
I osepho	I nghliterra
L uigi	S vezia

The ominous manner in which the deaths of the few last Popes might have been predicted, and which is noticed in the xiv. vol. of the *Mirror*, p. 352, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance of the combination of numbers with the fates of mortals.

However absurd the pretended miracles of the Prince of Hohenlohe may appear, the one I am about to quote would be allowed to take the same road as many other impositions, viz., through one ear and out at the other, had we not the authority of Stuart in his work on America; in the 2nd vol. p. 56, he says:—"One of Prince Hohenlohe's most astounding miracles was performed at Washington, in the year 1824, an attested account of which has been written by a professor of the Georgetown college. The sister of the Mayor of Washington was at the point of death and her disease declared by the physicians to be beyond the reach of medical skill, when, according to the direction of Prince Hohenlohe, a nine days' devotion was performed; and after the celebration of mass, at the very moment of her swallowing the Sacrament, at four hours after four o'clock in the morning, she was restored to a most perfect state of health and has continued ever since perfectly well. The whole of the parties in this case are most respectable, and the facts unquestionably happened as here stated. "This we are bound to look upon as the work of pure chance, for we are not to suspect a man capable of possessing power sufficient to perform a miracle. In the same manner we must look upon it as chance that Columbus, having previously determined to bestow the name of the Trinity on the first land he should discover, (in his third voyage,) actually discovered an island on which stand three mountains, apparently from the sea, joined together—the same island that now bears the name of Trinidad and which he gave to it. We must likewise attribute to chance the curious circumstance of the letter C so often occurring in the principal events of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte's life, noticed in the *Mirror*, vol. x., p. 376. Also that in the word "Devil" every thing is bad, viz.,

D evil
E vil
V il
I l
L--(Hell)

and that a mendicant speaks his own misfortunes, "mend I can't." All these are coincidences, as curious as that Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Marshal Soult, were born in the same year. H. M.

A ROYAL HUSBAND.

In the autumn of the year 1567, Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, was sent by Queen Elizabeth to Vienna, to the court of the Emperor, in order to report upon the person of Archduke Charles, (youngest son of Ferdinand the First) who was considered as a desirable match for the Queen. Elizabeth seems to have been more disposed to this alliance than to any other which had been proposed to her. The following curious description of the Archduke was sent by the Earl of Sussex to the Queen herself:—

"His highness is a person higher surely a good deale then my L. Marques;* his heare of heade and beard, of a light aburne; his face well proportioned, amiable, and of a

* The Marquis of Winchester, Lord Treasurer.

very good complexion, withowte shewe of readness or over paleness; his countenaunce and speche cherefull, very curteouwse, and not withowte some state; his body well-shaped withowte deformitie or blemish; his hands very good and fayer; his leggs cleane, well proporcioned, and of sufficient bigness for his stature; his fote as good as may be. So as, upon my dutie to your Majestie, I finde not one deformitie, misshape, or any thinge to be noted worthy mislikinge in his hole person; but, contrary wise, I finde his hole shape to be good, worthy commendacion and likinge in all respects, and such as is rarely to be found in such a Prince. His highnes, besides his naturall language of Duche, speaketh very well Spanish and Italien, and as I heare, Latin. . . . . He deliteth moche in huntinge, ridinge, hawkinge, exercise of feats of armes, and hearinge of musicke, wherof he hath very good. He hath, as I heare, some understandinge in astronomy and cosmography, and taketh pleasure in clocks that sett forthe the cowrse of the planetts." H. E. B.

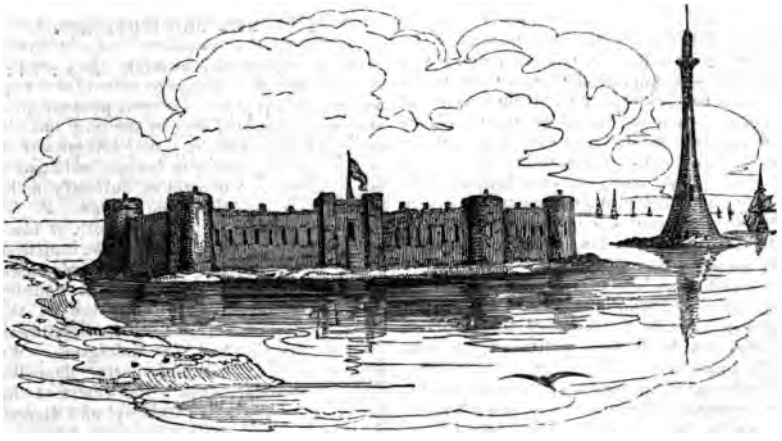
VOLCANOES

Have been well called the chimneys, or safety-valves of the globe; and where they do not exist, the elastic matters generated or evolved in the great subterranean laboratory, produce effects not less terrific than those of an actual eruption. Indeed, it would seem, that they not unfrequently give place, as remarked by our author, to a visitation of a much more destructive character, "the most terrible effects being felt at a certain distance from the orifice, although the power of action is probably not far removed from the latter."

Whatever our theories may be in regard to the causes of volcanic action, the most vivid description or most perfect representation will give but a faint conception of the attending phenomena and effects. Who can paint an eruption of an Ætna, a Vesuvius, or a Hecla? The phenomena are ever varied and changeful, as well as the most awful and grand, we can contemplate. We may be told that flames are vomited forth with dense volumes of smoke and vapour, rolling away and overspreading the earth for leagues with thick darkness, partially and fitfully illuminated from time to time by the quick flashings of electrical light, while showers of red-hot stones and ashes, with torrents of glowing lava, pour over the crater, and roll in fiery billows into the plain below, overwhelming and destroying every thing in their course;—we may picture to ourselves the frightened inhabitants hurrying in all directions with what few articles can be hastily snatched up, their path lighted up by the terrific eruptions, while the appalling thunders and deafening explosions peal along the suffocating atmosphere, and shake and rend the solid earth over which they are flying—but we shall still have only a faint conception of the scene. To most persons, phenomena of this kind may be the only ones of much interest, and they may imagine that, as these mighty energies become exhausted, but little remains to awaken curiosity in the scoriæ, ruin, and desolation around. So far from this, much will be found, both of interest, and instruction, in the most indistinct traces of the former activity of volcanoes. Almost every step over a volcanic country adds something to our knowledge of the structure of the earth, or throws light upon the changes which it has undergone. We find mountains formed of marine deposits, which were once beneath the waters of the ocean, that have been raised up, and discern the remnants of those that have been engulfed; we find strata that once were horizontal and far below the soil, now presenting themselves to day, or broken up by huge dikes of trap and basalt, or traversed by enormous veins of porphyry and granite. These, and many analogous appearances, almost innumerable, in every part of the earth, are rendered intelligible by the careful study of tracts of country once convulsed by volcanic action.

In the descriptions, and more especially in the examination, of volcanic regions, there is much, apart from geology, that cannot fail to gratify the curiosity, and awaken the deepest interest in the minds of us all;—as when we descend into the streets and enter the deserted edifices of once populous and flourishing cities, that have for centuries been buried beneath the consolidated ashes, or streams of compact lava. With what feelings do we learn, that here the very inmates of the houses were discovered,—the husband, and wife with infant in her arms,—the master and slave,—the prints of the soldiers' feet in the stocks, and the remains of groups that fled for safety to the cellars! What are our emotions, when we read the writings scribbled on the walls by the loungers of the guard-room, or trace the baker's name stamped upon the loaf, more than a thousand years ago, and follow the deep ruts in the pavement! when we are told of the figure with the uplifted axe petrified, as it were, in the very moment of forcing a passage for all he held dear on earth; of the miser with his keys in his shrivelled hand, hastening to secure his treasure, and arrested on the threshold by the suffocating vapours? Effects and traces like these are calculated, we think, to awaken a general interest, not inferior to that of any of the modern discoveries in fossil geology.

Daubeny's Narrative.



THE FORT AND LIGHTHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

THE above buildings form not only a protection and convenience to the port of Liverpool, but objects of picturesque appearance on entering the Mersey. The *Fort* covers a surface of between three and four hundred square yards. The west or principal front mounts six thirty-two pounders: there are also two guns in the west tower: the front between the north-west and north-east angles mounts four guns. In case an enemy should attempt to pass the Fort up the Rock Channel, such is the narrowness of the channel, the vessels must pass within four hundred yards of the Fort, and be subject to its raking fire. There are sixteen 32-pounders on the surface of the Fort, and two in casemates of the towers. The approach is by a stone bridge of three small arches. Cisterns are built to obtain rain water in case of necessity. Furnaces for heating shot are also constructed. This fort was built under the superintendance of Captain Kitson, of the Royal Engineers.

The *Light-house* is erected on a point of rock on the western coast, which is covered at quarter flood, the water at high spring tides rising twenty feet above the surface of the rock: this light-house was built at the expense of the Corporation, at a cost of £27,500 from a design of Mr. John Forster: it is seventy-five feet high from its foundation to the lantern, and thirty-five feet in diameter immediately below the base, and fifteen and a-half at the cornice: the latter part, to the height of twenty-eight feet and a-half, is solid, from which a spiral staircase leads to the store-room and the apartments of the three keepers; above these is the lantern, at a medium height of sixty feet above the level of the sea, in which is a light of thirty argand lamps, with reflectors, in a triangular frame, revolving once in three minutes, and presenting, successively, two lights, of a natural colour, and of brilliant red, which attain their full lustre every successive minute; and in hazy weather a bell is constantly ringing to prevent accidents: this structure is esteemed a master-piece of art: it is of lime-stone. The first light was exhibited the 1st of March, 1830.

Anecdote Gallery.

MATHEWSIANA.

DURING Mathews's last visit to America, he was, for the most part, in ill health; aches and pains, incident to his years, together with an exquisitely nervous temperament, kept him a good portion of the time in hot water; his manner, at such periods, was querulous in the extreme; every trifling annoyance was constructed into a personal affront, or intentional persecution. The courteous and accomplished chief of Tremont House, at Boston, was called in hot haste to his apartment, late of a dull March afternoon—the wind east. He found the inimitable mime limping about the room in a state of great agitation. "Mr. S——," said he, "I am a miserable dog. You know it—every body knows it. Nerves out of order"—here he described a semicircle with his game leg, and drew the sloping corner of his mouth —"nobody thinks anything of annoying poor Mathews. Look here—look *there*—THERE!" he continued as he drew his companion to the window, and pointed to a servant, who was cracking walnuts for the next day's desert, in the courtyard. "There's a fellow for you! 'Click! click!' for an hour together, and looking up to me (miserable dog!) with that infernal grin. There—there he goes again!" An explanation followed, the servant was ordered away, and the excited droll became comparatively calm. But hardly had Mr. S——

renched the office, before he was again violently recalled. Some one had entered the house by the private entrance, and by a slight rap or two at the door of a neighbouring room, was "pulling the wires" of the unstrung actor's nervous system. This time, it was with much difficulty that he could be pacified. From divers indigenous annoyances, he finally widened to the "people in general" of this country. "Every body delights to vex me," said he—"every body. Sometimes I am bored to death with impertinent questions; and then again I can't get more than a word from any body, and that always of the shortest. I asked a passenger at table, on board the steamer, coming on, what I should carve for him, (we had waited 'twenty minutes' for a servant,) from two meats before me, but beyond his reach. 'Mutton!' said he. 'What shall I give *you*, sir?' said I, to his neighbour. 'Beef!' was the reply, sent to me like a projectile. 'Just reach me that salt,' said the taciturn fellow to the man opposite. 'There's salt by you,' he replied—'I din't see it,' rejoined the other.—'Who said you did?' answered the amiable gourmand, keeping his eye on a plate of green peas, and exclaiming at the same time, to a man near him, who was 'looking out for number one,' 'Halves, mister!—halves; 'f you please!' When they had nearly bolted their meal, (you eat like pigs, in America,) I ventured to observe to the first specimen, the weather behaving ridiculous, that it was getting roughish. 'Humph!' said he. I repeated the remark. 'Humph!' again. 'Don't you think the weather rather roughish?' I perseveringly inquired of his grum counterpart.—'I leave it entirely to you!' said he, picking his teeth with an iron fork, and rising from the table. They call the Americans a *civil* people!" continued Mathews, in the very tone of "Mr. Samuel Coddle," complaining of the wind whistling round his "corner house;" "civil!—well sometimes they *are*. Then they are bores. But generally, the Yankees are as short as a ship-biscuit. One night last week, I said to a man in New York, as I was groping along somewhere near my lodgings—(no lights—lamps half out—couldn't find the way)—'Friend, I wish to go to Murray-street.'—'Well,' said he, taking a long ill-flavoured cigar from his mouth (nine inches long, and nine for a penny,) 'well, why in h—ll *don't* you go to Murray-street?—nobody hinders you!' That now was polite! Ask a Frenchman what's o'clock, and he answers: 'Half-past nine—much obliged to you.' There's a contrast for you!" And thus the irritable comedian went on, until Mr. S— grew a-weary, when he paused, as we do, and his auditor escaped—like the reader. —*Knickerbocker.*

Manners and Customs.

ON THE TRIAL BY ORDEAL AMONG THE HINDUS.

ORDEAL by the *balance* is thus performed. The beam having been previously adjusted, the cord fixed, and both scales made perfectly even, the person accused and a *Pandit* fast a whole day; then, after the accused has been bathed in sacred water, the *hóma*, or *oblation*, presented to *Fire*, and the deities worshipped, he is carefully weighed; and, when he is taken out of the scale, the *Pandits* prostrate themselves before it, pronounce a certain *mentra* or *incantation*, agreeably to the *Sástras*, and, having written the substance of the accusation on a piece of paper, bind it on his head. Six minutes after, they place him again in the scale; and, if he weigh more than before, he is held guilty; if less, innocent; if exactly the same, he must be weighed a third time; when, as it is written in the *Mitácshará*, there will certainly be a difference in his weight. Should the balance, though well fixed, break down, this would be considered as a proof of his guilt.

For the *fire-ordeal* an excavation, nine hands long, two spans broad, and one span deep, is made in the ground, and filled with a fire of *pippal* wood: into this the person accused must walk bare-footed; and, if his foot be unhurt, they hold him blameless; if burned, guilty.

Water-ordeal is performed by causing the person accused to stand in a sufficient depth of water, either flowing or stagnant, to reach his navel; but care should be taken, that no ravenous animal be in it, and that it be not moved by much air: a *Bráhman* is then directed to go into the water, holding a staff in his hand; and a soldier shoots three arrows on dry ground from a bow of cane: a man is next dispatched to bring the arrow which has been shot farthest; and, after he has taken it up, another is ordered to run from the edge of the water; at which instant the person accused is told to grasp the foot or the staff of the *Bráhmen*, who stands near him in the water, and immediately to dive into it. He must remain under water, till the two men, who went to fetch the arrows, are returned; for, if he raise his head or body above the surface, before the arrows are brought back, his guilt is considered as fully proved. In the villages near *Benáres*, it is the practice for the person, who is to be tried by this kind of ordeal, to stand in water up to his navel, and then, holding the foot of a *Bráhman*, to dive under it as long as a man can walk fifty paces very gently: if, before the man has walked thus far, the accused rise above the water, he is condemned; if not, acquitted.

There are two sorts of trial by *poison*; first, the *Pandits* having performed their *hóma*, and the person accused his ablution, two

retti's and a half, or seven barley-corns, of *vishanága*, a poisonous root, or of *Sanc'hyá*, that is, white arsenick, are mixed in eight *máshá's*, or sixty-four *retti's*, of clarified butter, which the accused must eat from the hand of a *Bráhman:* if the poison produce no visible effect, he is absolved; otherwise, condemned. Secondly, the hooded snake, called *nága*, is thrown into a deep earthen pot, into which is dropped a ring, a seal, or a coin: this the person accused is ordered to take out with his hand; and, if the serpent bite him, he is pronounced guilty; if not, innocent.

Trial by the *Cósha* is as follows: the accused is made to drink three draughts of the water, in which the images of the *Sun*, of *Dévi*, and other deities, have been washed for that purpose; and if, within fourteen days, he has any sickness or indisposition, his crime is considered as proved.

When several persons are suspected of theft, some dry rice is weighed, with the sacred stone, called *Sálgrám;* or certain *Slócas* are read over it; after which the suspected persons are severally ordered to chew a quantity of it: as soon as they have chewed it, they are to throw it on some leaves of *pippal*, or, if none be at hand, on some *b'hérga patra*, or bark of a tree from *Népál* or *Cashmír*. The man, from whose mouth the rice comes dry or stained with blood, is holden guilty; the rest are acquitted.

The ordeal by *hot oil* is very simple: when it is heated sufficiently, the accused thrusts his hand into it; and, if he be not burned, is held innocent.

In the same manner, they make an iron ball, or the head of a lance, red hot, and place it in the hands of the person accused; who, if it burn him not, is judged guiltless.

To perform the ordeal by *dharmárch*, which is the name of the *slóca* appropriated to this mode of trial, either an image, named *Dharma*, or the Genius of Justice, is made of silver, and another, called *Adharma*, of clay or iron, both of which are thrown into a large earthen jar, and the accused, having thrust his hand into it, is acquitted, if he bring out the silver image, but condemned, if he draw forth the iron; or, the figure of a deity is painted on white cloth, and another on black; the first of which they name *dharma*, and the second, *adharma:* these are severally rolled up in cow-dung, and thrown into a large jar, without having ever been shown to the accused; who must put his hand into the jar, and is acquitted or convicted, as he draws out the figure on white, or on black, cloth.

FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

The celebration of the feast of trumpets among the Jews, takes place on the first of the month Tizri, which is the beginning of the Jewish civil year. The name is supposed to be derived from its being proclaimed by sound of trumpet, but, upon what occasion it was first instituted we are unable to discover. Theodoret is of opinion, that it was appointed to commemorate the thunder and lightning upon Mount Sinai, when God gave his laws to the Israelites. The ancient Rabbins, say that it was in remembrance of the deliverance of Isaac, in whose stead Abraham sacrificed a ram; while some modern Jews maintain, that it was in memory of the creation of the world, which they assert was in the beginning of autumn; and as they have a tradition that on this day God judges the actions of the foregoing year and disposes of the events of the following, they generally, for the eight days preceding this feast, apply themselves to works of penance and mortification. On the feast, which lasts for two days, all labour and business is suspended; and, while they had their sacrifices, the Jews offered, in the name of the whole nation, a solemn holocaust of a calf, two rams, and seven lambs, all of the same year, together with the flour and wine, that were usually used at such sacrifices; but, since the sacrifices have ceased, they go, instead, to the synagogue, where they repeat several prayers and benedictions; after which they take the Pentateuch very solemnly out of the chest, and having read to five persons the service that used to be performed on that day, they sound a horn twenty times, sometimes very low, at other times very loud, which they affirm is for the purpose of making them think of the judgments of God; and, at the same time, to intimidate sinners, and put them in mind of the necessity of repentance. W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS: BY DR. CARL ROSCH.

Dr. Carl Rosch has published in the last number of the German quarterly periodical *Deutsche Vierteljahres Schrift*, a very curious essay under the above title ("*Ueber den Missbrauch Geistiger Getränke*")—curious not merely for the enumeration of the effects and evils, mental and physical, arising from the abuse of spirits, but also for the concentrated history of such liquors, and their use in various countries.

The following extract exhibits, in a concise form the various methods of intoxication used by the people of different periods and places:—

"Herodotus tells us that the inhabitants of the islands of Araxes intoxicated themselves by throwing into a fire round which they sat the fruit of a certain tree, the fumes of which made them drunk, as wine did the Greeks. * * * * The Siberians learned at an early period to make a sort of brandy from

mare's milk. The inhabitants of the South Sea intoxicate themselves with an infusion of the pepper-root, &c. Noah got drunk with wine, and the descendants of Abraham recognised it as a delightful beverage, which gives joy to the human heart, but which taken in excess produces much evil. Mahomet acted wisely in forbidding the use of wine to the eastern nations, but they supplied its place with a much worse medium of intoxication—viz., opium. The ancient Egyptians knew how to prepare from the grain, which grew superabundantly in their fertile land, a vino-spirituous (*weingeistig*) liquor, somewhat of the nature of beer, yet greatly differing from such beer as is drunk in Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, &c. The old Germans drank beer in abundance, though it was not of the present quality; but about the twelfth century, when vine-planting was more generally prevalent, wine came into fashion. The *humpen* of the old German knights are celebrated, but the knightly virtue of drinking seems, in later days, to have descended to the students. The ancient Greeks were not averse to wine; they revered the God Bacchus, in whose honour Anacreon has sung many a beautiful song; but they used wine rather as a luxury for great feasts than as a daily mean of enjoyment, and usually drank it mixed with water. According to the fable, Amphitryon, King of Athens, learned from Bacchus himself to mix water with wine; and in the train of Silenus are nymphs representing water, with which the perpetual drunkard should have qualified his cups. The use of wine to a degree of intoxication was forbidden, even in the time of the Bacchanalia; and he who on ordinary occasions drank it unmixed was reckoned a Scythian. In many states of ancient Greece it was a custom and law that youths and girls, before marriage, should drink nothing but water. * * * Even the Romans did not drink immoderately, though they esteemed wine, the good qualities of which were so well known to their poets. While it is believed now-a-days that a soldier in the field must have brandy to endure fatigue, and perhaps to look death more boldly in the face, the Roman armies, that conquered the world, only carried with them water and vinegar."

Though the Siberian soon knew how to make his spirits from milk, and the Arabian, at an early period learned the distillation of alcohol, nothing was known of brandy in Europe before the fourteenth century, and it was not not till the end of the fifteenth that the lower class of people became acquainted with it. Since that time the cheapest materials for distillation have been used, and intoxication seems steadily to have increased.

Dr. Rösch is no teetotalist, as we shall see hereafter, though the contrary might be inferred from his praise of Mahomet's edict against wine, which simply proceeds from his opinion that wine is injurious in warm climates.

"The warmer the climate," he says, "so much the more injurious to the health are spirituous liquors of every kind. The Italians seldom drink their fiery wines unmixed with water, nor except in small portions; they know that any excess will speedily and severely punish them. Professor Link of Berlin, ascribes the diarrhœas which are so often dangerous to travellers in Italy, from northern parts, to the use of the stronger Italian wines, which, partly from their domestic habit of drinking, partly from the erroneous opinion that they will protect themselves from the enervating effects of the heat, they drink unmixed and in great abundance. Among the British troops which remain in southern countries the cheap spirits which they drink abroad as they would at home cause fearful havoc. The great mortality among the Europeans in the East Indies is greatly to be ascribed to the ordinary use of heating liquors. The inhabitants of hot countries, as well as those who remain in them for a time, are rather directed by nature to the use of cooling drinks, and of those aromatic acid fruits which are there matured by the heat of the sun. The natives of India drink nothing but rice-water, and Dr. Mosely says of travellers to that country, 'I can bear witness that those who only drink water suffer little from the climate.'"

The ordinary diseases incident to drunkenness are too generally admitted to require enumeration here. However, the madness arising from the disarrangement of the nervous system in consequence of drinking is less known, and the following is a singular case:—

"In the Katharinen Hospital, at Stuttgard, a case of this kind occurred, which was remarkable as well by the violence of the madness as by the suddenness of the fatal termination. The first attack was over when the patient entered the hospital, but the second came on while he was there. He shrieked fearfully, his features became distorted, his eyes rolled, the pupils dilated, his face became flushed, his forehead covered with perspiration, his pulse violent and rapid, the sensorium obscured by deceptions of the senses. He always saw flames and fiery shapes, which seemed to stand before him and threaten him. In the third attack his raving was terrific; he continually believed that he saw a funeral pile on which he was to be burnt. In the fourth attack, which was so violent that the patient destroyed every thing on which he could lay hands, and struck his head so violently against the wall as to leave traces of blood, he suddenly died."

According to Dr. Rösch 200 persons committed suicide in London, in the year 1829,

the effects of drinking ardent liquors, in Berlin the fourth part of all the les, from 1812 to 1821, the cause of 1 was known, were attributable to the origin,

twithstanding he dwells so much on orrors proceeding from excessive drink- ie is by no means, as we have before d, an advocate for thorough abstinence. he subject of wine he is even rather ent:—

'onsidered with regard to the excitement e nervous system, to the animation and se given to physical activity, a noble ') wine has, as is well known, the ad- ge over all other spirituous liquors. rejoices the heart of man, is the en- r of age, the cheerer of the care-worn; strengthens the limbs of the weary, courage to the timid, kindles the flame ly feelings in the breast of the poet, ties firmly the bond of friendship. Many ipy hour, many a bright thought, many spulse to noble and self-denying acts, a fine poem, doubtless owes its birth to

The poets of ancient and modern write its praise. Yes; even the sober- ien of science, who have, like the cele- d Haller, contented themselves with , allow to wine the just credit of sharp- ; the wit and animating the poetical ."

r brandy he is rather an apologist than iser, but it will be seen at a glance that uld by no means exclude it, though he vards says that he would have the vend- f it subject to certain regulations of :—

What wine is (he says) to the man in ortable circumstances, brandy is to the man, and the latter is more frequently situation to require a stimulus to com- e of his labour, which so often exceeds rength. The poor man has at the same coarse, bad, and often insufficient food, 1 is not calculated to give real strength hardiness, and he has a clothing which re or less scanty. Hence arises to him suffers under the bitterest of all cares— ly, care for food—the wish, nay, the sity, of procuring at a cheap rate a y hour, or rather an hour in which y may for a while be forgotten. Consi- in this point of view, the brandy-drink- f the poor, if not carried to excess, may garded with some indulgence."

ie following is a history of temperance lies:—

As early as the sixteenth century arose were called 'Orders of Temperance.' an order was in the year 1517 founded iany nobles of Styria, Carinthia, and iola, according to an idea of Baron Sieg- l, of Dietrichstein. The Palatinate r of the Golden Ring, whose patron was Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and which was founded by Landgrave Maurice of Hesse in 1600, was of the like kind. The intemperance to which these orders were opposed may be judged from the circumstance that one of them allowed seven goblets of the order filled with wine to be emptied at a meal, but commanded that all remaining thirst should be quenched with beer. Afterwards no more was heard of such orders until the abuse of spirituous liquors called forth temperance societies in different countries, but first of all in America. The first temperance society was founded at Boston in the year 1813. In 1829 arose the first temperance society in Europe—namely, at New Ross, in Ireland, and now in all parts of the latter country and Scotland, such societies are formed. The first in London was founded in May, 1831, and was followed by others in the English colonies. Even in Germany the cause found an interest; the first unions were found at Saxe-Weimar, Geneva, and Friburg. And, indeed, the temperance societies shed a blessing every where, since in places where they had been long established, not only mortality, but also crime, diminished, and industry and domestic peace returned, as has been reported of Scotland.

Dr. Rösch's short paper would be a fine lesson for those writers whose prolixity increases in the inverse ratio of the information they convey, and is a good specimen of true German industry and research. Ancient and modern history and books of travels have been consulted: the opinions of numerous physicians have been collected; in fact every thing that could, in the remotest degree, bear upon the subject, has been brought together and compressed into an article of forty-two pages.—*Times.*

TO THE BEE.

Oporous reveller in clover—
Happy hummer England over—
Blossom-kisser! wing thy way
Where the breeze keeps holiday.
Thou art like the poet, free:
All sweet flowers have sweets for thee,
Insect minstel, blessed bee!

Sunburnt labourer, brisk and brown—
Every where o'er dale and down;
Spring's blithe pursuivant and page;
Hermit holy; Druid sage;
Pattering in a foxglove-bell,
Cloistered snug, as in a cell:
Fairy of the lonely dell.

Sometimes a small spot of shade
By the dappling maple made,
Do I think thee; and thy note,
Hum of cities heard remote:
Here and there, now more, now less,
Seems thy droning to express
Noontide lazy weariness.

What sweet traffic dost thou drive—
Endless nature is thy hive!
Pasture after pasture roam,
Vagrant! every where at home!

We but see thy gorgeous bowers;
Whilst thou spendest all thy hours,
In the very heart of flowers.

Freshest feeling hast thou wrought
In me, of old home-bred thought;
Of dear homesteads, flower-o'ergrown,
Well in blessed boyhood known;
In thy warm, familiar sound,
Years of summer youth are found,
Sabbath, sunshine without bound.

Temples, nobler none, are thine,
Where each flower thou mak'st a shrine:
Nor may any pilgrim bow
More devotedly than thou:
Gatelike petals, open-blown,
Wide for thee, and thee alone;
Where thou com'st as to a throne.

Ah! how sleepy—thou, I ween,
In the poppy's bloom hast been;
Or art drunken with the wine
Of flushed rose or eglantine:
Boundless revel dost thou keep,
'Till o'ercome by golden sleep,—
Tiny Bacchus! drinking deep.

Cheery pilgrim—sportive fay—
Wing and sing thy life away!
Never pang thy course attends,
Lack of love, nor feigning friends;
In a blossom thou art blest,
And canst sink to sweetest rest,—
Homed where'er thou likest best.

Fraser's Magazine for October.

THE LEAF-FALL OF THE YEAR.

I NEVER loved the fading,
I still shrink from the dead;
I woo'd the blythe and vernal,
From the stern and sad I fled.
But the young and gay have left me;
To mate with the worn and the seer;
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,
The leaf-fall of the year.

Hail! hail! declining autumn!
Like thine, my pleasures die;
My summer hues have vanished,
My winter time draws nigh.
I wander with heart blighted,
Akin to all that's drear;
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,
The leaf-fall of the year!

Love's sweet spring-time hath fleeted—
Hope's promise-hours have flown;
My ev'ry joy has vanished,
And left despair alone!
I've lived to mourn their falsehood,
The treasured and the dear;
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,
The leaf-fall of the year!

Old Monthly Magazine.

AN EXTRACT FROM WINKLE'S JOURNAL.

EARLY one fine April morning Sam Weller came into my room at the Old Hummums, and awoke me, requesting me to accompany Mr. Pickwick to Cheltenham, stating that his master was not altogether well, that he felt pains in his side, that his digestion was out of order, and that he had resolved to try the effect of the Cheltenham waters. Mr. Weller said—

"Master has taken two insides, and one out, as far as Oxvurd, by the Slap Bank, as goes at two o'clock from Vhite Orseseler."

I said, "Mr. Pickwick is not seriously ill, I hope, Sam?"

"He ate his supper well last night—pray which side did you say pained him?"

"'Twas either the right or the left, sir, as nigh as I can remember.

"What can he want at Cheltenham?"

"Vhy, my master's a man vot eats and drinks moderate vell, but he gits some queer tvinges about the liver, and then he says, 'Sam,' says he, 'I've a mind to try vhat some o' them there Epsom salts at Chelt'num 'll do for me.' 'Vell,' says I, 'you can try 'em—not but vhat I see a great hobjection to them there physical powers;' but master hoverrules my harguments. 'Sam,' says he, 'they'll be sure to set me to rights, as the old voman said vhen she flung her vet mop at the chimney sweep."

"Ah, Sam," said I, taking off my night-cap, "that simile sounds more like one of yours than of your master's; however present my kind regards to him, and say I will be at the White Horse Cellar punctually at a quarter before two o'clock. I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him: I fear, though, he is unwell, by his taking inside places, instead of out, as usual."

"'Tvill be all the same, sir, time ve gets to Chelt'num; them there vaters 'll turn your insides out."

And with this consolatory remark Mr. Weller left me to my ablutions and morning's "toilette." I sent for a coach—no, I'm wrong—a cab, in the which to wend my eightpenny course to the White Horse Cellar. Just previous to the grand pull up at the said cellar, and whilst I was in the act of waving my hand to Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, who greeted me from the pavement, the horse stumbled, and fell slap on his head, throwing me, portmanteau, bag, and cabman, in a mixed somerset on the crossing.

"Gracious Heavens! you are not hurt, I trust?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"No, only a little shook," says I.

"Vhy," says Sam, "you was shot out, sir, for all the vorld like pebbles out of a vheelbarrow, as the hurchin said vhen a throed down the amper a eggs.

"Boots, bring a brush," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Let I rub 'im down," urged Sam.

"Slam to the door, Jack; all right behind?" And Sam had just time to leave the hind wheel for his roost aloft, when its rotatory motion began to remind him of the danger of centrifugal force, by casting a bit of mud in Mr. Pickwick's eye, whose head was still out of the coach window, in the act of warning Sam Weller to get off the coach-wheel.

"Better that in your eye," old Barnacles, "than your livery servant down your throat!"

roared the insolent cabman, ere he evaporated from their sight.

Piccadilly and the park now seemed to pass us like a moving panorama, as the goodly Slapbang pursued its way towards Kensington, and other tons, that schoolboys send old peas to, "Because 'tis on their way to Turn 'um green," as Sam Weller remarked to a fellow-passenger, a cross old fellow, who answered him with, "Queen Anne's dead, spoony."

Sam Weller, therefore, answered the official announcement of Queen Anne's decease by a repartee nearly as new.

"Hollo, my erald!" says he "vhat a dust we make, as the vly sed to the coach vheel." This, together with a friendly slap on the back, and "Don't be crapped, old crumpet," produced a smile, and subsequent good fellowship.

In the inside of the Slapbang were two other passengers, the one a French gentleman, Monsieur de Beaureste, travelling for his pleasure—felicity-hunting, if I may be allowed the expression—the other a Mr. Vernon, an undergraduate, studying for honours at the next Oxford boat-races.

The French gentleman, with the politeness of a man of the world, did not wait for an introduction to his fellow-passengers ere he commenced conversation. The undergraduate was silent and reserved, as it is the fashion at Oxford, not even to save a man from drowning, if a previous mutual presentation has not taken place. However, after some common-place introductory remarks, the fellow-travellers began to thaw into a general conversation. Mr. Pickwick was very kind in explaining to the foreigner the names of places we passed on the road. The foreigner, no doubt an author, travelled with a dictionary, English and French, and made notes in French of Mr. Pickwick's explanations.

The inside passengers were now in merry conversation: let us leave them happy, and if my readers are not too proud to come outside for a few miles, I will accompany them. We find, of course, an Oxford man on the box trying to bribe the coachman to let him handle the ribbons; one other Oxonian on the roof, one fat lady, and one thin. Behind sat Sam Weller—I beg his pardon, Mr. Weller, for all coach passengers are gentlemen—the surly gentleman, and a recruiting sergeant of the marines, rigged aloft something like his ship, with pendants of divers colours. He was trying to nail Sam with a shilling. Sam was wide awake, and said, "No go vith you, lobster, in particler." The soldier urged the delights of his marine promenades, and the weight of his knapsack full of prize-money; but Mr. Weller was too old a bird for him, and there was no means of getting the salt on his tail. The cross old man chuckled at the ingenious way in which Mr. Weller repelled the frequent attacks of this amphibious warrior.

The old gentleman advised the sergeant to try his luck with the "boatmen at Oxvurd, as vas a going to pull a match that ere wery evening." The marine smiled, and said, he "vouldn't ave none o' them underdone parsons in his regiment."

"Applepos of a young parson," says Sam; "vhy do 'em call an empty bottle a marine?"

"'Cause its spirit's flown in its country's sarvice, as the poet said to his empty inkstand," answered the aquatic soldier.

"Vell, that's a good un, howivir," said the cross man.

"Vell, I'm blessed if ve don't empty a bottle togither ven we gits to Oxvurd; vont ve, soger?" proposed Mr. Weller.

"Ay, ay," agreed the merry marine.

Our readers must not suppose, because we are listening to the conversation behind the coach, that the passengers in front were altogether silent.

The French gentleman, all enthusiasm, had his head out of the window, regretting, seriously, that he could not have it out of both at the same time, so anxious was he to lose nothing of our charming island. At last an exclamation was heard, "By Gar, der is the Oxfort, de charmin seat of de science, him beautiful, veni, vidi, vici, vive le Roi!"

"That ere French mounseer makes use of all the v's in the French lingo," said the coachman, as he threw a shilling to the gaping turnpike keeper.

Fast sped the Slapbang, and the noise of the wheels prevented my collecting any more of the agreeable conversation of my companions, as the coach rattled over the pavement. The fastidious reader may ask, how did you, Mr. Winkle, being inside the Slapbang, note down the conversation that took place outside the said coach? All I can say in my defence is, that not possessing the power of ubiquity, I trusted to Sam Weller's memory for the recital of such part of that conversation as I have recorded in this chapter. The coach is now halting for the night at the dearest Angel that ever came on earth. My legs are cramped!—*Extracted from the Metropolitan Magazine, Oct.* 1838.

The Gatherer.

A Scene in Court.—"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Under what authority?" said the hostler interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it

in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, Sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Under what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it—" "Must! I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the *mare's own mouth.*" A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.—*Captain Glascock's "Land Sharks and Sea Gulls."*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at tenpence; upon which the prosecutor cried out, "Tenpence, my lord! why, the very fashion of it cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship, "we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

An Expensive Toy.—The *Nouvelliste* observes, that the conveyance of the Luxor obelisk to France, cost nearly a million. The law of the 27th of June, 1833, granted 300,000 francs for the embellishments of the Place de la Concorde, and the laying down of the obelisk, in addition to the 40,000 francs voted in the budget of 1832. In 1835, M. Thiers demanded 140,000 francs for conveying the monument from the river-bank to the centre of the place. This conveyance, the laying down, and the accessories, cost 560,000 francs; the granite base cost upwards of 190,000 francs, so that altogether the monolithe has stood the country in an expense of more than 1,700,000 francs.

Wholesale Destruction of Reptiles.—A husbandman, at Holwell, discovered two adders basking in the sun. He called to a companion, who instantly disabled them by an application of the stick. Immediately a slow-worm made its appearance, which met a similar fate. On putting them on a stick to convey them home, four young adders escaped from the mouth of one of them which were destroyed. The vipers were then ripped up, and, from the first, six more adders were destroyed; from the second 10, and from the interior of the slow-worm eight were taken, making in the whole 28 young and three old ones. The old adders measured two feet eight inches in length; and another, supposed to be the male, has been often seen in the some locality. A valuable cow, which had been grazing in the same field, some time since lost its life from the bite of one of these reptiles. — *Sherbourne Journal, Sept.* 28.

A Blind Whist Player.—A blind gentleman, with whom I am very intimate, has frequently played a rubber at whist in my house, with more quickness and accuracy than either of his competitors. His cards, which he carries with him, are so very minutely marked by the point of a needle, that though I have often sat by him, I have never observed the marks; yet with the utmost quickness he sorts and plays his cards, the other parties of course announcing what card they have put down.—Correspondent of the *Medical Gazette.*

When Sir John Mason, who was born in the reign of Henry VII., and who had been privy counsellor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was on his death-bed, he called his family together, and addressed them in the following terms:—After having lived to see five princes, and been a counsellor to four; after seeing most remarkable things in foreign parts, and being present at most state transactions for thirty years, I have learned by so many years' experience that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physician, and a good conscience the best estate; and, where I to live again, I would exchange the court for the cloister; the anxiety of a privy counsellor for the retirement of a hermit; and the whole of the time I have passed in the palace, for one hours' enjoyment of God in my closet. All things forsake us but our God, our duty, and our prayers. W. G. C.

The following description of England, in the seventeenth century, is given by Count Oxenstiern, the lawgiver of Sweden:—England is undeniably the Queen of Islands, the empire and arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the Academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of opportionists, and the paradise of freemen. The women are fair, but their beauty is arid; her sons are brave, but their bravery oftentimes degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may be well said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; their language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine with it the following drawback, namely, they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, except wisdom in the art of enjoying it. W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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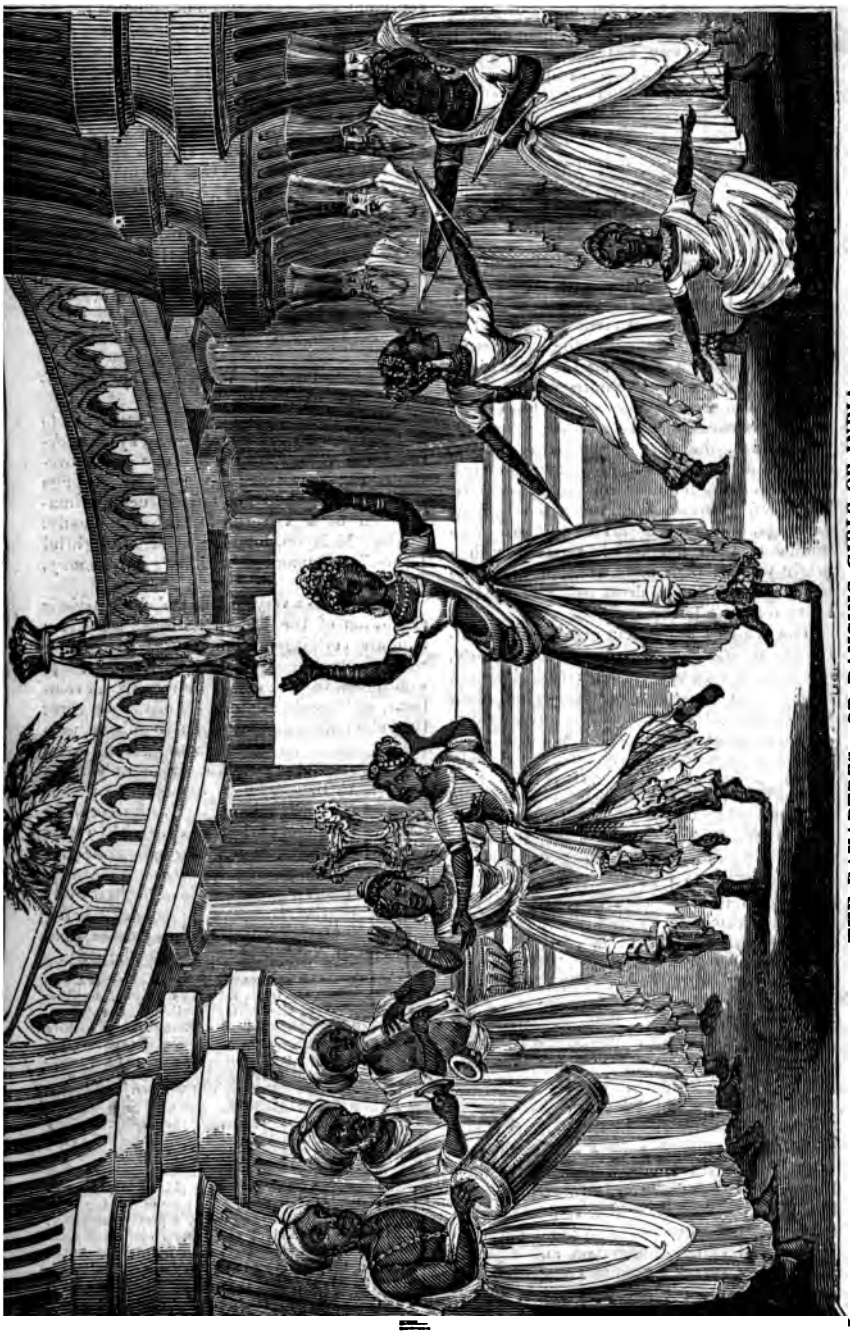

THE BAYADERES; OR DANCING GIRLS OF INDIA.

THE BAYADERES;

OR DANCING GIRLS OF INDIA.

As we have already given a full account of the habits, manners, and religious ceremonies of the Bayaderes, in the 25th volume of the *Mirror*, pp. 282, 283, 284, we shall only in this paper have to advert to the pleasing *artistes* since the period when that spirited caterer for the public's amusement, Mr. Yates, engaged them at an expense of £5,000, to appear on the boards of the Adelphi Theatre, in London. Accordingly, on Monday, October 1, 1838, they were presented to the British public, in a piece called *A Race for the Rarities; or the Bayaderes*; and were received, as they deserved to be, with the greatest applause. There are five females and three males in this company, forming a complete Indian ballet. The females dance to the sound of the instruments played by the men. Among the latter is the old *Ramalingon*, a Brahmin of the high caste, who plays the cymbals; the two others, named *Savarana* and *Devanayagon*, are young men, the first playing a cylindrical drum, and the other a kind of bamboo pipe, which produces the most melancholy sounds. These musicians are decorated with enormous ear-rings, and wear a sort of turban. The middle of their forehead is tattooed with a bright yellow; their body, arms, and feet, are naked, their principal dress being silk pantaloons, reaching to the ancle.

The females are five in number; *Saundirounn*, and *Rhangoun*, are two charming girls, of about fourteen years of age: their dark and sparkling eyes are very expressive, and their vivacity and joyous smiles extremely pleasing. The eldest female is named *Tille*; she is the high priestess, and is very devout and well-informed: her age is thirty; there is no trace of youth or beauty in her countenance: she is of the middle height; her look is grave and penetrating; and in her dance there is a sort of sadness which is difficult to describe: she has sworn to take back the four young dancers, committed to her care, pure from all Christian love. *Amany* is a married woman, and, as such, has a right to paint her teeth, and to wear rings on her feet. The wedding ring in India is always placed on the toe. *Amany* is eighteen; her features have something of the European character; her nose is aquiline, her mouth well formed, and her expressive smile is that of sweetness. The last of these interesting foreigners is the little *Veydoun*, an infant of six years of age. Their costume is exceedingly brilliant and picturesque: a golden zone surrounds their waist; their scarfs are wound round their busts, like the folds of a serpent, leaving the black, silky, and velvety skin visible between its folds; their arms are also decorated with bracelets of extraordinary form and colours; and their feet are naked. Their shoulders and breasts are covered with silken tissue. Their long raven hair is plaited from the top of the head, and hangs down over their shoulders, after the manner of the Swiss; a cap, composed of brilliant and polished metal, is placed on the top of the head, and they have an ornament in the form of a heart round their neck. They wear two pair of costly ear-rings, and their noses are also decorated in the like manner. Their teeth are of exquisite whiteness, very even, and contrast admirably with their dark skins. They wear a string of bells just above their ancles, the sound of which mingles with the steps of their dance.

The following are their performances:—*Veydoun* dances a *pas-seul*, the "Salute to the Rajah:" this little fairy trips with a vivacity that augurs well for her future performances.

The "Hindoo's Lament," was danced by *Amany*.

The "Robing of Vishnu,"* by *Saundirounn* and *Rhangoun*.

The "Hindoo Widow's Excitement to Death!" or the Dagger Dance, by *Saundirounn* and *Rhangoun*; this is of a slow movement, expressive of the peculiar feelings which may be supposed to influence the imagination of a victim of Suttee. Lastly, "The Malapou, or Love, or Delightful Dance," by *Saundirounn*, *Rhangoun*, *Amany*, and *Tille*.

The whole is a very curious and characteristic exhibition of the Indian national manners; and are certainly different from any thing we are accustomed to see on the stage. It would be difficult to describe the steps, evolutions, and peculiar expression of the dancers; they show the passions of an impulsive people, at the same time depicting, with much truth, their feelings and desires; they must be seen by those who wish to judge of their extraordinary performances. Nothing can be more free from anything indelicate than this exhibition, which will please all, and give offence to none.

These dancers are all wedded to their deity —*i. e.* to the Brahmin priesthood, being attendants† on a pagoda. They come from Tirouvendi, a small town near Pondicherry.

* VISHNU, or *Veshnoo*, with the deities SIVA and BRAHMA, form the triple divinities. But it must be remembered, that the learned Indians, in truth, acknowledge only the Supreme Being: they believe his essence to be essentially removed from the comprehension of any mind but his own; and they suppose him to manifest his power by the operation of his Divine Spirit, whom they call VISHNU, the *Preserver*; when they consider the Divine Power exerted in *creating*, or giving existence, they call the deity BRAHMA; and when they view him in the light of a *Destroyer*, or *changer* of *forms*, they give him the name of SIVA.

† The origin of this custom is this:—When a woman has made a vow for the purpose of having children, if she brings into the world a pretty daughter; she carries it to the idol she adores, and these children are devoted to this profession by their parents; and, when they grow up in it, they are called Devadási, or female slaves of the idol, or attendants on a pagoda.

THE MINSTREL.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Air — *Wandering Willie.*

Flow thou dark Cona,* 'mang mountains me gloomy,
Great Malmor's blue heights o'ershadows thy stream,
And Glenco's bleak bosom spreads horror around me,
Like a tomb in a desert, tow'ring the sad scene.
'Midst yon ruins grey, the howlett reposing,
As the lone eagle woo's the drearie wild;
Yet welcome to me the birth-place of Ossian,
Thou son of great Fingal—Nature's great child!

May Scotia's bright genius see thy shade straying,
In Fancy's keen eye o'er the barren heath,
And on thy white head Fame grandly displaying
Bright honours immortal, entwin'd in a wreath:
For sweet are thy songs of fair Evir Allen,
And Oscar in war soft harmony glide,
And, oh! how thou sung of Malvina, so charming,
Choice bard of the wilderness—Caledon's pride!

Thus sung a minstrel at the fa' of the gloaming,
While low in the ocean lay cradled the sun,
From his harp so bold, soft music was flowing,
From echo to echo the melody run.
The chief of the hills, by sounds so enchanting,
With ladies so fair came tripping along:
The wild flow'rs they gather'd, and deck'd the bleak mountain,
Where Ossian, brave Ossian! pour'd his natal song!

PETER CUMMINS.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

Beside the ocean stood an aged man,
Where the young moon in rosiest hue was breaking;
And, though his heart was old, he was partaking
Of gladness, such as all may know who scan,
And love the wisdom of sweet Nature's plan:
He stood; and, whilst the new-fledged birds were waking
Their simple anthems, his glad soul was slaking
Its thirst for joy—which like a river ran.
Before his eyes beheld this glorious scene!
Sorrow within his breast had found a home;
But the glad earth, with sky-encircled dome,
Had still'd his woes as though they had not been:
Thus all declared—the earth, the sky, and sea,—
Where Beauty dwells, *there* dwells Utility!

E. J. HYTCH.

THE OAK-TREE.

Oh! lay not low the green oak-tree,
Beneath whose boughs my childhood play'd;
For dear to all must ever be,
Its foliage fresh—its cooling shade;
Which yet is full and fair to view,
As when the landscape first I knew.

Full many a change the years have brought,
That since have pass'd 'mid sun and rain;
And brows are clouded o'er with thought,
And eyes, once glad, are dimm'd by pain;
And voices then so full of mirth,
Have perish'd from this bright green earth.

And yet thou art unchang'd, fair tree!
Tho' stormy winds have o'er thee driven;
And still thy verdant canopy
Is freshen'd by the dews of heaven;
And now in youth and beauty's prime
Thou standest, all unmark'd by time.

More years may pass o'er thee and me,
And see me laid beneath the ground,
While thou, a young and beauteous tree,
Shalt spread thy knotty branches round;
And oft the child shall seek the flower
That blooms beneath thine ample bower.

But thou, at length, must droop and die,
And yield thy beauty to decay;
And that which now delights the eye,
Must from the landscape pass away;
And man alone of all can be
The heir of long eternity.

The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland.

* Supposed to be the birth-place of Ossian.

The Drama.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION IN ENGLAND.

WILLIAM STEPHANIDES, or Fitz Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who died during the reign of Richard the First, in the year 1191, wrote as follows in his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*:—"London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatre, has plays of a more holy subject: representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear." And as this writer does not mention these representations as novelties to the people—for he is describing all the common diversions then in use at that time—we can hardly fix them lower than the Conquest; and this, we believe, is an earlier date than any other nation of Europe can produce for their theatrical representations. In the reign of Edward III., about 140 years after this, it was ordained by Act of Parliament, that a company of men, called vagrants, who had made masquerades through the whole city, should be whipt out of London, because they represented scandalous things in the little alehouses, and other places where the populace assembled. What the nature of these scandalous things were, we are not told; whether lewd and obscene, or impious and profane; but we should rather think the former, for the word masquerade has an ill sound, and we believe they were no better in their infancy than at present. It is true, the mysteries of religion were, soon after the period above alluded to, made very free with all over Europe, being represented in so stupid and ridiculous a manner, that the stories of the New Testament, in particular, were thought to encourage libertinism and infidelity. In all probability, therefore, the actors, in those representations, were of that species called Mummers, they were wont to stroll about the country, dressed in an antic manner, dancing, mimicking, and cutting figures. This custom is still continued in many parts of England; but it was formerly so general, and drew the common people so much from their business, that it was deemed a very pernicious custom: and as these Mummers always went masked and disguised, they were but too frequently encouraged to commit violent outrages, and were guilty of many disorders. However, as

bad as they were, they seem to be the true original comedians of England; and their excellence altogether consisted, as that of their successors does in part still, in mimicry and humour.

In an Act of Parliament, made in the fourth year of Henry IV., mention is made of certain wastors, master-rimours, minstrels, and other vagabonds, who infested "the land of Wales;" and it is enacted—"that no master-rimour, minstrel, or other vagabond, be in anywise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths and gatherings upon the people there." What these master-rimours were, who were so troublesome in Wales in particular, we cannot tell: possibly they might be the degenerate descendants of the ancient bards. It is also difficult to determine what is meant by making commoiths. The word signifies, in Welsh, any district, or part of a hundred, containing about one-half of it—viz., about fifty villages; and might possibly be made use of by these master-rimours when they had fixed upon a place to act in, and gave information thereof for ten or twelve miles round, which is a circuit that will take in about fifty villages. And that this was commonly done, appears from "Carew's Survey of Cornwall," which was written in Queen Elizabeth's time. Speaking of the diversions of the people, "The Guary Miracle," says he, "in English a miracle-play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish, out of some Scripture history. For representing it. they raise an amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of its inclosed plain some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to see and hear it; for they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear." Mr. Carew has not mentioned the time when these "Guary Miracles" were exhibited in Cornwall; but it is very probable that the custom is exceedingly ancient. Bishop Bale wrote a Mysterie, in 1538, entitled, "God Hys Promises—a tragedie or interlude, manyfestynge the chyefe promises of God unto man in all ages, from the begnnynge of the world, to the death of Jesus Christe." It was acted by the youths, upon a Sunday, at the Market Cross. at Kilkenny. Baker, in his 'Biographia Dramatica,' says it is *the first dramatic piece printed in England.* It was printed by Charlewood, in 1577.

The representations of Mysteries in England, are first mentioned in 1378—at least this is the earliest date we can find. In this year the scholars of St. Paul's school presented a petition to Richard II., praying his Majesty "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it at Christmas." About twelve years afterwards, viz., in 1390, the parish clerks of London are said to have played interludes at Skinner's Well, July the 18th, 19th, and 20th. And again, in 1409, the tenth year of Henry IV., they acted at Clerkenwell (which took its name from this custom of the parish clerks acting plays there) for eight days in succession, a play concerning the creation of the world. These instances are sufficient to prove that we had the Mysteries here very early. How long they continued to be exhibited amongst us, cannot be exactly determined. This period may justly be called the dead sleep of the Muses, from which they did not awake thoroughly until a considerable time afterwards. A species of play called the Moralities was invented after the Mysteries. The latter only represented some miraculous history of the Old or New Testament in a confused manner, with jumbled ideas without much meaning; whilst in the former a design appeared, accompanied with a fable and a moral; there was also something of poetry united with them, and virtues and vices, and the affections of the mind, were personified. However, the Moralities were also very frequently wholly concerned in religious matters; for religion was then every body's care, and it was no wonder if each party employed all arts to promote it. Were Moralities written now, doubtless they would turn much on politics. In the more early days of the Reformation, it was so common for the partisans of the old doctrine (and perhaps also of the new), to defend and illustrate their tenets this way, that in the 24th of Henry VIII., in an Act of Parliament made for promoting true religion, we find a clause, restraining all rimers, or players, from singing in songs, or playing in interludes, anything that should contradict the established doctrines. It was likewise customary to act these moral and religious dramas in private houses, for the edification and improvement, as well as the diversion, of well-disposed families; and for this purpose the appearance of the persons of the drama were so disposed, as that five or six actors might represent twenty characters. (*To be continued.*)

RESOURCES OF SWITZERLAND.

As the commercial relations, industry, and high example of wisdom in the adoption and support of a liberal commercial policy pursued by the cantons of Appenzell, Neuchatel, Thurgovia, Schaffhausen, Basil, Zurich, Argovia, Genoa, and Vaud in Switzerland, must at all times be deemed objects of considerable interest to England, and worthy of great attention and study, but more particularly at the present moment, we have selected the following papers, from a voluminous Report made to Parliament on the Commerce and Manufac-

tures of that country by Dr. Bowring, possessing even more than a temporary interest. The geographical position of Switzerland with regard to commerce (especially beyond seas) is the most unfortunate in Europe. The country being thickly studded with and surrounded by the highest mountains, offers the greatest obstacles even to ordinary communications, and scarcely permits any hopes of canals or railroads. Its soil is barren and unsuitable to a variety of cultivation. The mountains yield but little metal. It fetches from abroad the most of its food, metals raw and worked, machines and tools, all the raw material for its manufactures, even the coals used in the foundries. In every warehouse, in every shop in the land, English and French goods are exhibited by the side of theirs. The former have paid no duties; the latter have had no protection. Insignificant as were their early attempts, and confined as were their markets, their government denying them a helping hand, forcing the Swiss to shift for themselves; and in spite of the tremendous rivalry of British capital and French taste, this intelligent, virtuous, brave, and persevering people have succeeded. Despite every obstacle, weak as they are, without a single port or means of outlet, except such as are held at the good pleasure of their neighbours, their articles have found their way, and meet with a ready sale in the four quarters of the globe. Take the following history of

WATCH-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

One of the largest and most interesting branches of Swiss industry is the watch-making trade. It is carried on to an immense and still increasing extent in the mountainous districts of Neuchatel, in the French portion of the canton of Berne, and in the town and neighbourhood of Geneva. It has been a source of wealth and comfort to many thousands of the inhabitants, who, in the seldom-visited villages of the Jura, have gathered around them a large portion of the enjoyments of life. Switzerland has long furnished the markets of France; and, though the names of certain French watch-makers have obtained a European celebrity, yet I was informed by M. Arago, that an examination into this trade had elicited the fact, that not ten watches were made in Paris in the course of a year, the immense consumption of France being furnished from Switzerland, and the Swiss works being only examined and rectified (*repasses*) by the French manufacturers.

The Jura mountains have been the cradle of much celebrity in the mechanical arts, particularly in those more exquisite productions of which a minute complication is the peculiar character. During the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, the inhabitants are, as it were, imprisoned in their dwellings, and occupied in those works which require the utmost development of skilful ingenuity. Nearly 120,000 watches are produced annually in the elevated regions of Neuchatel. In Switzerland, the most remarkable of the French watch-makers, and among them one who has lately obtained the gold medal at Paris, for his beautiful watch movements, had their birth and education; and a sort of honourable distinction attaches to the watch-making trade. The horologers consider themselves as belonging to a nobler profession than ordinary mechanics, and do not willingly allow their children to marry into what they consider the inferior classes.

As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle, in the year 1630. But no idea had been as yet conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman. Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and, having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and of perseverance he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount, as he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours.

When this undertaking was completed it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen, and thus, very fortunately, the art of watch-making was gradually introduced among our mountains, whose inhabitants had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil. Our mountaineers were frequently compelled, before the introduction of the above-named branch of industry, to seek for work during the summer months among the populations of the surrounding country. They rejoined their families in the winter, being enabled from their economical savings, the moderation of their wants, and the produce of a small portion of land, to supply themselves with the necessaries of life.

During the first forty or fifty years a few workmen only were employed in watch-making, and, owing to the numberless difficulties they had to surmount, to the slowness

of execution caused by the absence of convenient tools, the want of proper materials, &c., the productions and profits were inconsiderable. They began at length to procure the articles of which they stood in need from Geneva, and afterwards from England, but the high prices which these articles cost, induced many of our workmen to attempt to provide them for themselves. They not only thus succeeded in rivaling foreign tools, but they eventually introduced many superior ones, till then unknown.

It is not more than eighty or ninety years since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watch-making trade. Meanwhile the population has increased three-fold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. It is from this period also that dates the change which has taken place in the country of Neuchatel, where, notwithstanding the barrenness of the soil, and the severity of the climate, beautiful and well-built villages are everywhere to be seen, connected by easy communications, together with a very considerable and industrious population, in the enjoyment, if not of great fortunes, at least of a happy and easy independence.

The number of watches manufactured annually in this canton may be calculated to be from 100,000 to 120,000, of which about 35,000 are in gold, and the rest in silver. Now supposing the first, on an average, to be worth 150 fr., and the others 20 fr., it would represent a capital of nearly seven millions, without taking into consideration the sale of clocks, and instruments for watch-making, the amount of which is very large.

The trade of clock and watch-making is of considerable antiquity in Geneva. In the ninth century clocks were first known there, and it is believed the art of manufacturing them was imported from Germany. The bell, or sounding part of the machine, was added some time after; and in the eleventh century clocks were not uncommon. Chimes were a later invention, and, as the machinery by which time is measured became more complete and minute, watches were the necessary result. In 1587, Charles Cusin, of Autun, in Burgundy, settled in Geneva, as a manufacturer of watches, which were then sold for their weight in gold. He had many scholars, and his success naturally drew labour from less profitable employment, and spread the watch making trade very rapidly.

The manufacture of repeating-watches led, as has been observed, to another species of industry. Attention to the various tones of the metal,—and it may be added, the education of the people in the science of harmony —soon connected music with machinery; and musical rings, seals, watches, and boxes, were produced in considerable numbers,—the first experiments having been costly, but practice so reduced the price as to create a large market, and still leave a considerable profit. Out of the success of this new branch of manufacture others grew—musical automata of various characters—some combining great perfection of motion with external beauty and perfect harmony, concentrated in an exceedingly small space.

The great advantage which the Swiss possess in competition with the watch-makers in England, is the low price at which they can produce the flat cylinder watches, which are at the present time much in request. The watch-makers of Great Britain buy largely both in Geneva and Neuchatel, and scarcely a single watch pays the duty of 25 per cent., because the risk of clandestine introduction is small. The average annual export to England is from 8,000 to 10,000 watches, and the average price about £10 sterling.

The watches of English manufacture do not come into competition with those of Swiss production, which are used for different purposes, and by a different class of persons. Notwithstanding all the risks and charges, the sale of Swiss watches is large, and it has not really injured the English watch-making trade. The English watches are far more solid in construction, fitter for service, and especially in countries where no good watch-makers are to be found, as the Swiss watches require delicate treatment.

English watches, therefore, are sold to the purchaser who can pay a high price; the Swiss watches supply the classes to whom a costly watch is inaccessible.—*Dr. Bowring's Report.*

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. II.

(For the Mirror.)

From the degradation of Europe in the Middle Ages, we now follow the progress of improvement, as it relates to the revival of taste and learning in Europe; and more especially in this country. Under the third Edward, the father of his people, commerce became the object of the fostering regard both of the King and Parliament. In consequence of the discontent of some of the manufactures of Flanders, Edward invited them over to settle in his dominions. The trade in English wool increased; the intercourse of nations, and the reciprocation of

mutual industry, was the obvious consequence. England, in her insular situation, with her excellent soil, and (even now) admirable constitution, soon passed from rude simplicity to progressive refinement. But the seeds of a mighty revolution were appearing on the surface of Society. The principles of religious Reformation introduced by the Lollards and followers of Huss, propagated in England by the venerable Wickliffe, promised the greatest change in national character and manners. In the eleventh century that wild enthusiasm which carried hundreds of thousands from west to east, occurred, to prosecute, what was miscalled, a Holy War. Gibbon, in tracing the effects of the Crusades, considers that they tended to diffuse a knowledge of the Latin tongue, by the intercourse between Constantinople and Italy; and that, consequently, several of the Fathers and of the Classic authors were at length honoured with a Greek version. Of these enthusiasts, those who returned, having conversed with the magnificient races of people they had encountered in the East, began to entertain some taste for a refined mode of life. The Institution of Chivalry, and the sense of honour which it propagated, induced the progressive refinement observable in the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. Various points of consideration are, in this hurried glance, omitted, which might tend to elucidate the exercise of the renewed energies of learning and genius. Let us briefly notice the cultivation of the *new languages* which sprang from the original Latin stock. A class of men appeared in France, whose fame, as *Hallam* observes, "depends more on the darkness of the preceding ages than on their own positive excellence;" whose productions had a permanent influence on the state of European literature. These were the Troubadours. They were versifiers of language; and confined themselves principally to subjects of love, and keen spirited satire. Their poetry is of a class allied to music; and with a flexible language, they invented a variety of metrical arrangement perfectly new to Europe. Metrical compositions, are, in general, the first literature of a nation; as, instance at the time we are now writing of, the northern French poetry, and the poems of the Normans. Simultaneously, as it were, the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, cultivated their respective languages. In the last country a mighty genius arose, destined as the Father of the Literature of the Dark Ages. This was DANTE. Dante created the poetry of his country. His command of language was unbounded; none ever excelled him in conciseness; and no genius was more unquestionably original than his. In the same age and nation sprang the celebrated PETRARCH, whose command of language, correctness of style, and exquisite diction, made him likewise the boast of his time and country. Dante prepared by his writings a taste for poetry and elegant composition; under Petrarch the public mind ascended to a pitch of enthusiastic admiration; and on the same day he received from the Roman Senate and the University of Paris, letters, soliciting his presence to crown him with laurel. This ceremony, which had formerly been practised in Greece, and at the Capitolem games at Rome, was revived for Petrarch; and his coronation in the Capitol announced the coming to life again of that spirit which had long slept in the pulses of Italy; the days of a golden morning for Europe and the world! As if this sleep should be compensated by a reaction, another genius arose, in the person of BOCCACCIO, to whom ancient classical and modern elegant literature are equally under deep obligations. His Decameron is amongst the most perfect models of Italian composition; and what Italy owed Petrarch for poetry, she was indebted in an equal degree to Boccaccio for Tuscan prose. Thus prose and poetry were rapidly brought to perfection; at least to a degree which has not been surpassed, by these great masters.

Men awoke to a sense of their wants, once the clouds of barbarous ignorance were dispelled. Genius, in Italy, resolutely bent on action, passed at once the *medium*, and pressed on to that irregular magnificence and fantastic grandeur which it would be in vain to achieve by the slow process of preparation and refinement.

Indeed, it is remarkable that poetry, unlike other arts, arrives at maturity at once. Homer had no pre-existing model; neither had Dante. Our own immortal Shakspeare vaulted into renown in an age when to read and to write were no common accomplishments. H. I.

Arts and Sciences.

MR. HAMPTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PARACHUTE DESCENT.

THE following is Mr. Hampton's letter to the editor of a country journal:—

Cheltenham, Wednesday Evening, Oct. 3, 1838.

This has been one of the happiest days of my life, though it was upon the commencement of the morning one of the most miserable, inasmuch as I apprehended that the public would condemn me in some degree for having compromised myself in the contract I had undertaken to fulfil, and which would have been carried out to the fullest extent, agreeably to my original announcement, only that a certain portion of humane friends (?), having more sympathy for my personal safety than I had myself, unfortunately frustrated, as they considered, my design; but aware as

I was that my future fame depended upon the act of this day, my mind was resolutely fixed upon carrying out my determination; and I therefore confided my plan to my only friend, Mr. Grenville Fletcher, and by his assistance and judicious directions, previous to my leaving the Montpelier-gardens, the necessary arrangements proposed by ourselves were made effective. If I have forfeited my honour with Mr. Spinney, I here most gladly claim his forgiveness; when he considers the motive which led me to the final act, and the stake I had in the hands of the public, I am certain I need not apologize further.

After leaving the earth my sensations were of the most delightful kind. The evening turned out very propitious, and my satisfaction in having reduced one of the most novel and extraordinary exhibitions, which have been for many years a matter of considerable doubt with the most celebrated aeronauts, to a perfect safety, must be to me, and to every admirer of aerostation, a very gratifying result. At the altitude of about 9,000 feet I cast my eye to the different portions of my apparatus, and finding everything as I considered perfect, my mind was made up for the awful moment—that it was an awful moment, no one, be he whomsoever he may, or possessing the most cast-iron nerve, cannot but acknowledge that in such a situation, a struggle, as it were, between life and death, must have been of no very temporary description. However, my nerves were, thank Providence, perfectly collected and firm: and armed as I was with a good weapon, I hesitated not, but applied my knife to the only cord which held me between Heaven and the vast abyss beneath me. The effort was momentary—my balloon ascended from me immediately after the separation for some hundred feet, and with a terrific noise rushed through the atmosphere, and in the space of a few seconds only burst over my head with the violence of a thunderbolt—but I was pleased to find, in unison with my original plan, collapsed, and reached the earth before I did myself. My descent was of the most gradual and progressive description, my sense of danger being wholly divested, being convinced from the very easy and strictly perpendicular line that I found myself approaching *terra firma*, and that any degree of doubt as to my safety was not for a moment questionable. Indeed, so far from a supposed violent rate of velocity having taken place during the descent, at various times the parachute was almost stationary, and had it not been that a safety-bag, containing about 30lb. of ballast, attached to my car (an appendage usually adopted by all aeronauts, by way of breaking the fall, as it may be termed in plain language,) hastened my power of descent, I must have reached the ground under the most perfect quiet and pleasing gravity, as the time from my separating the cord to reaching the earth was only thirteen minutes, being then at a distance of one mile and a quarter in altitude.

To be brief, therefore, my descent was most gratifying to myself. The first announcement of my being safe again on "my parent earth," was given by the presence of a sheep, who was very quietly surveying me, and in the most perfect calmness, consoling me, as it were, upon my safe arrival. My friends having reached me, I was not long in obtaining a necessary conveyance, which once more brought me to the locality of that spot in safety which one hour previous I had quitted under so many terrific and doubtful circumstances.

Remaining, with much gratitude, yours, very respectfully, JOHN HAMPTON.

CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.

EVERY country is distinguished by some peculiar modes, a comparison of which with those of a corresponding nature in other countries, especially in matters apparently admitting of but little variety, often affords amusement and instruction. In illustration of this remark may be cited the characteristic salutations of different nations, the various modes of dressing the hair, and the dissimilar pronunciation of the same letter. The cultivation of the vine affords another example. In our own country it is suffered to expand itself to any size, and nailed in regular lines to the wall or frame of a greenhouse; thus a single tree will produce several hundred weight of grapes. On the banks of the Rhine the growth is limited to four feet in height, and each tree is supported in an upright position. In France it is formed into arches and ornamental alcoves. In Sardinia it assumes the aspect of a parasitical plant, luxuriating among the branches of the largest forest trees, and clasping with its tendrils the extreme twigs. In Asia Minor, its wild festoons hang their green and purple pendants from rural bowers of trelliswork. On the heights of Lebanon it lies in a state of humiliation, covering the ground like the cucumber; and subsequently we saw it in the valley of Eshcol, in a position different from all that have been named. There, three vines planted close together, and cut off at a height of five feet, meet in the apex of a cone formed by their stems; where, being tied, each is supported by two others, and thus enabled to sustain the prodigious clusters for which that region has always been famous—clusters so large that, to carry one, the spies of Moses were compelled to place it on a stick borne by two men. Each mode is, doubtless, the best that could be adopted in the quarter where it prevails, considering the nature of the soil and climate, the value of the land, and the object of the cultivator.—*Elliott's Travels.*

MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Lieut. W. Siborn's truly *unique* Model of the Field of Waterloo, has just been opened for public exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. It covers a space of 420 square feet, being in the proportion of nine feet to a mile. "The time chosen," says Lieut. Siborn, in his pamphlet, sold at the exhibition-room, "is that in which Napoleon made his last great struggle for victory. The battle had already lasted eight hours, and the result still trembled in the balance. The steady, resolute, and unshaken front presented by the allied army under the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding the most determined efforts so repeatedly made to force its line of battle, rendered it imperative on Napoleon to resort to one of two alternatives—that of commencing a retreat, or to make another desperate attempt to break the Duke's line, and establish his left on the allied position; and at the same time to maintain a firm stand against the Prussian advance on his right. Napoleon resolved to bring up his twelve battalions of infantry of the Imperial Guard, being the only reserve at his disposal; and with these forces he determined to force the Duke of Wellington's position. This was Napoleon's "sole and last reserve."

Every part of the plain on which this memorable battle was fought, is so represented, as to give the spectator a correct idea of its appearance on the 18th of June, 1815. The fields of grass and standing corn, woods, vineyards, gardens, hedges, trees, lands lying fallow, &c., also the churches, houses, and villages, are all minutely modeled with surprising fidelity. The fire and smoke are imitated by means of tinseled metal and fine wool or flock, so that the eye of the spectator is at once directed to the important points of the battle. Notwithstanding the great number of figures, (190,000,) they are accurately modeled, the British, French, and Prussians being all in their respective national uniforms, and easily distinguishable from each other. The artillery, light troops, cuirassiers, and lancers, are easily identified; and the whole so admirably grouped as to add extraordinary animation to the scene. The different fields of wheat or grass, are represented by coloured floss or silk: the lands lying fallow by brown cassimere. The various inequalities and risings of the ground are represented with great fidelity. In order that the spectator may the more easily discern the figures, &c., they being of necessity so minute, a number of glasses are fixed, by which means they are perceptible. The effect of the whole is truly powerful. This ingenious model employed Lieut. Siborn seven years.

Manners and Customs.

Mr. Elliott, in his late interesting Narrative of his Travels in the East, gives the following description of

A GREEK CHRISTENING AT THYATIRA.

"In the same quadrangle is the Greek church, where we attended the matins, which commence soon after sunrise. The interior of the building is handsome when compared with other similar temples in Asia Minor. A screen, covered with paintings of the virgin and child, and numerous saints, separates the vestry from the choir, which was then overflowing with people; but the service was performed with much irreverence and in ancient Greek, unintelligible to the congregation. As soon as this was concluded, every one present rushed up to the screen and began to kiss the pictures—first, the men who had occupied the nave, then the women who had filled the galleries; afterwards, the priest distributed from a large platter pieces of bread cut into cubes of half an inch, which were greedily snatched and eaten, the people crossing themselves repeatedly while scrambling and laughing in the most indecorous manner. Whether or not this was intended to be a celebration of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper we did not ascertain.

"In the vestry was a copy of the New Testament bound in leather, and richly ornamented with silver. This volume was taken out at the conclusion of the ordinary service, and deposited, preparatory to a baptism, on a tripod in the middle of the church; before which was placed a large metal basin, about a foot high, with two very tall wax candles, and pitchers of hot and cold water. Small tapers, as thin as a crow-quill, were distributed to all the spectators, of whom there might have been sixty; the women standing on one side, the men on the other. Each lighted his taper and held it during the service. The two officiating ecclesiastics, having kissed their robes, put them on in the presence of the people; and one commenced, leaving the other to conclude, the sacred service. A girl of fourteen or fifteen years held the child, and acted as godmother. The minister was sometime engaged in making her repeat after him words which she evidently did not understand; while an old woman, equally wise, endeavoured to prompt her, pronouncing less distinctly what she conceived to be the syllables he uttered. The priest then placed the Testament before the vase, moved it over the water in the form of a cross, and pronounced a blessing: afterwards, he passed his finger three times through the water in the name of the Holy Trinity, then blew upon it, then poured in oil, always preserving in these acts the symbolical figure of the cross. Such was the

form of blessing the water. During this ceremony, a matron stripped the infant and delivered it into the hands of the minister, who held it up for some moments to the gaze of the congregation. He then dipped its little feet in the consecrated element, moving them in the form of a cross; and at length, placing it in the basin, poured water with his hands upon its head. This was repeated three times in the name of the Trinity; after which the infant was confirmed by having its eyes, nose, ears, mouth, hands, and feet anointed with the holy chrism, in token that its five senses were all to be dedicated to God; and it was made a partaker of the eucharist by its lips being touched with a consecrated wafer. During the ceremony, as we understood, extreme unction was likewise administered!"

LASCAR BURIAL.

CONSIDERABLE crowds were on Wednesday, October 3, 1838, attracted to the burial-ground adjoining Trinity Church, in Cannon-street-road East, to witness the singular ceremony of the interment of a Lascar who had recently arrived in this country by one of the East India ships, and who died shortly after the vessel had put into the St. Katherine's Dock. The body of the deceased, which was merely rolled up in a piece of thin calico, was placed on a rude and temporary bier formed of a few pieces of cane-wood, and decorated with several turbans unfolded, and carried on the shoulders of four of his countrymen, being followed by about twelve or fourteen Lascars. The singularity of such a procession, as well as the manner of those who formed it, which appeared any thing but serious or solemn (as most of them smoked their paper cigars, and indulged in what, to an English spectator, appeared great levity,) caused a considerable mob of persons to follow it from the vicinity of the docks, so that by the time it had reached Cannon-street several thousands had assembled, and it required the interference of the police to clear a passage to enable the bearers of the body and their followers to enter the church. On getting in, however, some considerable delay took place before the interment of the body could be effected, no preparation whatever having been previously made for its reception. It was some time before the Lascars could be prevailed upon to pay the 7*s*., which was demanded of them by the sextoness for the grave. They at length, however, paid the money, and the grave was in a short time prepared. The body was then handed to two of the Lascars, who had descended into the grave, and who placed it at full length on the back, while the remainder squatted themselves round the edge of the grave, which was about seven feet deep; and, with their hands uplifted, commenced chanting, in somewhat discordant tones, a prayer or hymn; the two who were in the grave continued meanwhile to roll the corpse over and over. The eyes and the mouth of the deceased were open, and the rolling about of the body presented an appalling appearance. Various other ceremonies were subsequently gone through, and on a given signal the men in the grave, with astonishing agility, got out of it, and all commenced with the greatest rapidity to throw in the earth with their hands. The quickness with which they performed this was such, that the grave was filled in a few minutes; and having then used a shovel to settle and harden the earth on the top, the whole of the party left the ground smoking their cigars.

Anecdote Gallery.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE STAEL, BY M. POZZO DI BORGO.

"I EXPECTED that Madame de Staël would excite great curiosity in London. She belongs neither to the sex one loves, nor to that one esteems. She talks and writes like a man, but has acted all her life like a woman. As she carries every thing to extremes, those who are pleased with her must feel enchanted; those who are not will equally dislike her. The good qualities, faults, weaknesses, wit, and talents, of Madame de Staël, divided into proportionate doses, would have formed a population of amiable women; but all of them concentrated in one individual, have formed almost a monster. If one considers all her qualities in a mass, she confounds the strongest imagination, and awes the most experienced; but to one who comes on her at a moment when she only shows her shining points, she is really astonishing. Do not accuse me of betraying her when I speak of her to you with so much impartiality. One judges rather than loves her, although she has desired the contrary all her life."

"Madame de Staël, however, was considered very amiable, especially to her friends, and I am only speaking here of the effect which she produced at first sight on those spectators to whom she was a stranger. The dark mulatto complexion of Madame de Staël, her very original toilette, her entirely bare shoulders, either of which would have been pretty, but it did not agree with the other; in fact, the *tout ensemble* nearly realized the idea I had formed of the authoress of Delphine and Corinne. I almost expected to find one of these heroines in her who had so well drawn their characters, and could scarcely recover from my surprise. After the first moment, however, I gave her credit for a pair of fine and expressive eyes; still it seemed impossible to fall in love with such a face, and yet I was told that she had often inspired the tender passion."

"The prince was placed at the right of the Queen, and Madame de Staël at her left. The servant of the latter had placed on her napkin a little twig, which she was in the habit of turning about in her fingers while she was talking. The conversation was very animated, and it was droll to see her twisting the twig about while gesticulating. One might have thought that a fairy had given her this talisman, and that on that little branch depended all her genius."

No one who ever met the distinguished woman here described in society, but must have noticed her inexhaustible powers of conversation, displayed not less in the range of thought than in the ceaseless exertion of her lungs. It was our fortune once to be present at a conversation held by her with an eminent bookseller of our metropolis, remarkable for his sound judgment, and perspicuous and courteous taciturnity. The lady's flow of language and illustration, and she had a point to gain, reminded us strongly of Gray's simile—

"Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever."

The single monosyllables, affirmatively introduced by her much-enduring interlocutor, seeming only to have the effect of pebbles in the current. In truth amongst the phlegmatic English she had the undoubted reputation of "talking to death." Her curiosity was not less remarkable. "Pray take my place," said a late English secretary to his friend, in evident alarm as she approached him, "I have forgotten my catechism."—"You will learn it all now, and I shall not soon forget my lesson," replied the other, quitting the spot in equal dismay.—*Foreign Quarterly Review, July*, 1838.

The Public Journals.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A Ballet Rehearsal at a Country Theatre.

THERE bounded on to the stage from some mysterious inlet, a little girl, in a dirty white frock, with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandaled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil, and curl papers, who turned a pirouette, cut twice in the air, turned another pirouette, then looking off at the opposite wing, shrieked, bounded forward to within six inches of the foot-lights, and fell into a beautiful attitude of terror, as a shabby gentleman, in an old pair of buff slippers, came in at one powerful slide, and, chattering his teeth, fiercely brandished a walking-stick. "They are going through the Indian Savage and the Maiden," said Mrs. Crummles.—"Oh!" said the manager, "the little ballet interlude. Very good, go on." The manager clapped his hands as a signal to proceed, and the savage, becoming ferocious, made a slide towards the maiden, but the maiden avoided him in six twirls, and came down at the end of the last one upon the very points of her toes. This seemed to make some impression upon the savage, for, after a little more ferocity and chasing of the maiden into corners, he began to relent, and stroked his face several times with his right thumb and four fingers, thereby intimating that he was struck with admiration of the maiden's beauty. Acting upon the impulse of this passion, he (the savage) began to hit himself severe thumps in the chest, and to exhibit other indications of being desperately in love, which being rather a prosy proceeding, was very likely the cause of the maiden falling asleep; whether it was or not, asleep she did fall, sound as a church, on a sloping bank, and the savage perceiving it, leant his left ear on his left hand, and nodded sideways, to intimate to all whom it might concern that she was asleep, and no shamming. Being left to himself, the savage had a dance, all alone, and just as he left off the maiden woke up, rubbed her eyes, got off the bank, and had a dance, all alone, too—such a dance that the savage looked on in ecstacy all the while, and when it was done plucked from a neighbouring tree some botanical curiosity, resembling a small pickled cabbage, and offered it to the maiden, who at first wouldn't have it; but, on the savage shedding tears, relented. Then the savage jumped for joy; then the maiden jumped for rapture at the sweet smell of the pickled cabbage. Then the savage and the maiden danced violently together, and, finally, the savage dropped down on one knee, and the maiden stood on one leg on his other knee, thus concluding the ballet, and leaving the spectators in a state of pleasing uncertainty whether she would ultimately marry the savage, or return to her friends.

THE DOLLY DUSTERIAN DIARY.

Munde, Jinnevery 20, 18—. I opn mi knew running☞ kopy buk, with the intenshun of putting down what cums uppermost; and as my entranse into Mrs. ——'s servis may, for wot one Nose of one's life, becum an important feeture on the Face of it, I shall rite down all that passed to-da. Its unnesry to menshun the paneful parting I had with my good step-mother, God Blesser! though I must not omit the memrable fackt that Morris, for the first time in his life, shuke hands hartily with me, gave me a shilling, wished me "good Buy," and threw his old hobnailed shoe after me, for luc, as he said, but which gave my ankle such a chip with its heavy Sole as will take some time to Heel.

Wen I noct at Mrs. ——'s door, with teers in my eyes, this morning, Mr. —— himself opnd it; and as soon as I tolled him

my busyness, he good umordly smiled, tuke my and, and sade, "my deer girl, yuve had no brekfast."

Now, Ide been so unappy at leving Mrs. Morris, that I sirtinly hadnt bin able to take any, and I blieve I was stamring out, "Yes —no," when he larfed and sade, "Ah, youve forgottn; go down Below and join Noah," as I understude him; and, without another word, he gave me a push down the stares, and wauked into the parler.

On entring the kitchen, I xpected to find an old man, but was sirprised to see only a gal about a yeere or 2 older than myself. She stared at me a minnit, and then, with a kind of harf-nod (either ment as a sine of welcum, or kaused by a difkilty in swallering a trianguler krust), she pushed a chare to me, handed a Large basin of tee, and with a kros ireish aksent, told me to be "Sated." I thenkt her, and sade a gentlemn had sent me down to brekfast with Noah.

"Noah!" sclaimed the gal, speking in her te-cup before she coad git it from her mouth—"Wot d'ye mane by that? My name's No-r-r-r-ah. My well-made Annsisters desinded in a strate line from that good Man of the First Water; but Ime not kwite such a tship of the ould ark as U take me 4."

I begd her pardn; and wishing to turn her thorts in another direkshun, I venchered to say, "You apeer to ave a kind master."

"Yes, sure," she replied, in a softer tone; "but, by the powers of Dilf, as Nick's praste used to swear, it 'll be a fine morning when I can say that of missthress."

"Indeed," I exclaimed; "I hope you've no complaints against her?"

"Arruh, my dear," said Norah, with a wink, "sure you don't know what I do, or you wouldn't say that same. May be, my darlint, you think it nothing that she's such a complate famine! Faith, your appetite for her 'll fall off as you get more hungry."

"Hungry! famine! I don't understand you."

"Nor does she, by me sowl; but lucky it is I understand myself; or it's clane starved I'd been before now, and jist like her hash on a Monday—may be, you don't know that's all bones?"

Here, seizing upon the quartern loaf, with one swoop she severed a lump something like the top of Mrs. ——'s old music-stool, and buttering it much after the style in which M'Adam's roads are mended, she cut it across, and showed her teeth at a slice of it, which instantly represented old London Bridge in miniature.

"I am very stupid," said I, when this operation was ended; "but I do not yet see why you call her a famine."

"You are right; you are stupid, mighty stupid. My darling, I call her a famine bekase she starves every body."

"Starves every body! Why you seem to have a good breakfast before you."

"Don't I tell you, honey, that's bekase I look out for myself? and then it's a small mite of help I get from master. But I see you don't understand polithical aconomy. Famine, my dear, doesn't ralely starve paple to death; but it make's 'em look nine ways for pratees, and ten before they find 'em."

This was said with warmth, and I saw it would not do to dispute the point; I therefore softly said, "I am sorry to hear this of mistress, for—"

"Misthress! Is it misthress you mane? Oh! then, you are my come-after, eh? Well, darlint, I wish you joy of your berth, as the ould gridiron said to the chop."

"I hope I shall not find my situation quite so hot," said I.

"Wo'n't you, darlint? quite, every bit as hot as the chops, dear! and by the time you lave this, you'll be jist as much reduced—jist as near the bone—not a bit of fat left."

"But if master's kind," said I, half frightened at her account, "that will be a comfort."

"Will it now?—divil a bit. No; it ought to be: but in this house every thing that ought to be a comfort is jist the other thing. Only let misthress hear him say a kind word to you, or let him tell her you don't wear your hair, or your cap, in the worst style possible (which I flatter myself is the case with Norah), and it's no more end there'll be to it than to a nate round dumpling. You'll hear of it every day of the wake, and Sunday into the bargain."

"Well—"

"Well," interrupted Norah, jumping up to answer the bell, "I can only say, as our dustmen ginerally do by the small beer, you'll find it all out."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Popular Antiquities.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The late Bishop of Capsa, M. Bruguiere, having been appointed vicar apostolic and head of the Catholic mission in Corea, traversed the most important parts of the Chinese empire, in the Chinese dress, and aided by Chinese Christians, to Tartary, before he could reach his destination. The journal of his travels has been published in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* No. 50. In the course of his journey he passed the great wall, his description of which is somewhat at variance with that of preceding travellers: —"On the 7th of October, 1834, we arrived at the great wall, so highly extolled by those who know nothing about it, and so emphatically described by those who have never seen it. This and the other wonders of China

should only be seen in pictures to maintain their reputation. The great wall has nothing remarkable but its length, which is about 1,500 miles: its principal direction is from east to west; but a little to the north of Shanse it trends to the west-south-west. This rampart, formerly covered with bricks, which have tumbled down, forms the frontier of three or four provinces, each of which would in Europe be a considerable kingdom. In the plains and ravines it is a regular wall, fenced with battlements between 30 and 40 ft. high; on the mountains I doubt if its height exceeds 10 ft.; indeed, on the heights it is a little more than a ridge of earth, flanked by numerous projections like redoubts, but there is no person to guard them. There are gates at regular intervals for the convenience of travellers, and the levy of transit duties. I passed through the gate called Chan Tchaku (Changkee kow)—it is that through which the Russians go on their road to Pekin. No one paid the least attention to me; the guards turned their backs, as if to give courage to me and my followers. Were a more rigorous watch kept, it would be easy to cross the wall in the mountains, or through the breaches which time has made."—*Asiatic Journal.*

THE TEMPLE OF CARNAC.

The next morning, we visited the temples of Luxor and Carnac. The former is a most magnificent pile, architecturally considered, but otherwise the least interesting of the four great temples of Thebes. You originally entered between four gigantic statues of Rameses the Great, and two superb obelisks, of which one only remains—the French have carried off his brother, and every lover of antiquity must regret their separation. The obelisks, statues, and pyramidal towers, were additions by Rameses to the original edifice, founded by Amunoph the Third.

From the propyla and obelisks of this temple, an avenue, guarded by sphinxes, facing each other, extended northwards, to the great temple of Jupiter Ammon at Carnac, meeting it at right angles, the latter extending from west to east. The road we followed lay nearer the river, and led us through a comparatively small temple of Isis, that would have detained us longer in a less attractive neighbourhood, into the great court of Jupiter Ammon's temple, the noblest ruin at Thebes, A stupendous colonnade, of which one pillar only remains erect, once extended across this court, connecting the western propylon or gate of entrance, built by Sesostris, with that at its eastern extremity, leading to the grand Hall of Osirei, and the sanctuary.— We ascended the former;—the avenue of sphinxes, through which the god returned, in solemn procession, to his shrine at Carnac, after his annual visit to the Libyan suburb, ascends to it from the river,—the same avenue traversed age after age by the conqueror, the poet, the historian, the lawgiver, the philosopher—Sesostris, Cambyses, Homer, Herodotus, Thales, Anaxagoras, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato—and now the melancholy song of an Arab boy was the only sound that broke the silence; but that poor boy was the representative of an older and a nobler race than that of the Pharaohs.

Long did we gaze on the scene around and below us—utter, awful desolation! Truly, indeed, has No been "rent asunder!" The towers of the second, or eastern, propylon are mere heaps of stones, "poured down"—as prophecy and modern travellers describe the foundations of Samaria—into the court on one side, and the great hall on the other,—giant columns have been swept away like reeds before the mighty avalanche, and one hardly misses them. And that hall, who could describe it? Its dimensions, 170 ft. by 329,—the height of the central avenue of columns 66 ft., exclusive of their pedestals,—the total number of columns that supported its roof 134,—these particulars may give you some idea of its extent; but of its grandeur and beauty—none. Every column is sculptured, and all have been richly painted. The exterior walls, too, are a sculptured history of the wars of Osirei and Rameses.—How often I longed for J——, and A——, while examining these noble designs! except those I shall presently mention at Beit Wellee, I have seen nothing in Egypt that would interest them so much. In one corner, of especial interest, are represented the Jews captured by Shishak, and their king Rehoboam, with the hieroglyphical inscription "Jehouda Melek," "the king of the Jews."—This is the only reference to the Israelites found in Egyptian sculpture; many have wondered at finding no allusions to their residence in Egypt, but I think without cause, for, except the pyramids, the tombs in their vicinity, those of Beni Hassan and a few other remains, of but little interest, I do not believe that any monuments exist, coeval with Moses and the Exodus.—*Lord Lindsay's Travels.*

BUONAPARTIANA.

The following speech was delivered by Napoleon, to the Legislative body, on the opening of the Session, December 3, 1809.—"Since your last Sessions, I have reduced Aragon and Castile to submission, and driven from Madrid the fallacious government formed by England. I was marching upon Cadiz and Lisbon, when I was under the necessity of treading back my steps, and planting my eagles on the ramparts of Vienna. Three months have been the rise and termination of this fourth Punic war. Accustomed to the devoteness and courage of my armies, I

must, nevertheless, under these circumstances, acknowledge the particular proofs of affection which my soldiers in Germany have given me. The genius of France conducted the English army: it has terminated its projects in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. In that important period I remained four hundred leagues distant, certain of the new glory which my people would acquire, and of the grand character they would display; my hopes have not been deceived. I owe particular thanks to the citizens of the departments of the Pas de Calais and the North. Frenchmen! every one that shall oppose you, shall be conquered and reduced to submission: your grandeur shall be increased by the hatred of your enemies. Having the force and energy of the Herculus of the ancients, you possess the means of attaining to years of glory and prosperity. I have united Tuscany to the Empire; the Tuscans were worthy of it; by the mildness of their character; by the attachment their ancestors have always shown us; and by the services they have rendered to European civilization. History pointed out to me the conduct I ought to pursue towards Rome. The Popes, since they became sovereigns of part of Italy, have constantly been the enemies of every preponderating power in the Peninsula: they have employed their spiritual power to injure it. It was evident, then, that the spiritual influence exercised in my States by a foreign sovereign was contrary to the independence of France, and to the dignity and safety of my throne; but, as I acknowledge the necessity of the spiritual influence of the descendants of the first of the pastors, I could not conciliate these grand interests, without annulling the donative of the French Emperors, my predecessors, and by uniting the Roman States to France. By the Treaty of Vienna, those kings and sovereigns who are my allies, have given me so many proofs of their constancy and friendship, that they have acquired and shall receive a fresh increase of territory. Through the acquisition of the Illyrian Provinces, the frontiers of my great Empire stretch to the Save; and, being contiguous to the Empire of Constantinople, I shall find myself in a situation to watch over the first interests of my commerce in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, should she withdraw herself from the fatal influence of England; and I shall know how to punish her, if she suffer herself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels. I have endeavoured to give the Swiss nation a new proof of my esteem, by annexing to my titles, that of their Mediator; and thus, at the same time, putting an end to any uneasiness that may have spread among that brave people. Holland, being placed between England and France, is bruised by them both; yet, she is the *débouché* of the principal arteries of my Empire. Changes will become necessary; the safety of my frontiers, and the well understood interests of the two countries, imperiously require them. Sweden has lost, through her alliance with England, after a disastrous war, the finest and most important of her provinces. Happy would it have been for that nation, if the wise prince who now governs it, had ascended the throne some years sooner. This example proves anew to kings, that the alliance of England is the surest pressage of ruin. My friend and ally, the Emperor of Russia, has united to his vast Empire, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, and a district of Gallicia; I am not jealous of any thing that con produce good to that Empire. My sentiments for its illustrious sovereign are in unison with my policy. When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the frightened Leopard will fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of the genius of good over that of evil; and of moderation, order, and morality, over civil war, anarchy, and oppression. My friendship and protection will, I hope, restore tranquillity and happiness to the people of Spain."

There was no point of warfare (says Colonel Napier) that more engaged the attention of Napoleon, than the care of his sick and wounded; and, being monarch as well as general, he furnished his hospitals with every requisite. Under his fostering care, Baron Larrey, organized the establishment called the *Ambulance*, which were wagons of a peculiar struction, well horsed, and served by men who were trained, and incorporated as soldiers, and subject to a strict discipline. Being rewarded for their courage and devotion, they were always at hand; and, whether in action or on a march, ready to pick up and carry off wounded men; and the astonishing rapidity with which the French soldiers, who were wounded, disappeared from a field of battle, attested the excellence of the institution.

When Marshal Mortier moved down to Placentia with his corps, the senior surgeon of the hospital went out to meet him, in hopes of making some terms favourable to the sick. Mortier having agreed that the medical men should not be considered as prisoners; and, after asking how many sentinels he required, ordered a competent guard. On entering the town he visited the hospital; when, on perceiving that the men were without beds, he ordered them to supply themselves immediately from the natives, to the complement of one bed for each man; it was immediately done. He next ordered his Commissary to issue a full ration of wine, bread, and meat, to the sick every day, which was accomplished with very little difficulty; though, before the arrival of the French, they

found it very difficult to obtain a scanty supply.

An only child, and the sole representative of a long line of ancestors, being drawn as a recruit, the father, willing to make any sacrifice, rather than lose the society of his son, made repeated applications to have the youth exempted; and, at last, offered in the presence of Buonaparte, to raise, equip, and mount, at his own expense, a squadron of cavalry, provided his child was restored to him. "Your son has been drawn," said Napoleon, "and he must go with me; but do not fret, old man; for, if he conducts himself well, and shows that he possesses talents, I will make a general of him; so go home, and leave him and his fortunes to my keeping." The young man and his fortunes were left to the keeping of the Emperor, but, during the first action in which he was engaged, he was killed by a musket ball.

The first time I saw Napoleon (says a recent writer,) was in 1815, after his return from Elba. On his first arrival, the palace was surrounded by immense crowds from morning till night; the short interval of peace had drawn a great number of foreigners to Paris, many of whom were eager to see the Emperor, who had become an object of curiosity, in consequence of the unparalleled boldness of the adventure which he had just accomplished, and the desperate struggle which evidently awaited him. At a review of the troops which took place in the Place du Carrousel, the greetings with which he was received, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, were of the most enthusiastic description. Napoleon rode through the ranks, occasionally taking off his hat, and bowing to the assembled thousands. After riding up and down for some time, he dismounted, and stood fronting the troops, where he was occasionally mixed with the crowd, his position being in the same line as the spectators. Though the soldiers of Napoleon often grumbled at things which they thought ought to have been done differently, yet they thoroughly believed that the Emperor meant every thing for their advantage. At the same time, he never testified displeasure at any remarks that were made by his army. The same license was not assumed by the Parisians, though Napoleon never took offence at that which was said openly, and without any purpose of concealment.

When France was first invaded by the allies, and troubles were rapidly increasing upon the country, Napoleon, who was galloping through the streets, accompanied by a retinue of officers, was stopped by a crowd in one of the avenues to the Marché. The disasters of the country having filled every one with alarm, a great deal of murmuring was heard. An old woman, perceiving the Emperor opposite her stall, took it into her head to give him a lecture upon politics, which attracted the attention of those around. Napoleon having listened to the old woman for about five minutes, told her to sell her cabbages, and leave him to fight the battles of the country.

The following is the list of the Senatus-Consultus, or decrees for the levy of men enacted during the reign of Napoleon, namely: — September 24, 1805, 80,000; April 7, 1807, 80,000; January 21, and September 10, 1808, 240,000; April 18, and October 5, 1809, 76,000; December 13, 1810, 160,000; December 20, 1811, 120,000; March 13, and September 1, 1812, 237,000; January 16, April 3, August 24, October 9, and November 11, 1813, 1,040,000; total 2,033,000; these were exclusive of the voluntary enlistments, the departmental guards, the 17,000 equipped horsemen which were offered in January, 1813, and the levies *en masse*, organised in 1814. The number of soldiers enrolled between September 24, 1805, at which time the French had a very large disposable force, and January 1814, are stated to have amounted to 3,000,000 men. In 1814, the effective force of the French troops, employed in active service, retreated, or prisoners of war, were estimated at 802,600 individuals. If we deduct this number from the 3,000,000, it appears that 2,197,400 men fell victims to war, in nine years, which was at the rate of 244,155 per annum. The following account of the war material which were captured from the French in 1812, 1813, and 1814, is extracted from a document published, July 12, 1814:—210 pieces of artillery of all sizes; 1,200,000 projectiles of all kinds; 600,000 muskets and other arms: 12,000 artillery-wagons; and 70,000 horses; the whole of which are valued at 250,000,000 francs.

Whatever might be the motives of Napoleon in his expedition into Russia (says Count P. de Segur,) its principal object was to wrest Poland from Russia; its successful result would have been to retard the danger of a new invasion from the north, to weaken the torrent, and oppose to it a new dike; and how great a man, and what peculiar favourable circumstances were combined to promote the success of the enterprise. After fifteen hundred years of victories, the revolution of the fourth century, that of kings and nobles against nations, had just been surpassed by the revolution of the nineteenth, that of nations against nobles and kings. Napoleon was born of this conflagration: he appeared so completely to regulate and master it, that the whole momentous convulsion seemed only to be a natural accompaniment to his birth. He commanded the revolution as if he had been the genius of that dreadful element; and while she bowed submissively to

his voice, at the same time, as if ashamed of her excesses, she looked upon him as her offspring and her pride; and identifying herself with his glory, she united the obedient monarchies of continental Europe, to march at his signal and attempt to drive back Russia within her ancient limits. But even under such highly propitious circumstances, he was unable to prevail against nature. In the powerful effort which he made to ascend that steep acclivity, how much force was still wanting. After reaching the frozen regions of Europe, he was there hurled from his elevation; and the North, victorious over the South in its defensive conflict, as it was in the middle age in its war for conquest, now considers itself both unassailable and irresistible. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

A Churchwarden.—A medical gentleman was lately called in to attend the dying functionary, who was not conversant with expressions out of the vulgar tongue. "I have a great soreness in my breast," said the warden. "That arises," said the doctor, "from a febrile affection in the thorax. But, pray let me ask you, do you expectorate?"—"Expect a rate!" said the churchwarden, "No, sir, thank God, that parish business is settled—I made a rate last week."

Newspapers.—The largest collection known belonged to the late Dr. Burney, comprising a numerous and rare series of these periodicals from the year 1603 to 1818, amounting in the whole to 700 volumes, and valued at 1,000 guineas. These important documents for the illustration of history were purchased by the Government for the British Museum, and, together with complete sets of all the newspapers published from 1818 to the present time, consisting of more than 3,000 volumes, form a record of public events not to be paralleled in any other library in the world.

Nimrod says,—"The greatest stake on record, depending on a single heat, was 5,200 guineas. This was won by Dorimont, a horse, four years old, the property of the Earl of Upper Ossory, at Newmarket, in 1776. This fortunate animal, the Bay Middleton of that day, also won for his noble owner, the same season, in matches and sweepstakes, eight other races, making the sum, in hard cash, of 7,899 guineas, and the Grosvenor stakes and Clermont cup. The grand stakes already made to be run at Goodwood in 1839, has 23 subscribers at 300 sovereigns, half forfeit; 6,900*l.* if all run, but 4,000*l.* at the least.

Saving Banks.—As a proof of the increasing wealth of the labouring classes of the metropolis, and the utility of saving banks, a reference to the Farringdon-street Saving Bank, which was established in June, 1837, by the Bishop of London, Sir Charles Price, and Mr. Alderman Harmer, will prove interesting. Since the commencement of the bank up to the last return, the sum of £11,643 7*s.* 1*d.* has been paid in, and the sum of £2,872 5*s.* 9*d.* drawn out, leaving a balance in favour of the bank of £8,771 1*s.* 4*d.* The number of depositors has increased from 315 to 4,915.

Ablution.—A duty somewhat too strictly inculcated in the Mahometan ritual, and sometimes too laxly observed in Christian practice. As a man may have a dirty body, and an undefiled mind, so may he have clean hands in a literal, and not in a metaphorical sense. All washes and cosmetics without, he may yet labour under a moral hydrophobia within. Pleasant to see an im-puritan of this stamp holding his nose, lest the vile should come between an honest scavenger and his gentility, while his own character stinks in the public nostrils. Oh, if the money and the pains that we bestow upon perfumes and adornments for the body, were applied to the purification and embellishment of the mind! Oh, if we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth, to make our temper as sweet as our breath, to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails, to be as upright in character as in person, to save our souls as to shave our chins, what an immaculate race should we become! Exteriorly, we are not a filthy people. We throw so much dirt at our neighbours, that we have none left for ourselves. We are only unclean in our hearts and lives. As occasional squalor is the worst evil of poverty and labour, so should constant cleanliness be the greatest luxury of wealth and ease.

Drunkenness.—A beastly, detestable, and often punished vice, in the ignorant lower orders, whose ebriety is thrust upon the public eye as they reel along the streets, but softened into "a glass too much," or being "a little elevated," when a well-educated gentleman is driven home, in his own carriage, in a state of insensibility, and put to bed by his own servants. The half-starved wretch, who finds in casual intoxication meat, drink, clothing, fuel, and oblivion, may be fined, or put in the stocks, because he cannot afford to conceal his offence; but the *bon vivant*, whose habitual intemperance has none of these excuses, shall escape with impunity, because he sins in a dining, instead of a tap-room.

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ROMSEY ABBEY, HANTS.

The Abbey Church of Romsey is situated about seven miles from Southampton, on the road to Salisbury; it is of very remote antiquity, having been founded either by King Edward the Elder, or Ethelwold, one of his thanes, early in the commencement of the 10th century. This institution was probably very small, as we learn from Stowe, that the church having been remodeled and enlarged, was solemnly confirmed as a Benedictine Nunnery by King Edgar, "in the presence of all the nobilitie, on Christmas-day, in the year of our Lord God nine hundred seaventy and foure." The monastery was plundered and, in all probability, destroyed about eighteen years afterwards by Sweyn; but the nuns, the holy relics, and everything of value had previously been removed to Winchester. The present building, the south side of which is represented in the above engraving, has been by many fondly imagined to be that which was erected by King Edward, or Edgar; but it requires a very slight glance at the venerable edifice, to be assured that no such position is tenable: the architecture, with the exception of the western part of the nave, which is early English, being generally in the later Norman style. This church, according to Warner and Dallaway, was built by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. It is one of the largest and most interesting monuments of Norman work in the kingdom, of which it presents an almost unvaried and pure specimen, which, although it has suffered much from innovation, and is completely distinct in its several portions, yet stands before us a magnificent instance of the piety of the earlier ages. The first abbess is supposed to have been St. Merwenne; and St. Elfleda, daughter of the above mentioned Ethelwold, also presided over it; but the most remarkable lady who held such honourable distinction, was the ill-starred Mary, whose sad tale has been recounted by all who have made mention of this church. She was the daughter of King Stephen, and was made first a nun, then abbess of Romsey. About 1160, Matthew of Flanders, second son of Theodoric of Alsatia, Earl of Flanders, fell in love with, and,

having caused her secret removal from this abbey, married her; the fruits of which marriage were two daughters. For ten years, we are told, they lived together, but the stern fiat of the Romish Church, whose rules had been thus infringed on, at length separated the wife from the bosom of her husband, the dove from the mate with whom she should have lived and been at rest, and the wife and mother was in consequence torn from the embraces of those whom she best loved, to pine during the remainder of life in the dull seclusion of monastic walls, a prey to grief, to sorrow, and despair. But the abbesses were not the only females of rank and distinction who resided within the sacred precincts of the foundation of Edward the Elder, the noble and the rich were glad that their children should be sheltered within the solemn aisles of the church, nor were the daughters of kings wanting among her honourable women. The earlier abbesses were women of royal or elevated birth, and so highly celebrated for sanctity, that the Monastery of Romsey was considered, from a very early period, as one of the first establishments for the education and culture of the female mind. Among others who were brought up here were Christina, cousin to St. Edward the Confessor, who took the veil in 1085, and Matilda, daughter of Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland, who was afterwards married to King Henry I. The limits of this essay will admit of little amplification respecting the architecture of this noble pile, but we may be permitted to call the spectator's attention to the transepts and chancel, which afford a truly magnificent scene; the grand cathedral design of the architect, is at once unfolded to his astonished gaze, the fine lofty arches which support the tower at the intersection of the nave and transepts, the portions of the choir and nave which are visible, with their pillars separating the aisles, the triforium and the clerestory, all rich in elaborate mouldings and tracery, present a prospect which must be seen to be adequately appreciated. There are several highly curious tombs of the abbesses remaining, particularly one in the south transept; it is of Devonshire marble, and represents a female figure reposing, with a canopy over her head, similar to that of Bishop Lawrence de St. Martin, in the Cathedral of Rochester; it is in all probability intended to commemorate the hapless Mary, previously alluded to; the folds of the drapery are beautifully disposed, and it remains a valuable specimen of early sculpture. Among other curiosities may be mentioned some singular paintings discovered behind the altar a few years back; there are also some remarkable sculptures on the capitals of the pillars behind the choir, which are highly serviceable in ascertaining the probable age of the church. On one of them are two figures, one of whom is seated with a crown on his head, (probably Edgar,) and assisted in the support of a triangular rule or chevron by a winged figure. It is worthy of remark, that on this rule are inscribed the words "Robert me fecit;" and from this circumstance, in connexion with a corresponding triangle, sustained by two figures on the right, whereon are the words "Robert tute C.D.S," it may be inferred that the name of the architect of the church is here expressed, probably Robert Consul, of Gloucester, who built the castles of Bristol and Cardiff, and the tower of Tewksbury, in the time of Henry the First, than which an earlier period cannot be conceded to the erection of this abbey. There is one more relic of hoar antiquity remaining to be noticed, which is a remarkable representation of the Holy Rood, close to the western wall of the south transept, near which is a square recess in the wall, with small holes in the upper part to carry off smoke, it being a constant practice in the days of Roman Catholicism, to keep lamps or tapers burning day and night before the images of the saints. There can be no doubt that this image is exceedingly ancient, and before it has many a high-born maiden bent the knee in unaffected, though mistaken, adoration. But to conclude: the abbey of Romsey, whether considered externally, or with respect to its internal composition, is an object highly deserving the most minute study and attention, and within its walls may the antiquary or the meditator pass many a delightful hour; they may freely revel in the fairy fields of ancient romance, and giving themselves up, as it were, to all the wild phantasies of thought, indulge in those exquisite, though ideal, reveries, which can only be prejudicial when not properly restrained. He who paces the sacred aisle of an ancient abbey, may think of the ages which have flown away, of the many who have trodden the solemn spot before him; and as he looks upon the shadows which the various projections of the building cast on the garish sun-beams on its floor, he may fancy them as gnomons marking the rapid passage of time rushing towards eternity; and while he considers himself as the pilgrim of a middle age, dwell on the existence of the stately friar or abbess, who have probably regarded them with similar feelings; whilst his mind, looking to futurity, may depict the contemplator, yet unborn, gazing with the like emotion, and imagining the existence of feelings, in a bosom which ages shall have consigned to oblivion and nothingness. Such are the sensations with which most regard our ancient temples; there seems to be a halo of sanctity around them, dispersing itself over all who are near, and though the days are passed when gentle blood was known by gallant deeds, and the lance of the warrior no

longer glitters in the moon-beam, neither is the bugle-horn heard sounding in the valley, yet may the imaginative mind, as the bell of Romsey Abbey first bursts upon his ear, on any of those heights whence first he gets a sight of its venerable tower, be forgiven if in the romance of a moment he imagines the ancient knight of olden times, striking the gallant steed with his spurs, and as he makes "demi volte" in air, apostrophizing the tutelary saints of the holy building towards which he approaches—"Sancta Maria, sancta Merwenne, sancta Elfleda, orate, orate pro nobis."

C. S.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Islands of ice, deserts of pathless snow!
A barren desolation, where the light
Of sun comes not, with its all-conquering might,
Or sets as it ariseth. Around would grow
Night with its awful train; but that a bow
More radiant far than stars which gem the sky,
Athwart the cloudy brow of heaven doth fly,—
Making the vanquish'd night its sovereign know.
Thus 'tis with man: however dark may seem
The angry clouds which round his pathway roll;
Yet still there is some spot whence joy doth stream
Its wondrous power, and every woe controul:
And the unflickering light doth mildly beam—
An Aurora Borealis to the soul!

E. J. Hytch.

AUTUMN.

Summer waneth—Autumn now
Doth approach with purple brow;
And ruddy locks o'er which doth twine
The ruby clusters of the vine.

Slow his pace, with silent tread
He wendeth o'er the flow'rets dead;
Slow his pace—though he doth be
A conquerer o'er hill and lea.

Autumn! Autumn! thou dost bring
Shadows on thy sweeping wing;
Wailings—on whose tainted breath
Rideth gloomily pale Death.

Autumn! Autumn! thou to man
A warning art of his life's span;
Thou dost tell to him how soon
Night succeedeth to his noon.

Never dost thou cease to be
A type of life's humanity;
Never dost thou cease to toll,
A passing bell unto man's soul.

Autumn! boast not! Soon shall fold
His arms around thee, Winter cold.
Yea, thou thyself shalt quickly be
Usher'd into Eternity!

H. R.

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. III.

(For the Mirror.)

Whilst upon a voyage to Genoa, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Clarence to a daughter of Sforza, Duke of Milan, it is said, or vaguely intimated by Chaucer, the afterwards parent of our national literature, that he formed an acquaintance with Petrarch. Whether the latter is fact or fiction, it is sufficient to know that Chaucer *did* travel in Italy, when the actively-bent energies of that country were newly revived, and intent on literary exertion; and acquired a knowledge of the language and rising condition of Italian literature. Of all languages the English was amongst the last in formation, or in its application to the purposes of literature. Its slow progress may be ascribed chiefly to the effects of the Norman Conquest. This took place in the eleventh century. The Conqueror and the first princes of the Norman dynasty, it is admitted, patronized literature, and cultivated the liberal arts: but they jealously depressed every indication of national spirit, every thing which could make our Saxon ancestors remember they had ever been a people, or other than the bondsmen of their Norman lords. The name of Englishman became an opprobrium; every office in church and state was filled with Normans; the laws were administered in French; the Saxons forgot their national hand-writing; and the Norman nobility settling in all parts of the country, disseminated every where their language, their manners, and their arts. Amongst the earliest productions of the English muse is an elegy on the death of Edward I., which marks the gradual progress of the language. The flow of the verse is free and comparatively musical in this elegy; and shows the rudiments of the elegiac ballad, of which so many fine specimens afterwards enriched our national poetry. The Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, who flourished about 1260, may illustrate the barbarous unregulated medley of Saxon and Norman, and hardly in truth fit for the purposes of composition at all. The following are extracts:—

England is a well good land, in the stead best
Set in the one end of the world, and reigneth west.
The sea goeth him all about, he stint as in yle,
Of foes it need the less doubt; but it be thro' gile
Of folke of the self land, as me hath I sey while
From south to north it is long eight huudred mile,
And two hundred mile broad from east to west to wend,
Amid the land as it might be, and not as in the one end.

The principal cities are thus briefly characterized:—

In the countrey of Canterbury, most plenty of fish is,
And most chase of wilde beastes about Salisbury Irvis:
And London ships most, and wine at Winchester,
At Hartford sheep and oxe, and fruit at Worcester.
Soape about Coventry, and yron at Gloucester;
Metall, lead, and tinne, in the countrey of Exeter:
Evorwiche of fairest wood, Lincolne of fairest meu;
Cambridge and Huntington most plenty of deepe venne:
Elie of fairest place; of fairest sight Rochester.

The excellencies of England are comprised in this one verse:

Montes, fontes, pontes, ecclesiæ, feminæ, lana.
Mountains, fountains, bridges, churches, women, and wool.

The art of versification, as will be seen, was in its rudest state. The monotonous

clink of the Saxon muse had been happily silenced nearly; but nothing had been invented to supply its place. Language was unsettled and rugged; phraseology quaint and scanty; the numbers, the diction, the *music* of poetry were still to be invented. Chaucer's genius arose in his native land, like a morning star after a long and dismal night. It is astonishing what this great man did for our national literature. Amid a life of political daring and danger, he not only laid the great foundations of a language which was afterwards to be peculiar to his country, but upon them his genius reared a glorious superstructure. With Chaucer, the morning star of English poetry, the first great era, commenced. His writings are not more remarkable for their high intrinsic value than they are for their extent. But his fame rests entirely on his immortal Canterbury Tales. written by him in the eventide of his enterprising life. They are delightful, even in the refinement of the nineteenth century; as they have been of every intervening age since they were penned. The little drawback is in the versification. Many writers have adventured to render him more intelligible, at a sacrifice of many of his beauties. "Give him to me," says some writer, "in his quaint but racy garb; what although his numbers are not perfect, there is, as Dryden says, the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in his poetry, at once natural and pleasing." Let the reader refer to Mr. Cowden Clarke's *Beauties of Chaucer;* and read his Tale of the *Patient Griselde; The Murdered Child slain in Jewry;* the story of the *Thieves* who sally forth to catch Death to slay him; but above all, his prologue and sketch of the respective pilgrims of those masterly tales, and he will be able to form some idea of the genius of him who

"Wrote of old
The story of Cambuscau bold."

H. I.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—V.

Roots of Plants.

The carrot, parsnip, and turnip, are the most familiar examples of the *tapering*, or *spindle-shaped* root. It is formed on the principle of a wedge, for penetrating perpendicularly into the ground. Hence it is sometimes called the *vertical* root. In the vegetables we have mentioned, the root is *simple;* being without divisions of any size; but it is sometimes branched, as in the ash, and Lombardy poplar. Roots of this kind are common to biennial plants, though not peculiar to them; but they belong exclusively to dicotyledonous vegetables. The great body of the root (the *caudex*) abounds with the proper secreted juices of the plant; it is, in fact, a reservoir of nutriment, which becomes gradually absorbed as the plant reaches maturity; so that after the period of flowering, it becomes dry, tough, and fibrous; the starch and sugar which it previously contained, and to which it was indebted for its succulence, and agreeable flavour, have disappeared. It throws out numerous fibres, or radicles; and these are, in fact, the real roots, for they alone imbibe nourishment. As this kind of root is confined to one of the three great divisions of plants, so *fibrous* roots (of which we spoke in our last) are confined to another division, —being found only in monocotyledonous plants; the *nourishing* part of the roots of *all* plants, however, may be considered fibrous, whether the fibres proceed directly from the bottom of the stem, or from any prolongation of it, in various forms, under ground. Indeed, the different kinds of roots slide into each other, very often, by insensible gradations; for Nature will not lend herself as a party to our systematic divisions. The looser the soil in which the vegetable lives, the larger and more abundant are the radicles or fibrils of the roots. When a root happens to meet with water, it elongates, and divides into numerous small fibrils, so as to constitute what gardeners call a *fox's tail.* This may be produced at will, and shows why aquatic plants generally have much larger roots than others.

Nearly allied to the *tap-root*, which we have just described, is the *abrupt*, or *præmorse* root. It seems as if, from some decay or interruption, it had become abrupt, as though bitten off. In the *tuberous*, or *tuberiferous*, or *knobbed* root, the absorbing part of the root is fibrous;—the tubers, or knobs, (as in the potatoe, and Jerusalem artichoke,) being merely reservoirs of starch placed there for the nourishment of the plant. They may also be looked upon as subterranean buds, for they preserve the rudiments of the new stem; the only difference is, that the germ, instead of being protected by numerous scales, (as it is in the case of a bud above ground,) is enveloped in a dense and fleshy body, which not only protects it during winter, but supplies it with the materials of development and nutrition in spring. Or they may be viewed as short subterranean *stems*, and the "eyes" which spring from them may be looked upon as *buds*; several plants of the *pea* and *vetch* kind, are furnished with these tubercles on a small scale. In these instances they are of *annual* duration; in *drop-wort*, they are *perennial*, while in the *archideous* plants of Europe, they are mostly *biennial*; in many of the latter the tubes constitute a pair of globular or oval bodies, while in others they are shaped something like the human hand, and are thence called *palmate.* In those plants in which there are only two of these knobs,

one produces the herb and flowers of the present year, and withers in the autumn, while the other is reserved for the following season, by which time a third is formed to supply the place of the first. One kind of orchis has *three pair* of tapering knobs, which spring up and flower in succession; while another kind is so late in forming its second bulb, that it appears to have but *one*. Another plant has *clusters* of knobs; each cluster being formed and withering at once, as though it formed one knob. The *iris florentina* (from which *orris-root* is taken) has, properly speaking, a *creeping* root, but the latter is so thick and fleshy, that it is generally denominated *tuberous*.

The *bulbous* roots are near akin to the *tuberous*, for the bulbs are reservoirs of nutriment, and give off fibres from a *plate*, or *disk*, beneath; they are either *solid*, as in the *crocus*, *tunicated*, or *coated*, as in the *onion* and *garlic* (consisting of concentric layers or coats enveloping each other), or *scaly*, as in *lilies* and *hyacinths*, which are formed of scales, connected only at the base; the two latter kinds are very analogous to leaf-buds: thus, the scaly buds which form on the *orange-lily*, fall to the ground, and, throwing out fibres from their base, become bulbous roots. Sir J. E. Smith has even had buds form on the flower-stalk of a plant after it was gathered, and lying between papers to dry; and these buds, on being put into the ground, became perfect plants. Many plants with solid bulbs inhabit sandy countries; over the face of which, in the dry season which succeeds their flowering, they are scattered by the winds to a great distance; their fleshy consistence enables them powerfully to resist drought. Many beautiful productions of the Cape of Good Hope are of this kind. The *articulated*, *granulated*, or *jointed* root, agrees very much with these bulbous ones. The *wood-sorrel* (which yields oxalic acid) has a root of this kind. There is a species of grass which, whenever it is situated in a fluctuating soil, acquires a bulb, by which its vital powers are maintained whenever its natural fibrous roots are deprived of their usual supplies. This bulb it loses, when removed to a thoroughly wet soil. Sir J. E. Smith found an aquatic grass (usually having a creeping fibrous stem), growing on the top of a wall, and it had acquired a juicy bulb; a circumstance analagous to this has sometimes taken place on a large scale: when a tree has sprung up from a seed deposited on the top of a wall, it has been observed to be arrested at a certain point, and then to send down a root to the ground, after which it has continued to increase to a great magnitude, in virtue of the new source of nourishment it had acquired.

Roots are called fleshy when they are much thicker than the stem, and very succulent, as in the *turnip*, &c. When they are more solid and hard, they are called *woody*. Many roots are used for food; many more for medicine: and some for dyeing; as *madder*, *turmeric*, and *alkanet-root*. Salep is prepared from the tubers of many species of *orchis*; arrow-root from the *maranta*, or "Indian arrow-root" (so called because the Indians extract from it poison for their arrows); and tapioca from the root of the *jatropha* or *cassada-root*. Every part of this plant, in its raw state, is fatally poisonous; but its bad qualities are destroyed by heat; and, being extensively produced in three quarters of the globe, it is one of the most useful plants in existence. The leaves are boiled, and eaten like spinach; a milky juice is expressed from the root, and made into a delicious soup; and the dry part which is left, is formed into cakes; and forms the principal food of many natives of the countries where it abounds. Very excellent tapioca is made from potatoes; it is only a variety of starch. Sago, which is so nearly allied to the substances we have mentioned, is not formed from the *root* of a plant, but from the *pith* of a species of palm. Very excellent sugar is now extracted from beet-root, in which it is so abundant, that crystals of it may sometimes be seen with the naked eye. Bulbs and tubers are confined to herbaceous plants, except in the accidental instances we have mentioned.

Some thick and succulent plants appear to absorb the substances necessary for their nutrition by every part of their surface; and in them the roots serve no other purpose than that of fixing them to the ground; the most splendid example of this is a magnificent *cactus* in a hot-house of the Museum of Natural History at Paris: it is of extraordinary height, and sends out large branches with great vigour and rapidity; and yet its roots are contained in a box, which holds only three or four cubic feet of earth, which is never changed or watered. The roots of plants are not always proportioned to the strength and size of the trunks which they support: thus, the palms which sometimes grow to a height of more than a hundred feet, have short roots, which attach them but feebly to the ground. On the other hand, herbaceous plants have sometimes roots of great length and size, though their weak and slender stem dies every year. This is the case with *liquorice-root*, and with a plant which, on account of the great length and toughness of its roots, is called *rest-harrow*. It is only by their extremities that roots extract from the earth the substances intended for the growth of the plant; if we take a radish or a turnip, and immerse the extremity of its root in water, it will vegetate and shoot forth leaves; but if its extremity do not reach the water, it gives no sign of development. The roots of some plants appear to *excrete*

certain matters, as well as to absorb them. This excreted matter differs in different plants; and to this circumstance have been attributed the sympathies and antipathies which some plants exhibit towards others. It is well known that certain plants manifest a kind of liking for each other, and are hence called social plants; while others seem incapable of growing in the same place. The celebrated botanist, Duhamel, having caused some old elms to be rooted up, found the earth about their roots of a darker colour, and more unctuous than elsewhere, owing to the presence of excreted matter.

Roots have a decided tendency to direct themselves towards veins of good earth; and are often elongated in some particular direction, in order to reach some favourable spot; where they develope themselves with more power and rapidity. Duhamel had a field of good earth, which he wished to protect from the roots of a row of elms, which extended into it, and exhausted part of it. He therefore had a deep trench dug along the row of trees, cutting across all the roots that stretched into the field. But the new roots, on arriving at the side of the ditch, curved downwards to the bottom of it, under which they passed, rose again on the opposite side, and then extended into the field. The roots of some trees have greater power of penetrating a hard soil than those of others; thus, the botanist whom we have just mentioned observed, that the root of a vine had penetrated a very hard subsoil to a great depth; while the root of an elm had been stopped by it, and had (as it were) retraced its steps. Roots have a tendency to avoid light; this is well seen in the misletoe: if the seeds of this plant are made to germinate on the inner surface of the window-panes, all the radicles will be seen directing themselves towards the interior of the room, in quest of darkness; if a seed be applied to the *outside* of the window, its radicles will apply itself to the glass, as if seeking admission into the room to avoid the light. N. R.

RESOURCES OF SWITZERLAND.

[We gave in a former number a paper on this subject, and return to Dr. Bowring's Report.]

WORKING CLASSES IN SWITZERLAND.

The working classes are divided into four different sections, viz., manufacturers, weavers, winders, and embroiderers. There are manufacturers of every grade and description, from the individual who only manufactures the quantity which himself and his family can weave, up to those who have a hundred weavers or more than a hundred embroiderers; for the manufacturer who employs embroiderers does not meddle with weaving. These manufacturers, who either sell their goods unbleached to the traders at home, or bleached to foreigners, breakfast upon coffee and milk, butter, honey, or green cheese called *Schabziger*. Their dinner is composed of soup and bouilli, or a dish of some floury or mealy ingredient, potatoes, or porridge. Their beverage is cider or milk. Many of them sup upon coffee, as at breakfast, and they seldom drink wine, except when they go to the inn on Sunday evenings, or by accident on some other day in the week. There are some parishes where it is the custom to go to the public-house every evening, but that custom soon exercises a baneful influence upon the morality of the younger part of the community, as well as upon the riches of the whole population. This class is in general very economical, and their greatest expense is in having neat and convenient houses and handsome Sunday clothes. They take a great interest in public affairs, and pride themselves particularly upon their probity and honour. It is this class which furnishes the greatest number of our magistrates, and amongst whom are principally chosen all the parochial authorities; and as our magistrates are not paid, but serve their country from a sentiment of duty and of patriotism, they fulfil this duty according to the rules of an honest administration and of an upright judge. Among the working classes, those who are economical, skilful, and industrious, acquire handsome fortunes, and their profits are naturally in proportion to the sale which is offered for their manufactures.

EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.

Every body here is instructed, and for many years past, the law does not allow any person to be admitted to the Sacrament who does not know how to read. The major part of the population also know how to write; and within the last ten years (which have been employed to form schoolmasters) grammatical instruction upon the component principles of our native tongue has been joined to the religious education which is given to children. They are also taught the rudiments of arithmetic, as well as singing; and, finally, drawing will also be added to this national education. Singing is considered to be extremely useful as a branch of public education, inasmuch as it inspires young minds with generous and elevated sentiments, while, at the same time, it proves an innocent and agreeable amusement, and serves, likewise, to praise the Maker of the universe. Drawing teaches children to admire the beauties of Nature, and to form a correct idea of different objects.

We are of opinion that, as long as man is called upon to gain his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and, in consequence thereof, the working classes are compelled to apply themselves to some trade at the early age of twelve years, in order to acquire the requisite

aptitude, it is essential that the people should receive a religious education, teaching them the pursuit and practice of the principles of morality which that education is destined to instil into their minds. It is all-important that man should be taught to know his double nature, that he is divine and mortal, while, at the same time, it depends upon himself to increase the resemblance to the Deity, and to diminish that to the brute. Independently of these maxims, he ought to be taught to think on all subjects, and to think justly.

After children have left the public schools at the age of twelve, they continue to receive every eight days, and afterwards once a month, until the age of seventeen, lessons of repetition. At the age of seventeen they receive the religious instructions necessary to the holy sacrament, after which they are declared of age, assist at the popular assemblies, and perform their part of military duties.

We have a few orphan institutions, and others are now erecting. Their object is to inculcate on the lower classes principles of virtue, and to teach them to become skilful and industrious in order to earn their livelihood. For the richer classes, and for those in easy circumstances, we have also public schools in every canton, where, independently of the dead languages, German, French, Italian, English, geography and history, mathematics and geometry, natural history and drawing, form the basis of instruction.

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE: MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

At the meeting of 1835, the Society of Public Utility in Switzerland brought forward the subject of the influence of commerce and manufactures upon the education of the people. The necessity of schools of art and industry, and the means of associating the progress of instruction with the efforts to amass wealth and to widen the relations of trade and commerce, were the topics discussed. One of the speakers used the following language:—"We may learn, alike from the past and the present, that, when fishing and hunting form the sole occupations of a people, little progress is made in intellectual culture: there is no security against poverty, no impulse given to civilization.

"Agriculture itself is a feeble ally of mental improvement, unless associated with other industry, or forced to seek a distant market for the produce of its labour. Until it can extend its communications beyond those of internal consumption, as it was enabled to do in the eighth and ninth centuries, it never brings with it a real civilization; while in remoter times the laborious Phœnicians, the inventors of glass, of coins, and writing, spread their knowledge and their arts by trading enterprise along the coasts of Africa, into Spain, to the shores of the Atlantic, and even to the Baltic Sea.

"So the crusades, which extended our commercial relations into Asia, and brought the produce of Asia home to Europe, planted the seeds of European liberty; and when the inventions of the compass and of gunpowder led to the discovery and conquest of the New World, commerce created riches, gave to the invention of printing its immense influence, and introduced the Reformation and popular instruction as its natural followers.

"And now new powers are heralded by steam machinery. Rapid and easy and economical communications open a wider vista for future ages. They penetrate already beyond the limits of Europe. Our anxieties as to a population increasing and unprovided for are diminished as the vast fields of distant lands are expanded to our view. There will be exhibited—there will be cultivated—unexplored sources of opulence to us,—undeveloped germs of happiness for them.

"We too are called to labour in this fertile field; zealous and assiduous then be our labours. Let us invite amongst us the intelligence, the improvements, the discoveries of mightier nations. Let us welcome their mechanical wonders; let us import every thing which will teach us what we do *not* know, or improve us in what we do. Ours be no narrow jealousy to exclude the superiority of a neighbour. What is there to alarm us in the restrictive policy of egotism and isolation? Let us entice all perfection to our hearths and our homes. We shall have nothing to apprehend from the rise or the fall of greater interests, if we make their rise and their fall minister to our instruction and well-being; if we will but learn prudence, perseverance, uprightness, courage, and confidence, our prosperity, our policy, and our virtues, will all be strengthened together."

SMUGGLING OF SWISS MANUFACTURES INTO FRANCE.

The present charge for smuggling through the three lines of French custom-houses is from 25 to 30 per cent. I had an opportunity of conversing with persons actively engaged along the Swiss frontier, from the Verrières Suisses to la Chaux de Fond. They informed me that the risk was not very great, though the profits went to the *entrepreneur*, who is the person responsible to the party with whom he undertakes for the safe delivery of the goods, and he either deposits the value or gives a bill of exchange for the amount when he takes them into his hands. Bloodshed is not very common of late years, as the art is rather to evade than to overpower the custom-house officers; but an old smuggler related to me with great self-applause the instances in which he and

his party had mutilated or shot the officers who had endeavoured to obstruct their passage. I am assured that the presence of the superordinates in considerable numbers among the custom-house officers, and the punishment of the *Bagne*, with which some cases of transgression have been visited, have much diminished the corruption among the custom-house agents, and that it is not considered safe to offer them bribes. But the amount of smuggling has not at all decreased, and in one district I passed through I was informed there was not a single inhabitant who was not either a smuggler or a custom-house officer. The active smugglers receive six francs per night, and they generally pass two nights in their excursions, depositing their burthens, which weigh from thirty to fifty pounds, before the break of day, and taking charge of them again at night-fall. They are also paid by the entrepreneur the expenses of their living, but they get no compensation in cases of capture; they take the personal punishment as their portion of the misfortune, their master being responsible for the value of the property. They say that the peasantry are always willing to harbour and to help them; they are in fact popular, from their courageous daring, and the services they are considered to render to the community. They carry on their profession in bands of from ten to twenty, and sometimes many more, and are always preceded by an *éclaireur*, who warns them of any danger by whistling, or other understood signs; the *éclaireur* never having on his person the smallest quantity of contraband. They say that juries are very unwilling to convict them—that they constantly are acquitted on flaws and technicalities—and that witnesses against them are so tormented that nobody willingly undertakes a task which is deemed so odious. As far as I could see or hear, no man thought himself at all the less worthy for having been engaged in smuggling transactions. There is no sense of wrong either perpetrated or intended. The public-opinion tribunal rather seems to recompense than to condemn. The evil does not stop here. The whole force of laws—all the operations of legislation—are weakened in their highest sanction and best security when any portion becomes the object of habitual disregard and disobedience. Most of the smugglers on the Swiss frontier are Frenchmen. The use of dogs, so common along the Belgian limits, is unknown in Switzerland; and horses, which are so frequently employed among the Pyrenees, appear never to take a part in the smuggling transactions of the Jura frontier. The custom-house officers are posted in bodies of from six to twenty, and remain out all night, concealed in the different mountain passes, or the outskirts of woods, into the thick of which, the smugglers told me, the officers never ventured to enter. They converse in a low tone, or not at all. They are apprehensive lest any noise or rustling should announce their presence. They dare not separate from one another lest they should be overpowered; but as the smuggler chooses the darkest nights, the most appropriate spots, and takes invariably the precaution of sending onwards a forerunner to ascertain that the way is clear, the number of captures is inconsiderable;—added to which, the smugglers are, as they assured me, "the bravest men," and seldom engage in the profession unless distinguished by patience to endure and boldness to confront dangers and difficulties.

PRIVATE TOMBS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

But why should the kings' tombs engross all my praise; Gorgeous as they are, and interesting for the study of ancient mythology, those of the private Thebans are yet more so for the history of manners and daily life among the old Egyptians. Every light and shadow, indeed, of human life, is portrayed in them, from the laughter of the feast to the tears of the funeral—ointments poured on the head at the one, dust heaped on it at the other. You see on one side the arrival of the guest in his chariot, white horses and a train of running footmen betokening his consequence; the other guests, already assembled and seated, the men apart from the women, wait for their dinner, and beguile the intervening moments with smelling the lotus-flower, and listening to the music of the dancing-girls. The master of the house and his wife, richly dressed, and lovingly seated side by side, preside at the entertainment. But the tableau would be incomplete without side-views of the shambles and the kitchen, and a beggar at the gate, receiving a bull's head and a draught of water from one of the menials. Facing this, on the opposite wall, the mourning-women, with wailing cries and dishevelled hair, precede the coffin that bears the hospitable Egyptian to his long home; the wife or the sister walks beside it, silent in her sorrow; a scribe takes account of the dead man's riches, his cattle, his horses, his household chattels:—Death—and then the Judgment:—the deceased is ushered into Amenti; Horus and Aroeres weigh his merits against the ostrich-feather, the symbol of Truth;* Thoth, the god of letters, presents a scroll, the record of his thoughts, words, and works, to the Judge Osiris, into whose presence he is at length admitted on the favourable result of the scrutiny. Sad presumption for man thus to usurp his Creator's prerogative of reading and judging the heart!—*Lord Lindsay's Travels.*

* "The good actions are weighed in the grand balance against a feather—a fine idea."—*Mr. Ramsay's Journal.*

THE IDOL VISHNU.

The offerings of the Bayaderes to their idol Vishnu, as represented at the Adelphi Theatre, having caused inquiries relative to the general worship of the Hindoo idols, we here subjoin such particulars as are interesting, selected from various Asiatic writers:—

The whole system of Hindoo theology is founded upon the doctrine that the Divine Spirit, as the soul of the universe, becomes, in all animate beings, united to matter; that spirit is insulated or inviduated by particular portions of matter, which is continually quitting, and joining itself to new portions of matter; that the human soul is, in other words, God himself. The Hindoo mythology has gods for every possible purpose. There seems to have been four principal sources of all their mythology. I. Historical, or natural.—II. The heavenly bodies: systems and calculations of astronomers. III. Numberless divinities, created solely by the magic of poetry, whose essential business it is to personify the most abstract notions, and to place a nymph or a genius in every grove, and in almost every flower.—IV. The metaphors and allegories of moralists and metaphysicians have been also very fertile in Deities, of which a thousand examples might be adduced.

To attempt even an outline of the varied forms which the superstitions of the Hindoos assume would far exceed our limits; we must, therefore, content ourselves with noticing their principal idols.

Ganesa, the god of wisdom, painted with an elephant's head, the symbol of sagacious discernment, and attended by a favorite rat, which the Indians consider as a wise and provident animal.

Indra, or the King, lord of the sky; a subordinate deity to the Indian triad, Vishnu, Brahma, and Siva.

Cuvera; the Indian Plutus.

Varuna; the genius of water.

Carticeya; commander of the celestial armies: he has six faces, and rides on a peacock.

Cama; the inflamer, or god of love: a sort of twin-brother of Cupid.

Ganga; a goddess of the waters.

Chrishna; the darling God of the Indian women: he is believed to be a perfect beauty.

Surya; the sun: he is represented being drawn in a car by seven horses.

Naveda; great in arms and in arts; a musician of exquisite skill: he invented the vina, or Indian lute.

The representation of Vishnu at the head of this article is from a very scarce and authentic print given in the Asiatic Journal.

The Drama.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION IN ENGLAND.

(*Concluded from page* 254.)

John Heywood, jester to Henry VIII., but who lived till the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, was one of the earliest dramatic writers. It is generally believed that "Ralph Royster Doyster" was the first English comedy, certainly before "Gammer Gurton's Needle:" and written perhaps between 1520 and 1530.* Henry Parker, the son of Sir Wm. Parker, is said to have written several tragedies and comedies, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and John Hoker, in 1535, wrote a comedy called "Piscator, or the Fisher Caught." Richard Edwards, who was born in 1523, and who, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was made one of the Gentlemen of her Majesty's Chapel, and master of the children there—being both an excellent musician and a good poet, wrote two comedies, one called "Palæmon and Arcite," in which a cry of hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that the Queen and the audience were extremely delighted; the other was called "Damon and Pithias, the two faithfulest friends in the world." About the same time came Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, the writers of "Gorboduc," the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language. Puttenham, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,† speaking of this and some other plays, says, "I think that for tragedy the Lord of Buckhurst, and Master Edward Ferry's, for such doings as I have seen of their's, do deserve the highest price. The Earl of Oxford, and Maister Edwards, of her Majesty's chapel, for comedy and interlude." And in another place of his "Art of Poetry" we find—"But the principal man in this profession (of poetry) at the same time (Edward VI.) was Maister Edward Ferrys, a man of no less mirth and felicity than John Heywood, but of much more skill and magnificence in his metre, and therefore wrote, for the most part, to the stage in tragedy, and sometimes in comedy or interlude, wherein he gave the King so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewards." There are no remains of this writer, Edward Ferrys, in existence, not even the titles of the pieces he wrote.

John Lily, famous in his day for wit, followed these authors. Of a romance which he wrote, called "Euphues," and his "England, or the Anatomy of Wit," the publisher of his play says—"Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them; 'Euphues and his England' began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars, and that beauty in court who could not *parle euphuism*, was as little regarded as she which [who] now there speaks not French." This extraordinary romance, so famous for its wit, so fashionable in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and which is said to have introduced so remarkable a change in our language, we have read. It is full of unnatural affected jargon, in which metaphors, allegories, and analogies are intended to pass for wit.

"Few periods of theatrical history," says the late talented Mr. Broughton, (Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1830,) "are more interesting, few present more copious materials for amusing narrative, yet none have been less enquired into than that comprised between the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, and the appearance of Shakspeare on the scene—the interval between the first faint dawning of our dramatic day, and its arrival at meridian splendour. It has been idly enough asserted by many authors, and implicitly believed by their readers, that till Shakspeare shed the lustre of his genius upon the stage, it was in a state of utter barbarism; that it possessed no compositions worthy a moment's attention; and that he not only elevated our drama to an unequalled pitch of excellence, but was actually its founder, its inventor, or, to use their favourite expression, 'its creator.' Nothing, however, can be further from the truth. When Shakspeare first arrived in London, a friendless, unknown lad, the occupation of writing for the stage was engrossed, not by tasteless, obscure scribblers, but by men of wit and fancy, most of whom had received the advantage of a college education, and who, by the composition of plays adapted to the popular taste, had made the amusement of the theatre so attractive as to render their craft a most lucrative employment. Instead of derogating from Shakspeare's due celebrity, it appears to me that few things tend more strikingly to enhance it than the circumstance, that by the magic of his unaided talents, he outdid the achievements of this formidable phalanx, mastered them at their own weapons, and tore from their brows the wreath of popularity which they wore so proudly.—'Alone he did it.'

* Of its author, *Nicholas Udall*, or *Udal*, little is known, beyond his being a native of Hampshire, born soon after the sixteenth century; matriculated Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 1520; took orders, preferred in succession to the livings of Braintree, Essex, and Calbourne, in the Isle of Wight; was subsequently master of Eton, and then of Westminster School. As a schoolmaster, he appears to have been the Busby of his day. The time of his decease is uncertain. He was the author of several comedies, verses, epistles, and books for the instruction of youth.

† The cost of admission to the theatres in the days of Elizabeth was very moderate. The price of the 'best rooms,' or boxes, was a shilling; of the lower places, two pence, and in some places only a penny.

"The year 1580* may pretty safely be fixed upon as the period when English dramatic poetry began to assume a settled form, and to be composed in some degree according to definite rules; for, previous to this time, little had appeared upon the stage but tedious puerilities, or low buffooneries, put together in a style of congenial rudeness—'wild without rule or art.' In the interval, however, which elapsed before Shakspeare commenced writing, numerous plays were produced by Peele, Nash, Lodge,† Greene,‡ and Marlowe,§ which, inferior as they may be to Shakspeare's, (and what dramas are not so?) belong precisely to the same school, and completely nullify the assertion that he was the originator of what is styled our Romantic Drama. A collection of these rare pieces would be an invaluable addition to our literature; while a narrative of what is known respecting their witty but profligate authors, their quarrels with their contemporaries, their shifts and expedients to maintain a precarious existence, their dissolute lives, and, for the chief part, miserable ends, would form a most amusing and instructive composition."

* It was in this year the citizens of London petitioned Queen Elizabeth to suppress the play-houses within their city, no doubt on account of the great immoralities therein daily practised. "And accordingly," so says Rawlidge, in his "Monster lately found out," printed in London, 1628, "all the play-houses within the city were pulled down, by order of her Majesty and Council upon this petition, viz., one in Gracechurch-street, one in Bishopsgate-street, one near Paul's, one on Ludgate-hill, and one in Whitefriars."

† There is a memoir of great rarity in the British Museum, written by Lodge, entitled *Euphue's Golden Legacy*, from which it is said Shakspeare borrowed the plot of *As you like it*.

‡ Greene, it is said, was the first English poet that wrote for his bread; he died, after a life of profligacy, in the year 1592, of a surfeit caused by eating too great a quantity of pickled herrings, and drinking Rhenish wine to excess. He was author of "A Groat's-worth of Wit," and many other works.

§ This popular writer, according to Malone, was born in 1565, but it is entirely matter of conjecture; that he received his education at the University of Cambridge, is generally acknowledged, but of what college is uncertain. He began to write for the stage about 1588. And it has been asserted, he was an actor; of that, also, there is no proof. Heywood, who doubtless was well acquainted with his history, styles him the 'best of poets,' but gives no hint as to his being an actor. Aubrey says, that "he (Ben Jonson) killed Mr. Marlowe, the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain play-house." This assertion is incorrect, as will appear by the following transcript from the church-books of St. Nicholas, Deptford:—

"Extract from the Register of Burials in the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford:

"'1st June, 1593, Christopher Marlow, slaine by Francis Archer.'

"A true copy—D. Jones, Minister."

GALILEE.

The following curious description of the word "Galilee," as connected with convential architecture, is extracted from Mr. Britton's *Architectural Dictionary*—a truly valuable work, of vast labour and professional knowledge.

Galilee, a porch or porticus annexed to a church. It was used for various purposes; public penitents were stationed in it; dead bodies were there deposited previously to their interment; religious processions formed; and it was only in the galilee belonging to certain religious houses that the female relatives of the monks were allowed to converse with them, or even to attend divine service. Much speculation has arisen as to the origin of this name. The most commonly received opinion (founded chiefly upon a passage in the writings of Gervase of Canterbury) is as follows:—When a female made an application to see a monk, she was directed to the porch, usually at the western extremity of the church, being answered, in the words of Scripture, "He goeth before you into galilee; there shall you see him." (*Milner's Treatise on Eccles. Architect.*, p. 106.) The only English buildings to which the term galilee is applied, are those attached to the cathedrals of Durham and Ely. The former of them is a highly ornamented building, measuring 50 feet by 80, and divided into five aisles, by clustered columns and semicircular arches. It was erected by Bishop Hugh de Pudsey, towards the end of the 12th century, and repaired about 1406. It originally contained three altars: a portion of that dedicated to the Holy Virgin (to whom also the galilee was dedicated) still remains. A marble stone, covering the remains of the venerable Bede, is also contained in the galilee. That of Ely cathedral is much smaller. It is still used as the principal entrance to the church, and is without columns or other internal support. The walls on each of the interior sides are occupied by two large pointed arches, comprising within each two tiers of smaller dimensions, beneath which is a stone seat. It is generally attributed to Eustachius, who presided over the see from 1197 to 1245. A porch at the south end of the great transept of Lincoln Cathedral is also sometimes called a galilee. It is richly ornamented with columns, and arches in the style of the beginning of the thirteenth century. The same word has been used to designate the name of a church; and also a small gallery, or balcony, opening towards it, from which visiters might view processions: probably, however, in the latter instance, the name is confused with that of a gallery.

POLISH LITERATURE IN FORMER DAYS.

The study of languages, particularly of the Greek and Latin, was a favourite occupation in Poland. We may quote here the historian De Thou, who described the arrival in Paris of 13 Poles, that came to offer to Henry de Valois the throne of Poland. "They had a perfect knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages; many of them spoke Italian and German, and some expressed themselves so purely and so elegantly in French, that they seemed to have been born on the banks of the Loire, rather than in the neighbourhood of the Vistula and the Dnieper. To these accomplishments, therefore, may be principally ascribed the impression which they made on our Court."

Poland had many distinguished orators, historians, and jurisconsults, from the beginning of the 16th century, as Padniewski, Samuel Maciejowski, Peter Myszkowski, Dantyszek, Tomicki, and Krzycki. A number of Polish writers preferred the Latin to their own language, because the latter was but little understood throughout Europe. Among those authors may be named Sarbiewski, called the Horace of Poland, Hosius, President of the Council of Trent, Tomicki, Kromer, Sarnicki, Kojalowicz, Orzechwoski, and Starowolski, whose works are found in numerous large libraries. The last-mentioned author composed no less than thirty works in the Latin language on the geography of Poland, on biography, statistics, and general literature. Well-executed translations were also made of the principal classics, particularly of Tacitus, Virgil, and Ovid.

The number of printing-offices that existed in Poland and Lithuania is surprising; indeed, they were more numerous there during the 16th century than they have been ever since. There were 47 towns of Poland where books were printed, and in the little town alone of Bezesc there were no less than a dozen printing offices; the liberty of the press in Poland at this time may be seen from the fact, that so important and voluminous a work as the *Statuta Regni* was printed, in 1553, in the house even of the editor, Przyluski.

Without entering into the discussion whether the art of printing was practised in Cracow before the time of John Haller, as would seem to be the case by the existence of two works, bearing the date of 1465 and 1474—suffice it to say, that Haller, a native of Cracow, established a press therein before the year 1500, and that he printed in the same city a work in the Polish tongue, in the year 1491. Many other persons, such as Ungler, Ostrowski, Victor, and Halicz, followed the example of Haller, and founded printing offices in numerous towns of Poland, with Polish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Russian and German characters.—*Polish Magazine*, No. I.

CAVES NEAR MAULMEIN.

The whole region immediately above Maulmein, (saysthe Rev. Mr. H. Malcolm) is alluvial, and the rock chiefly blue limestone, of excellent quality. The country is flat, fertile, and beautiful. Most of these mountains contain caves, some of which are very large, and appear to have been, from time immemorial, especially devoted to religious purposes; and the wealth and labour bestowed on them prove, that, in former ages, this district contained a numerous population.

In these caves there are a number of huge stalactites, which descend almost to the floor, and stalagmites of various sizes and fantastic shapes, formed by the drippings from above. The lofty recesses of the ceilings are occupied by numerous bats, and in one, where they seem innumerable, the floor is covered with manure, in some places to the depth of many feet. The flutter of their wings, when disturbed, creats an incessant trembling, or sort of pulsation of the air, like that produced by the deep base notes of a large organ. In the dusk of the evening they are said to sally from the mouth of this cave in a thick column, which extends, unbroken for miles. This cave has evidently been long deserted, there being but a single large image at the mouth, to which, doubtless, the few inhabitants adjacent are in the habit of presenting their offerings.

On the Salwen, about fifteen or twenty miles above Maulmein, there is a large cave appropriated to the worship of Guadama, the entrance to which is in the middle of a perpedicular but uneven face of the mountain; it is enclosed in a thick brick wall, six or eight feet high, making a vestibule of considerable size; the entrance to which is by a path that winds near the base of the mountain. On entering this enclosure the most impressive spectacle is presented; not only is the open area filled with images of Guadama, of every size, but the whole face of the mountain, to the height of eighty or ninety feet, is covered with them: on every jutting crag stands some marble image, while every recess is converted in shrines for others. In the smooth places there are tens of thousands of small flat images in burnt clay, well gilt, and set in stucco; and, in some places where they have fallen, and left spots of naked rock, bees have built their hives undisturbed. In no part of the country is such a display of wealth, ingenuity, and industry. But, imposing as is this spectacle, it bears no comparison with the scene that opens on entering the cavern itself. It is of vast size, chiefly in one apartment, and

ing no human art to render it sublime. where, on the floor and overhead, the jutting crags, and on the hanging lites, are images of Guadama; some ich are perfectly gilded, and others in- d with calcareous matter; some moul- some fallen by time, and others ly erected; some of stupendous size, not longer than the finger; some are rble, others of stone, wood, brick, or Many of the marble ones are so ered by time, that the feet and fingers literated.

llowing the paths that wind among oups of figures, the traveller, at every spect of the cave, is presented with ades of images; while, in different are models of temples, kyounga, &c., ious sizes, some not larger than a bucket, filled with minature idols.

h is one of the numerous temples of y, with which the superstition and ity of man has filled that benighted —a land, in which, doubtless, originated mystic rites that for ages shed their l influence over the finest portions of st. W. G. C.

New Books.

MAID OF MARIENDORPT. A PLAY.

*By J. S. Knowles.**

ar Mr. Knowles's new drama will not that gentleman's well-earned literary Although many beauties of thought, me expressions, are to be found scat- through the work, yet it wants that of originality and connexion of idea are so prominent in most of this fa- author's productions. It is impossible be struck with the great similarity in aracters of Esther and Hans, as drawn . Knowles, and those of Isalina Bar- and Joseph Boruwlaski, as depicted romantic Life and Amours of that ce- d Polish Dwarf.† The declarations by Hans and Boruwlaski—the taunts which those professions were met by and Isalina, and their feelings of sur- pity, of regard, and then of love, and their determination to marry, are well comparison.

Maid of Mariendorpt furnishes little for extract; the following description effects of love, as felt by that simpleton is told with humour:—

ick for love! I'm sure I am! I have lost petite! My stomach was my clock sed to give me note of eating-time— r warns me now! A smoking dish re to set my heart a-beating once; it flesh, or fish, or fowl, or aught, e me nothing. I would rather feast—

A thousand times I would—on Esther's face!
I'm mortal sick for love! I used to sleep;
Scarce touch'd my head my pillow, I was off,
And, let me lie, I took my measure on't
Six hours, at least, upon a stretch! but now
I toss and turn, lie straight, or doubled up,
Enfold my arms, or throw them wide abroad,
Rhyme o'er my prayers, or count a hundred out,
And then begin again—yet not a wink
The richer for't, but rise as I lay down!
And 'tis true love that ails me!—very love!
Of womankind but one can work my cure!
'Tis not as one may fancy veal, and yet
Put up with mutton! If I get not her,
I starve and die! How I do love thee, Esther!
But thou regard'st not, nor pay'st it heed;
Thou ratest me as nothing; but I'm something,
Or never had I fall'n in love with thee.
Nor durst I tell thee how I love thee, Esther!
O! my fair Esther! O! my goddess, Esther!
My lily, pink, rose, tulip, everything
That's beautiful and sweet!—would thou wast by
To hear the love-names I'm calling thee!

Anecdote Gallery.

THE HONOURABLE MOOR.

(A Spanish Anecdote.)

A SPANISH cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him; for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a garden-wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard, on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, "you now know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, that as soon as it was night, he would provide for his escape to a place of safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had but just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by the Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said—"Christian, the person you have killed is my son, his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said,—"Fly far while the night can cover you, you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood: but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved!"

This point of honour is most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa, and by them was brought into Spain.

* ...don: Moxon, 8vo. pp. 111.
† ...le Memoires du Célèbres Nain, Joseph Bo- ...l. A Londres, 1788.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

New Hot Spring at Carlsbad.

The subterraneous hot water of Carlsbad has found a new issue in the square of that town. Two talented young chemists, Dr. Wolf, and Mr. John Knewkowsky, have analysed the water of this new spring, and have found in it both bromine and iodine, the presence of which elements in the waters of Carlsbad was first discovered by Professor Pleisdel.

Lake of Arendsee.

Near Arendsee, in the circle of Magdeburg, there is a remarkable lake of the considerable extent of about a German square mile, or about eighteen English square miles. It has been formed in a flat country, within the historical times, probably by the superficial strata sinking into an immense cavern excavated by subterraneous currents of water. According to Aimonius, this event appears to have taken place about a thousand years ago. The lake was considered as unfathomable, and within the memory of man it had never been frozen, the great depth of its water preventing the latter to take a sufficiently low temperature through that severity and duration of frost which the winters of Northern Germany commonly present. Last winter, however, this rare phenomenon did occur, long after the greatest rivers had been covered with a solid crust; and after having spent its free caloric in large masses of vapour, which for many days hovered over its surface and banks, the morning of the 31st of January exhibited it all covered with one smooth and polished plate of ice. The thickness of the latter was nine inches, and in a few places not above four or five inches. This was a convenient opportunity for taking accurate measurements of the depth of the lake, and it was then first ascertained that the opinion of its being unfathomable is unfounded. The general depth does not exceed 157 ft., only near the ruins of an old convent, at a distance of 400 steps from the bank, it was found as deep as 161 ft., which may be taken for its greatest depth. Beginning from the south bank, at a place where a large piece of ground sunk in 1685, the depth increased within distances of 400 steps each, at the following rate: 42½ ft., 87, 116, 137, 157.

Among the many remarkable phenomena presented by this lake, the one, that it throws out *yellow amber* is, perhaps, the most striking. This substance is only found on its eastern bank, and the more violently the west winds blow, the more yellow amber is there collected. The size of the fragments does not, however, generally exceed that of a French bean. As the whole tract from Magdeburg to the Baltic Sea is pretty uniform, we may conclude that in one of its strata it contains an almost continuous bed of yellow amber, which on the shores of the Baltic is exposed in a great part of its length, whereas near Arendsee it has been accidentally opened by the sinking of the ground. Many petrifactions of wood and other substances are likewise thrown out. Innumerable fish, as eels, pike, tench, perch, &c., inhabit its waters. The fishery is, however, comparatively little productive, on account of the great depth of the lake. Pikes of the enormous weight of 50 lbs., and eels of 15 lbs., are not unfrequently caught.

Extraordinary Caverns in Moravia.

The number of singular and curious caverns in the mountain districts of Moravia have long since attracted the attention of the men of science in Germany; many of them contain the bones of animals, particularly those of elephants and bears, completely embedded in stalactites. When we contemplate these immense masses of spar, and remember they have been formed by single drops of water, the mind is lost when endeavouring to conjecture at what remote period these animals existed. Among the most interesting of these caverns, is that called *Slouper Tropfsteinhöhle*, near the little town of Sloupe, not far distant from Olmutz. Nor is that called the Macocha, which lies between Williamowitz and Nenhof, in a romantic forest, less worthy of attention. This cavern possesses the singular property of attracting electric matter; hence the peasants, whenever the atmosphere indicates an approaching thunder-storm, retreat with their flocks and herds to a considerable distance from such a dangerous neighbourhood. The depth of this cavern is likewise so great, that when a stone is thrown into it, eight seconds elapse before it is heard to reach the water at the bottom; and if a pistol is fired into it, the report heard is equal in loudness to that of a cannon, at the same time the smoke from the powder, uniting with the damp vapour of the cavern, remains nearly an hour on the top in the shape of a bell.—*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus.*

EARLY USE OF GLASS FOR WINDOWS, &c.

Previous to the use of glass in windows, the doors of buildings and other small apertures were the principal means by which an apartment was lighted. Talc, (under the name of *lapis speculari*,) phengites, beryl, crystal, horn, lattice of wicker, and various other materials, were used in England, and by the ancients, before glass was so appropriated, a circumstance which did not take place at Rome until the end of the third century, nor in England until the seventh. The ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians were well acquainted with the art of making and colour-

ious small ornaments of glass. It is ned by several of the old classic writers, alleged accidental discovery is parti- detailed by Pliny, but with some nce of fable. Small pieces of glass een found in Roman mosaics; and of it have been discovered at Hercula- sufficiently large to induce some anti- to believe that they had been used in rs. The earliest positive authority, how- nnecting glass with windows, occurs ssage of Lactantius, written about the the third century. Pennant supposes ruids manufactured glass beads and s before the Roman invasion. Bede ly states that artificers skilled in glass were brought into England aul in 674, to glaze the windows of urch and monastery of Weremouth. rindows of private houses were not till about 1180, and even so late as ign of Queen Elizabeth many large ouses were totally without glass. The of Alnwick Castle is stated to have moved from the windows in 1567 for ation during the absence of the owner. was long the most celebrated place at glass was manufactured; and that glass was esteemed superior to Eng- evident by the agreement for glazing ndows of the Beauchamp chapel, War- (25th Henry VI.,) which stipulates he glass shall be from "beyond the Fortunatus, who lived towards the the sixth century, in a poetical descrip- the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, pompous account of its painted glass. *kins' Gothic Architecture*, p. 150.) and more accurate authorities prove the yment of coloured glass in the ninth y; and Lysons describes some of the in England (of the date of 1244,) as in Chetwode church, Bucks. The ure for glazing the great east window k Cathedral, dated 1405, with stained is still preserved. By this document Thornton covenants to execute the in three years for £35, payable by nents, and £10 more in silver if done satisfaction of his employers. After formation the use of painted glass in ies was deemed superstitious, and the st havoc and destruction took place. only introduced into some of the man- and palaces of the Elizabethan era, and chiefly in the shape of portraits and ar- bearings. The Abbott's Hospital, ford, presents examples of the time of I. — *Britton's Architectural Dic- y.*

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man has a right to everything that gives lf pleasure, and which produces no pain ury to others.—*Macauley.*

Arts and Sciences.

MR. ABBINETT'S EXPERIMENT OF BLOWING UP THE BOYNE, OFF SOUTHSEA CASTLE.

About four years ago, Mr. Abbinett, with a magazine of 200 lbs. of powder, blew off about 30 ft. of the sternmost part of the wreck of the Boyne, which was burnt and sunk in 1795. On the present occasion, 630 lbs. of powder were exploded, and this was enclosed in an oil-hogshead, into which two stop-cocks were inserted; to these were attached two leaden tube pipes, containing an igniting match of 45 ft. in length, at the upper end of each port-fires were attached, which would burn about four minutes. When the pipes were attached, the magazine was very gently lowered into the water, and as it sank it was hauled into the situation intended by means of a rope leading through a block previously lashed to or near the kelson of the wreck. The part fixed on was under the larboard bilge, abreast the main chains, with at least 20 ft. of the bottom overhanging. The ship was lying on the opposite bilge. At this place about 30 ft. of the bottom aft was entire. This is now destroyed or laid flat, as well also as the bottom for 40 ft. forward. The whole wreck now, therefore, is dispersed on the ground, the fore part having been destroyed in the original burning; and as the tides, which run pretty strong over the spot, will, no doubt, soon wash off the mud, which has accumulated to some feet in depth, Mr. Abbinett will be able to pick up the various portions, the most valuable of which are copper bolts and copper sheathing. The guns have been already nearly all picked up. When the magazine was safe landed, the two portfires, with the upper ends of the lead tubes projecting upwards about two feet, were securely lashed to an eighteen-gallon cask as a float; all boats and vessels were now ordered to withdraw, and Abbinett, having fired the matches, withdrew himself. On the explosion taking place, a huge mass of water, about forty feet square, rose up in a solid bulk for about six feet high, and then broke in the centre, throwing up several foamy columns for about ten feet higher. A low report was heard, as of a heavy explosion, at a great distance; but no flame was apparent, nor was there any smoke. We imagine, however, if it had been dark, that a flame would have been seen to issue from the water. The day was beautifully fine—nearly a hundred boats, filled with parties, were assembled; and it was quite amusing to witness the subsequent scrambling for fishes which were stunned or stupified, and to the number of hundreds, came up floating on the water.—*Hampshire Telegraph*, 1838.

The Gatherer.

A Matrimonial Fix.—Recollect, when you are married you are tied by the leg, Sam! like one of our sodger deserters, you have a chain danglin' to your foot, with a plaguy heavy shot to the end of it. It keeps you to one place most all the time, for you can't carry it with you, and you can't leave it behind you, and you can't do nothin' with it.—*Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick.*

Speil Houses at Hamburg.—The speil houses (says a recent traveller) are the usual resort of young men, who go there after the performances at the theatre is over, which is closed at half-past nine. The house called the *Gas-lights*, the best known in Hamburg, consists of a long low room, with an orchestra at one end, and rooms for refreshment at the other: the charge for admittance is about a franc, which is paid at the door. The company consists of parties quadrilling or waltzing; the women are, generally, well-dressed, but the men have a strange appearance, dancing in surtouts, with boots on, and long hair hanging about their ears. On certain days, the artisans take their wives and daughters to the different speil houses, to waltz. W. G. C.

In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest old farmer of the Mohawk, was asked his opinion as to what denomination of Christians were in the right way to heaven. "Well then," said the farmer, "when we ride our wheat to Albany, some say, this is the best road, and some, that is the best; but I do not think it makes much difference which road we take, for when we get there, they never ask us which way we come; and it is none of their business if our wheat is good." W. G. C.

Statistics of Hair Powder.—Hair powder was introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germain, in the year 1614. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed out for their singularity. At the coronation of George II., there were only two hair-dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain 50,000 hair-dressers! Supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day, this, upon an average, would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves, which, at only ninepence each, amounts to £1,246,421 British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair. Were are a foreigner to write a volume of travels, he might describe the English as a people who wear threepenny loaves on the heads by way of ornament.—*Old Magazine.*

The following account of the curious ceremonies of the Indians, preparatory to the trading transactions, is given by a modern traveller:—When a party arrive at the fort loaded with the produce of their hunt, they throw it down, and squat themselves round it in a circle; after which, the trader lights the calumet of peace, and directing his face first to the east, and so afterwards to the other cardinal points, gives at each a solemn puff; these are followed by a few short quick whiffs. He then hands the calumet to the chief of the party, who, after repeating the same ceremony, passes it to the man on his right, who only gives a few whiffs and so on through the whole party, until the pipe is smoked out. The trader then presents them with a quantity of tobacco to smoke *ad libitum*, which they generally finish before commencing their barter. When the smoking terminates, each man divides his skins into different lots. For one he wants a gun; for another, ammunition; for a third, a copper kettle, an axe, a blanket, a tomahawk, a knife, ornaments for his wife, &c., according to the quantity of skins he has to barter. The trading business being over, another general smoking match takes place; after which they retire to their village or encampment. W. G. C.

The Poor Man's Weather-Glass.—A correspondent writes—"It is observed by Dr. Smith, in Sowerby's English Botany, that the scarlet pimpernal (*anagalis arvensis*) from opening only in fine weather, and closing infallibly against rain, has been called the poor man's weather-glass. I wish to bear testimony to the extraordinary fidelity of this little monitor, and strongly to recommend it. It is a very common weed in all cultivated land, and flowering during the whole of summer.

A Spanish Play Bill.—To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal Word—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the Faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—to the honour and glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, for her benefit, and for the propagation of her worship, the company of Cornelians will this day give a representation of the comic piece called Nanine. The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the theatre will be illuminated.

W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

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STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON, AT LICHFIELD.

STATUE OF DR. JOHNSON,

AT LICHFIELD.

In the most remote ages we find indications that several eastern nations possessed the art, as well as practice, of making and of erecting statues; but the Grecians were the first people who executed them skilfully. These statues were erected in the public places to which the citizens generally resorted, to the end that the memory of the great men might be perpetuated. In the early times of the republic, Rome possessed but a small number of statues of gods and distinguished men. After having, however, accomplished the conquest of Greece, and at different epochs transmitted from that country to Rome a great number of Grecian statues, the taste for this kind of performance became, by degrees, so ardent and general, that, according to the expression of an ancient author, they were able to count, at one particular period, more statues in the imperial city than inhabitants! They did not content themselves with raising statues to deceased worthies, but awarded that honour to sundry living characters of merit.

Mere resemblance of feature is by no means the only, or even the principal, *desideratum* in a statue; it should display, in a striking manner, the elevation of soul, the grandeur of character which might have rendered the object worthy of calling forth the exercise of the sculptor's chisel.

The general character of a man may be justly gathered when he is in a state of repose, than when agitated by any particular and transitory passion; and, according to this theory, it is fair to presume, that a tranquil attitude, as chosen by Mr. Lucas in his statue of Dr. Johnson, is best adapted to express the prevailing characters of the personage presented by a statue.

The statue of Dr. Johnson, which is of colossal proportions, being nineteen feet high, is erected in the market place, Lichfield, opposite the house in which he was born,* September 18, 1709. The learned doctor is represented sitting in an easy chair, with his chin resting on his right hand, in deep thought, surrounded with a pile of books, and habited in the robes of an LL.D. over his usual dress. The likeness is esteemed to be a very faithful one of the great original. The pedestal is divided into compartments, in which are represented, in bold relief, three incidents of his life.

The foundation for the statue was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by the Rev. J. T. Law, Chancellor of the Diocese, on Thursday, August 2, 1838. The Common Hall and Council of the City of Lichfield, held a meeting on August 14, 1838, when they voted their most grateful thanks to the Rev. J. T. Law, for this munificent donation to the city,—a just tribute to the immortal memory of the illustrious Johnson; and they also presented the resolution, beautifully written on vellum, to which the city seal was affixed, in due form, to Mr. Law. It was further agreed, the body corporate should accompany Mr. Law in procession, with the usual ceremonials, from the Guildhall to the base of the statue, for the purpose of receiving Livery of Siezin, on behalf of the citizens.

The statue is the work of Mr. R. C. Lucas, a native of Salisbury, and will add much to his already high reputation.

In answer to the many critical remarks on this work of art, the sculptor thus replies, in his speech, on the presentation of the statue by the Donor to the citizens of Lichfield, August 14, 1838; he says, "I avail myself of this opportunity of explaining my intentions of the treatment of the work, and for the sake of the kind and generous donor, request permission to notice some of the remarks that may honestly be urged against it. And, sir, we are all thin-skinned where most it is needed thickest—under the lash of the critic; for criticism has done its work, and done it wrongfully—as it has effectually—it broke the spirit of Kirke White, silenced the song of the gentle Keats, and laid its obstructive finger on the fine genius of Chatterton. This statue is literal matter-of-fact kind of sculpture:—look to its locality—on the spot of his nativity—in the market-place—and then say, if the ideal treatment, though proper for a temple, would not be out of place in the market-place? Then the critic, who has taken the impression of his appearance from his exquisite 'Rambler;' his elegant and princely 'Rasselas;' the venerable 'Imlac;' the beautiful 'Nekeya;' and the charming, 'Pekuah;' he exclaims against his ponderous appearance—his cynical aspect. But the sound sense of the donor observed—'You have the picture of him by Reynolds; work his statue from that; it will excel any effort of your imagination.' And thus have I attempted to place him in *propria personâ*, clothed in the habiliments his learning had won for him; and, reposing, after the labours of his life, on the spot of his nativity."

The *Lichfield Examiner*, in noticing the statue, says, "It is a work of high genius, and full of life, character, and expression; and though the professional eye may discover some minor defects, yet the conception of the work may defy the sharp fang of unfeeling criticism."

Description of the Relievos of the Pedestal.

In the compartment where Dr. Johnson is represented, when of the age of three years, being on his father's shoulders, listening to Dr. Sacheverell preaching in Lichfield Cathedral; it is intended to show "his power in youth."

* For a view and description of Dr. Johnson's birthplace, see *Mirror*, vol. 20, p. 572.

In the second, he is being borne to school
a the shoulders of his fellows, indicating
at " in youth he put forth the budding of
s future powers."

In the above is represented his doing
nance in Uttoxeter market, where he stood
re-headed, exposed to the storm, the same
mber of hours he had, forty years previous,
mpelled his father to stand there, when
, by his refusing to keep the book-stall for
m: emblematical of " his moral great-
ss."

NOVEMBER.

AVE passed through the garden, so lately the seat
all that was lovely, enchanting, and sweet;
t ah! what a change is there now to deplore,
spot once so charming can charm us no more.

longer the rose and the lily combine,
the soul-soothing lustre of beauty divine;
dark shrivelled leaves lie here strew'd in their
stead,
the sweets of the garden are wither'd and dead.

mate are those songsters, whose music refin'd
ighted the ear and gave peace to the mind;
s'd, ceas'd are their matin, their evening song,
the notes of the warblers are silent and gone.

thus will it be when affection no more
ll cherish those bosoms she smil'd on before;
weary-worn pilgrim shall bend to his doom,
forget life's frail sweets in the sleep of the tomb.

L. E.

EVIVALS OF "THE TEMPEST."

Shadwell first, and afterwards to Dryden,
s allotted the task of adopting Shak-
are's *Tempest* to the stage. Many and
ious have been the revivals and changes
the *Tempest*; but, until now, Dryden's
y has been preserved and preferred to
t of Shakspeare, for the sake of Purcell's
sic. Arne added some songs to it; as
Smith, when it was revived by Garrick,
1756; Linley, too, made some additions;
these were all vocal. None of these
mposers, though eminent in their way,
re equal to the task of filling up the

Shaksperian outline: their knowledge of the power and application of instruments was not beyond the power of their age, and would now be termed scanty. In 1790, Kemble revived the *Tempest*; but caring little about the musical part of the play, and knowing less, he left it as he found it. It was afterwards produced at Covent-Garden, when Davy took a good deal of pains in getting it up, writing a new overture, founded on the prominent airs of the piece, and new act-music: but Davy's score was no melo-dramatic music, and probably none was written. Mr. Macready has now added the *Tempest*, which is almost a new play, to the catalogue of triumphal revivals; which bring crowds, hold them entranced, and send them home delighted.—*Extracted from an elaborate critique in the Spectator.*

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. IV.

(*For the Mirror.*)

CONTEMPORANEOUS with CHAUCER, (who appeared with all the grace and lustre of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language, and when to write verses at all was a singular qualification,) was *John Gower*, a poet of some celebrity. His principal work, entitled, *Confessio Amantis*, consists of a series of tales, illustrating the moral virtues and the contrasting vices; and continuing the link from Chaucer, John Ledgate, Abbot of Bury, a versifier of many works in our language, flourished. From the decease of Ledgate until the reign of Elizabeth, there is a dreary void in English poetry. The wars of the rival houses of York and Lancaster involved the nation in eternal distractions. The spirit of religious persecution, too, now let loose, fastened on the noblest victims; and a crusade was preached against the free exercise of the newly-awaked mental powers of the people. Wit and poetry began to be dreaded by the (corrupt) ecclesiastical power as dangerous; and were suppressed with rigour. But other circumstances were at work to counteract the foul conspiracy. The *Art of Printing* worked out mighty effects: classical learning was revived in all Europe; wealth increased; knowledge was diffused; and the REFORMATION came at last to rouse the dormant energies of mankind, (and especially the national genius of this country,) and to excite that struggle, which was to be attended with such great effects in the intellectual as well as civil and religious condition of the people of these lands.

Towards the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. our national literature began to assume that aspect of majestic power, which stamped its impress for ever on the world, in the writings of BACON and SHAKSPEARE. The Drama seemed the grand focus in which the overflowing genius of the nation concen-

trated itself. Shirley, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson; these were each master-spirits impregnated with creative energy and power, and, as individuals, had power enough to have lent a tone to the literature of an age. Nevertheless, all these stars were shining in the firmament together: some in the zenith of intellectual manhood; some only emerging in beauty from the horizon of youth; and others declining in the reverend glory of old age!

Truly it might be said, "there were giants in the earth in those days;" and, by comparison, the ordinary achievements of the human mind sunk into pigmy insignificance. Take it all in all, if we extend it down to comprehend Milton, it was the most brilliant epoch of intellectual splendour in the history of the world. It is that which, of all others, has left its memory most deeply imprinted on the minds of her posterity. It is the oftenest in our thoughts and in our mouths; furnishes us with the most consummately finished delineations of human society and manners; and exhibits the most completely to our view our moral construction and tendencies. The genius of that period threw a new flush over the face of creation. The waters became more blue and limpid; the forests more fresh and green; and the mountains more abrupt and sublime in the songs of Shakspeare; while in the bold reasonings of Bacon, man's nature became more thoroughly understood, and was more beautifully illustrated. Lord Bacon could of course only be comprehended by the more subtile and refined spirits of the day: not only were his works hidden by the language which he adopted from the public eye; his speculations too were of a kind not very likely to arrest general attention. To Shakspeare and his compeers was owing the intellectual impulse given to society, illuminating the dark and refining the ignorant. The theatre was a place requiring no preparatory study. Before the public eye were exhibited spectacles, illustrative of virtue and vice; examples for their imitation or abhorrence; scenes to draw forth their indignation or their tears. Let me be understood. I am not refering to the stage as a school of moral discipline. I am stating causes, not following out effects. Principle and experience alike support me in the conclusion, that the drama, as a moral agent, defeats itself. It drives folly from one mask only to assume another. The ethics of the stage-house *may* be correct, but the operation of them counteracts the principle. Let me say all that I can, however, in commendation of mighty powers and extraordinary genius. There is a striking proof of the alliance of these with proper moral feeling in our great bard. Shakspeare is by far the least infected with the grossness of the poets of his age. He never makes indecent scenes and avowedly vicious pursuits, as Beaumont and Fletcher do, (likewise Ben Jonson,) the principal and prominent object of his dramas. There are no seductions addressed to the imagination, as in the writers of the second Charles's reign. His great business is with the *human heart*.

"His was the master spirit!
At his spells the *heart* gave up its secrets;
Like the Mount of Horeb smitten by the prophet's rod,
Its hidden springs gushed forth.
Time, that grey rock,
At whose bleak base the fame of lesser bards
Is dashed to pieces, was the pedestal
On which his genius rose; and rooted there
Stands like a mighty statue, reared so high
Above the frowns and tempests of the world,
That heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams
Have round its awful brows a glory shed
Immortal as their own!"

H. I.

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. V.

Mr. Wilner, a surgeon at Coventry, wrote a minute account of a case which occurred in that city, in 1772. His paper, which was published in the "Philosophical Transactions," is very interesting, on account of its entering into details of the previous habits of the patient. We condense the following narrative from his statement. Mary Clues, of Gosford-street, aged 52, and of indifferent character, was much addicted to drinking. Since the death of her husband, which happened about a year and a half before her own, her propensity for liquor increased to such a degree, that she is said to have drunk from half a pint to a quart of rum daily. Her health gradually declined; she grew thinner; her complexion altered, and her skin became dry. About three months before her death she was attacked with the jaundice; but she still continued her custom of dram-drinking, and generally smoked a pipe every night. No one lived with her in the house; but her neighbours used frequently to look in upon her, and one of them generally sat up with her at night. She often used to exclaim to this person that she saw the devil in some part of the room, and that he was come to take her away. Her bed-room was on the ground floor, and was paved with bricks. The grate was so small as to be capable of containing but a small quantity of fuel. Parallel to it, and at the distance of three feet, stood the bedstead, which had only one curtain, and that on the opposite side. She was accustomed to lie on her side, close to the edge of the bedstead, next the fire; and on Sunday morning, March 1, she tumbled on the floor, where her helpless state obliged her to lie some time; till Mary Rollyer (her next door neighbour) came accidentally to see her; and, with some difficulty, got her into bed. That night she refused to have any one by

sit up with her; and at half-past eleven, a man named Brooks (an occasional attendant) left her as well as usual, and locked the door. He had previously placed two pieces of coal on the back of the fire, and put a rushlight in a candlestick, on a chair, near the head of the bed, but not on the side where the curtain was. At half-past five o'clock the next morning, smoke was observed to issue from the window, and upon breaking open the door, flames were perceived in the room; but they were easily extinguished by the help of a few buckets of water. Between the bed and the fireplace lay the remains of Mrs. Clues. Part of one of the lower limbs, and the whole of the other, were untouched; but with this exception, there were no remains of skin, flesh, or intestines; and the bones were calcined, and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The skull lay near the head of the bed, the legs toward the bottom, and the spine in a curved direction; so that she appeared to have been burnt while lying on her right side, with her back next the grate. When the flames were extinguished, it appeared that very little damage had been done to the furniture of the room; and that the side of the bed next the fire had suffered most. This is what we should expect; and here, probably, were the flames which were found on entering the room. The bedstead was superficially burnt; but the bed, sheets, and blankets, were not destroyed. The curtain on the opposite side of the bed was untouched; and a deal door near the bed was not injured. "I was in the room," says the surgeon, "about two hours after the mischief was discovered. I observed that the walls, and every thing in the room, were coloured black; and that there was a very disagreeable vapour. The only way I can account for it is, by supposing that she again tumbled out of bed, and that her night-dress was set fire to, either by the candle from the chair, or by a coal falling from the grate; and that her body was rendered inflammable by the immense quantity of spirituous liquors she had drunk."

M. Foderé, a French medico-legist, of great reputation, has treated of this subject with his usual ability. He observes, that a careful and judicious comparison of the phenomena of the animal economy, with the discoveries constantly making in the physical sciences, tending to explain those phenomena, cannot fail considerably to enlarge the sphere of our knowledge, and to render our own posterity familiar with facts, which now appear to us incredible. "The first step of the eighteenth century, in the revival of the sciences, was made in a spirit of doubt, or rather of an excess of incredulity. We now believe more than our fathers, because the extent of our researches, guided by a new plan of study, has brought before us many new things; but many others are still looked upon as impossible, though they will one day be regarded as certain." He brings forward in illustration of these remarks, the power which certain living bodies have of resisting the action of fire on the one hand, and, on the other, the spontaneous combustions which have sometimes taken place. With respect to the first, he refers to the tenth volume of the "Academie des Sciences de Paris," for several remarkable examples of incombustibility; and observes, that Paris, as well as all Europe, has been witness in our own day to similar facts. He allows that in these facts there may have been more or less jugglery, and more or less inexactitude in the accounts of observers; but he maintains that they possess a great deal of truth notwithstanding. "These astonishing phenomena have been attributed to hardness of the skin, and superabundance of the enticle; and that explanation was plausible so long as the palms of the hands and soles of the feet were alone concerned; but we have lately seen the same insensibility to fire manifested by every part of the surface of the body, and even by the interior of the body." He attributes this incombustibility partly to a superabundance of oxygen in the skin, and partly to the great strength of the vital principle, in robust bodies. He confines himself, however, to "the examples still more numerous and equally incontestible of spontaneous human combustion; supported by facts submitted to our own senses, and by the testimony of witnesses the most worthy of credit." In taking leave of the former, he gives a parting glance at "those times of magic, witchcraft, and fairyism, when crimes were judged of by the ordeal of fire; and when our stout-hearted ancestors, in order to prove their innocence, submitted themselves to what was called 'the judgment of God.'" He then makes some remarks on the interesting case we have already detailed; in which M. Millet, of Rheims, so nearly escaped the scaffold, on a false charge of having murdered his wife, and then burned the body, in order to make it appear that she perished accidentally by fire. "Millet escaped this unmerited punishment, only at the expense of his fortune, and the good opinion of his fellow-men. A similar case cannot happen again; because justice, enlightened by medical research, will no longer doubt the possibility of spontaneous human combustion, whether produced by the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, or by any other cause; and will no longer confound its very different phenomena with those of ordinary combustion." He remarks that some facts of this kind were known at an early period; and that (among other writings on the subject) M. René Moreau, (a physician of Paris,) published a letter in 1644, in which he

speaks of a flame that issued from the stomach of a woman, who died at Lyons; which flame he considers to be of the same nature as the ignis lambens, of which Virgil speaks, in the second book of the Æneid, line 683.

" Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molles
Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci."*

From the instances which he gives of human combustion, we shall select those which we have not already detailed.

In the month of February, 1779, Mary-Ann Jauffret, the widow of a man named Gravier, a shoe-maker, at Aix, in Provence, was burnt to death in her chamber. She was sixty years of age, very fat, inclined to drink, and very sensible to cold. A surgeon of that place, named Roccus, was commissioned to make a report of the miserable remains of the unfortunate creature; he found only a mass of ashes; and the bones were calcined to such a degree, as to be reduced to powder on the slightest pressure. The skull, one hand, and one foot, had partly escaped the action of the fire. At the distance of two steps from these remains, was the supper-table untouched, and under the table a stove; the grate of which, being partially burnt away by long usage, presented a large opening; this stove had contained fire. A chair which was near, had the seat and front of the legs burned; and with this exception, there was no other appearance of fire, either in the chimney, or in the room itself. All the rest of the furniture was in its usual state; so that with the exception of the chair (which seemed, however, to have been burnt separately), no combustible matter appeared to have contributed to the prompt incineration of the body, which had been effected in about seven or eight hours.

On the 10th of December, 1799, M. Neveux, an " officier de santè," at Paris, reported that he went with a commissary of police, to the house of a man named Bias; and that he there saw the remains of a human body;—that of the wife of Bias. The whole trunk appeared a mass of charcoal, sending forth a painfully disagreeable odour. The breast-bone and the muscles of the abdomen appeared to be more affected than the rest. Of the four extremities, only one foot remained of the natural appearance. The head, which was still attached to the trunk, was bloated and puffed up. Only a chair and a table, near the body, were found burnt. The neighbours declared they had heard this woman working and talking only two hours before.

M. Valentin, a surgeon, informed M. Foderé, that when he was at Caen, in Normandy, in 1780 or 1781, an unmarried lady, more than sixty years of age (distinguished by a fondness for strong liquors, and a fancy for petting animals) was consumed in her apartment, at some distance from the fire, which was very small. People flocked in crowds to the house, which exhaled an odour of burnt fat. They found only the skull and the two feet, together with a small quantity of ashes. These remains were lying on the floor, which was a little burned.

We shall conclude this paper with a paragraph, which we have just seen in a periodical publication; and which will afford a useful caution to the ladies, how they admit combustible articles into their " bags" or their bosoms. " A young lady, intending to sue for a breach of promise of marriage, put her lover's *billets-doux* into a bag, for the purpose of producing them in court; when, strange to tell, their own *natural warmth* produced *spontaneous combustion*; and when the bag was opened, there was nothing in it but ashes."

N. R.

* " Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
A lambent flame arose; which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed."
Dryden's Translation.

HAMLET'S GRAVE.

Among the many objects of interest to a stranger at Elsinore, are the castle or fortress, and the garden of Marienslust, where is to be seen what is called the grave of Hamlet. The interior of the fortress contains nothing remarkable; the grave is a misnomer—for Hamlet lived, reigned, and died, and was buried in Jutland. A conspiracy had been formed against his life by his step-father and mother, as the ancient Dutch chronicles state; he feigned imbecility of mind, being aware of the plot laid to destroy him, formed another against them, and eventually burned to death the whole family, by setting fire to a house in which they were, and stopping up the doors. He afterwards reigned quietly and respectably, and died a natural death. I may affirm that there is no brook crowned with willows near Elsinore, where Ophelia could have perished, and the enthusiastic reader of Shakspeare may be relieved from the pain her fate has inspired him with, by the conclusion of its falsity. The grave of Hamlet, as seen in Denmark, is to the back of the mansion of Marienslust, about a stone's throw; you catch a view of the sea between a contiguous clump of trees planted in a circle, and it is noted by some scattered square stones of small size, which appear to have once served for a cenotaph, and which stand on a knoll or rising mound covered and surrounded by beech trees. I could learn nothing of their history—they seem little respected or thought about by the inhabitants of Elsinore, but pious and romantic pilgrims have conveyed away considerable portions of them, and a few years will probably witness their total dispersion.—*New York Mirror.*

Biography.

NOTICES RESPECTING THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF DE TONI, NOW CALLED TOONE.

Your remarks in the last *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 273, on Thornbury Castle, built by the Duke of Buckingham, temp. Henry VIII., induces me to send you an account of the ancient and noble family of De Toni and Stafford, its rise, and very extraordinary decadence.

This family, though now reduced, and many of its branches extinct, was one of the first in wealth and honour, both in Normandy and England; the name is derived from Tosni, in Normandy; it boasts alliances with the royal houses of Plantagenet and Tudor, and anterior, to that of Rollo, the founder of those houses; by intermarriages, it is related to most of the principal nobility of England. The dignity of standard-bearer of Normandy was hereditary in the family, and its chief held that honourable post under Rollo, who, in the ninth century, compelled Charles the Simple, king of France, to cede Neustria, afterwards called Normandy, in full sovereignty; they were related in blood to William the Conqueror, for Alice, daughter of Roger de Toni, standard-bearer of Normandy, married William Fitzosborne, who was son of Osbernus Crepon, whose father, Herfrastus, was brother to Gunnora, wife to Richard, second Duke of Normandy, great grandfather to the Conqueror.

This Roger de Toni had issue, Ralph de Toni, and Robert de Toni; Ralph came to England with the Conqueror, and served with distinction at the battle of Hastings; his name appears in the Battle Abbey Roll as one of the suite of William the Conqueror, by the name of "Le Sire de Toney;" he was, by virtue of his hereditary right, standard-bearer of Normandy; and, for his gallant conduct at Hastings, was rewarded with large grants of land in Warwick and Staffordshire, but of which the most important was at Flamstead, in Herts. In the former counties, and the adjoining one of Leicester, many of the collateral branches still exist.

Ralph de Toni married Isabel, daughter of Simon de Montfort, by whom he had issue, Ralph, who married Judith, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland: from him descended Robert de Toni, who distinguished himself under Edward I. in various battles in Gascony and Scotland, and particularly at the siege and surrender of Carlaverok Castle. In a very ancient heraldic poem, his chivalric bearing is noticed by the narrator as one of the knights' attendant on Edward at that memorable siege in 1300.

"Blanche Cote et blanche Allettes,
Escu blanche et *baniere blanche*,
Portoit o la *vermeille manche*,
Robert de Toni, ki bien signe
Ke il est du Chevalier au ligne."

Which Norman French may be literally translated—

"A white coat and white plumage,
A *white shield* and *banner*,
Borne with a *red manche*,
By Robert de Toni, in confirmation
Of his knightly lineage."

And at the siege it is stated, to the honour of his prowess—

Ceus ki estoient sur le mur
Robert de Toni moult grivoit.

intimating that the combatants on the castle walls were much distressed by Robert de Toni. This chief was summoned to Parliament, 1299, as Baron de Toni; but dying without issue in 1311, the title became extinct: his large estates descended to his sister and heiress, Alice de Toni, who was thrice married; first, to Thomas Leybourne; second, to Guy de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; and, third, to William de Zouche, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the county of Leicester, a branch of the family of the Zouches, Earls of Bretagne. Robert de Toni, the younger son of Roger, assumed the surname of De Stafford, in consequence of being appointed governor of Stafford Castle: he married Avice de Clare, and had issue, Nicholas de Stafford, who had issue, Robert de Stafford, who died 1176, and was succeeded in the barony by his son and heir, Robert de Stafford, who dying without issue, the feudal barony devolved upon his sister, Millicent, who married Hervey Bagot, whose son by her assumed the name of Stafford: he married Petronilla, sister of William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, and died 1237, leaving issue, Hervey, who died in 1241, without issue, and was succeeded by his brother and heir, Robert de Stafford, who married Alice, daughter of Thomas Corbet, Esq., and died 1282: he was succeeded by his son Nicholas, who was killed before Drosellan Castle, 1287. His son Edmund was summoned to Parliament by Edward I. in 1299, as Baron Stafford: he married Margaret, daughter of Ralph Lord Basset, and had issue, Ralph, his successor, who was knighted, and made Seneschal of Aquitaine by Edward III.: he greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Cressy, having the command of the van of the army; for his services he was made one of the first Knights of the Garter, in 1351, created Earl of Stafford, and appointed Captain-general of Aquitaine; he married Margaret, daughter of Hugh de Audeley, Earl of Gloucester, by Margaret de Clare, daughter, through Lady Jane Plantagenet, of King Edward I.: he died 1372, and had issue, Ralph, who died in his lifetime; and Hugh, who succeeded him: he married Lady Philippa Beauchamp, daughter of Thomas Earl of Warwick: and died 1386, leaving issue, Thomas, who married Lady Anne Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke

of Gloucester, one of the sons of Edward III.: he died in 1392, and was succeeded by his brother, William de Stafford, who dying a minor, his honours devolved to his brother, Edmund de Stafford, who married Lady Anne Plantagenet, his brother Thomas's widow; he was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1403, and left issue, Humphrey, his successor, who was constituted by Henry VI. captain of the town and marches of Calais; and in consequence of his alliance with the royal family, was created, in 1444, Duke of Buckingham; he was killed fighting for the House of Lancaster, at the battle of Northampton, 1460: he married Lady Anne Neville, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland; and had issue, Humphrey, slain at the battle of St. Alban's; Henry, second duke, his grandson and heir, succeeded, and was the chief instrument in raising Richard III. to the throne of England; but afterwards conspiring to dethrone him, he was betrayed into the custody of Richard, who caused him to be beheaded in 1483; his Grace married Catherine, daughter of Richard Widville Earl Rivers, and had issue, Edward de Stafford, third Duke, who was restored by Henry VII., made a knight of the garter, and lord high constable of England; but he having offended Cardinal Wolsey in the subsequent reign, that haughty prelate caused a frivolous accusation to be made against him, upon which he was tried and beheaded, 1521; he married Ellen, daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, and left issue, Henry, who was restored by Edward VI. to the Barony, but only to a small portion of the princely appendages; he married Ursula, daughter of Sir Richard Pole, by Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George Duke of Clarence, and niece of Edward IV. and Richard III.; by whom he had issue, Edward, who succeeded him, and who was summoned to Parliament 23rd Eliz. as Baron Stafford: he married Mary, daughter of Edward Earl of Derby, and died 1603; he had issue, Edward, who married Isabel, daughter of Thomas Forster, Esq., by whom he had issue, Edward, who married Anne, daughter of James Wilford, Esq.; he left issue, Edward, who died unmarried, 1637, in consequence of which the Barony devolved upon Roger Stafford, third son of the restored Baron; he was denied it, and in fact compelled to surrender it, on account of his poverty, to Charles I.; he died unmarried, in 1640, and thus ended the great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, the brother of two kings, Edward IV. and Richard III., and with him ended the male line of the princely honours and large possessions of Robert de Toni.

The armorial bearings of the family are, "Argent a Maunch gules;" and the collateral branches bear a crest, "a dexter hand and arm couped, grasping a snake proper."

The Stafford branch, "Or, a chevron gules;" it does not appear why the armorial bearings of De Toni were discontinued by this younger scion of the old family.

In consequence of the surrender of the Barony by Roger de Stafford, a new grant was made in favour of Sir William Howard, younger son of Thomas Earl of Arundel, who married Mary, daughter of Edward, the twelfth Baron Stafford; he was beheaded in 1680, and was succeeded by his son Henry, who was created Earl Stafford, but died without issue; his nephew and successor, William, married a daughter of Sir George Holman, and died 1734, leaving William Matthias, third Earl, who died without issue. John Paul Stafford Howard, his uncle and heir, married Elizabeth, daughter of —— Ewen, Esq., and died 1762, without issue, by which the Earldom became extinct. The Barony descended to George William, sixteenth Baron Stafford, as heir general of Lady Mary Stafford Howard, sister and heir of John Paul Stafford Howard: she married Francis Plowden, Esq., and had issue, Mary, who married Sir George Jerningham, Bart., who died 1774, and had issue the present Peer, George William Baron Stafford, to which honour he succeeded 17th June, 1824, on the reversal of the attainder of William, fifteenth Baron Stafford.

A collateral branch of this family emigrated to Ireland some centuries ago, from whom descended the late Sweeny Toone, Esq., and Sir Wm. Toone, both of the East India Company's Service.

W. O. Eton.

Anecdote Gallery.

NELL GWYNN.

After the elevation of Nell Gwynn, to be the mistress of Charles II., we find her dignified in the play-bills with the title of 'Madame Ellen,' by which name she was popularly known. She appeared once or twice on the stage after the birth of her eldest son, but retired from it altogether in 1671. About this time she was located one of the ladies of the Queen's privy-chamber, under which title she was lodged in Whitehall. Madame Ellen lost none of her popularity by her 'elevation.' She carried with her into the court the careless assurance of her stage manners; and, as Burnet says, "continued to hang on her clothes with the same slovenly negligence;" but she likewise carried there, qualities even more rare in a court than coarse manners and negligent attire, the same frolic gaiety, the same ingenuous nature, and the same kind and cordial benevolence, which had rendered her adored

among her comrades. Her wit was as natural, and as peculiar to herself, as the perfume to the flower. She seems to have been, as the Duchess de Chaulnes expressed it, "*femme d'esprit, par le grace de Dieu.*" Her *bon mots* fell from her lips with such an unpremeditated felicity of expression, and her turn of humour was so perfectly original, that, though it occasionally verged upon extravagance and vulgarity, even her maddest flights became her; "as if," says one of her contemporaries, "she alone had the patent from heaven to engross all hearts." Burnet calls her "the wildest and indiscretest creature that ever was in a court;" and, speaking of the King's constant attachment to her, "but, after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress." This last observation of the good bishop is certainly "twisted into a phrase of some obscurity;" the truth is, that Nell had a natural turn for goodness, which survived all her excesses; she was wild and extravagant, but not rapacious or selfish—frail, not vicious; she never meddled with politics, nor made herself the tool of ambitious courtiers. At the time that the King's mistresses were every where execrated for their avarice and arrogance, it was remarked that Nell Gwynn never asked anything for herself, never gave herself unbecoming airs, as if she deemed her unhappy situation a subject of pride; there is not a single instance of her using her influence over Charles for any unworthy purpose, but, on the contrary, the presents which the King's love or bounty lavished upon her, she gave and spent freely, and misfortune, deserved or undeserved, never approached her in vain. Once, as she was driving up Ludgate-hill, she saw a poor clergyman in the hands of the sheriff's officers, and, struck with compassion, she alighted from her carriage, inquired into the circumstances of the arrest, and paid his debt on the spot, and finding, on application to the vouchers he had named, that his character was as unexceptionable as his misfortunes were real, she generously befriended him and his family. The plan of that fine institution, Chelsea Hospital, would probably never have been completed, at least in the reign of Charles, but for the persevering and benevolent enthusiasm of this woman, who never let the King rest till it was carried into execution.

These, and many other instances of her kind nature, endeared her to the populace. On one occasion a superb service of plate, which had been ordered for the Duchess of Portsmouth, was exhibited in the shop of a certain goldsmith, and the common people crowded round to gaze. On learning for whom it was intended they broke out into execrations and abuse, wishing the silver melted and poured down her throat, and loudly exclaiming that "it had been much better bestowed on Madame Ellen.—*From Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*

LADY TYRCONNEL.

At the revolution, Tyrconnel, faithful to the interests of his old master, refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III., and placed himself at the head of King James's party in Ireland; and James rewarded his fidelity by sending him over the patent of Viceroy, and appointed him Commander-in-Chief. Lady Tyrconnel from this time resided in Dublin Castle, with her three beautiful daughters, now growing into womanhood. She held her state as Vice-Queen with much grace and magnificence; and while her sister, Lady Churchill, threw all the weight of her influence, talents, and spirit, into the opposite party, she supported with yet more enthusiasm the interests of the exiled family, in which all the Hamiltons and all the Talbots were engaged heart and soul.

It was during her reign in Ireland, for such it might truly be called, that Lady Tyrconnel married her three daughters, by Hamilton, to three of the wealthiest and most powerful among the Irish nobles. Elizabeth, the eldest, became the wife of Lawrence, first Viscount Rosse; Frances, the second, and most beautiful of the three, married Henry, eighth Viscount Dillon; and Mary, the youngest, married Nicholas, Viscount Kingsland. They have since been distinguished as "the three Viscountesses."

In 1689, when James II. had resolved to try his fortune in Ireland, he was met by Tyrconnel, and a numerous train of gallant and devoted followers, and conducted to Dublin Castle, where Lady Tyrconnel entertained him and his foreign and Irish adherents with French urbanity and Irish hospitality. On this occasion Tyrconnel was advanced to the dignity of Marquis and Duke of Tyrconnel, and received from the King every mark of affection and confidence. Six months afterwards the battle of the Boyne was fought, in which 15 Talbots of Tyrconnel's family were slain, and he himself fought like a hero of romance. After that memorable defeat, King James and Tyrconnel reached Dublin on the evening of the same day.

The Duchess, who had been left in the Castle, had passed 24 hours in the agonies of suspense; but when the worst was known, she showed that the spirit and strength of mind which had distinguished her in her early days was not all extinguished.

When the King and her husband arrived as fugitives from the lost battle, on which her fortunes and her hopes had depended—harassed, faint, and so covered with mud that their persons could scarcely be distinguished—she, hearing of their plight, assembled all her household in state, dressed herself

richly, and received the fugitive King and his dispirited friends with all the splendour of court etiquette. Advancing to the head of the great staircase, with all her attendants, she kneeled on one knee, congratulated him on his safety, and invited him to a banquet, respectfully inquiring what refreshment he would be pleased to take at the moment. James answered sadly, that he had but little stomach for supper, considering the sorry breakfast he had made that morning. She, however, led the way to a banquet already prepared, and did the honours with as much self-possession and dignity as Lady Macbeth, though racked at the moment with equal terror and anxiety.

The next day a council was held, when, in spite of the advice of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel, James acceded to the wishes of Laupin and his French followers, who were panic struck, and determined on flying to France. In the confused account of the movements of the two parties at this time, we find no further mention made of the Duchess of Tyrconnel, whose situation must have been in the highest degree interesting and agitating. It appears, however, that she and her husband quitted Ireland either in company with the King, or immediately after him, leaving her three married daughters, and taking with her her two children by Tyrconnel. She joined the exiled Court of St. Germains, where she remained for several years.—*Ibid.*

BOSCHMAN IDEA OF A WAGON.

Mr. Schmelen sent out an old wagon with a hunting party, when one of the fore wheels was broken, and the wagon remained standing in the field for two months, at the end of which time a Boschman came to Mr. Schmelen's place, and said that he had seen the missionary's *pack ox* standing in the field for a long time, with a broken leg; and that, as he did not observe that it ate any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger if it was not taken away!—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

Our readers, we are assured, will feel deeply interested in perusing the following report of the labours and proceedings of the Expedition to the Euphrates, under the command of Colonel Chesney, Royal Artillery, F. R. S. Since the opening of the line of communication to the East, by the way of the Cape, the condition and circumstances of the countries on the Euphrates, and beyond that "ancient river," has been much locked up from European nations, and many places exist only in remembrance "as a tale that is told." Important and striking as it is to witness the progress of the steam engine in our own land, hissing through remote hamlets where "the steps of human paces have scarcely bruised their flowrets," and rushing on its irresistible level through the bowels of dogged rocks and sturdy mounds and mountains; it is still more striking to witness its present and anticipated triumphs in those lands, where, like the laws of the Medes, their economy knows no change; and Ishmaelites may be seen at this day, as four thousand years ago, when they bought Joseph and carried him down on their camels, bearing spicery balm and myrrh from Gilead into Egypt. The energy of science has swept the "green mantle," which, like that of a "standing pool," had caused the waters of the Euphrates to stagnate in silence for many hundred generations.

The object of the present communication is not to anticipate the interest which must naturally be felt, not only in the progress of the expedition to the Euphrates, but also in the results obtained to science and general knowledge; for, to render these of any real value, they must be accompanied by the details of the means by which they were acquired. It is rather, therefore, with a view to the exhibition of how those means have been hitherto applied, and how the capabilities of the expedition have been directed, that the present statement is made, not, however, omitting those details which a brief notice of this kind will admit when touching upon the labour, the progress, and the present condition of the enterprise itself.

The voyage to Malta from Liverpool occupied a period of twenty-nine days, where some time was devoted to the determination of the intensity of magnetic forces, and the amount of the dip of the needle.

During the stay at Malta, Colonel Chesney was much occupied with the general objects of the expedition, more particularly about the construction of flat boats. The George Canning had been separated from the Alban steamer, her consort, by rude weather off Cork, and it was found impossible to remedy this loss at the Mediterranean station; but the admiral, Sir Josias Rowley, allowed the Columbine sloop to accompany the expedition to the mouth of the Orontes, and there was certainly every reason to rejoice in this arrangement; for not only was the George Canning taken in tow by the brig at all times when the weather permitted, but Commander Henderson and his officers secured the gratitude of every member of the expedition by the most efficient and zealous services in landing the stores.

The connexion between the George Canning and the shore having been established by means of a hawser extending from the ship across the bar of the Orontes, a distance of 1,200 yards, parties were sent on shore by the Columbine and George Canning, with tents for their accommodation; and the disembarkation was carried on with such spirit

and activity, that the site designated "Amelia depôt" soon became a little camp, with a very mixed aspect, replete with bustle and useful occupations.

The observatory being now fixed, Lieutenant Murphy applied himself to astronomical observations, more especially with the transit instrument that had come out with the expedition. The survey was soon afterwards begun under Lieutenant Murphy, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Stenhouse, (who was sent by the admiral,) at Lataquia (Laodicea), but was limited to a determination of the outline of the coast, with its soundings, and an examination of the coast itself. Mr. Ainsworth also accompanied the party for purposes of natural history.

The sites of Heraclium and Possidium were recognised. On their return, an excursion was made to the summit of Pliny's wonder, Mount Cassius or Gebel Acra. The succession of the various forms of vegetation was noted. The party bivouacked near the summit, on which, April 28, there still remained some patches of snow. The results given by the barometer, which was observed at various heights, compared with a register kept at the same time by Mr. Eden in the depôt, coincided closely with those obtained trigonometrically by Lieutenant Murphy, and which gave for the elevation above the sea 5,318 feet; but this mountain, notwithstanding its great height, is entirely composed of supracretaceous limestones, characterized by cones and cerithie. At its north-eastern foot is an extensive deposit of highly crystalline gypsum, and, to the south-east, diallage rocks and serpentines break through the same formations, accompanied by lacustrine marls and silicious limestones.

On the 29th of April a party, consisting of Lieutenant Murphy, Mr. Ainsworth, and Mr. Thompson, left the Orontes in a country boat to commence the survey of the Gulf of Scanderoon, and its neighbouring shores. The first points visited were Arsoos and Rhosus; an ascent was then made to Gebel Kaiserick, on which they bivouacked. Next came Schanderoon, and in its neighbourhood Jacob's Well, the site of Myriandros; to the south the pass of Bylan, gates of Syria (Ptolemy), Amanian gates (Strabo), a defile in the mountains separating the Amanus from the Rhosus, and leading from Mariandros into the plain of Antioch or Umk.

In the north the remains of a marble gateway, commonly called Jonas's Pillars; (Cilician Gates of Ptolemy, L. Curtius, and Arrian): this was the midnight halt of Alexander. The description of Zenophon refers to a narrow place contiguous to the sea. The latter applies itself distinctly to these ruins. Half a mile north of the Cilician Gates is the river Merketsaye (Kersus), and beyond a wall terminating in the sea, with a tower at the foot of the mountains; the Kersus passes between two walls near the village of Merkets. This is the wall and gates of Zenophon; they are built of stone. Farther north is Bayas, (Baiæ Anton Itin) Myriandros, of Williams's Geography of Ancient Asia; and there are several populous villages between Bayas and the Issus (Pinarus). At a subsequent period, in company with Colonel Chesney, this river was examined in detail, and also the ruins of a considerable town near some hills which enclose the Issic plain to the north-west, the Giaour Dagh or Amanus being east (pass of Darius, Amanian gates of Arrian), the whole corresponding closely with the latter historian's description. Where the gulf runs to the west there are ruins of forts, castles, and gateways. From thence, proceeding north-west by Kurd Kulac (Wolf's Ears, Tardequiea of D'Anville and Rennell) to Missis (Mesis), at a pass through low hills of sandstone, are the remains of a road and archway, constructed in part of sandstone, but chiefly of polygonal masses of basalt and lava, which no doubt have given rise to its name, Denur Kassore (Iron Gate), and Kara Kassore (Black Gate), the Armenian gates of Ptolemy, Armanicæ (Pylæ of Colonel Leake), Upper Armanian gates (Rennell), Timour Kassore, or the Gate of Tamerlane (Mecca Itinerary by Geographical Society of Paris). From hence the party visited Ayas (Agae), the mouths of the Jihoun Pysamus, where an interesting examination took place of the progress of alluvial deposits. The most westerly point reached was Karadash, the site of Mallus and Megarsus. The whole of the party being sick, the pass of Bylan was the only position examined on the return to Antioch.

In the neighbourhood of Amelia depôt the points of most interest were the course of the Orontes, examined by Lieutenant Cleaveland, Messrs. Eden Charlewood, and Fitzjames; and the ruins of Seleucia Pieria were also made the object of interesting researches about the same time various other undertakings were in progress.

To avoid the mischievous effects of idleness, as well as to carry the heavy weights to Antioch by water (when denied all other means by the local government), the Tigris was put together at the Orontes during the month of May. Towards the middle of June commenced the despatch of light stores on camels and mules, and towards its close some trains of wagons passed through Antioch carrying heavy weights; but this being found a dilatory operation, the water communication was looked to once more, along a new line, which promised many advantages.

The Orontes, the Lake of Antioch, and the Karasoo were therefore examined, and upon the reports and maps thus obtained, the commander ordered a depôt (the 2nd) to

be formed at Goozel Boorge (Pretty Tower), a village on the Orontes, three miles above Antioch, where the infinite variety of material, including the more ponderous objects, such as boilers, the eight sections (into which the Tigris had been divided), diving bell, &c., were to be put on rafts, flat-boats, and pontoons, in order to be transported by the Orontes into the Karasoo (black water), and along this navigable stream into the lake Owja Dengis (white sea), keeping along its western side on account of the deeper water, and ultimately ascending the Ultra Karasoo to a spot called Moorad Pacha, near the village of Gule Bashee (head of the waters), a little beyond the junction of the Asward and Yagra Rivers, the whole distance being fourteen hours from Goozel Boorge. The abundant spring called Gule Bashee, issues out of a pseudo-volcanic mound rising out of the plain. The bridge of Moorad Pacha is chiefly a causeway resting on the soil, but in part supported by arches, and crossing that part of the plain of Umk, which is most liable to be inundated, for a distance of about three miles. This plain is inhabited by pastoral and nomad Turcomans, living in tents, who are a quiet people. The ancients appear to have known in this tract the rivers Ainaparos, Arcenthus, Labotas, Ufrenus, and the ditch of Meleagrus. The actual fluents of the lake are the Award or Asond, the Yagra (uniting to form the Karasoo), the Aphreen, traversing the Cynhestica, the rivulet of Heerem, the Amgouli, and the Orontes; but the first mentioned have various tributaries to the north with different appellations. On the road to the valley of the Aphreen are some thermal springs, Al Hummum (the baths), issuing at the point of junction of Plutonic rocks with tertiary dolomites. The waters of these springs are said to have originated with different earthquakes, and present corresponding differences of temperature.

It is a distance of about one hundred and eleven miles across the so called Syrian Desert, from Moorad Pacha to Port William. The first part of it is hilly, but not unfertile between Al Hummum and Azaz, or Arsaee Minniza of Anc. Itinerary (MSS. of Colonel Chesney); the summit level of this hilly region being 1,723 feet above the sea. The second part from Azaz to Port William, is for the most part level, at the best undulating, containing the valleys of the Kocit (Chalus) and the Sajour; the first of which is in this line 1,263 feet, and the Sajour 1,363 feet (in its bed), above the level of the Mediterranean. These plains are everywhere fertile, for the most part cultivated and abounding in populous villages, consisting of Fellah Arabs, Koords, Turkish tribes and mixed races, possessing bullocks in great abundance along the whole of the direct line, which passed a little way southward of Antab, the ancient Antiochea ad Zaurum, and now a garrisoned town of large size and some commercial importance.

(To be continued.)

THE OBELISK OF AMESNE.

The Obelisk, near the Temple of Carnac, erected by Amesne to the memory of her father, Thelmes I., 3,400 years ago, is thus noticed by Lord Lindsay, in his "Travels in Egypt:"—

Returning to the great obelisk, and seating myself on the broken shaft of its prostrate companion, I spent some delightful moments in musing over the scene of ruins scattered around me, so visibly smitten by the hand of God, in fulfilment of the prophecies that describe No-Ammon as the scene of desolation I then beheld her. The hand of the true Jove Ammon, Ael-Amunah, the God of Truth, has indeed "executed judgment on all the gods of Egypt," but especially on his spurious representative, the idol of this most stupendous of earthly temples: silence reigns in its courts; the "multitude of No" has been cut off; Pathros is "desolate;"—the land of Ham is still "the basest of kingdoms,"—so sure is the word of prophecy, so visible its accomplishment!

But oh! that obelisk is lovely! yet ten times dearer to me than ever mere loveliness could make it;—temples and palaces have been crumbling into dust, dynasties and nations vanishing around it, yet there it stands, pointing to heaven in its meek beauty, the record of a daughter's love—love strong as death,—stronger, for it has triumphed. Time, surely, read the inscription, and could not find it in his heart to strike.

Or might not one fancy, rather, that when earth cried out to heaven for vengeance on Thebes, and the Lord came down as he had threatened, to "rend No asunder," he planted a guard of angels around this monument of filial piety, to shield it in the storm—to protect it against the indiscriminating zeal of the ministers he had commissioned to destroy?

And is not the same record of filial love written by the spirit on the heart of every Christian, and when "the Lord our Righteousness" comes down in his glory to take vengeance on his enemies, and on "all the people that forget God"—spiritual Babel, and spiritual Egypt—will he not then encircle with his angels the faithful few on whose hearts he reads that blessed inscription, and, amid the crash of empires, and the wreck of all that this world esteems most excellent and glorious, strengthen their hearts and establish their feet, and cheer them with the smile of his love?

Manners and Customs.

INDIAN SCALP DANCE.

The following description of an Indian scalp dance is extracted from Mr. Schoolcraft's *Journey to the Source of the Mississippi*:—

Among the mixed group of men, women, and children, who, from the Indian village, thronged our encampment, I observed a widow of a Chippewa warrior, who was killed a few weeks previous, in the fray of the Leech Lake war party, in the Sioux country. She was accompanied by her children, and appeared dejected. I asked one of the Indians who her husband was, and where she resided; in answer to which he said, that she resided at the village; and that her husband, who was a brave warrior, went, on the call of the Leech Lake Chief, with a number of volunteers, to join a party consisting of about a hundred, led by the Goulle Platt. Having met the enemy south of the head of Leaf River, an action took place, the result of which was, that they took three scalps on the field, and lost but one, who was the husband of the widow. After the action had continued some time, with frequent changes of position, the enemy having fled to a village for a reinforcement, the Chippewas took this opportunity to retreat: and, after a consultation, returned, bringing back the three scalps, as memorials of their prowess. These trophies, having been exhibited in the customary dances at Leech Lake, one of them was forwarded to Oza Windibs' band, to undergo a like ceremony, after which it was presented to the widow. It was now exhibited by the young men on her behalf, for the purpose of soliciting alms. It was exhibited with all the circumstances of barbarian triumph. Shouts and dancing, intermingled with the sounds of the rattle and the Indian drum, formed the conspicuous traits of the scene: while short harangues, terminated by a general shout, filled up the pauses of the dance. On a neighbouring eminence, near some bark enclosures, which marked the locality of a Chippewa burial-ground, was erected a sort of triumphal arch, consisting of bent and tied saplings; from which depended an object, that was said to be the remains of decaying scalps, which every time it waved, seemed to give a new impulse to the shouting of the crowd that surrounded it. The widow and her children, as well as the whole group of spectators, Canadians, and Indians, appeared to regard the ceremony with much interest. During the brief pause which separated each dance, presents were thrown in for the benefit of the widow.

W. G. C.

Heraldry. — The distinction of lines and dots was not introduced into coats of arms before the Restoration: the first book in which they appear was published in 1662, by Sylvanus Morgan.

The Naturalist.

DIRECTIONS FOR COLLECTING AND PRESERVING PLANTS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES FOR A HERBARIUM.

This is a much simpler process than is generally imagined by those unpractised in it, and travellers have been often deterred from collecting specimens by the time and trouble required for preparing them in the way that has by many been recommended.

The chief circumstances to be attended to are, to preserve specimens of plants in such a manner that the moisture may be quickly absorbed, the colours as much as possible preserved, and such a degree of pressure given to them as that they may not curl up in the act of drying.

For this purpose let a quantity of separate sheets of paper be obtained, of a folio size. Common brown paper is upon the whole the best, except for the very delicate kinds, which require paper of a smoother and somewhat more absorbent texture. Blotting paper, however, especially in warmer climates, would absorb the moisture too rapidly, and by repeated damping and drying would soon be rendered useless.

Two boards should be provided,— one for the top, and the other for the bottom of the mass of papers.

For pressure at home, or when stationary for any length of time in a given spot, nothing serves better than a weight of any kind (a folio book, a large stone, &c.) put upon the topmost board; and the great advantage of this is, that the weight follows the shrinking of the plants beneath.

Whilst travelling, three leathern straps with buckles should be procured; two to bind the boards transversely, and one longitudinally. It will be further desirable to have a number of pieces of pasteboard of the same size as the paper, to separate different portions of the collection, either such as are in different states of dryness, or such as by their hard woody nature might otherwise press upon and injure the more delicate kinds.

Thus provided, gather your specimens, —if the plants be small, root and stem,—if large, cut off branches of a foot or a foot and a half long; selecting always such as are in flower, and others in a more or less advanced state of fruit.

Place then side by side, but never one upon another on the same sheet, and lay upon them one, two, or three sheets, according to the thickness of the plants, or their more or less succulent nature: and so on, layer above

layer of paper and specimens, subjecting them then to pressure.

As soon as you find that the paper has absorbed a considerable portion of the moisture (which will be according to the more or less succulent nature of the plants, and the heat or dryness of the season or climate,) remove the plants into fresh papers, and let the old papers be dried for use again, either in the open air or sun, or in a heated room, or before the fire.

As to the spreading out of the leaves and flowers with small weights, penny pieces, &c., it is quite needless. The leaves and flowers are best displayed by nature in the state in which you gather them, and they will require little or no assistance with the hand, when laid out upon papers, to appear to the best advantage, especially if put in carefully on being fresh gathered.

If the specimens cannot be laid down immediately on being gathered, they should be preserved in a tin box, or failing that, in a rush basket, where they will keep fresh for a day or two, if the atmosphere be not very much heated.

Some very succulent plants, such as Cacti, Semperviva, Seda, Orchideous plants which grow on trees, &c., require to have the specimens plunged into boiling water for a few seconds before they are pressed, to destroy life, and thus accelerate the process of drying.

Plants with very fine but rigid leaves, as the Fir tribe and the Heaths, and some with compound winged leaves, to prevent their leaves falling off, or their parts separating, may either be treated in the same manner, or dried in very hot paper, or with a hot iron.

In many cases, especially in warmer climates, the traveller will find the process accelerated by exposing the parcel (hung up and properly secured) to the open air when the weather is favourable, and the circulation of air through it will be promoted, if the sheets on which the specimens are laid be placed alternately back and edge. In tropical countries he will find it necessary to shift his specimens at least once a day, and by changing them into hot paper, and crowding such specimens as are dry, he will be enabled to form a considerable collection in small compass and in a very short time. Four or five shiftings will generally be sufficient to complete the process, which is ascertained by the stiffness of the stems and leaves, and by the specimens not shrinking when removed. They should then be placed between dry papers, and formed into parcels of moderate thickness, and either packed in boxes, or well secured as parcels, covered with oil-cloth.

Palms, having their fructification and leaves very large, can hardly be subjected to pressure; a few flowers should be pressed, and the whole clusters of flowers and fruit, as well as a leaf, may be simply dried in the air, and afterwards packed in boxes for transportation.

The greater number of Cryptogamic plants may be dried in the common way, such mosses as grow in tufts being separated by the hand. But both mosses and lichens, as they can at any future time be expanded by damping, may be dried by the traveller without pressure, and put up, either each species separately, or several together, in small canvas or paper bags, carefully marking the place of growth, and the date when gathered.

If the fruits of plants are of a small size, so as to be preserved in a herbarium, they should be gathered with the leaves and branches as are the flowers; if of a large size, they should be kept separate.

Dry fruits demand no care, except that those which split into valves should be tied round with a little packthread.

Pulpy fruits are only to be preserved in spirits, or in pyroligneous acid, diluted in the proportion of eight parts of water to one of the concentrated acid. In all cases the separate fruits, whether dry or preserved in a fluid, should have a number attached to them, refering to the flowering specimens of the plant. Seeds, whether for examination or intended to be sown, should be gathered perfectly ripe, put up in brown paper bags, and kept dry in a box.

With the specimens, fruits, and seeds, there should be slips of paper, on which are to be written the uses, native names, and general appearance of the plant, whether herbaceous, a shrub, or tree, its sensible qualities, and the colour and form of the flowers; its situation, if dry or damp, the nature of the soil, the elevation above sea level, and the date when gathered.

As soon as a sufficient number of specimens are collected, no time should be lost in transporting them to their place of destination, since, in warm climates especially, they are liable to the attacks of insects. These attacks, which are often completely destructive of the specimens, may in many cases be prevented by pitching the boxes, and by putting in them, or in each parcel, cotton dipped in petroleum, spirits of turpentine, or small pieces of camphor, and the captain of the vessel should be particularly requested to keep them in a dry or airy part of the ship.

Specimens of the woods of from six to eight inches in length, the entire round of the trunk or branch of small, and segments from centre to circumference of the larger kinds, in both cases with the bark, should also be preserved—not only of the more remarkable trees, but also of the woody climbers, which often exhibit peculiarities of structure highly interesting to the botanist.

specimens of wood are preserved, hould be marked with numbers corres- ıg with the flowering branches of the n the collection of specimens; and flowers cannot be obtained, a small ı with leaves or fruits should always be

ns, resins, and other remarkable pro- should also be collected; their uses, if ı, noted, and reference made by num- o the plants they belong to.

ful and ornamental plants would, of ², form the most important parts of such tions; but even the weeds of foreign ittle known countries, the grasses, mosses, lichens, and sea-weeds, will extremely valuable to the scientific ist.

AN ROLLERS AT ASCENSION ISLAND.

of the most interesting phenomena, ves a recent writer,) that occurs at the l of Ascension, is that of the rollers; . consist of a heavy swell producing a surf on the leeward shores of the island, ing without any apparent cause. When tranquil in the distance, and the sea- ı scarcely ripples the surface of the a high swelling wave is suddenly ob- l rolling towards the island. At first pears to move slowly forward, till at ı it breaks on the outer reefs. The then increases, wave urges on wave, it reaches the beach, where it bursts tremendous fury. The rollers now set l augment in violence, until they attain ific and awful grandeur, affording a ificent sight to the spectator. A tower- ıa rolls forward on the island, like a vast of waters, threatening, as it were, to pe it; pile on pile succeeds with resist- orce, until, meeting with the rushing : from the shore beneath, they rise like l, and are dashed with impetuous fury e long line of coast, producing a stun- noise. The beach is now mantled over foam, the mighty waters sweep over the and even the houses of George Town haken by the fury of the waves. But rincipal beauty of the scene consists in ntinuous ridge of water, crested on its iit with foam and spray; for, as the blows off the shore, the over-arching f the wave meets resistance, and is car- back against the curl of the swell, as it furiously onward, which gives it the rance of a bending plume, while, to o its beauty, the sunbeams are reflected it in all the varied tints of the rainbow.

W. G. C.

SAGACITY OF THE OSTRICH.

commonly supposed that the ostrich is a stupid bird, that when hard pressed it conceals its head in a bush, and because it cannot see the hunters it imagines they cannot see it, that it is careless about its eggs, &c.; but it appeared to me that the ostrich has quite as much intelligence, and, with the exception of leaving its eggs for some hours, in the heat of the day, for the purpose of feeding—has as much care for its offspring as others of the feathered tribe. What befell Elliot about this time proves all this.

One evening he came to me with his face flushed, and out of breath. "What's the matter now?"

"Sir, I've had such a chase after a sick ostrich, and the beast got away from me after all, sir—it got out of a bush, and ran off, lame of a leg, and with it's wings flapping, for it was mortal sick or badly wounded. I did not stop to fire till I got close to it; two of the dogs and myself chased it to make sure of it—it lay down sometimes, and the dogs could make no hand of it; then it got up again, but so bad was it, that I thought it would tumble over and break its long neck every minute; but I ran three miles after the thief of the world, and it bothered me entirely."

I told him it must have been playing the same trick which partridges practice at home when they have eggs or young, viz., going off as if crippled to allure the foot of the stranger from their charge. But Elliot maintained that the ostrich was sick or wounded, and could not help its limping off; till Henrick the hunter came up, carrying half a dozen eggs, and reported he had shot the ostrich which we were talking about.

"I saw it start," said he, "and Elliot after it; I looked about and found its nest with fifteen eggs in it; as it was near sundown, I knew it would soon come back to the nest after decoying Elliot to a distance, so I made a screen of bushes near the nest. I sat down behind it for half an hour, and shot the ostrich on the eggs."—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

The Gatherer.

Stained and Painted Glass.—Great, sublime, and beautiful was the accession to architecture by the glass of many colours, which intercepted not only the light of heaven, as it pierced through the windows, but cast upon the painted surface of the walls a rich variety of tints, so admirably in unison with the glazed floor and high, uplifted roof. Gothic tracery had, about the reign of Edward III., reached its zenith of excellence; and, at this period, the architects bestowed much care, as well in designing their windows, as in depicting subjects on them. They were divided by mullions, and finished in their heads by segments of circles and rosettes; in which there were ele-

gance of form and graceful flow of outline. In the divisions produced by its ramifications, escutcheons, or coats of arms, were diapered in their proper colours, and mosaics, foliage, and grotesques, on a ruby or other ground. The vertical compartments were generally filled with the figure of a prophet, patriarch, king, or ecclesiastic of the higher orders, shrouded in a niche, beneath a canopy; while a pedestal, or the armorial bearings of each, occupied the space below; the whole being bordered by roses, fleurs-de-lis, oak or vine leaves.*

The exact period when stained-glass was first introduced into the houses of kings and nobles is uncertain. Our morning star, Chaucer, in his *Drime*, v. 312, describes the story of the siege of Troy, as painted on the windows of his own house; and from this we may infer, that such embellishments were not confined to ecclesiastical edifices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But we have an authority which removes all doubt, if any exists, on this point. Le Noir informs us, that Charles V. of France, who lived in the time of Chaucer, ornamented not only his chapels, but the apartments in his castles, with stained glass.—In the year 1405, the great east-window in York Minster was executed by Thornton, of Coventry, which he was to finish in less than three years. For his own work he received 4*s.* a week; and the glass, which he supplied, cost 1*s.* a square superficial foot, before it was formed into figures and put up.†—*Architectural Magazine.*

Labour.—It is to labour, and to labour only, that man owes every thing possessed of exchangeable value. Labour is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.

Death of General Wolfe.—It is related of this distinguished officer, that his death-wound was not received by the common chance of war. Wolfe perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms, (an act against which he had given particular orders,) and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprehended the aggressor with much warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant, that he deserted to the enemy, where he meditated the means of destroying the general. Being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, he aimed at his old commander with his rifle, and effected his deadly purpose.

A Long Lie.—Mr. Twiss, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?"—"About ten yards," said Twiss. —"This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

A New Microscope.—Some seiners at New-quay, a few days since, having taken a gurnet, pulled out its eye, and on looking through it at a proper focus, found that it magnified in a very high degree, insomuch that a flee looked as large as a small pig! This is deserving of the attention of the curious in optics.—*Devonport Telegraph.*

The following touching incident, relating to the trial of a mulatto girl, who wished her mistress to *love* her, appeared a short time since in an American paper:—A poor mulatto girl, a slave, has been recently tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder upon a dish of oysters, which made some members of the family sick. It came out in the course of the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design; for, on the powder being analyzed, it was found not to be poisonous; and, at the same time it was stated that the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love-powder, had sprinkled it upon the food, in order to make her mistress love her. W. G. C.

The following account of the number of printed volumes, existing in the public libraries of the undermentioned towns in the south of France, appeared a short time since in a French journal:—Bourdeaux, 120,000; Toulouse, 66,000; Agen, 55,000; Nismes, 30,000; Pau, 15,000; Perpignan, 14,000; Alby, 12,000; Mon. de-Marsan, 12,000; Foix et Pamjers, 11,500; Carcassone, 10,400; Mantauban, 10,000; Tarbes, 10,000; Auch, 7,700; Villeneuve les Avignon, 7,250; Montpelier, 7,000; Beziers, 4,300; Libourne, 4,100; Alais, 3,300; Privas, 2,000. W. G. C.

* Such as these are etched and coloured in Carter's *Ancient Painting and Sculpture*, vol: ii.

† This window is engraved in Drake's *Eboracum; or, the History and Antiquities of the City of York*: folio, 1736. The upper part is a piece of elaborate tracery, filled with whole-length figures and portraits; the rest is divided into squares, which take in almost the whole history of the *Bible*.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

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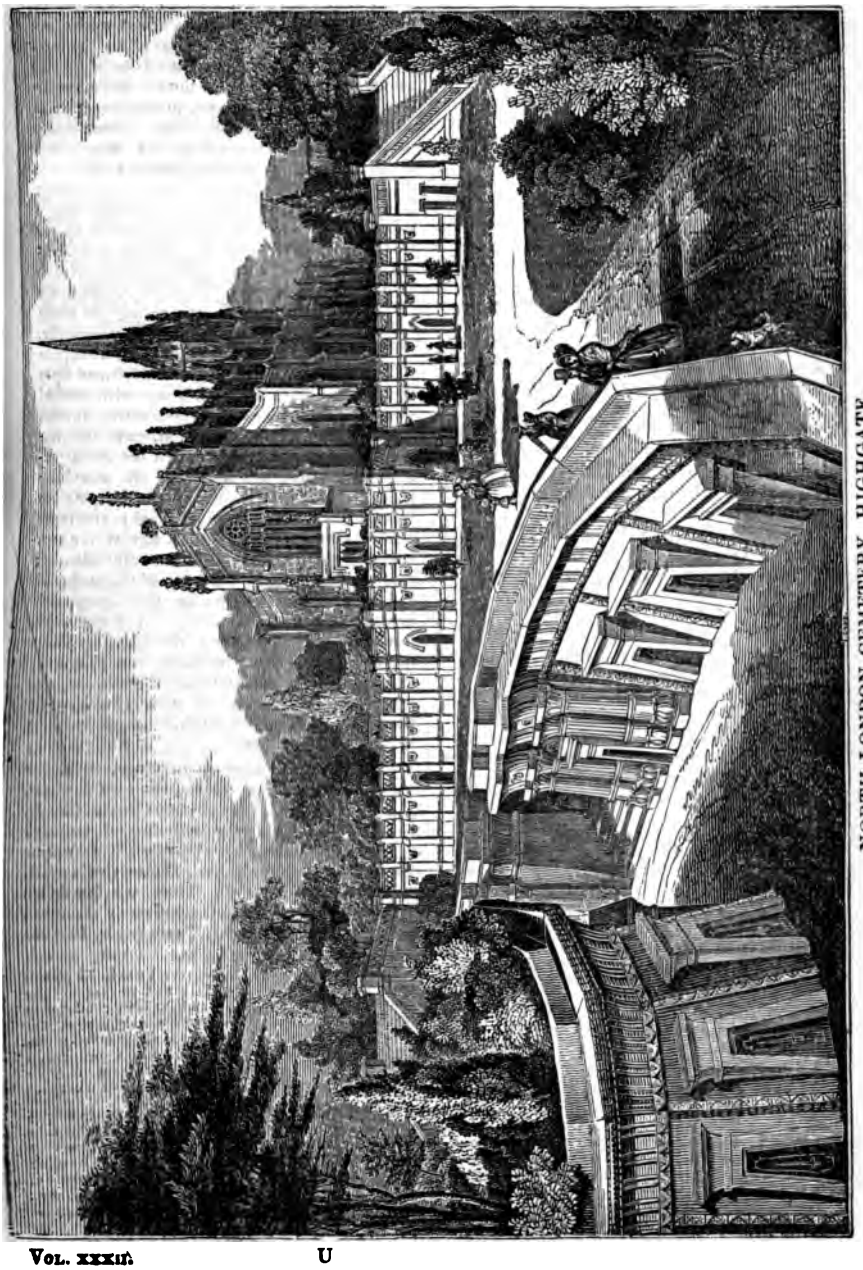

NORTH LONDON CEMETERY, HIGHGATE.

NORTH LONDON CEMETERY.

THE LEBANON CATACOMBS, TERRACE, AND SEPULCHRES.

In the 912th number of the *Mirror*, we gave a view of the buildings erected at the entrance to the North London Cemetery at Highgate, from Swain's Lane: this lane runs at the base of that part of Highgate Hill known by the name of Traitor's Hill, from being the rendezvous of the associates of Guy Faux; it was upon this spot that the conspirators anxiously awaited the expected explosion on the 5th of November, 1605.

We advise parties that go to view the cemetery, to enter it from Swain's Lane; the varied beauties of this sepulchral garden will be gradually developed as they advance. We have before stated that the cemetery* ground at present enclosed, does not exceed twenty acres; but, by the artist-like arrangement of the landscape gardener, Mr. Ramsey, they are so disposed, that they have the appearance of being thrice that extent; this effect is produced by circuitous roads, winding about the acclivity, not only making the ascent more gradual, but greatly increasing the distance. In addition to the carriage-road, the foot-paths in all directions circle round the numerous plantations and flower-beds; and when interspersed with elegant monuments, the eye will luxuriate on such a variety of objects, placed apart from each other, that it is impossible for the spectators to suppose they are walking on so limited an extent of ground. About half way up the hill, a totally different scene presents itself: the roads gradually descend to the entrance of a tunnel, called the *Egyptian Avenue;* the engraving (page 292) gives an accurate idea of the buildings at the entrance of the avenue. The angular aperture, with the heavy cornice, embellished with the flying serpent, and other oriental ornaments; the Egyptian pillars, and the well-proportioned obelisks that rise gracefully on each side of the entrance, recalls to the imagination the sepulchral temples at Thebes, described by Belzoni. The solemn grandeur of this portion of the cemetery is much heightened by the gloomy appearance of the avenue, which is one hundred feet long; but, as the road leading through it is a gentle ascent, the perspective effect makes it appear a much greater length. There are eight square apartments, lined with stone, on each side of the avenue; these sepulchres are furnished with stone shelves, rising one above the other on three sides of the sepulchre, capable of containing twelve coffins,† in addition to those which could be placed upon the floor. The doors of the sepulchres are of cast iron, they are ornamented with a funeral device of an inverted torch. At the termination of the avenue we enter a circular road five hundred feet in circumference; on each side of the road are sepulchres similar to those already described; the inner circle forms a large building, flat at the top, which is planted with flowers and shrubs; from the midst rises the magnificent cedar of Lebanon. The engraving preceding this account will give a better idea of the circular rows of sepulchres, and the garden above them, than could be conveyed by the most elaborate verbal description: the avenue, the sepulchres in the circles, with the elegant flights of steps leading to the upper ground of the cemetery, form a mass of building in the Egyptian style of architecture, that, for extent and grandeur, is unequaled in Europe.

The lower part of the grounds are striking, from their beauty of situation and tasteful arrangement; but the view of the upper plantations, on ascending from the sepulchre, is still more so. Here we have an architectural display of another character: a long range of catacombs,‡ entered by Gothic

* The most ancient cemetery we are acquainted with, and perhaps the largest in the world, is that of Memphis; and of all the ancient burial places, no one conforms so nearly to modern ideas of cemeteries, as that of Arles. In the early ages of Christianity, the cemeteries were established without the cities, and upon the high roads, and dead bodies were prohibited from being brought into the churches; but this was afterwards abrogated by the Emperor Leo. The early Christians celebrated their religious rites in the cemeteries, upon the tombs of their martyrs. It was also in cemeteries that they built the first churches, of which the subterranean parts were catacombs. Naples and Pisa have cemeteries, which may be regarded as models, not only for good order and convenience, but for the cultivation of the arts and the interest of humanity. That in Naples is composed of a large enclosure, having three hundred and sixty-five openings or sepulchres, answering to the days of the year, symmetrically arranged. The *campo-santo*, or cemetery of Pisa, is on every account worthy of attention. As a work of art, it is one of the first in which the classical style of architecture began to be revived in modern Europe. It was constructed by John of Pisa, being projected by Ubaldo, archbishop of Pisa, in 1200. The length of this cemetery is about four hundred and ninety feet, its width one hundred and seventy, height sixty, and its form rectangular. It contains fifty ships' freights of earth from Jerusalem, brought hither in 1288. The whole of the edifice is constructed of white marble. The galleries are ornamented with various specimens of early painting. Fine antique sarcophagi ornament the whole circumference, raised upon consoles, and placed upon a surbase, breast high. The Turks plant odoriferous shrubs in their cemeteries, which spread a salubrious fragrance, and purify the air. This custom is practised also in the Middlebourg and Society Islands.

† We do not find coffins in general use in England, until the reign of Henry III.; and for some time before this period they seem to have been confined to people of high rank. In the more early period, the body of the deceased was carried to the place of interment on the shoulders of the mourners, or upon a sledge or car; and commonly the remains were deposited in the grave without the protection of a coffin.

‡ Catacombs (κατακοιμαμαι, to cause to sleep) are found in most parts of the world. The catacombs of Rome, at a short distance from the city, are very extensive, and have evidently been used as burying places and as places of worship. The catacombs of Naples are cut under the hill called Cpo di Monte: the entrance into them is rendered horrible by a vast

doorways, and ornamented with buttresses, the whole surmounted with an elegant pierced parapet. Above the catacombs is a noble terrace, which communicates with the centre ground by an inclined plane, and a flight of steps. The view from this terrace, on a clear day, is extensive and beautiful: the foreground is formed by the cemetery gardens, and the pleasure grounds of the suburban villas, beyond which are seen the spires, domes, and towers of the great metropolis, backed by the graceful sweep of the Surrey hills.

Persons acquainted with Highgate, are aware than an elegant church has recently been erected on the top of Highgate Hill. It is a chaste Gothic building, from designs of Mr. L. Vulliamy, and as a contemporary writer justly remarks, "it is impossible to imagine a more beautiful site than that chosen for the church, or a style of building better adapted to the situation." A glance at the engraving before referred to, will shew how excellently Mr. Geary has availed himself of the contiguity of this beautiful structure, by forming the terrace and Gothic catacombs immediately beneath it; and thus the church becomes one of the grandest ornaments of the cemetery.

The whole of the buildings, plantations, &c., of the North London Cemetery are completed, and will shortly be consecrated. We understand that the company intend commencing cemeteries in the eastern and southern parts of the metropolis, of fifty acres each; and if the architect, Mr. Geary, and the landscape gardener, Mr. Ramsey, perform their several works with as much taste, in appropriate architecture and beauty of design, as they have displayed at Highgate, they will confer additional honour on themselves, by further ornamenting the suburbs of London with those peculiarly useful and interesting establishments; and though the beauty or gloom of the place of sepulture can make no difference to the departed, it is consolatory to the minds of the survivors to be enabled to visit the tombs of relatives or friends, without being disgusted with the revolting scenes that are so continually recurring in the over-crowded and gloomy churchyards of the metropolis. N. W.

heap of skulls and bones, the remains of the victims of a plague which desolated Naples in the sixteenth century. At Palermo and at Syracuse, there are similar recesses. In the island of Malta, catacombs are found at Città Vecchia cut into the rock in which that old town stands. They occur again in the Greek islands of the Archipelago. At Milo there is a mountain completely honeycombed with them. In Egypt they occur in all parts of the country where there is rock. And in Peru, and in some other parts of South America, catacombs have been discovered.

[THE lyrical and fugitive poetry of the present day, when the genius for its production has departed, will be looked upon as one of the best and brightest features of our literature. It is entirely characteristic of the age; energetic, versatile, and often highly original; whilst it by no means is deficient in grace, harmony, pathos, and simplicity. Of such are the writings of the author* from whose recently-published work, *Landscape Lyrics*, we select the following, to our mind, exquisite and beautiful poem, entitled,

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no off-spring of the common earth,
By common breezes faun'd!

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade, or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste,)
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart—I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me
In quiet night and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends, gone far away;
Or, haply, ceas'd to be.

Together we'll commune
As lovers do, when standing all apart;
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not utter'd in vernacular words,
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights and scents and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace; inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of HIM who formed the whole.

* Wm. Anderson, Esq., author of "Poetical Aspirations." Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

We sat down and bitterly wept
By Babylon's dark-frowning stream;
But the wave rippled heedlessly on,
And Sion became as a dream.

On the willows in sympathy drooping
Our harps we neglectingly hung;
To silence deep gloom next succeeded,
All hush'd are both aged and young.

How reckless, how cruelly lost
To the agonix'd look of despair,
Was the foe that could tauntingly shout,
Come sing, and forget every care!

The praises of God to attune
Amid aliens how shall slaves try?
On our heart's knees in silence we bend,
Through vengeance still beams mercy's eye.

O Salem! forgot be my skill
And the cunning device of my hand,
If my heart dwell not ever with thee,
Thou thrice happy, thrice favour'd land!

To memory's last fleeting hour
Will I cherish the right of my birth;
Yea, dumb may I be altogether,
If I dote on thee not in my mirth.

Forget not, O Lord, the distress
Of thine own fated city that day,
When the Edomites ruthlessly cried,
Away with thy chosen, away!

O Babylon, daughter of crime,
With misery wasted and woe;
Happy doubtless the agent of Heaven
That's destin'd to level thee low!

Yea, blessed be his uplifted hand,
For our wrongs to avenge God is nigh:
The babes shall be slain at the birth,
The mothers despair—and then die. J. D.

WATER.

By W. T. Moncrieff.

Give me the stream—the clear—the bright—
The cool—the chaste—the pure—the free!
The stream that seeks and loves the light,
And with the earth shares sovereignty.
Give me the drink that Beauty takes,
That seeks the sands to cheer the faint,
With which its thirst Devotion slakes,
That springs from rocks to bless the saint.
Water, water, give to me!
Water shall my nectar be.

O if I'd a divining rod,
To know where the stream runs hid below,
I'd rival Bacchus—the jolly god—
And a banquet make that should ever flow.
Give me the drink that comes from the sky,
That takes half the earth to form its cup,
The drink which heaven exhales on high,
The stream which the glorious sun drinks up.
Water, water, still give me!
Water shall my nectar be.

Water from coldness kindly shrinks,
And hardens itself against winter's rage;—
The grape but maddens the fool that drinks,
And gives the thirst it should assuage.
Water will bear us on its breast;
It yields the diamond its radiance bright:
Its murmurs lull us into rest—
It is a fountain of delight!
Water, water, then, give me!
Water shall my nectar be.

Old Monthly Magazine.

(THE EGYPTIAN AVENUE.)

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. V.

(For the Mirror.)

SHAKSPEARE'S genius was indeed illimitable and fathomless. He was a prodigy "beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame." He was the magician who kindled the dormant energies of the age he lived in; inspired the noble; humanized the savage. In his historical characters he reflected the past; and in many of his portraitures we have graphic pictures of the existing manners of his own times. Indeed, it is observable, that in delineating some of them, from a desire to be faithful to his task, he stooped to the taste of the age; the penalty paid for popular favour; and to this may be traced much of the false wit and low comic dialogue, which have been justly considered as the darkest spots of observation on the disc of this, our greatest intellectual luminary. But when Shakspeare ascended from the low realities of existing life, and his imagination was allowed, not only to select its materials, but to fashion them in its own mould, then shone forth the *Prince of Dramatic Poets!* Combinations were formed, which, for consistency with the fundamental principles of mind; for grandeur and elevation; for profound pathos; for originality and complete unity; have no parallel amongst the creations of human genius. Such were his Othello, his Lear, his Macbeth, his Desdemona, and his Juliet. The world in which we live and move, was too circumscribed for his gigantic soul. His genius exhausted worlds and then imagined new. He called into his aid the superstitions of his own and past ages. He made the sheeted dead

"To squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"

in augury of the fatal "ides of March." The beldames,

"So wither'd and so wild in their attire,"

meet Macbeth on the blasted heath, amid the conflict of the elements, and prophecy in sybilline words his future destiny. The monstrous Caliban and the celestial Ariel are conjoined in the same play, as if to show how the majesty of his genius could sport with the most incongruous materials. Nay, in very wantonness, he gives Bottom the Weaver an ass's head, and makes him partial "to thistles and bottled hay."

What should we do, if called upon in this work to analize his genius? Our imagination must, like his own Puck, belt the globe; taking the glowing impress from every scene of life, every state of society, and every modification of character. Is it melancholy that depresses?—look at "the dejected" Hamlet; Does rage infuriate?—stand forth Richard, "that bloody and devouring boar;"—Othello bodies forth the "jealous are damned:" Romeo hoists the high top-gallant of romantic love; and Shylock gloats in the anticipation of a sanguinary revenge. "In every stroke," as Hazlitt says, "the stroke, like the lightning's, is as sure as it is sudden." Our task would be a hopeless one, but that there are many degrees between conveying a complete idea of a thing and no idea at all. Refer to

"The Jew
That Shakspeare drew,"

in his remonstrances on the Rialto to Antonio, the Merchant of Venice—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
On the Rialto you have rate me
About my monies and my usances," &c.*

Now transfer yourselves to that remarkable scene "in the witching hour of night," in which a virtuous and indignant son sits down as the stern monitor of a guilty parent; and rings such a knell in her ears, as makes her stand aghast at her own infamy. I allude to the closet scene in Hamlet. The language of strong emotion when he addresses his mother's feelings, and endeavours to impart in her some portion of that indignation with which he himself is inflamed—

"Now mother,—what's the matter," &c.

Then for a finished portrait, as he starts into life in all the hugeness of his enterprise; and the deformity of his purpose as well as his person; the crook-backed Richard—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer," &c.

Take his brother in ambition, that union of contrarieties, the "fiend of Scotland," yet "full of the milk of human kindness;" a "coward" and "valourous minion;" weak and abandoned in his moral character, great in his personal:—Take him at the close of his sanguinary career, when perplexed with the deceitful oracles which assure him of safety; and the net which closes round his destiny; resolute in opinion, according to the prediction of the hags, that

"Macbeth should never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Should come against him;"

And determined to be "bloody, bold, and resolute"—the bubble of his hope bursts; and the fiend mocks his desolation. He falls like a giant, however.

"My Lord, as I did stand my watch upon the hill,
Methought the wood began to move!" &c.

Turn from these to the "insulted majesty of buried Denmark:" to the kingly spirit let loose for an hour in the night season, from its purgatorial fires, to "revisit again the glimpses of the moon:—to Richard, in the remorse of his soul, clutching his sword in his dreams:—to the imaginative vision of Clarence:—and we must be made aware then that Shakspeare was, indeed, "a master of fence, cunning at all weapons:" that his province was equally in the minute and pleasing,

* The reader is referred to the plays themselves, as most of the passages quoted are well known.

and in the vast and terrific; that when dealing in human agencies, he could probe to the bottom of the soul of man; and that when he gave wings to his imagination, he could become, as it were, a denizen of the world of spirits. His plays have been the admiration of past ages; are the delight of the present; and

"To ages yet unborn appeal.
And latest times th' eternal nature feel."

H. I.

The Public Journals.

ON TEE-TOTALISM.

(From the "Recollections of our last Parish Minister," in "Fraser's Magazine," Nov. 1838.)

"TEE-TOTALISM," said our parish minister, "means entire abstinence from every article on butcher's stall or in baker's shop, of eatables or drinkables, in ocean, earth, or air, of fowl, fish, or flesh, out of which, by roasting, broiling, baking, boiling, distilling, or squeezing, alcohol can be extracted—or, to speak less chemically, in which, by telescope or microscope, or spectacles or smell, or taste or touch, whisky can be detected. In an hour of happy and pure philanthropy, the tee-totalers entered into a solemn league and covenant, to hunt whisky, from swipes up to cogniac, out of existence.

"Mr. James presents himself as a solid specimen of tee-totalism. If superficial admeasurement and solid diagonal contents are criteria of excellence, he of the Brummagem Tee-total Institute is a powerful argument. His back requires two and a half yards of broad cloth to cover it. He has written the *Church Member's Guide*; out of which, however, let me remark, if all the fiery spirit were extracted, there would be a residuum of dry and mouldering matter only. He has preached and speechified against church and state for years. Mr. James is an F.S.T.T. Such are the fruits of tee-totalism. So much alarmed have the learned tee-totallers become at the existence and encroachments of 'spirits, blue and gray,' that they originated a new bread-manufactory, according to which bread, without any spirit left in it, was to be baked daily. The alcohol is to be caught as it evaporates; and the loaves, thus disfranchised, are to be sold with the seal and sanction of the honourable Society of Tee-totaliers. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of this joint-stock concern, an antagonist baker, who has not enrolled his name in the bright catalogue of tee-totallers, has commenced business in the pistorial line on the opposite side of the street, and sported the sign-board, 'BREAD SOLD HERE WITH THE GIN IN IT.' The result was, he becomes rich, and the company become precisely the reverse.

"The institute of tee-totalism arose from a very small beginning, like the epic of the blind Homer, and other great works. An old Scotchman, terribly addicted to collecting mountain-dew, and depositing it in its usual receptacle, was tempted, by an 'eloquent and impressive speech,' at a meeting of the Temperance Society—which is a sort of popish edition of the tee-total, admitting of indulgences and venial trespasses—to enrol his name among the abstemious fraternity. For six months he successfully waged war with the subtle spirit, making amends by copious ale and Dublin stout libations for his abstinence from whisky. One night, after having absorbed more than the usual quantity of heavy wet, he was passing through the turnpike-gate, not altogether in a rectilinear direction: 'Thomas,' exclaimed the toll-keeper, who was also a whisky-seller, 'will ye no tak' a gill wi' your auld neebor the nicht?' 'I hae joined,' was the magnanimous reply. 'Joined!' said the toll-man; 'that's no to gar ye gie up freenship an' auld lang syne. Thae temperance societies are nae for sober honest chiels, like you and me.' 'I've joined,' was the reply again. 'But surely ye're nae the same sonsie frien' ye ance were. Will ye no drink, at least, to the success o' the temperance cause?' Thomas was overcome, partly by this logic, and partly by the ale-stimulus already far beyond zero. He tasted the 'barley bree;' and such was the power of early habit, that he could not desist till he was 'blin fou.' He hied homeward in a zigzag line for some miles, but at last sat down, and in a few minutes stowed himself away in a ditch by the road side. About an hour afterwards, the minister of the parish, who had also the honour of being president of the Local Auxiliary of the Temperance Society, happened to pass by in his gig, that great mark of earthly respectability. Hearing the groans of a fellow-creature proceeding from the ditch, he approached the spot, and inquired earnestly, 'Wha's there?' 'I'm Thamas Petrie, o' Patie's Mill, a member of the glorious Temperance Society. Here's anither mutchkin to the guid cause!' 'Thamas, ya're a disgrace to the temperance cause! I say, Thamas, ye're a disgrace to the cause!' 'It's o' nae use,' cried Thomas, 'unless ye sew up my mou.'"

SNUFF-TAKING.

"SNUFF," said the parish-minister, "must be put on other ground. It never intoxicates—it never steals away the senses. Its orthodoxy depends on its influence on the physical system. But it always struck me that, if it had been the design of our Creator that we should be snuff-takers or tobacco-smokers, the nose would have been inverted. Thus the snuff would have been poured in at

perture, and descended amid its result-
titillations, vibrations, &c.; and the
e emanating from its appropriate chim-
ot, the mouth, would have curled up-
along the inclined plane presented by
ose. At present, the situation of the
menaces a repulsive rather than attrac-
gency, and must present a formidable
cle to the ascension of smoke, &c. from
rifice below. These are my reasons
st snuff and tobacco."

lide a wee," retorted the elder: "ex-
ace is allooed, even by your reverence,
a mighty argument. I fin' snuff,
ghout a' its nomenclature, to be a mar-
is agent. I carena what kin', sa as it
id. Black or brown rappee, Gillespie,
blackguard, Welsh, Strasburgh, Hard-
37, or any other name that smells as
, they all have all amazin' restorative
rs."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

DESCRIPTION OF HERAT, IN EASTERN PERSIA.

n all probability, the above city will
y become the scene of stirring events,
em no apology necessary for presenting
story to our readers.

rat forms a distinct government, and is
le subjection to the general sway of the
ry, known by the appellation of Affgha-
, or Eastern Persia. It is one of the
renowned cities in the east, being the
at Aria, or Artacoana, and capital of
a. It was formerly called Heri, and
its name to an extensive province in the
of Alexander. It was long the capital
imerlane's empire. It has a spacious
magnificent mosque, and is surrounded
road ditch. It is situated in a spacious
surrounded on all sides by lofty moun-

This plain, which is thirty miles in
, and about fifteen in breadth, owes its
ly to the Herirood, which runs through
ntre of it, being highly cultivated, and
d with villages and gardens.

e city embraces an area of four square
, and is encircled with a lofty wall and
itch. The citadel is in the northern
and is a small square castle, elevated on
nd, flanked with towers at the angles,
uild of burnt brick. The city has a
in each face, and two in that which
the north; and from each gate a spa-
and well-supplied bazaar leads up
is the centre of the town. The princi-
rest, from the south gate to the cattle-
it opposite the citadel, is covered with a
d roof. Herat is admirably supplied
water, almost every house having a
ain, independent of the public ones on
side of the bazaars. The residence of
ince is, in appearance, a very mean
building; a common gateway is all that is seen of it; within which is a wretched house, and in its front an open square, with the gallows in its centre. The Mesghed Jama, or chief mosque, was once a noble edifice, enclosing an area of 800 square yards; but, having been much neglected, is now falling into decay. This fortunately, however, can not be said of the other buildings of Herat; and no city, perhaps, in the east, has so little ground unoccupied. It is computed to contain 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 are Patans; the remainder are Afghans, a few Jews, and 600 Hindoos. The latter are here highly respected, and alone possess capital or credit. The Government is not insensible of their value, and, in consequence of their great commercial concerns, the Hindoos enjoy a distinguished influence. Herat, from its extensive trade, has obtained the appellation of *bundar*, or port. It is the emporium of the commerce carried on between Cabul, Kashmere, Bockhara, Hindostan, and Persia. From the former they received shawls, indigo, sugar, chintz, muslin, leather, and Tartary skins, which they export to Meshed, Yezd, Kerman, Ispahan, and Tehraun, receiving in return chiefly dollars, tea, chinaware, broad-cloth, copper, pepper, and sugar-candy; dates and shawls from Kerman, and carpets from Ghaen. The staple commodities of Herat are silk, saffron, and assafœtida, which are exported to Hindostan. The gardens are full of mulberry-trees, cultivated solely for the sake of the silkworm; and the plains and hills near the city, particularly those to the westward, produce assafœtida. The Hindoos and Bilouches are fond of this plant, which they eat by roasting the stem in the ashes, and stewing the heads of it like other greens. The winters at Herat are, at times, extremely severe, and the cold often proves most hurtful to the crops; but nothing can exceed the fertility of the plain, the produce of which is immense, as well in wheat and barley, as in every kind of fruit known in Persia. The pistachio tree grows wild in the hills, and the pine is common in the plains. Cattle are small, and far from plentiful; but the broad-tailed sheep are abundant, and fuel, though brought from a distance, not dear. The revenue of the city is estimated at four lacs and a half of rupees; and is raised by a tax levied on the caravanseras, shops, gardens, and a duty on exports and imports. The government is in the hands of Prince Hadjy Firoose, son of the late Ahmed Shah, King of Cabul, who pays a tribute to his Persian Majesty, of 50,000 rupees a-year. Herat is in latitude 34 12 N., longitude 63 14 E."

The Naturalist.

BOTANY--No. VI.

Roots of Plants.

The root of a plant has a natural tendency to direct itself towards the centre of the earth. It is at the moment the embryo begins to germinate, (sending a *radicle* downwards, and a *plumula* upwards,) that this tendency is particularly observed; but it always exists; and is best seen in simple roots, and in tap-roots (such as the carrot); for it does not apply to the *lateral branches* of roots. The force of this tendency in the roots, is seen in the pains and power it exhibits in surrounding obstacles. Thus, if a bean which has begun to germinate, be placed on the ground, the wrong side upwards,—that is, with the root in the air, and pointing upwards—the latter will soon bend downwards, and enter the ground. In explanation of this phenomenon it has been said, that the fluids contained in the root are less elaborated, and consequently *heavier* than those of the stem; and that this greater weight drags the root downward. But in some exotic plants, roots are formed on the stem, at a great height from the ground; and the fluids circulating in them, are the same as those of the stem; and yet, instead of rising like the latter, they descend at once to the ground, and bury themselves in it. Others have ascribed this tendency to the avidity of the root for moisture, which is more abundant in the earth than in the atmosphere; but Duhamel caused seeds to germinate between two moist sponges, suspended in the air; when the roots, instead of inclining towards the wet sponges, crept between them, and hung out below—thus tending towards the earth.

In order to ascertain whether it was the *mould* that attracted the root, Dutrochet took a box, with holes in its bottom, filled it with earth, and suspended it in the air, several feet from the ground. In the holes he placed two beans; so that they had air and light *below*, and moist earth *above*. Here, however, the stems did not develop themselves in the atmosphere, and the roots in the earth; but the former shot up into the mould, and the latter descended into the air, and soon withered.

With a view of ascertaining how far rapid motion would interfere with this tendency, Mr. Knight, (a celebrated English botanist,) placed some beans, imbedded in moss, in a trough in the circumference of a wheel, moved by a stream of water; and revolving, in a vertical direction, a hundred and fifty times in a minute. The roots of the seeds all directed themselves towards the *circumference* of the wheel, and the stems toward the *centre*. He then made a similar experiment with a wheel revolving *horizontally*, two hundred and fifty times in a minute. Here the radicles directed themselves *outwards*, towards the circumference of the wheel, but with an inclination of ten degrees *downwards* towards the earth; the stems taking a precisely opposite direction. Here we see the marked effect of the centrifugal force; for it took away *eight-ninths* (leaving only ten degrees out of ninety) of the tendency of the root to descend towards the ground; but it also shows how strong that tendency must be, to enable it to resist, even in the slightest degree, the centrifugal force generated by so rapid a revolution of the wheel. When Dutrochet repeated this experiment, this force was overcome still more;—the roots descending almost perpendicularly. In the first of these experiments, (with the *vertical* wheel), it is a remarkable circumstance that the *stems* should have been able completely to counteract the centrifugal force, and to direct themselves towards the *centre* of the wheel.

Parasitic plants in general, and the mistletoe in particular, appear to be exceptions to the general law we have mentioned. The mistletoe shoots out its root in any direction in which it may chance to be placed; for if placed on the *upper* side of a branch, its radicle is directed *downwards;* but if on the *under* side, it is directed *upwards;* while if placed on the *side* of a branch, the root is directed *laterally*. If a seed of the mistletoe be attached to a piece of glass placed over a dark surface, the radicle always directs itself to the side opposite to that from which the light comes. The seed of this peculiar plant is enveloped in a kind of vegetable glue, from which it receives its first nourishment when germinating. It will grow, not only on wood, (dead as well as living,) but also on stones, iron, &c. Dutrochet made it germinate on a cannon-ball; and he found that the direction of its radicle was always towards the centre of the body on which the seed was placed. Hence the radicle seems to be attracted by the mass of the body (whatever it may be) on which the plant grows. Dutrochet placed a germinating seed of mistletoe on one end of a needle, mounted in the centre on a pivot, (like the needle of the mariner's compass), balancing it by a little ball of wax on the other end of the needle. He then placed a little board near the seed, on one side; and covered the whole with a glass receiver, for the sake of protection. At the end of five days, the radicle was found inclined towards the board, although no change had taken place in the position of the needle, though so very moveable; and in two days more the radicle had reached the board, without the needle having moved.

Stems of Plants.

It is not always easy to tell the difference between the stem and the root. Sometimes

the stem is drawn underground, and looks like a root; as in the primrose. It has generally a tendency to rise into the light;—the contrary of the tendency of the root; though we found that in the experiment of the box of mould with holes at the bottom, the stem rose into *darkness*, when it was farther from the centre of the earth. Spiral vessels and pith are found in the stem, and not in the root. The stem is defined by Linnæus, to be that part of the plant which supports the leaves and flowers. All plants which have vessels, have also a stem; though (as in the primrose) it is not always apparent. It is sometimes horizontal, instead of perpendicular; and runs under ground, like a root. These underground stems, if in a marshy soil, become fibrous, like the roots of plants in sand. In connexion with this subject, we may mention, that if a large tree be growing near a river, and its root reach the stream, it throws out a complicated mesh of fibres in the stream; called, by the French, "a fox's tail."

If a tree be growing on ground which is not horizontal, (as when it grows on the side of a hill,) the stem is not perpendicular to the ground, but to the horizon. But the direction of its roots is altered; for they tend inwards towards the hill; and as the number of trees on a given space, depends on the number of roots that can be accommodated, more trees can grow on a hill than could grow on the space it occupies, if it were removed;—that is (in technical language) on the area of its base. This fact has been disputed; but is pretty well ascertained now. It is not *universally* true, that the tendency of all stems is upwards. We have already noticed one exception in the case of underground stems; and the branches of some trees, (such as the weeping-ash, and weeping horse-chestnut,) take a downward direction, from the time of their first development. The branches of willow, birch, &c. also incline downwards; but that is from the combined influence of their length and slenderness.

As the main trunk of the *root*, in many plants, is not much extended *downwards*, so there are many plants the *stem* of which is not much developed *upwards*; for the leaves and flower-stalk appear to spring immediately from the crown of the root. Such plants are called "stemless;" but they are not really so, although the stem is reduced to a mere flattened disk. Sometimes it assumes a bulbous form, as in the cyclamens; in which the leaves and flowers rise from a woody mass, which is really the stem. An *herbaceous* stem is that which continues soft, and lasts only for a short time; dying soon after the flower has bloomed, and the seeds have ripened. It is most common among annuals and biennials; but is also found among perennials. Stems are called *woody*, when they continue to increase for several years: they are confined to shrubs and trees; the distinction between which is, that shrubs have many stems, rising from the surface of the ground; while trees possess one main trunk, which branches or not, according to its nature. An "undershrub" has branches which are partly woody, and partly herbaceous; so that only a portion dies away every year. Sage, rue, and thyme are of this description. There are also *succulent* stems; which are so named from their abounding with cellular tissue, which often retains its juices for several years, without hardening into wood. A good deal is done in the way of altering the form of the stem, by the mode of cultivation. Thus, the dwarf elm, and the box, are, by frequent clipping, made to answer the purpose of borders in our gardens; but they are of the same species as the *common* elm and box; the trunks of which grow to so great a size; so that here, by management, a large tree is converted into a diminutive shrub. Some stems are *full*, or *solid*, (having no internal cavity,) as the sugar-cane, and the trunk of most *trees*; others are *fistulous*, or *hollow*, either throughout, or divided by partitions, as reeds and bamboos. In South America, there is a large tree which is always hollow; and which is therefore called, by the natives, *cannon-wood*. Sometimes the stem is filled with pith; as in the alder and fig.

N. R.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

By Elisa Walker.

It was a dark dreary morning in the December of 178—. The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and, amongst them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the *Place de Greve*. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows,—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal amongst the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a

human life. Fortunately in our days the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apologists are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society:—all these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had, also, the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit—both being intended for the army,—united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this, the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Aguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling *salons* of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Molière, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor, at this period, was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambilng establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a looser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of phrenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful in the desperation of the moment, of every thing but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a check for the sum required. It was duly honoured—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward,—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But it is not with him our tale has to do,—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one,—with Isabelle d'Aubigny, the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last!—When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years, which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her,—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed

over the body of Victor, Isabelle,—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern, determined woman.

* * * * * *

Isabelle d'Aubigny, after the execution of Victor, made a solemn vow to become his avenger. For this purpose, her first aim was to captivate the heart of De Biron. As the widow of Victor, she might fail in this. She was aware that De Biron was a lover of dancing; and through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Assuming the name of "La Florinda," she became the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which De Biron had retired, and made her *debut* at Naples, having accepted an engagement at "La Scala." She soon became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge bowed at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor he had never seen her, and who that listened to the music of her low soft voice, would imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the east a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the *bouquet* was steeped in the deadly essence. The nuptial rites were at length performed; and De Biron gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her. "My beautiful love looks pale!" said De Biron.—"'Tis nothing," replied Florinda, "a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favourite heliotrope is there;—take them—you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"—De Biron took the *bouquet* presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corse. A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from Florinda pealed through the church.—"It is well,—it is well! Victor, my husband, thou art revenged. Now I will join thee." Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast. The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!*

* Extracted from Friendship's Offering. (Smith and Elder.)

Anecdote Gallery.

M. DE SAINT CRICQ AND THE SMUGGLERS.

We give the following story, as illustrative of the article "Smuggling," under the head of "*Switzerland*," in a former number, in hopes that it may amuse our readers.

M. de Saint Cricq had occasion, either on public or private affairs, to travel into Switzerland, and while there, heard much of the ingenuity of the Swiss watchmakers in smuggling their workmanship over the French frontier. Monsieur, the Director, wishing to satisfy himself whether their reputation on this point had not been overrated, repaired to the house of the principal watchmaker in Geneva, and purchased watches and jewellery to the value of forty thousand francs; but on express condition that the goods should be delivered in France without paying the custom dues.—"I charge ten per cent. more for that, sir; but the articles will arrive in Paris as soon as you."—"I care not for the ten per cent.; but what guarantee am I to have?"—"Oh! the best in the world; you shall not pay for them until you arrive in Paris, and my receipt will be presented to you by one of my correspondents. Your name and address, if you please, sir."—"M. de St. Cricq, Director General of the Customs of France, Hôtel des Douanes, Paris."—"Very good, sir; you will find them at your Hotel on your arrival."—Ah! that remains to be proved, thought the Director; we shall see whether a Swiss jeweller can overreach a Director General of Customs.

M. de Saint Cricq, without a moment's delay, despatched orders to all the customs' stations on the frontiers, to exercise the most active vigilance along the line, recommending the respective officers to double and treble the patrols if necessary; and on no account to allow a living soul to pass without undergoing the strictest examination.—He then ordered post-horses, and set off with all possible speed from this land of magnificent scenery and bad roads.

As he passed the frontiers he renewed his orders with great earnestness, promising a hundred louis to the officer who should seize his jewels; and never ceased abusing the postillion till he drew up in the court of the Hôtel des Douanes.

The first care of Monsieur the Director, on alighting from his carriage, was to ascertain from the porter whether he had received any thing for him. The porter put into his hands a number of letters, petitions, and appeals, which M. de Saint Cricq thrust into his pocket, having something of greater importance than those trifles to attend to at present. He ascended to his apartment to change his dress, quite satisfied that his men had seized and confiscated his purchase on the frontiers; but, on entering his bed-chamber, the first

object that met his astonished eyes, was a handsome mahogany box, addressed to "M. de Saint Cricq, Director-General of Customs, Hôtel des Douanes, Paris."—Well! this is a most singular affair, thought M. de St. Cricq! He approached the mysterious box, turned it round and round, found the key attached to the handle—opened it, and there saw his watches and jewels tied up with blue ribbon, and a bill for 44,000 fr.—I am fairly caught, exclaimed the poor Director! what the devil * * * *

"Sir, I have the honour to wait upon you," said a tall man with a German accent, who had just entered the room; "from M——, of Geneva, to receive 44,000 fr., the value of goods purchased of him, and delivered to you—here is his receipt for the same."—"The demand is quite correct, sir; step into my office, and I will pay you; but in the meantime tell me who is the clever rascal that has defrauded the revenue by bringing this box? I only ask his name."—"I can tell you no more than that it is M. de Saint de Cricq, the Director-General of Customs. The box travelled with him—in his own carriage, and his own servants packed it with his baggage."—"I thank you, sir,—I intended to give a lesson to the smugglers; but it has cost me twenty thousand francs and two horses, besides some little mortifications. My respects to M——, of Geneva, if you please."

New Books.

LAND SHARKS AND SEA GULLS.
(*By Capt. Glascock.* Bentley.)

[The facetious and entertaining author of the "Naval Sketch Book," has, in the production of this work, added another wreath to his well-earned literary fame. It is impossible to have a more vivid and *veritable* picture of the manners and eccentricities of the sailor, than what is pourtrayed in these volumes. We must satisfy ourselves with the following extract:]

A Sailor's Confession of his Sins.

The chaplain had already entered the sick asylum. The loblolly-boy led him to the hammock of the "dying man," at the side of which had been already dropped a canvas screen. Placing a stool for the reverend gentleman, Bolus retired.

"I axes your pardon, sir," said Paul, for dragging ye so far for'ard in such a head-sea; I does indeed, Mr. Lawrence; but ye may depend on it, sir, there's never another person in the sarvus as I send for 'sides yerself," he added, offering to his pastor an awkward tender of his heated hand.

"Rather warm," said Lawrence, replacing the hand of the patient gently in his hammock. "Still," added the chaplain, "there appears to be little of fever hanging about you."

"Ah, sir, a heavier thing nor fever's a-hang-in' *here!*" sighed Paul, raising his huge, brown, weather-beaten hand to his broad brow.

"Nonsense, nonsense, man. You mus'n't indulge this depression of spirits."

"I doesn't, sir; but I well knows I could meet my fate the firmer, could I only lighten a little o' this terrible load aloft."

"Well, unburden your mind to me," said Lawrence, consolingly. "Possibly we may manage to *lighten* a little of your load."

"Bless yer comfort-talkin' tongue! I well know'd ye was never the man to refuse a helpin' hand to a feller-cretur in trouble—I was sartin ye was n't. Ah, Mr. Lawrence," he added, with increased emphasis, "there is n't a man or boy aboard, no, not even a *soger* in the ship, as would n't go—go *by*——"

"No expletives, Potter," exclaimed Lawrence, with uplifted hand, cutting short the fervid deliverance of Paul's adjuration. "I expect you will now," added the chaplain, "reveal to me, without any reserve, every circumstance connected with your troubles. Conceal nothing. Consider me your best friend."

"Well, sir, if I must reveal all, without any presarve, I thinks I can't do better than begin with the lightest first."

"Please yourself, Potter; but pray proceed."

"Well, then, first an' foremost, sir," proceeded Paul, "I wishes to ax ye, sir, if ye thinks as the heavin' a contrairry cat overboard *much* of a crime?"

"Cruelty to animals," responded the parson, endeavouring to suppress a smile, "I have ever deprecated. Indeed, I look upon it as a very hard-hearted and heinous offence."

"There it is, Mr. Lawrence. No one knows the tortur it brings to my mind at night. I sometimes thinks I feels the cretur's claws clingin' to my hot head, an' every now an' again as if she was scrapin' and scratchin' a hole in my burnin' brain."

"But pray, Potter," asked Lawrence, "what reason can you possibly assign for the commission of so cruel an act?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, sir.—I b'longs to the Phee-aton frigate at the time. She was a fancy ship, Mr. Lawrence—a reg'lar flyer. She'd think nothin' o' knockin' ye off eleven on a bowlin'. She was a man-o'-war, Mr. Lawrence. A man *was* a man in she. Every one know'd his work; and them as *worked* us know'd the business of all aboard——"

"But the cat's business?" interrupted Lawrence.

"I'm coming to that, sir. Well, sir," continued Paul, "we was comin' from foreign at the time. Was ye ever at the Cape, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No, never."

"Well, sir, we was comin' from *there* at the time; and just as we closes the chops o' the Channel, we was catched with just such another badgerin' breeze as this here thundrin' easterly wind. We was six-upon-four at the time, and terribly short o' water. The people below 'gins to growl, an look black one on the tother, an' the watch on deck hauls only half their strength, and works with a heavy heart. For twelve days an' thirteen nights, the wind keeps stiff and steady in the same parvarse, provokin' pint. In course, every one seed as a spell had got hold o' the ship. Some sot it down to the score o' this, others to the score o' that.

"At last, sir, a young feller o' the name o' Forbes determines the thing in another way. Fred was second captain o' the folksel in the starboard watch; a finer young feller ye never seed. He stood six feet two in his stockin' feet.

"Well, sir, on the twelfth night, just as they relieves the first watch, up comes Fred on the folksel. 'Still,' said Fred, lookin' to wind'ard, an' butt'ning his monkey athaut his chest, 'still this beggarly breeze! Ah!' says he, that 'thund'rin' parlee-voo puss is the cause on it all. Yes,' says he, shakin' his head, 'Crappo's cat's a-spittin' her spite;' for ye see, Mr. Lawrence, 'twas an *enemy's* cat: we gets her out of a prize, a brig as we captures homeward bound from the Isle of France. 'Come, Paul,' says Fred, fixin' on me to lend him a fist; 'come down with me,' says he, 'I'll soon settle her hash.' Well, in course, sir, 'thout ever givin' the thing as much as the turn of a thought, (an' more's the pity I did n't) down we dives together, bread-bag in hand, to the heart o' the hawser-tier. There was Crappo's cat (for the ship's corporal lends us his light,) kiled in a round kile, an' sound asleep, in the very dientical spot as Fred said she was sure to be.

"Well, sir, the moment Fred gets a grip at her neck, she flashes her eyes,—spits fire faster nor fork-light'nin',—sticks her tail on end an' strikes out with her four claws in the savagest way ever I seed with brutal beast. Howsomever, sir, we soon bundles her into the bag, brings her on deck, claps a shot in the sack, ties up the muzzle, and sends her wi' three hearty heaves flyin' over the lee-cat-head, five or six fathoms to looard o' the ship. There, now, Mr. Lawrence, ye has the whole o' the truth as far as consarns the cat," concluded Paul, turning to the parson, who had already risen from his seat, with his face hidden in his handkerchief.

"Lord love ye, Mr. Lawrence, don't leave me, yet," ejaculated Potter, thinking the parson was about to depart. "My worst troubles I've yet to tell."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; you know I said so at startin'."

"So you did. Well, proceed," said Lawrence, resuming his seat.

"Well, sir, what I wants now to know is, whether you thinks it much of a sin when a man leavin' the station, stops his lot."*

"What do you mean? I understand you not," replied Lawrence, affecting ignorance of Potter's question.

"Why, when a man's obligated to splice another in another place."

"Surely, Potter, you don't mean to insinuate that you have committed bigamy?"

"Committed what, sir?"

"Why, I trust you have not married more than one wife."

"I am sorry to say, sir, I've been obligated to splice *four* in my time."

"Four!" exclaimed the parson, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; they *would* have me, whether or no."

"Why, you must be a fancy man with the women."

"I s'pose I must, sir."

"But surely you do not mean to say that they are all living!"

"I dun know, sir; can't exactly say. In course, the one as *now* gets her lot, is well and hearty; but they tells me she in Barbadoes and the tother in Halifax are both sot up in business, and doin' well."

"Which did you marry first?"

"The creole, sir. She was as nice a craft as ever ye clapt eyes on, Mr. Lawrence. She was indeed, sir. She used to bum-boat the ship. She took a fancy to me, 'cause I used to hand her traps in and out of the boat, and listen to her coloured talk atwixt the guns on the main deck. It comed on very suddenly, sir. The thing was clinched in a crack. 'Take care of yourself, for sake of Sal,' says she, one evenin' as I sees her into the boat as takes her ashore. 'Take care, Poll,' says she, (for she always called me Poll,) givin' me a squeeze of the fist as told more nor she meant her tongue to tell. Well, sir, the next mornin' she brings me off from the shore a bran new beautiful length of black ribbon to tie my tie, shovin' into my fist, at the same time, as nice a case of combs as ever ran through the hair of man. 'Keep dat,' says she, 'for sake of Sal. Make you tink o' Sal, when ever ye combs yer hair. Ah!' says she, heavin' a heavy sigh, 'I do nothin' but tink of you, Poll, all the blessed night.' 'And,' says I, 'I does nothin' but think of you, Sal, all the blessed morn'.' 'You say so, Poll? Then both tink o' t'other.' 'So it seems, Sal,' says I. 'Well, s'pose, Poll, we tink both all the same as *one*.' 'I've no objection, Sal,' says I, 'though we makes two o' the thing; so if you thinks as I does, we'll soon clinch the

* When a seaman apportions part of his pay to his wife or family, it is termed "lotting."

concarn.' 'Nice man,' says she: 'such nice lub-locks,' says she, running her fingers through these here hanks o' hair. When a craft, Mr. Lawrence, comes to fiddle with a fellow's hair, there's nothing else for it left, but to shove the ring on her finger."

(*To be continued.*)

GLEANINGS FROM "COGITATIONS OF A VAGABOND."

[This amusing volume is written by an officer in the British army; having visited France at various periods, he here gives us his opinions of the habits, manners, and frivolities of the French people, in a lively and instructive manner.]

Never buy a Horse without seeing what is under the Saddle.

When Buonaparte made his escape from Elba, and the news reached Cork, an order came for the regiments to supply themselves with baggage horses, and we soon had an assemblage of every *rip* on four legs in the county. There was one for each company, and one for the paymaster; I had taken this duty in his absence, and had been looking out for an animal, but could not get one that I liked; in the evening, and just as the last boat was going off with horses, a fellow came galloping on a good-looking grey horse, for which he asked twenty pounds. Having ascertained that the animal had four good legs, and two ditto eyes, I began my bargain, and had brought my chap down to twelve pounds, to which he had agreed, when I desired my servant to take off the saddle. "Sure, your honour," said my horse-dealer, "it's not worth your honour's while to take the saddle off the *baste*, it's an *ould* one, and may go into the bargain, if you'll be after giving me a glass of whisky." As the boat was on the point of starting, the animal was trotted down to the beach, and I paid the money. The next morning I found out, when too late, the cause of Pat's generosity about the saddle; the gallant grey had a sit-fast near the shoulder. As, however, we had no military chest to carry, the loss was not so serious as it might have been, consisting principally of farrier's bills. It may serve as a hint to others, however they may be pressed for time, not to buy a horse without seeing what is under the saddle.

Russian Appetite.

Madame Junot says that, in the preceding year, young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to turn all standing, boots and spurs, into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite, that it was all her *maitre d'hotel* could do to keep pace with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and amongst them laid a plot to check this march of stomach, if possible. They gave the young Cossack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited with anxiety for the result. Presumption and vanity to think that any thing but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian, accustomed to the digestion of train oil, bullock's liver, and saw-dust rusks. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then woke, calling lustily for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of Madame's establishment.

Military Asylums.

The Hotel des Invalides is altogether a fine structure, and well calculated for the purpose of an asylum for a portion of the disabled and wounded men of an army; but, I must confess, in going through this building, as well as in some visits I have paid to Chelsea, I had not that sort of satisfactory feeling which many persons have expressed on the same occasion. To me there appeared a sort of monotony, of inertness, and melancholy, that pervaded both the places and their inhabitants, difficult to describe by words. The same constant, dull routine of mere animal existence, unchequered with any incident that can rouse the mind from the torpor of a life of consummate idleness; it gives a dull and stupified air to the inmates, which, I suspect, is never thrown off, except under the stimulus of wine or beer. A man has nothing to do in the world, but recollect the number of his mess, and look after his eating and drinking utensils. I went several times into the library of *les Invalides*, in search of rare military books, and never saw above two or three of the pensioners there at a time. It would appear that even reading, to those who were capable, was too great an exertion; and the *summum bonum* of life seemed to consist in basking on a bench in the sun, and turning over the gravel with the point of a stick.

I have often thought, that had I been placed in similar circumstances, and had merited a pension, how much more I should have preferred having my shilling a day to do what I liked with, and go where I pleased, to be locked up in a palace, and regularly fed, and put to bed, like an animal in a menagerie; in place of repeating a twenty times told tale to the same circle of acquaintance, or listening to theirs, to wander about in search of relations, or long lost friends settled in trade or business, and to their attentive ears give the history of a chequered life, and "fight battles o'er again."

I have no intention to depreciate the establishments of the Invalides or Chelsea, as national charities, but merely to say that they are somewhat overrated. Neither of them are capable, in time of war, of receiving one fourth, or one fifth of those who have claims on them; and I would therefore suggest, that these buildings should be devoted to those who have no friends or relations alive.

this more strictly with respect to because, previous to the measure of Mr. Wyndham, it was the only refuge disabled and worn-out men of our ut since regular pensions were fixed, le establishment might be exclusively d to those who have no other home, npletely disabled and worn-out, as to able of locomotion. As regards the dulness of these receptacles. I would partial exception in favour of Green- here, in addition to the amusement of *ng yarns,*" the pensioners have be- m a constant epitome of their former he never ceasing passage to and fro ls and craft of every description ; the on the build, rig, cut of the sails, e, and often will have, filled up many ral of time otherwise tedious.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

ig the many translations in Paris, was the ballad of Bessy Bell and Mary noted in Sir Walter Scott's works.

sy Bell and Mary Gray
ey were twa bouny lasses,
ey bigg'd themsels a bonny wee house,
d stickit it o'er wie rashes.

the Frenchman translated—"*Bessy Mary Gray etaient deux jolies filles ; battirent une petite chaumiere, et en ent les importuns.*" The rashes were umbling block, but he seemed to have a conclusion that they were rash, ome lovers ; and that stickit meant ng like thumping the intruders.

Manners and Customs.

LONDON IN OLDEN TIMES.

's song of "London Lychpeny" was about this time, (1410) and gives a lightful and humorous picture of the these old days :—"About Westmin- e," he says, "the cooks were gathered; ey spread fair cloths, on which they fat ribs of beef and bread, along with wine, and they asked all to eat. The and judges sate in the hall, and he doore were Flemings, who cried to ers, 'Buy our fine felt hats ; buy our les to read.' Well, indeed, might he o had money ; wo to him that had As for London, sure of all towns it is t. Here is one who cries, 'Hot peas- 'ripe strawberries,' 'ripe cherries,' e another. 'Who will buy my spice, pper, and saffron,' says a third. s mackerel!' 'Green Rushes!' 'Hot feet!' Never was such a din. Then down to Cheap, where was a crowd of nts ; one offers velvet, and silk, and By London Stone, and down Canwick are the drapers. In Cornhill the shops ; many a thief sells his goods there, I wot, and he who has lost a cloak may chance to find it. In Eastchepe are the taverns ; one cries 'Ribbes of beef,' and 'hot pye ;' here is a heap of clattering pewter pots, with harp, and pipe, and minstrelsy. One cries 'Yea by cock,' one says 'Nay by cock,' and one sings a song of 'Jenkin and Julian.' You shall have a pint of wine here for a penny and so good day."

"Then I hied me into Eastchepe,
One cryes 'Ribbes of beefe' and many a 'pye.'
Pewter pots they clattered on a heape ;
There was harpe, pype, and minstrelsye';
'Yea by cock, nay by cock,' some began crye ;
Some sang of Jenken and Julyan for their mede,
But for lack of mony I myght not speed."

DISCOVERY OF THE HEART OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Some gentlemen of Rouen, who pay much attention to the antiquities with which this place abounds, obtained permission of the archbishop to search for the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, which tradition stated was interred near the high altar ; as there is an inscription on one side the choir, stating that a Duke of Normandy, brother to Richard, was there buried, they commenced their researches on the opposite side of the altar, when almost the first stone which was removed exposed the head of a crowned statue ; this was carefully disinterred, and exhibits a recumbent figure of the monarch, in a long robe, a crown on the head, and the feet resting upon a lion ; the figure is girt with a sword, and is larger than life, in perfect preservation, with the exception of the nose, hands, and feet, which have evidently been broken for the purpose of flattening the figure to lay the present pavement over it. By the side of the tomb was found a large leaden case, with the inscription "Richard Cœur de Lion, Duc de Normandie, Roi d'Angleterre." In the lid of the box a hole had been made, probably to search for money, as it is said the leaden case was once enclosed in a silver one, and that money was placed in it. Some rubbish, as mortar, bits of stone, and wood, had got into the case by means of this hole, and with this was mingled a dark substance, supposed to be blood, which had issued from the heart after it was placed in the case. The lion heart is still perfect, but much shrunk in its dimensions ; it was enveloped in a sort of taffety of a greenish colour. The tomb has been conveyed to a chapel behind the high altar, and will be placed upon a sarcophagus of black marble, when the broken parts of the figure are restored, for which purpose an Italian artist is employed, who has very successfully restored the magnificent monument in the same chapel, familiar to all visiters of Rouen Cathedral. The heart at present remains at the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen, the case having been repaired and fastened up

in the presence of the prefect and the principal authorities, when a memorial of the circumstances connected with this most interesting discovery was drawn up, and signed by the official persons present.—*Rouen, Oct.* 18, 1838.

The Gatherer.

Pernicious Mode of Correction.—His only form of control was irony—of all coercions the most hardening to the mind of youth.—*Heir of Selwood.*

Real Degradation, distinguished from conventional equivocation, is a lower and meaner thing than the lowest of callings. A falsehood returned sooner or later to the bosom of him who utters it, like a viper flung into his face.—*Ibid.*

The Table on which Buonaparte signed his Abdication.—The Palace of Fontainbleau is not without interest in recent times. It was the prison of Charles IV., and of Pope Pius VII., who was confined here from June, 1812, to January, 1814. It was here the sovereign Pontiff was insulted by Buonaparte, and here Buonaparte himself resigned his sovereignty. His abdication was written on a small round table; and to commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angouleme caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription:—"Le cinq d'Avril dixhuit cent quatorze, Napoléon Bonaparte, signé son abdication sur cette table dans le Cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2ème après la chambre à coucher; à Fontainbleau." That the top of the table might not be changed by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered doubtful, the Prince at the same time affixed a seal of the royal arms, to the underneath part of the table itself.

The Mammoth.—The mighty mammoth of antediluvian world once roamed in the vicinity of the great cataract of Niagara. A correspondent of the *Boston Mercantile Journal* writes, that the workmen employed in making an excavation at the termination of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad, found imbedded in the earth, at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, a large tooth, 4 5-8 inches from front to rear, 3 3-8 inches across from side to side, and about 5 inches in depth from the point of insertion into the gum to the crown. It is in beautiful preservation, and is one of the grinders of the mastodon. The same flood which broke up the bed of the river and made the falls, was that, probably, in which this quadruped perished.

A Courtly Hint.—One day at the levee of Louis the Fourteenth, that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly afterward, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in the course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length, the king, asking once more, "How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What!" cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four just now!"—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

Pin Money.—Pins were, in early times, acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used until the end of the fifteen century. Sometimes they received a compensation in money, and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Money is an article not very plentiful in Spain, (observes a modern traveller,) but, happily for the country, the necessaries of life are cheap and abundant, while the spirits of the people have not lost any of their former gaiety. There are, in every part of Spain, companies of strolling players; and, as the means of the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages are not very abundant, the admittance is paid for in provisions, and taken at the door like checks from the ticket office. The boxes are paid for in bread or in meat, and the other parts of the house are free, for an adequate consideration in vegetables. A box for the evening is let at the rate of two pounds of fresh meat, and the orchestra at half a pound; while the pit is passed by turnips, lettuce, and cabbage; and the rest of the house at a more qualified ratio. By this means the players and musicians are fed and supported.

W. G. C.

The following anecdote appeared a short time since in an American paper:—Clem and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price, "It is," said he, "two dollars for marrying coloured people;" Clem asked how much he had to marry white people; "Five dollars," replied the magistrate. "Well," said Clem, "you marry Dinah and I as you do white people, and I will give you five dollars." After the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee; but Clem objected to the payment, saying, "O no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss de bride;" at which the magistrate said in a rage, "get out of my office, you rascal;" so Clem got married for nothing.

W. G. C.

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The Mirror

OF

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THE STATUE OF EARL GREY, NEWCASTLE.

THE STATUE OF EARL GREY,

ON THE ABACUS OF THE DORIC COLUMN, NEWCASTLE.

This statue, executed by E. H. Bailey, Esq., R. A., represents the Noble Earl in a standing position, attired in his robes of state. It was placed upon the column which had been built to receive it, August 24th, 1838. The bells of the churches ringing a merry peal, which was continued at intervals during the day. The height of the column to the top of the figure is 133 feet, and the diameter of the shaft, 9 feet 11 inches. The order of the architecture is Roman Doric, and, like all Doric columns, has no base: there is a staircase, consisting of 164 steps to the top of the abacus of the capital, from which there is a fine panoramic view of the town and the surrounding country. The column was prepared after a design by Messrs. John and Benjamin Green, of Newcastle. The statue is a faithful representation of the noble lord,—and esteemed a fine imaginative work of art.

It is gratifying to witness the increase, of late years, of public columns in England, in honour of men eminent for their talent, their virtues, or their bravery; among them may be mentioned the Anglesey column, erected in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo and the noble earl of that name, in the island of Anglesey. The column at Shrewsbury, erected in commemoration of the same event and of another noble general, Lord Hill. The Nelson columns at Yarmouth and in Dublin. The Wellington column at Trim, in the county of Meath, Ireland, &c. The British parliament, when they voted the magnificent palace of Blenheim to the great Duke of Marlborough, also erected a triumphal column in the park, and his statue is upon the abacus, supported by figures of captured enemies, and surrounded by trophies. There is a colossal statue now erecting to the memory of the late Duke of Sutherland, at Benraggie, in Scotland; and another will shortly embellish the town of Edinburgh, in honour of Sir Walter Scott.

In the most ancient times, says Mr. Elmes, columns of wood were the most usual, as being the most practicable. In countries like Egypt, where timber fit for their construction is scarce, and stone abundant, the latter became the principal material for columns. The Greeks used marbles of the finest kind for their columns, with which their country abounded.

Columns are also often used for monuments as well as for architectural supports; like the Trajan and Antonine columns at Rome, and that called the monument at London. Rome, which abounded in columns, had astronomical, chronological, funeral, zoophoric, heraldric, commemorative, and various other columns.—The most ancient column in Great Britain is the one near the Valle Crucis Abbey, North Wales.

MORNING.—A FRAGMENT.

The morn is mild, and like a child at play
The lark uprises on its dewy wing;
And swift beneath the heavens it cleaves its way,
Enchanting man with its sweet carolling:
And all around bright flowers their odours fling
Cheering the senses, or delight the eye;
Whilst countless insects morning anthems sing;
And everything is blest; whilst majesty
Is crested on each flower, is seen in earth and sky

A low dim sound is heard—a speechless hum
Comes flitting by upon the joyous air;
Which speaks that though the orators are dumb,
Yet still they love to greet the morning fair:
Sly reynard wanders from his secret lair;
Who could be silent on so glad a morn?
Fit day to smooth the heavy brow of care,
And bid the sluggard wander where the corn
Is smiling like some face of beauty newly born!

E. J. Hyton.

TO A SPARROW CAUGHT IN MY HALL

(From the German of Bürger.)

Good day, my Lord!—Look at him well!
Thou'rt welcome in my hall to dwell!
Thou'rt taken prisoner, dost thou see?
Exert thine every energy,
And fly about on every side,
And leave no window pane untried,
Shouldst even break thy beak or skull—
Thou'rt taken prisoner, little fool!
Thy *tyrant* I, and thou my *slave*,
Although a prince, or count, or grave,
Among thy sparrow folk! Now, hear
What, if I chose to be severe,
I have the power to do with thee:
Can pluck thee, twist thy neck; decree
The fate awaiting cock and dog,
(To end this little catalogue,)
Should they refuse to crow and bark—
Death at one stroke! and, hark!
Although I say the words with grief,
And that with right, thou gallows thief!
Dost know the cherries, day by day,
Thou from my mouth hast snatched away?
And princely pastime it would be
Should I bring Pussy in with me!
But, if more merciful, indeed,
The garden-shears I have, at need,
Wherewith to cut thy fluttering wing
And saucy tail, thou little thing!
Then, under hedge and bank, thou must
Be always fluttering in the dust!
Ha! fellow! how dost like the plan?
But know thou that I am a Man!
I'll let thee flutter, frank and free;
But that, e'er mindful thou mayst be
That Freedom is a golden prize,
First, I will gently tyrannize,
And scare thee o'er the room. Sh! sh!
Now, through the window to your bush!

No! no! no, tyranny for me!
God guard us all from slavery!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

PRAYER.

How fine our feelings when we kneel,
And pray the fervent prayer,
That God his mercy will reveal,
And every fault repair.

How fine our feelings when we trust
That error is forgiven;
And hope releas'd from mortal dust,
To tread the paths of heaven.

Such is the bliss the Christian shares,
On heavenly truths relying;
Which soothe his soul, dispel his fears,
And comfort him when dying.

C. S.

OLD POETRY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HENRY INNES, Esq., Lecturer on Poetry, &c.

we look back to the early history of tion, we uniformly find that the first ›ment of genius is in song. All › requires initiatory study and prepa- ; but poetry is the overboiling of the l passions, or of the fancy, in the admi- of beauty, or in the contemplation of s grand in the external world, or he- action. Confining ourselves to Britain, d the ancient Welsh,—we find them heir Merlin, their Lewarch, their , and their Taliessin, breathing songs, passion and patriotism, inciting the ng to battle, and scattering the in- of praise over the ashes of departed The works of the early Scottish of the hills in part remain; but the of those who produced them have go perished in oblivion. The more we these exquisite effusions of nature, re does art suffer in our estimation. are these

roices of the dead, and songs of other years."

se relics of the olden days succeeded etry, provoked by the impetus of chi- and as knights fought, bards multi- Yet of the ancient chroniclers how ecimens are preserved, and how little these specimens is worthy of preser-

ing these early times, letters were con- o a few; ballad-makers and beggars ymonymous; and several English sta- were enacted, in which the former classed with vagabonds and sturdy ants. In an old ballad, of the time abeth, there occurs the following:—

When Jesus came to Jairus house,
He turned the minstrels out of doors;
Beggars they were with one consent,
And rogues by act of Parliament."

owing to this circumstance that the nity of almost the whole of the splen- d ballads is owing; for almost on no ground is it accountable, that these ful outpourings of natural genius have been left in separation from the of him to whom they owed their To oral tradition may be readily im- the cause of the various readings and hich so many of them present. In- it is much to be feared that, had ano- entury been allowed to elapse, by far eater number of them must have been For, notwithstanding the diffusion of graphical art, not a few of the most ng and beautiful among them were in our day from the lips of old people, rom they must certainly have perished. following beautiful ballad is offered readers, divested of those peculiarities tion with which antiquity clogs some of the brightest gems in the coronet of British poesy:—

EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

In early Lent, when sought his way
Up eastern slope, the god of day:
Thus did a little bird complain,
All earthly joy returns in pain!

O man! remember that thou must
Return to what thou wast, the dust;
Dust into dust return again,
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Have heed that age still follows youth,
As death does life with gaping mouth,
Devouring bud, and flow'r, and grain,
All earthly joy returns in pain.

Wealth, worldly glory, rich array—
Are all but thorns strewed in thy way;
O'erspread with flow'rs in specious train,
All earthly joy returns in pain.

May never yet came fresh and green,
But winter followed bleak and keen;
Earth dries her couch nor wiats of rain,
It falls!—her joy returns in pain.

Joy aye is hailed in earliest morrow,
By him, his nearest kinsman, sorrow;
Therefore, when joy may not remain,
His very heir succeeds in pain.

The heir of health is pale sickness,
As mirth gives place to heaviness,
Town to desert,—forest to plain,—
All earthly joy returns in pain.

* * *

Since earthly joy abideth never,
Work for the joy that lasteth ever;
For other joy is all but vain,
All earthly joy returns in pain.

The foregoing exquisite ballad is by William Dunbar, a Scottish poet of the 15th century.

While, in the fifteenth century, the native muses languished in England throughout several reigns, the annals of Scotland were illustrated by some of the brightest names that the early poetry of the country can boast. The chief of these was William Dunbar, born at Salton, in East Lothian, about 1465. He became a novicuate of the Franciscan order, and travelled into England and France. The moral vigour and tenderness of Dunbar are even more remarkable than the fertility and beauty of his invention, when the period at which he wrote is considered. His diction far outstrips the age in force and happiness, and his phraseology is singularly copious and free. DUNBAR'S DANCE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS THROUGH HELL, is a bold and spirited sketch of the personified vices, mixing the comic with the grotesque and horrible, in a manner more wild than agreeable.

It was Addison who, in the Spectator, first turned popular attention to the beauties of our ballad poetry, in his fine analysis of "Chevy Chase," that admirable heroic old strain, which Sir Philip Sydney was wont to say, roused his heart like the sound of a trumpet. A collection of the fugitive poetry of the Elizabethan age would, at this era of our literature, be not only very curious, but very valuable. It would open up to us the

popular channels of thought, and many of the peculiarities of the public mind.

In the early times of all, it is only the giant mind which can overcome the multiform barriers about it, and exhibit its elevation above temporary mediocrity, by the outpouring of song, "which will not die:" it is otherwise in days of civilization and refinement. It is only the gigantic effort which achieves the summit of Parnassus; but there are multitudes of clamberers along its shelving sides and flowery slopes, whose minds are characterized by elegance and taste, rather than by originality and vigour.

The following little lyric we transcribed some years ago: there is a wild sweetness in it worthy of preservation,—but who its author is we cannot say.

BALLAD.

Wake, all you dead! what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low!
They mind not poor lovers, walking above,
On the decks of the world, in the storms of love,

No whisper there, no glance can pass
Through wickets, or through panes of glass;
For the windows and doors are shut up, and barred,
Lie close in the church, and in the church-yard.
In every grave, make room, make room,
The world's at an end, we come, we come.

The state is now Love's foe, Love's foe,
Has seized on his arms, his quiver and bow;
Has pinioned his wings, and fettered his feet,
Because he made way for lovers to meet.

But oh! sad chance—the judge was old,
Hearts cruel grow when blood grows cold;
No man, being young, Love's process would draw;
Ah! heaven that love should be subject to law.
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead,
Lie two in a grave, and to bed—to bed.

The exquisite tenderness, and delightful simplicity of these old ballads, which seem to breathe the feelings of poetry in the glow of its first love, have never been equalled; the frolic grace, and Anacreontic vivacity of some of the older English lyrics, have not been surpassed in what we call polished times. As Mr. Johnston observes, in his "Lyrical Specimens," "In the first era of English poetry, the expression, the diction, the music, the structure of the verse, all we mean by style and art in execution, were as much the creation of our greatest poets, as were their fictions, thoughts, and images. The one was without prototype, the other without model." The triumph of art in our early poets—if art it can be called—was overpowered by creative genius. They acknowledged no ordinary rule,—they bowed to no tyranny of criticism,—in fact, they knew no tribunal of criticism;—their thoughts were not fashioned like other men's, as the aim is now-a-days—but they were such as did

Voluntary move harmonious numbers.

This was the secret of their art of poetry:—unhappily it is incommunicable.

Biography.

THOMAS ALLEN.

The sixteenth century must universally be allowed to have brought about a very material and all important change in the scientific annals of Great Britain; and in the number of celebrated mathematicians and philosophers which it produced, to have far exceeded the productions of any previous period, particularly while we behold in its list, the names of such distinguished men as Dr. John Dee, Harriot, Warner, Nathaniel Torporley, Henry Saville, and Thomas Allen, the subject of our memoir.

Mr. Thomas Allen, the "Coriphæus" of the mathematicians of his time, was born on the day of St. Thomas the Apostle, A.D. 1542, at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, being a descendant of Henry Allen, or Alan, Lord of the Manor of Buckenhall, in the same county. He was, to use the language of Anthony Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonensis," the "Father of all learning and virtuous industry, an unfeigned lover and furtherer of all good arts and sciences;" in fact, he may with justice be considered as one of the brightest constellations of the scientific world in which he lived. His talents for literature were soon developed, and occasioned his being sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was admitted, as appears from the register, June 4th, A.D. 1561. This was the field in which his distinguished merit was to meet with its due reward; and in the year 1565 he was made a fellow of his college, and a master of arts in 1567. He had a singular aversion to taking holy orders, but his greatest pleasure consisted in the retirement and solitude of a life little better than that of a hermit. And here let me remark, on looking over the page of history, how many men of such transcendant powers of mind, have devoted themselves to a gloomy, secluded mode of living, instead of entering at once upon the immense arena of the world, where those splendid talents might meet with that applause and encouragement they so undoubtedly merited; and yet this is hardly to be regretted when we consider, that if they had mingled more in the society of their fellow-men, they would not have had leisure for perfecting those works which now remain imdelible monuments of their fame to posterity. But to return to my subject; Thomas Allen, in this spirit of seclusion, left his fellowship and College about the year 1570, and retired to Gloucester Hall, where he made deep researches in mathematics, antiquities, and philosophy, the fame of which gained him the patronage of several eminent literary characters, by whom his company and friendship was eagerly desired.

When Albertus L'Askie, Prince of Sirade, in Poland, came to England in 1583, he,

requested Mr. Allen to accompany him to his native land, offering him at the same time all the ease and luxury which he could procure him. But these inducements did not prevail upon him to quit that retirement in which he had ever found such delights. He soon after became acquainted with Henry Earl of Northumberland, and Robert Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who exerted themselves greatly for his promotion. The latter would have created him a bishop, but for his refusal to accept that honour; and it is said that no persons lived on such intimate terms with the Earl as Mr. Thomas Allen and Dr. John Dee; two individuals who will reflect a lasting ray of glory on the age in which they lived. Great men are, however, seldom free from calumnies, and so it proved with Allen, for there were many who considered him as nothing better than a conjuror; on which account the author of the work entitled "Leicester's Commonwealth," says, that those (whom he styles Atheists,) used the art of figuring and conjuring in order to facilitate the Earl's wicked and unlawful designs. But the efforts of malevolence did not effect much against the character of a man whose reputation was so firmly established, and whose merit was so universally known. It is very certain that Mr. Allen was the right hand and principal assistant of the Earl while he was at the University; in fact, no affair of weight or importance was carried on there without previously asking his advice and opinion. Among his numerous friends and acquaintances, we find the names of Bodley, Saville, Camden, Cotton, Spelman, &c., who all respected his worth, and admired his learning.

It would be impossible here to enter into any further detail of his various labours in the paths of literature; suffice it to say, that after a life devoted to the pursuit of learning, he died September 30th, A.D. 1632, and was interred in the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford. A funeral oration to his memory was spoken at the grave by Mr. Burton, and speech by Mr. George Bathurst. He gave a portrait of himself to the master of his College, one to the Cottonian Library, and one to Dr. Clayton, of Pembroke College, whose son, Sir Thomas, afterwards became its possessor. In his lifetime he collected a great quantity of MS.S., which he bequeathed to Sir Kenelm Digby, who afterwards presented them to the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, where they are now preserved. T. J.

THE King of Spain having been informed (1829) that the house in which Cervantes had dwelt was about to be pulled down on account of its shattered condition, immediately made a purchase of it, had it restored, and a bust of the author of Don Quixote inserted in a niche in front. H. M.

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

No. VI.

(For the Mirror.)

THE same age in England was the most scientific, the most learned, and the most poetical that has occurred since the revival of letters, namely, the age of Elizabeth. Poetry sprang at once into life; in all the maturity of manhood, as in Italy under the genius of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. But in Italy all the fine arts, Painting particularly, sprang into existance also:—why did they not do so likewise in England? The answer is obvious: the art arose amongst us, when the great protector and promoter of it fell, namely, the Roman Catholic Church. Yes, —poetry, painting, and the fine arts generally, enjoyed a day of glory, which still irradiates its present degradation. In England, however, its more favoured inhabitants struggled, and by the blessing of Divine Providence, broke the chain of superstition; and gave endurance to those principles, civil and religious, in comparison of which, poetry, painting, and the like, are as the dust in one scale against the massive ingot which weighs down the other in the balance.

Of the contemporaries of Shakspeare, Massinger approached him in dignity: Beaumont and Fletcher rivalled him in depicting female character; and Ben Jonson excelled him in learning and erudition. Shakspeare's genius and Jonson's acquirements, raised the literature of the stage to dignity and perfection. Jonson first practised, and inculcated the dramatic canons; which by his influence were adopted. Unlike the "child of nature" and giant of his age, Jonson came, as Dryden in his prologue expresses it,

> "Instructed from the school
> To please by method and invent by rule:
> Cold approbation gave the lingering lays,
> For they who durst not censure, scarce could praise."

Until the stage was suppressed by the Puritans, the drama continued to be cultivated, as the most popular species of literature, in the works of Ford, Marston, Shirley, and many others, some named before.

Another poet requires to be disposed of, and mentioned with all becoming reverence and delight: the Author of the Faery Queen, one of the most charming poems in our language.

No writer ever found a readier way to the heart and the affections than did Spenser; and no writer has such power as he possesses, in awakening the spirit of poetry in others. Several of our bards have acknowledged their personal inspiration to have been generated at the font of Spenser's genius;—as Cowley, Thomson, and others. With the author of the Faery Queen, the world is a vast scene of enchantment; and every object in nature is ethereal. "He paints nature," says Thomas Campbell, "not as we find it, but as we expected to find

it, and fulfils the delightful promise of youth."

In all ages of our Literary History, it seems to have been considered almost an essential part of a poet's duty, to give up some parts or pages to sacred subjects;—or to the praise of the Maker;—how remote soever the general strain of his writings might be from such a turn. At the period of the Reformation, this injunction on a poet's industry gradually declined. The *custom* or ceremonial canon (like the forms and observances of the expelled faith,) departed; but the spirit of the sacred Lyre remained. Now Spenser was essentially a sacred poet; but with the delicacy (or shrinking character,) of his disposition, in accordance with the spirit of his day, which displayed less of the externals of religion, was better fitted to communicate instruction of that nature in a veiled or allegorical, rather than a direct mode. Spenser's writings are replete with tacit allusions to the language and doctrines of holy writ:—thus, the birth of *Belphoebe*—

> "Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
> And her conception of the joyous prime;
> And all her whole creation did her show
> Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime,
> That is ingenerate in fleshly slime;
> So was this virgin born—so was she bred."

—allusions rather *breathed* than uttered; and much fitter to be silently considered, than to be dragged forward for quotation or minute criticism.

Spenser was, no doubt, aware that if he had directly avowed his poem to be devotional, he would be curtailed of the number of his readers. He therefore followed the world of taste into sacred reading, by the veil of allegory, which shadows forth under action a moral lesson to the understanding; and by an analogy of the senses, instructs, whilst it amuses apparently only the fancy. But the days were at hand when religion was the favourite (and, unfortunately, *fierce*,) topic of discussion; and the shrinking delicacy of Spenser was to give way to the masculine grasp of Milton. The mystical school was to be superseded by the literal; and with good taste, allegories are now almost entirely banished from our literature. H. I.

The Novelist.

CELESTINA.

"When I was in Italy, some years ago, I knew a young Englishman who was in the habit of seeking places to reside in, little frequented by his countrymen. He was a lover of solitude and study, and addicted to reverie; and much of his life was a gentle and shimmering dream that glided to the music of romantic traditions. At the time I must now refer to, he had selected as his abode one of the deserted palaces of the Venetian nobility on the banks of the Brenta. But he had no acquaintance with the owners to interrupt his solitude, for he had hired it from the steward to whom their affairs were entrusted. It had attracted his fancy, though it was much out of order, from having a gallery of pictures, chiefly portraits, still remaining, and in good preservation. There was also a large neglected garden, with a terrace, along the river, and in its shady overgrown walks the Englishman sat or wandered for many hours of the day. But he also spent much time in the picture-gallery, conversing with the grave old senators, saturating his mind with the colours of Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, and contemplating, like a modern Paris, the goddesses of Titian's pencil. But there was one picture which gradually won his very heart. It was a portrait by Giorgione, of a young Venetian lady; and the old servant of the house called her La Celestina. She had the full and luxurious Venetian form; but, unlike any of the other female portraits, there was a profusion of rather light brown hair flowing down her back, as one sees in some of the early Italian pictures of the Virgin, and the sunny stream fell from a wreath of bay leaves. Her dress was of dark green silk. An antique bust of an old man was represented on a table before her, and her right hand and raised fore finger seemed to indicate that both she and the spectator on whom her divine eyes were fixed, must listen to some expected oracle from the marble lips. She might have served as a lovely symbol of the fresh present world listening to the fixed and Sibylline past. Her eyes were large and dark, but not lustrous; they seemed rather heavy, with an inward thoughtful melancholy, as if there were something in her situation or character more solemn than her years or circumstances could have led us to expect. There was, however, no tradition of her story, except that she was a daughter of the family which still possessed the palace and the picture, and that she had died in early life.

"Before this figure the young Englishman would remain for an hour or two at a time, endeavouring to shape out for himself some distinct view of her being and story. This was idle work, as it led him to no definite and lasting creation, but it occupied him for the time as well as anything else that he was likely to have done. By and by his fancy so gained upon him that he had the chamber next to that part of the gallery where the picture was, arranged as his bed-room, that so he might be near his incorporeal mistress even during the hours of sleep. One night, soon after this change had been made, while he was lying in bed and musing of Celestina, he thought he heard a noise in the gallery consecrate to her, low voices, and a light step. He

I believe, nay cherished, some dash of superstitious fear in his character, and he did not rise to examine into the matter. The next night was that of the full moon, and again he heard the same sound; and again, for the third time, on the night following. Then it ceased, and for some days he was in much perplexity. The gallery, by day-light, presented no appearance of change. He brooded over the remembrance, whether founded in fact or imagination, till it struck him that, perhaps, there was a connexion between the sounds and the age of the moon when they were heard, and that, if so, they might possibly return at the next corresponding period. He grew thin and nervous with anxiety, and resolved, at all hazards, to endeavour to clear up the secret. The night before the full moon came, and with it the sounds—the light whispers murmured and sang along the high walls and ceilings, and the steps flitted like fairies from end to end of the galleries. But even now he could not resolve to part with the tremulous pleasure of the mystery. The following night, that of the full moon, he felt worn-out, fretted, and desperate. Again the sounds were heard, the doors opened and closed, the steps throbbed in his heart, the indistinguishable words flew on, till he caught, in a low but clear tone, the name of Celestina. He seized a sword and stepped silently to a door near him, which opened into the gallery, and was in deep shadow. Unclosing it slowly, he looked down the long room, and there, opposite the place of the well-known picture, stood, in the bright moonlight, Celestina herself upon the floor. The right hand was raised like that on the canvass, as if to listen, and the eyes were looking earnestly into the depth of gloom which hid the Englishman. He let fall his sword, let go the door, which closed before him, and when he had again courage to open it, the gallery was empty, and the still clear light fell only on a vacant surface.

"The consequence to him of this event was a severe illness, and a friend and fellow-countryman was sent for from Venice to attend his sick-bed. This visitor gradually obtained an outline of the facts from the sufferer, and then applied to the old Italian servant, in order to arrive at a reasonable explanation. But he stoutly denied all knowledge of anything that could throw light upon the matter. Next day the friend found upon his table a slip of paper, on which was written in a beautiful female hand, a request that he would present himself in the eastern-most arbour of the garden at the hour of the siesta. He of course did so, and found there a lady in a dark dress, and closely veiled. She said, in fine Italian, that she had begged to see him, in order to repair, if possible, the mischief which had been accidentally done. 'My father,' she continued, 'the owner of this palace, is of a proud but impoverished Venetian family. His son is an officer in an Austrian Regiment, which has been stationed for some years in Hungary; and I am the old man's only companion. He is, perhaps, a little peculiar and eccentric in his habits and character, and all his strongest feelings are directed towards the memory of his ancestors, whose abode is now occupied by your friend. Nothing but necessity would have induced him to let it to a stranger, and to reside in the small house in the neighbourhood which we now inhabit. He still perpetually recurs to the traditional stories of his family's former greatness; and it is a favourite point of belief with him that his daughter closely resembles the Celestina whose picture is in the gallery, and whose name she bears. Owing to this fancy, he is never satisfied unless he sees her dressed in imitation of the idolized portrait. But, as he no longer inhabits the house, and does not choose to present himself to its occupier in a light which he considers so unworthy, he could gratify his love for the pictures only by visiting them at night, at a time when the moon affords a light by which, imperfect as it is, his ancestors appear to him distinct and beautiful beings. Nor could he be long contented with this solitary pleasure, but insisted that I should accompany him. We have more than once entered through a door from the gardens, and it was on the last of these occasions that I thought I heard a noise, and while I listened, the door at the end of the gallery was opened, and then violently closed again. On this alarm we immediately escaped as we had entered, and the strange consequences to your friend have been to me a source of much regret. We heard of his illness from our old servant Antonio, the only person who knew of our nightly visits. To convince you that this is the whole secret, I have put on the dress I then wore, and you shall judge for yourself of my resemblance to the picture.'

"So saying, she threw aside her veil and mantle, and surprised the stranger with the view of her noble eyes, and of her youthful Italian beauty, clothed in the dress of rich green silk, which closely imitated that of the painted Celestina. Her hearer was amused by the mistake, and delighted by her explanation. He ventured to ask the lady, that when his sick friend should be a little recovered, she would complete her kindness by enabling him to judge for himself of the beautiful resemblance which had so misled him. She said, that she would willingly do so, and only regretted that, from her father's turn of character, it would be almost impossible to make him assent to any meeting with the present occupier of his ancient palace. She, therefore, said that it must be again a private interview, and might take

it, and fulfils the delightful promise of youth."

In all ages of our Literary History, it seems to have been considered almost an essential part of a poet's duty, to give up some parts or pages to sacred subjects;—or to the praise of the Maker;—how remote soever the general strain of his writings might be from such a turn. At the period of the Reformation, th[illegible] injunction on a poet's industry grad[illegible] declined. The *custom* or ceremonia[illegible] (like the forms and observances o[illegible] pelled faith,) departed; but the [illegible] sacred Lyre remained. Now [illegible] essentially a sacred poet; [illegible] cacy (or shrinking chare[illegible] tion, in accordance wi[illegible] which displayed les[illegible] gion, was better [illegible] struction of th[illegible] rical, rather [illegible] writings ar[illegible] language [illegible] the birth [illegible]

" He[illegible]
A[illegible]
J[illegible]

[illegible] where he could, at leisure, compare [illegible] with Giorgione's Celestina, and give his [illegible] the deliberate preference. But he was [illegible] at last dismayed by hearing from her, that [illegible] she was designed by her father for a con[illegible] ventual life, in order to preserve the remnant [illegible] of his fortune exclusively for his son. The [illegible] Englishman's decision was soon taken. He, [illegible] too, was of noble birth, and had wealth [illegible] enough to make fortune in his wife unim[illegible] portant. He gained the father's consent [illegible] to their marriage, and she is now the mis[illegible] tress of an old English country-house. She [illegible] looks on the portraits by Vandyke on its [illegible] walls with as much pleasure as she ever [illegible] derived from those of Titian, for she now [illegible] tries to find in them a likeness to more than [illegible] one young face that often rests upon her [illegible] knee. Of this new generation, the eldest [illegible] and the loveliest is called, like herself, Celestina."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

OLD BOOKS AND OLD TITLES.*

MANY persons who are deeply skilled in the history, and other contingent circumstances of books, seem to have paid very little attention to their use. Those affected with bibliomania, form a tolerably large class. They will recite, for your edification, the intricate genealogy of a work of ancient extraction; pointing to some venerable folio as the ancestor, and to a crowd of spruce little duodecimos as the progeny; but they too often neglect to cultivate a nearer acquaintance. Such men are hunters after old editions, and scarce copies. They dote on bad paper, faded ink,

* From a Lecture on the History of Books; delivered at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Square; on Thursday evening, October 18; by Nathaniel Rogers, M. D.; Member, and formerly President, of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh; Corresponding Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Dublin.

Venetian nobility [illegible] will live on an "original [illegible]. But he had no [illegible]. They value books as we [illegible] to interrupt [illegible] *eir age;* and as the orientals [illegible] from the [illegible] their *ugliness.* But although entrust[illegible]ances of proficiency in an art, more it w[illegible] *to dealers* in books than to *readers* of [illegible] are proofs of attention misdirected, [illegible] time misemployed, yet a general know[illegible]dge of the changes which time has wrought, in the form and materials of those implements of learning, is not only unobjectionable, but highly desirable.

As we have mentioned old *books*, we may as well say a word or two on old *titles*. I dare say you have heard of the book entitled—"Crumbs of Comfort for Zion's Chickens." I have before me a few titles, indited in a similar strain. In the reign of Elizabeth, great attention was excited by a series of pamphlets, directed against the ecclesiastical measures of the time, by an author who was never discovered; but who wrote under the assumed name of Martin Mar-prelate. They called forth numerous replies; of which I shall quote three. The first is entitled,—"An Almond for a Parrot; or an Alms for Martin Mar-prelate. By Cuthbert Curryknave." The next is a short specimen of a practice very prevalent in old books; in which it was often attempted to combine title, preface, and table of contents, all in one. It runs thus:—"Pasquil's Apology. In the first part whereof he renders a reason of his long silence; and gallops the field with the treatise on Reformation. Printed where I was; and where I shall be ready, by the help of God and my muse, to send you a Maygame of Martinism." The last has no less than four titles, all strung together; thus,—"Pappe with a Hatchet; alias, a Fig for my Godson; or Crack me this Nut; that is, a sound Box of the Ear for the idiot Martin, to hold his Peace. Written by one that dares call a dog, a dog. Imprinted by John Anoke; and to be sold at the sign of the Crab-Tree Cudgel, in Thwack-Coat Lane."

It is impossible to read these titles, without being reminded of the quaint, but deservedly popular works of Bunyan; "in which there flourish" many gentlemen like Cuthbert Curryknave, but with much longer names;—such as "the trumpeter, Mr. Take-heed-what-ye-hear;"—"Mr. Penny-wise-and-pound-foolish;"—and "Mr. Gain-ye-the-hundred-and-lose-ye-the-shire."

I have a few more titles, which belong to the age of Cromwell; and have mostly a devotional character. The first is entitled,—"A most delectable sweet-perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at." The next is,—"High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." The third is,—"Salvation's vantage ground; or a Leaping-Stand for Heavy Believers." We then have one of a martial character; being entitled,—"A Shot aimed

e Devil's Head-Quarters; through the
f a Cannon of the Covenant;" and
ies one of a more plaintive descrip-
\ Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of
thed in a Hole of the Wall in an
vel, known among men by the
el Fish." A still sadder tone
xt:—"Seven Sobs of a Sor-
Sin; or Seven Penitential
Princely Prophet David;
. are annexed William Hamnis's
. Honeysuckles; and divers Godly
.ny Ditties, now newly augmented."
; next is a continued string of allegories;
ped, in merciless profusion, one upon the
er:—"A Reaping-Hook well tempered
the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop;
or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity;
carefully conserved for the Chickens of the
Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the
Sweet Swallows of Salvation." You will
perceive that the authors of those days (who
evidently thought there was *a great deal* "in
a name,") resorted to every possible quarter
for a taking title. In their search for quaint-
ness, they did not disdain even to visit the
kitchen; so that we have,—"A pair of Bel-
lows, to blow off the Dust cast upon John
Fry;"—"The Snuffers of Divine Love;"—
and an author seems to have reached the
acmé of outré-ism, when he gives us the de-
lectable title of,—"The Spiritual Mustard-
Pot; to make the Soul sneeze with Devo-
tion."

RUINS OF DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

s noble monastery was situated about
miles from Queensferry, in Fifeshire.—
vas begun by King Malcolm III., sur-
ied Canmore, and finished by King Alex-
er I. In some old MSS. it is called
asterium de Monte Infirmorum, from
nce it is supposed to have been originally
nded as an hospital. About the year 1124,
g David I., at a great expense, enlarged
raised the monastery to the dignity of an
y, and placed here thirteen Benedictine
ks, which he brought from Canterbury;
e same time granting it a charter, bestow-
among other gifts, the whole of the
d necessary for fuel and building. It
richly endowed, and was the burial-place
Malcolm III., Margaret his queen, and
r youngest son, Prince Edward, and their
st son King Edgar, 1107. Alexander I.,
1; David I., 1153; Malcolm IV., 1165;
ander III., 1286; and Robert (Bruce I.,)
); and afterwards of Elizabeth his queen;
with a numerous train of abbots and nobles
of the land.

The first abbot of this monastery was Gos-
fridus, who lived in the year 1153. The last
was George Dury, archdeacon of St. Andrew's,
about 1550. At the general dissolution of
monasteries, Dunfermline was given to Secre-
tary Pitcairne; next to the Master of Gray;
and afterwards to Alexander Seaton, who, in
1596, obtained the title of Lord Urquhart; and
afterwards, in 1605, was created Earl of Dun-
fermline.

In 1807, a search was made among the
royal tombs in order to discover the remains
of Robert Bruce, but without effect. And in
1817 this ancient place of worship being
incapable of affording accommodation to the
increased population of the parish, and being
in a ruinous condition, it was resolved to
build a new one on the eastern site of the
church; and during the workmen's opera-
tions, they discovered the remains of Bruce,

deposited in a large stone casement, within there appeared to have been a mahogany coffin found strewed among the remains. The skeleton was very entire, and measured six feet two inches in length, enwrapped in a kind of golden tissue cloth; on his head there appeared to have been a kind of crown, from a few vestages picked up. Sometime afterwards, the temporary grave was re-opened, in presence of a deputation from the barons of the Exchequer, and others, and a cast was taken from his skull, which was transmitted in a mahogany case, lined with puce-coloured velvet, to his Majesty, George IV.—The stone coffin was then filled up with melted pitch, and placed directly under the pulpit, in the newly erected edifice.

New Books.

PICTORIAL EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.*

No. I.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

It is gratifying to find all art ministering to the poet of all nature. Time rolls on, and the works of generations of poets and dramatists, are, after contending struggles of various duration, one after another quietly deposited in those bourns where they become to "forgetfulness a prey;"—while Shakspeare's intellectual progeny, born as much of the heart as of the brain, stand forth for ever in the vigour of perpetual youth, receiving from every successive age the highest tributes enlarged capacity enables it to pay.

The exquisite edition, of which the first number is now before us, is likely to do more, much more, than any of its predecessors, to illustrate those merits of which "age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety." Preceding editors, with all their labours, left something to be done and more to be undone. Every unsophisticated reader must have felt how often, after following a commentator through a long passage, he has found himself, to his mortification, left in the dark; and to such it will be good news to learn that in this edition, while the usual technical criticism is preserved, and the more profound added, from Coleridge, Shlegel, &c.—the mere rubbish which crowded passages only to press out the sense of the author and fatigue that of the reader, has been mercilessly swept away. The wood-cuts by Jackson and others, from designs by Harvey, seem to have a feeling of the text they accompany: they are a graphic commentary, keeping the reader informed of the costume, appearance of places, and manner of action, and so adding perfectness to the illusion which the poet desires to create. The prospectus very fully sets forth the objects of this edition, and the modes of their accomplishment. To it we refer, satisfying ourselves with this brief testimony to results. We shall further gratify ourselves, and, we doubt not, our readers, by an extract from the criticism, by which they will see that attention to details and high artistical excellence, are perfectly consistent with a knowledge of their boundaries and the appreciation of something higher.

"In our own days we have lost the power of surrendering our understanding spell-bound to the witchery of the dramatic poet. We cannot sit for two hours enchained to the one scene which equally represents Verona or Milan, Rome or London, and ask no aid to our senses beyond what the poet supplies us in his dialogue. We must now have changing scenes, which carry us to new localities; and pauses to enable us to comprehend the time which has elapsed in the progress of the action; and appropriate dresses, that we may at once distinguish a king from a peasant, and a Roman from a Greek.

"None of these aids had our ancestors;—but they had what we have not—a thorough love of the dramatic art in its highest range, and an appreciation of its legitimate authority. Wherever the wand of the enchanter waved, there were they ready to come within his circle and to be mute. They did not ask, as we have been accustomed to ask, for happy Lears and unmetaphysical Hamlets. They were content to weep scalding tears with the old king, when his "poor fool" was hanged, and to speculate with the unresolving prince even to the extremest depths of his subtlety. They did not require tragedy to become a blustering melodrama, or comedy a pert farce. They could endure poetry and wit—they understood the alternations of movement and repose. We have, in our character of audience, become degraded even by our advance in many appliances of civilization, with regard to which the audiences in the time of Shakspeare were wholly ignorant. We know many small things exactly, which they were content to leave unstudied; but we have lost the perception of many grand and beautiful things which they received instinctively and without effort. They had great artists working for them, who knew that the range of their art would carry them far beyond the hard dry literal copying of every day Nature, which we call art, and they laid down their shreds and patches of accurate knowledge as a tribute to the conquerors who came to subdue them to the dominion of imagination. What cared they then if a ship set sail from Verona to Milan, when Valentine and his man ought to have departed in a carriage—or what mattered it if Hamlet went "to school at Wittenberg," when the real Hamlet was in being five centuries before the university of Wittenberg was founded! If Shakspeare had lived in this age, he might have looked more carefully into his maps and his encyclopædias. We might have gained something, but what should we not have lost!"

* C. Knight and Co.

LAND SHARKS AND SEA GULLS.

(*Concluded from page 302.*)

THE parson had great difficulty in repressing his tendency to laugh outright. But it was his business to look grave, and he accordingly mastered his features.

"But how came you to lose this first wife?"

"I did n't lose her, sir. She lost herself. When we leaves the station, 'stead of follow'in' the ship, she prefars to follow the sogers. So, in course, sir, I'd nothin' else for it left, but to knock off her lot. Doesn't ye think she desarved it, sir?"

"Yes," returned Lawrence; "but that did not justify you in marrying another while she was living."

"Must lot to *some* one, you know, sir."

"This is against all law, divine and human, Potter."

"That's just what I was afeard of. I only wanted to have it from your own lips, sir. But, you see, sir, the second *would* have me, as well as the first."

"Where did you pick *her* up?"

"At Halifax, sir. She, too, took a fancy to my tie, and had me afore I well know'd where I was. Fan was a cunninger craft nor Sall; she was as jealous as a she tiger. Moreover, sir, she was som'et like Crappo's cat,—had a nasty way of using her claws. So, in course, when we was ordered home, I forgets to lot Fan."

"You should never have lotted to her at all," observed the parson.

"I wishes I'd never a-seed her."

"Well, go on. I'm bound to hear you."

"Well, sir, we gets to the Cove of Cork, and there I takes up with a third. The Irish girls, you know, Mr. Lawrence, have such terrible tongues—such coaxing winnin' ways with 'em."

"So I understand," rejoined the clergyman.

"You may depend on it, sir, they'd weather on a knowin'er man nor me. Once they comes to bring their talk to bear on a body, there's no refusin' em:—so, you see, sir, luggin' me along to the Holy Ground, Biddy soon gets the priest to do the job."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the chaplain.

"Lord help me," was the ejaculation of the penitent. "Ah! woman's, sir, the ruin o' man."

"Then why did you take a fourth?"

"Could n't help it, sir. When once you get in the way o' the thing, you can't, can't help it; and *you'd* say so too, sir, if you once got a glimpse o' Bet."

"A glimpse of who?"

"She as I lots to now. She's the best o' the bunch; and that's the reason," he added pettishly, "that the poor thing must lose her turn, as well as the t'other three. But, if I only gets over this here beggarly bago, I'll never forsake *she*—no, that I won't—never, Bet!"

"This emotion, Potter, does you credit," returned the parson; "but I wish it had been manifested for your first wife, who is now living, instead of your *last*, however amiable she may be."

"I see, Mr. Lawrence, you likes the Creoles — nice-built craft. None of your wall-sided wenches."

"Nonsense, Potter! we are met on serious business. I am surprised at your levity. I shall leave you," continued Lawrence, rising to retire, but all the time laughing in his sleeve.

"I axes your pardon; I does, indeed, Mr. Lawrence. I meant no manner of offence. I can't spare ye yet,—indeed I can't, sir; the worst is still to come."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Potter. I can't conceive anything more reprehensible than deception toward the sex. But if your conscience is still further burthened, I must insist on your adopting a more solemn demeanour. Jokes do not become a man in your situation."

"Ah, it's no joke, sir, I promise you," said Potter, mistaking the admonition of the chaplain; "and you would say so too, sir, if you only seed the same. The bell exactly struck three in the middle watch, when it first hung over my hammock."

"What?"

"The white skeleton hand, sir. It held the broken bit of the same stone. The more I shuts my eyes to shut it out, the more closer it seemed to come. Oh! it was a horrid, horrid sight, sir. The perspiration dropped from my forehead like the dripping of a wet swab."

"To what do you allude?"

"Do ye 'members, sir, the time as we drops down to St. Helen's, to avoid the Court Martial at Spithead?"

"I do."

"You knows Mr. Leatherlungs *would* send a boat a-shore for holy stones?"

"Yes, I remember the circumstance."

"I was coxswain of the yawl, sir. Mr. Leagur had charge of the boat. Young Mr. Darcy was with us, too; a niee-mannered young gentleman he is. We takes a parcel o' top-mauls with us, to smash the stones. 'Well,' says Mr. Leagur, speaking to the boat's crew, 'bear a hand, boys, and fill the boat, and I'll give ye a gallon o' rum when we gets back to the ship.' Well, 'Will's the word,' says Short—him as we calls Slashin' Sam—'follow me,' says Sam; '*I'll* soon shew ye the way to fill the boat.' Well, upon this we takes the top-mauls, an' all but the boat-keeper follows in the wake o' Sam; while Mr. Leagur an' young Mr. Darcy takes a couple o' ship's muskets, an' goes a-shootin' another way.

"Well, sir, after working a traverse inland a short half mile or so, we falls in with a churchyard clear of a livin' soul. 'Here we has 'em,' says Sam; 'here's a nest on 'em!' says he. 'If we does n't soon fill the boat now, then there's never no snakes in Virginny. Remember the gallon o' rum, my boes,' says Sam, flingin' himself, top-maul and all, on the top of a tombstone clear o' grass. 'Smash away, my sons,—here's holy stones enough,' says Sam, 'for every ship in the sarvus.' An' with that we falls to abrakin' the carved stones, an' carries away more nor a couple o' tons of broken bits, with all sot o' letters on em, large an' small, gilt an' black."

"Why, this was nothing less that sacrilege, Potter," observed the reverend gentleman.

"Ah! yes, sir, if it was n't, I would n't 'ave seed what I did in the middle watch."

"What did you see?"

"The most frigtfulest thing as ever tortur'd the sight o' mortal man. The sound was hardly out o' the third bell, when a white bony shrivelled hand hangs over my hammock, clinchin' in its fist the feller piece of the broken bit; the same dientical bit as I 've so long been a' tryin' to grind out on the torturin' words

'In Memory of'

But no; neither dry-rubbin' nor wet stonin' can start a single letter. They seems to stick to the stones, as if detarmined to remind me of my wicked deed. And then, this here ghost of a hand facin' me, wi' the t'other bit as carried on it the full-starin' name o' the Christian soul it kivered. Ah! Ann Dobbs! Ann Dobbs!" sighed Potter, "I'll never, never forget yer frightful fist!"

"This unloading of your conscience cannot fail to be beneficial to you," said Lawrence. "You will sleep happier for it to-night; and I think we shall find you to-morrow, like a reef-point, dangling down from the topsail yard. Good afternoon. Compose yourself."

"Heaven bless you, sir!" ejaculated the penitent Potter. "I feel myself another man already."

The Public Journals.

THE REWARD OF PERFIDY.

"* * * * THE correspondence which has lately appeared in the English papers, containing disclosures of matters in the British diplomatic department, has excited much surprise here. I was yesterday conversing with a Turk of rank on the subject, and he very gravely asked me if there was in England no punishment for such revelations. I explained how matters stood, and he appeared by no means to admire the full extent of individual privileges in England, the advantages of which, persons who live in a despotic state cannot comprehend all at once. I of course stood up for the maintenance of our liberties; and he would probably have been at last confounded, if not convinced; but he cut matters short by clapping his hands. A servant entered, a secretary was called, and the famous code for oriental kings, entitled *Humayoun Namé*, was brought in. He laid down his pipe, found the place, cleared his throat, and, remarking—'Now I'll show you what *we* should think of such matters,' he read the following fable, beginning at page 175 of the printed edition:

"'In ancient times, lived a celebrated monarch, whose throne was adorned with the precious ornaments of equity; in every part of his empire the glittering sword of justice shed its radiance; his rectitude caused the current of joy and prosperity to flow through all his states.

"'One day the Sultan went out to hunt. The nest of the air was melodious with birds, the bosom of the plain was alive with wild animals, and whilst his suite were busily engaged in the occupations of the chase, and the prince was left alone with his Rikiabdar, ("stirrup-holder," an officer of rank,) whom he admitted to his familiarity, he deigned to say to him, "Come, let us give reins to our horses; I wish to see which is the swiftest." The Rikiabdar replying, "To hear is to obey," they started off, sweeping the plain like an impetuous wind. As soon as they were at a sufficient distance from the hunting ground, the Sultan pulled up, and, turning to his companion, said, "Not wishing to trust my other confidential attendants, I have employed this expedient for obtaining a private conversation with you, in order to reveal a secret without exciting suspicion in others." The Rikiabdar kissed the ground of obedience with the lips of homage, saying, "May the face of the son of royalty be ever bright! Though this insignificant atom be unworthy to receive a ray of the luminary of royal condescension, not even the ear of the morning breeze, which is the confidant of spring, shall hear the colours or odours of the flowers of secrecy: if my skull were broken like a drinking-glass, not a trace of the sacred trust would be seen upon its fragments."

"'The Sultan, signifying his approbation, thus spoke to the Rikiabdar: "Know, then, that, aware of the pride and enmity of my brother, I have lately scrutinized his actions carefully, in order to discern what is passing within him, and have clearly perceived that he desires to possess my throne, and that he is plotting my destruction. I have, therefore, determined that, before he can strke the blow, the rough stone of his existence shall be removed from the highway of royalty—the pasture of the state shall be weeded of this heart-wounding thorn—the fountain of the empire

shall be purified of this scum. It is needful, therefore, that you should watch over my preservation. and if you be successful, you shall be a sun of government in the firmament of my court, your glorious feet being placed on the crown of the *Ferkedan* (two bright stars in *Ursa Major*)."

"'The Rikiabdar renewed his protestations of fidelity, confirming his engagement by the most binding oaths. Before he had reached home, however, he had inscribed the cypher of falsehood on the journal of his conduct—he had sown the field of revolt with the seeds of perfidy—he had cut the thread of his engagement with the scissors of dissimulation. In short, the Rikiabdar seized the first opportunity to inform the Sultan's brother of every thing that had passed. The prince overwhelmed him with thanks and promises, and took the most effectual means to protect himself from the impending danger.

"'It so happened, in the ordinary revolution of events and vicissitudes of things, that the spring of the Sultan's power was succeeded by an autumn of misfortune—the flourishing tree of his prosperity shed its leaves, and he exchanged a throne for a bier. When has not the breeze of the summer been followed in this world by the autumnal blast of adversity? The younger brother stepped into the vacant throne, and placed the diadem of empire on the brow of felicity. No sooner did the rosebuds of joy blossom in the garden of majesty, than the first order of the new Sultan was, that the Rikiabdar should be put to death. The unhappy man pleaded hard for his life, and protested against the injustice of the mandate. "Mine of Humanity! Shadow of the Cause of Causes!" exclaimed he, "what is my fault? I am not guilty, unless sincerity be a crime."—"Rikiabdar," said the Sultan, "the greatest crime a servant can commit, is the revelation of secrets entrusted to him in confidence. You have betrayed one which was specially confided to you by your benefactor; how could I expect from you any thing but treachery? *It is better to be alone than in bad company.*"

"'In spite, therefore, of his supplications for pardon, backed by tears and anguish, the Rikiabdar was strangled. The bird of his soul was caught in the springe of royal justice.'"—*Asiatic Journal.*

INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI.

I HAD been nearly a month in Egypt before an opportunity was afforded to me of seeing the extraordinary personage who rules with such absolute power the destinies of that interesting country. However great my curiosity to behold the destroyer of the Mamelukes might have been on landing at Alexandria, it was very much increased at each step I took within his territory, by the traces which were everywhere discoverable of his all-pervading and engrossing genius. Not only the ships and public works, but the more striking private houses and warehouses of Alexandria, were pointed out as belonging to the Pasha. As I proceeded by the canal to the Nile at Atfeh, the numerous boats with their cargoes were all under the orders of the Pasha's agents; and on embarking upon the river for Cairo, I encountered a continued succession of *djermes*, or large sailing-boats, descending from the upper country, laden with cotton, for the stores of Mehemit Ali. Struck with the appearance of several large buildings erected upon the shores of the river, I inquired their use, and was told they were the Pasha's cotton factories. And going ashore one day with my gun, I approached a village containing some large pigeon houses, when I was told by an Arab peasant, who described himself as the Pasha's tenant, that the birds were the property of the Pasha! In short, I soon discovered that Mehemit Ali is the sole merchant, shipowner, manufacturer, and proprietor; and, with far greater propriety than ever Louis XIV. used a similar sentiment, expressive of his relation to France, he may say—"*L'Egypte, c'est moi.*"

It was with feelings of curiosity, heightened by so many visible evidences of his genius and energy, that I proceeded to pay a visit to the Pasha in his palace in the Citadel of Cairo. A party consisting of six English travellers having assembled by appointment at Colonel Campbell's, the Consul, we set off at six o'clock in the evening, accompanied by a janissary, and preceded (it being dark,) by a man bearing a small grate, filled with burning pine-wood, raised upon a long pole or handle, and which is called a *mushallah*.

Having passed under a gateway, and along a winding arched passage of lofty and massive masonry, we found ourselves, after an abrupt turning or two, in a large open square, the opposite and right-hand sides of which contained spacious apartments, whose lofty windows were brilliantly lighted. Dismounting at the portico of the principal entrance, we entered a hall, which, together with the staircase leading to the state apartments, we found to be almost impassable, owing to the crowds of soldiers, of every rank, who were loitering, in not the most orderly manner, in the way. The head of the stairs opened into a large ante-room, which presented a very singular appearance.

The consul, who took the lead of our party, was observed to direct a bow towards the furthest corner of the room; the rest of the party imitated the motion, and then passed on. A few steps more brought my feet close to a long and superbly-enriched pipe, whose glowing bowl rested in a little metal pan upon the floor, and the other extremity of which touched the lips of an aged and portly per-

sonage, who was sitting alone, just to the right of the corner of a divan which ran nearly round the entire circumference of the room. As soon as we approached him, he laid his pipe aside, and repeated several times a few words, which we took for expressions of welcome, being accompanied by the motions of his hands, as he pointed, with rather more hurry than dignity, to the divan on each side of him, as signs for us to be seated. The Colonel took his seat immediately to the right, and the remainder sat down just as they happened to be standing: it chanced that I was placed immediately to the left of Mehemit Ali.

Mehemit Ali is, I am told, about five feet six inches in height; but, as he now sat beside me, sunk deeply in the soft divan, he did not appear so tall. He was dressed in the Turkish costume, which he has retained amidst all his innovations in the dress of his people, with the exception of the turban, for which he has substituted the Fez or Tarboosh cap. His white beard and mustachioes, now so generally curtailed by reforming Musulmans, appeared to be cherished with orthodox care. His features are regular and good; but, being somewhat rounded by fatness, the expression of his face may rather be said to be that of a comely than handsome person. Far from perceiving the traces of cruelty or ferocity in the lines of his countenance, had I been called upon at a glance to give an opinion, without knowing the character of the person beside me, I should have pronounced him an amiable, good-humoured man. It was natural, however, that I should scrutinize severely the physiognomy of one so renowned, in the hope, nay, perhaps with the determination of discovering something uncommon in the expression of his features; and in doing so, I encountered more than once the glance of his bright and restless eye. If character be not reflected from this mirror of the soul, it will be vain to seek for its expression in the more ignoble features of the human countenance; and I thought, as his unquiet eyes glided incessantly from one to another of the party around him, or glanced stealthily at the door beyond, I could trace in their workings, the restless, and ever watchful spirit of Mehemet Ali. I was startled too on observing, that, whilst the mouth, which was partially concealed beneath his white beard and mustache, put on the semblance of laughter, the eyes were all the while peering coldly from beneath their heavy brows, with an expression quite opposite to that of unguarded mirth. The great size of his head accords, phrenologically, with the extraordinary force of character possessed by this successful soldier; whilst a broad and massive forehead harmonizes with that subtlety and depth of intellect which he has evinced in his intrigues and schemes of personal aggrandizement. Upon the whole, however, let me hasten to confess it, there is nothing remarkable in the appearance of Mehemit Ali. His manner is undignified; and there is something unpleasant in the sharp broken tones of his voice, resembling the discordant sound of a cracked bass instrument. I could fancy that, when enraged, his notes migh be more like the midnight bark of the jackal of his country, than the voice of a human being. I ought to add, however, that a portion of the unfavourable impression made by the appearance of the Pasha's person, ought to be put down to the attitude in which he always receives his visiters. What man could look otherwise than undignified and ridiculous, when perched upon the middle of a broad divan, with his legs tucked under him, so as just to show a yellow slipper projecting on either side from beneath his voluminous inexpressibles!

After the usual civilities between the Viceroy and the Consul had passed, and when coffee had been served to us in small porcelain cups, held in filigree stands of gold, richly set with diamonds, the Pasha, who had just returned from a tour in the Delta, took up the conversation, in replying to an observation upon the soil of England, and gave us, with considerable animation, an account of the productiveness of his territory; instancing a village whose extent, population, and crop of cotton that season, he described with much minuteness and pretended exactness, using his hands freely, by way of giving emphasis to his harangue; and he drew a picture of the prosperity and wealth of the inhabitants of this "happy village," which certainly bore no resemblance to any part of Egypt which I or any other traveller ever had the good fortune of seeing. In the middle of his narrative, I was astonished at an interruption from the next apartment, which now sent forth a sort of song or chant, in a loud nasal tone, which was continued with short intermissions during the remainder of our interview. At first, I was startled at this boisterous interruption, which scarcely allowed us to enjoy the tête-à-tête with our distinguished host, and I looked round inquiringly for an instant; but, recollecting the attitude of those we had left upon the floor of the adjoining chamber, I at once concluded that the sounds were devotional.

The discussion afterwards turned upon the subject of navies; and the Pasha proceeded to maintain stoutly, that the quality of his Syrian pine was equal to that of British oak for the purposes of ship-building. There was nothing remarkable in the conversation that followed; unless it be here observed, that, in the choice and handling of his subjects, the Pasha displayed a practical taste, and considerable shrewdness of mind—never being at a loss for arguments, and wielding

them with an ease and fluency of language that sometimes rose almost into eloquence. After an interview of about half an hour, we made our parting salutations, and retired. As we proceeded through the ante-room, we found the pulpit occupied by a priest, whose dissonant psalmody we were glad to escape, by making our way through the room with as much speed as a prudent regard for the toes of the prostrate congregation of the faithful permitted. As I descended the stairs, and passed through crowds of soldiers, loitering in the courts and halls below, I could not help reflecting upon the strange scene in the ante-room, and speculating upon the policy which led the destroyer of the Mamelukes to surround his blood-stained divan with a body-guard of Mollahs, and their fanatical followers, in preference to the disciplined regiments of Colonel Sèves; and I thought, whether even whilst I passed, a prayer was offered up by this reverend clerk of the closet in behalf of Mehemet Ali, *the defender of the faith!* But these reveries were disturbed by the roaring of the lions and other wild beasts, as we passed the menagerie belonging to the palace; and we proceeded back to our quarters in the city, enjoying by the way a recital, by the Consul, of several anecdotes of the famous personage, we had left behind us.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

AN INTELLIGENT TURK.

Lord Lindsay, whilst ascending the Nile, entertained *Wellee Kiashef*, Turkish governor of the country between the cataracts of the Nile, a most intelligent and inquiring man, evidently impatient of the intellectual darkness in which the Moslems are enshrouded. All his geographical ideas were derived from a little work in Arabic, in his possession; but he was most anxious for knowledge. "It was most interesting," says his Lordship, "but painful, to see a man, evidently of talent, born and bred in intellectual darkness, and aware of his situation, struggling and catching at every ray of light. He entered at once on his inquiries, never doubting our willingness to afford him what aid we could; the conversation never flagged a moment, and, in his eagerness, the pipe was often neglected. On paying us another visit on our return, he told us very feelingly that, since he had become acquainted with Europeans about three years ago, he had disrelished the society of other Turks; all their conversation ran on women and dress, never on subjects of real interest. "Now," said he, "I like to know how the sun shines, how the world was created, who inhabit it, &c., and because I do so, and seek the society of those who can instruct me, my countrymen call me proud, and I am quite alone among them;"—"solo, solo, solo!" as Abdallah translated it: it went to my heart —poor fellow! he must indeed be lonely, and so must every one be who outstrips his fellows, while they are still as unenlightened as the Turks, even by the very insignificant distance that Wellee Kiashef has got before them.

TAKING CROCODILES.

The fishermen in pursuit of the crocodile look for him in shallow parts, where some spots of the land project, with channels of water running between. In such places they find the crocodile basking on the land. On the approach of the canoe, he retires into the water, but goes only to a very little distance; and by paddling slowly on, and carefully observing the motion of the weeds and air bubbles that escape from his lungs, they soon discover where he is. They then fix loosely, on the handle of a long paddle, a strong barbed harpoon-iron, which is joined by a rope to the paddle; and, putting the harpoon gently down, find where the animal is. He is very sluggish, and does not move when they touch his side, so that they draw up the instrument and thrust it into his back without any dexterity. The animal flounces a good deal, but never attacks the canoe, which one stroke of his tail would instantly send to the bottom. He often, however, shakes out the harpoon; after which, he neither seems to have an increase of ferocity nor shyness, but allows himself, as in the instance I saw, to be struck a second and a third time, until he is secured and dragged on shore. He there flounces and snaps with his horrid jaws in a violent and dangerous manner; but a large bamboo being thrust into his mouth, he bites with such violence that he cannot readily disengage his teeth, and gives the people time to secure the gag by tying a rope round his jaws. He is then helpless. In the one which I saw caught, a ball fired through his head from a small fowling-piece instantly deprived him of motion: nor did he show almost any sign of sensation when, immediately afterwards, the harpoon was torn from his back. On the whole, the crocodile seems to be a stupid animal, and to make but a poor resistance, considering his great power and the tremendous force of tail, jaws, and teeth, with which he is provided. The hardness usually attributed to his skin will appear, from the above account, to have been very much exaggerated. I have seen the crocodile, however, move with very great velocity; and have no doubt that in the pursuit of fish, it uses great exertions of this kind; nor does it seem to be entirely destitute of cunning, as crocodiles have been repeatedly found lurking in the fords of rivers through which high roads pass. Of this, indeed, I saw one instance; and am assured that it is not uncommon.—*Martin's History, &c. of Eastern India.*

THE ORGAN.

(*From the French.*)

The organ was first introduced in Europe in 757. It was Constantine Copronyme who sent the first as a present to Pepin the Short, who had it placed in the church of St. Corneille, at Compiegne. Besides the singularity of the instrument, the manner in which it was played justly excited admiration; for it was by means of steam that the sound was then produced. The following is nearly the manner in which it was obtained:—boiling water was held in a reservoir under the pipes of the organ; as a key was touched, a corresponding valve opened and admitted the steam, which thus produced a sound. But the instruments built on that principle were not used long, and the secret of this strange construction is now lost.

The agency of air was made to succeed that of steam, and bellows, constructed for the purpose, gave it access to the interior of the organ. The first that was built upon this new principle is that which Louis the Good had placed in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Shortly after, skilful organ-builders made their appearance in Germany. There were several at Rome towards the end of the 9th century; Pope John VIII. was a great patron to them. From Rome, the art spread over Italy. Organs with bellows were introduced in England in the 10th century; there was one amongst others placed in Westminster Abbey.

The mechanism of the instruments must then have been sufficiently clumsy; for, having but four hundred pipes, no less than twenty-six bellows were adapted to them, which twenty of the stoutest men had great difficulty in working. The keys were from five to six inches in size, and the organist used his feet instead of his hands. In the 13th century, however, the keys were made considerably smaller, and fingering was introduced. At the same time, the method of having more than one row of keys was adopted, and, little by little, different stops were discovered. H. M.

The Gatherer.

When Hea-how-pew-che, (says a recent writer,) first went to occupy the office of Ling, at Sin-chang-keen, in the district of Tang-yih-chow, he asked the head man of a village, how many eggs he could buy for a cash; on the head man stating that it would purchase three, he sent for ten thousand cash, which he gave to the head man, and bade him buy thirty thousand eggs; at the same time saying, that, as he did not want them immediately, they were to be put under some hens to hatch, by which means he should probably have thirty thousand chickens; which, when they were some months old, he would tell the Le of the district to sell for thirty cash each. He then asked how many bamboo sprouts he could buy for a cash; and on being told that it would purchase five, he sent for ten thousand cash more, which he gave to the head man to buy fifty thousand sprouts with, telling him to plant and cultivate them in the woods until autumn, and, when they are grown to a proper size, to sell them at ten cash each. W. G. C.

Among the many accidents occasioned by the hurricane on the morning of the 29th ult, are to be noticed the destruction of two remarkable trees:—Shakespeare's celebrated Herne's Oak, in the Little Park, Windsor; and Cromwell's mulberry-tree, at the villa of Mr. Lavell, at Brompton.

Parents.—How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted.

For ever and a Day.—A contemporary says, that "the machinery of the Great Western will last for ever;" and adds, that "afterwards it can be sold for old iron!"

The *Asiatic Journal*, Nov. 1838, says, that "the skeleton of a human body, measuring nine feet nine inches, has been dug up by miners near the southern extremity of the Himalaya Mountains, at a very short distance from the surface of the nearest stratum of mould.

A Match for Jonathan.—A gentleman near Wirksworth had a mind for a sparrow-pudding, so he rubbed the hedge over with birdlime, thinking in the morning to have plenty of game; but, to his astonishment, when daylight dawned, and he looked out, the hedge was gone! for the sparrows had alighted on it in such quantities, that, fearing to be boiled or baked, when they found it held them fast, as a last resource, they flew away with it.

Awkward Mistake.—"What is your business, Madame?" asked a counsel recently of a witness on the stand. "I keep a seminary for the destruction of young ladies," was the answer.—*Boston* (America) *Herald.*

Among the extraordinary circumstances of these extraordinary times, is that of a young man wanting to *marry his grandmother!* which request was not complied with by the minister, as being contrary to the tenets of our Established Church.

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OF

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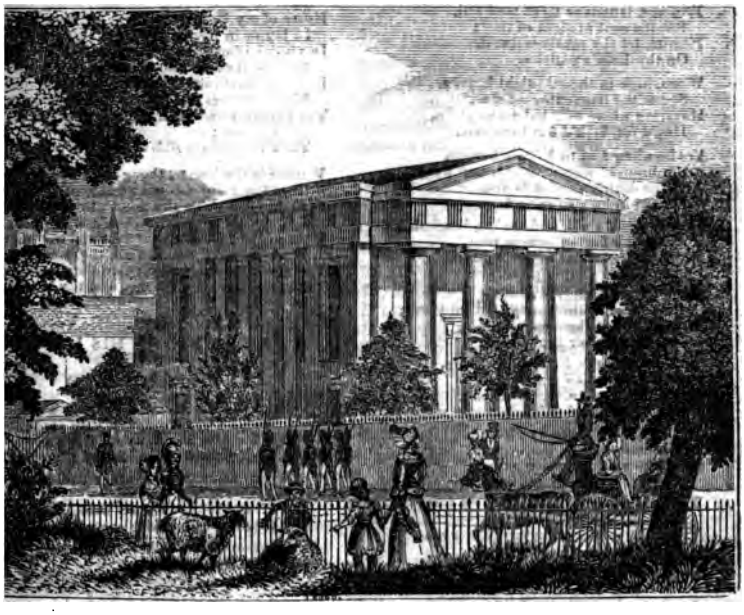
21.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1838. [PRICE 2d.



THE WELLINGTON CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

ndid building was lately erected in
k-yard of the Wellington Barracks,
outhern side of St. James's Park,
y called Bird-Cage Walk, as a
or the regiment that may be sta-
ere.

workmen commenced laying the
a of the Chapel in June 1835;
as opened for the performance of
rvice on Sunday morning, May 6,
The Queen having been expected,
d in the Park was very great, but
esty did not attend. There were
early 2,000 of the household troops,
s of three regiments of Foot Guards
Blues; the appearance of the latter
the steel cuirass," and the orderly
n which they as well as the other
haved, excited general admiration.
s of the Military School delivered
nses to the different prayers in a
at showed they had not been badly

taught; and the beautiful band of the Fusileer Guards played at intervals several pieces of sacred music. A very impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Dakin, chaplain-general of the army. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir Willoughby Gordon, Sir Charles Dalbiac, Lord Hill, and other general officers attended. The Duke himself was not present, but upon the troops marching out of the barrack-yard, his Grace was observed on horseback, taking an airing in the Park. He was respectfully saluted by many "Waterloo men," and loudly cheered by the civilians.

Last October, the royal coat of arms, lately used at the Coronation of the Queen in Westminster Abbey, was given by the Board of Works to this Chapel; and it is placed immediately in front of the pew appropriated to her Majesty.

THE COURSE OF PROPHECY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old,—from everlasting."—MICAH, ch. v. ver. 2.

STILL the starry vault is bending,
O'er thee, Bethlehem, as of yore;
And soft twilight dews descending,
Lull thee into rest once more.

Feelings, language ne'er may tell,
Fill the soul at sight of thee;
Pilgrim, let thy musings dwell,
On thy Lord's nativity.

When, high in the midnight heaven,
Shone the long-expected star,
Hovering where that babe was given,
Hop'd for, look'd for, from afar.

Yes!—when first to Eden's bowers,
Sin brought sorrow, death, and woe,
And the darkly shaded hours,
Ceased in holy calm to flow.

Conscience-stain'd, and broken-hearted,
When the first of human race,
From their glorious home departed,
To a sadder resting place.

Even then,—remotely shining
Came that beam through future years;
Hush'd to rest their vain repining,
Comforted their bitter tears.

To the Patriarch, humbly dwelling,
On far Canaan's tented plain,
Came the promise, dimly telling,
Of a future Saviour's reign.

In the desert's shadowy gloom,
To the meek and lonely man,
See! the glorious vision come,
And unfold the wond'rous plan.

This, with courage high, inspired him,
In proud Egypt's court to stand,
This, with power unearthly arm'd him,
Leading on the chosen band.

Turn to distant Araby,
Hear the shepherd chieftain's moan;
See him raise a suppliant eye,
And the world's Redeemer own.

Still, "beneath the vault of time,"
Rolls that music louder still;
Far and wide, through every clime,
Some faint note the breezes fill.

Clearer,—louder, rose the song,
From the royal minstrels' lyre,
Thrill'd his harp's deep chords along,
Fraught with all a prophet's fire.

Rapt Isaiah swell'd the strain,
Telling of the "Man of Woe,"
All the mockery, all the pain,
That the Mighty One would know.

Prophets told of One betray'd,
Yet "from everlasting" born,
How in Bethlehem's humble shade,
Would Messiah's crown be worn.

How to sightless orbs that hand,
Would the light of day restore;
How the lame again would stand,
And the deaf would hear once more.

Centuries pass'd,—ah! what that strain,
Rising upon the desert's gale,
That bids the faithful heart rejoice,
And turns the listener's cheek so pale.

Far in the wilderness, untired,
Arose the herald Prophet's cry,
"He comes!—He comes!—the long desired,—
Repent,—the day-star is on high!"

Hope of all time,—the "Prince of Peace,"
Whose brow required no regal gem,
Who died to bring our woes release,
Was once, the babe of Bethlehem!

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE R—.

HOME OF MY FATHERS!

BY ANDREW PARK,

Author of "The Bridegroom and the Bride," "Vision of Mankind," &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HOME of my Fathers, though far from thy grandeur,
In joy or in sorrow my heart turns to thee;
In visions of night thy sweet valleys I wander,
And dwell with those friends that are dearest to me!
I see thy blue hills where the thunders are leaping;
Where springs the loud cascade to caverns below.
The clouds round their summit their dark watch are keeping;
Their ravines are ribb'd with the purest of snow!

Warm are thy hearts, though thy breezes be chilly;
Rosy thy maidens, and artless and gay;
Cradled on high lie thy lakes pure and stilly,
Surrounded by mountains gigantic and gray.
Land of the *Pibroch*, the plaid and the heather,—
The lake and the mountain, the streamlet and glen.
The green thoughts of youth do not easily wither,
But dwell on thy charms, and thy bravest of men!

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING OFF SNUFF.

(*For the Mirror.*)

PANDORA'S Box was filled with woes,
And B**d's o'erflowed with snuff,
But his dear box away he throws,—
Content with *quantum suff.*:

Which means, that, having had enough,
Aside his box he'll lay.—
Ah! would that human woes, like snuff,
Could thus be flung away!

Pandora's Box!—Is't then decreed
That it with man must stay?
Can he not, like the daring B**d,
Fling that sad box away?

First bid the wretch, whose burning throat
The rankest poisons tear,
In wild despair the antidote
To scatter in the air!

Better these woes bear as we can,
(Though worse than furies' locks!)
Since Hope, the panoply of man,
Lies slumb'ring in the box:

For still that box holds Hope, 'tis said;—
But does the box of snuff?
Its only Hope,—a Hope to dread!
Is,—(as exclaims Macduff,)—

That,—spell-bound by his sweet Rappee,—
The once-indulged-in-snuff,
Relapsed, will rave,—Then "d——'d be he
Who first cries, hold, enough!"

Then B**d beware! avoid a pinch,
The offered box reject;
You'll "take an ell, if giv'n an inch,"
And your resolve be wrecked.

ON RAIN.

BEHOLD! how lovely shine the gems of rain,
Like sparkling diamonds on the glittering plain;
How, hanging on the flow'ring shrubs, they blaze,
And dart beneath the leaves their silver rays;
The plants refreshed, their flowers to heaven disclose,
As grateful for the good its hand bestows.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.—VII.

Stems of Plants.

The varieties of the stem amount to many dozens or scores; but there are seven leading divisions with which it is necessary to be well acquainted. 1. A *Scape* is a stalk without leaves; like that of the tulip, and most plants of the lily-tribe. It is rather a variety of the flower-stalk, than a stem. Its proper appellation is the Latin *Scapus;* and some botanists object to its being Englished by the word *scape;* but it is a term recommended by its great convenience. It is sometimes simple, as in the primrose; and in others divided, as in the cowslip. It is sometimes naked, as in the narcissus; sometimes scaly, as in coltsfoot; and sometimes spiral, as in the cyclamen.

2. A *Frond* is the name given to the apparent leaves of ferns. We say "*apparent* leaves;" because the stalk, leaf, and organs of fructification, are, in these plants, all united into one; that is to say, flowers and fruit (such as they are) are produced from the leaf itself. It is a term also applied to lichens; in which the whole plant is a leafy substance. Linnæus considered palm-trees as fronds; and they certainly have not the proper stem of a tree; but they are best regarded as herbs, whose stalks bear the fruit. The deposition of wood in ferns, takes place exactly in the same way as in palms.

3. The *Trunk* is the most important variety of stem; owing to the many purposes which it serves. It is the stem of our forest-trees; such as the oak, the fir, the beech, the elm, &c. It is said that while the hardest part of the trunk is *central*, the hardest part of each layer is *external*; so that the hardness of each layer, is in the inverse direction of that of the whole. Nuts, stones, and living toads have sometimes been found in the heart of trees; from the layers of wood having grown over them. That admirable writer, the late Jane Taylor, in her "Contributions of Q. Q.," has a poetical piece entitled, "The Toad's Journal;" in which are recorded the supposed details of a toad's residence, for two or three thousand years, in such a prison as this. The quicker the growth of the tree, the softer is the wood;—as in the poplar and willow; while in the oak and box, which are trees of slow growth, the wood is very hard. There are some exceptions to this rule, however; as in a species of liburnum, which is of very quick growth, but yet is tolerably hard. It is for the reason just mentioned (their slower growth) that trees are harder in cold countries than in warm. Thus, the Scotch fir is better than the English; and that of the Baltic is better still. Mahogany and iron-wood, though of so hard a nature, grow in the tropics; and their hardness is probably owing to vegetation being so active, as to make up for the rapidity of growth, by filling the cells with wood. The trunk is a form of stem confined to dicotyledonous plants. It consists of concentric layers; and increases in size by the annual addition of one of these. The new layers are called *alburnum;* but after a few years they become hardened into *duramen*. It is of importance to get as much of the latter as possible; for the former (called also *sap-wood*) is cut away, and not used for building. Duhamel made experiments for the purpose, if possible, of converting alburnum into duramen. He found that if the bark be stripped off the tree the year before it is felled, the alburnum is hardened; but it also becomes brittle. Decandolle recommends this to be used for ships, as not being subject to the attacks of insects. The purpose of increasing the duramen, however, is best accomplished by a rich soil. If a tree have one root which runs into a rich soil, that side of the tree has more duramen than the rest.

4. A *Stipe* is a kind of stem peculiar to monocotyledonous plants; such as palms. The latter grow in a very curious manner; for they increase from within, and not by external layers. By this internal deposition, the stem becomes firm; and the outside gets hard, and prevents the stem from becoming thicker, though it still grows higher. It sends off no branches; and as the lower leaves wither, it retains only a crown of leaves at the summit. It grows as long as there is vigour sufficient to throw out a bud at the top; which is often till the flower appears; when the fruit ripens, and the tree decays. The tall, graceful appearance of this tree, always excited the admiration of the orientals: whence Jewish females were compared to the palm; and so, on account of their moral excellence, were righteous men. Sometimes the palm bulges out half way up the stem; and pillars are sometimes built in imitation of this form. It has no appearance of rings when cut across; for its structure is homogeneous; and it has no bark; for that which *appears* to be bark, consists only of the remains of the foot-stalks. The *external* part is the hardest;—sometimes rivalling the hardness of a stone; which is the reverse of the *trunk*,—which we last examined. This provision gives the tree great strength; and thus enables it to resist the violent winds, to which tropical countries are so much exposed. Its pith affords excellent light food. We have already mentioned that sago is thus obtained.

The age of a palm is estimated by the number of rings formed by decayed leaves. The doom-palm has branches. It grows in the middle of the deserts of Thebes; where it seems to check the advance of sand, and

to form a fertile spot around it. In time, these trees may have the effect of recovering a considerable portion of land from the encroachments of the sand. The palm is a very interesting tree, on account of its being connected with so many details of sacred history. It serves a great many purposes to the natives of countries where it grows. It may be looked upon as a perennial herbaceous plant. The plantain resembles the palm. In the orange-lily, which belongs to the same great division of plants, we have a good exemplification of the manner in which the palm grows. It is a kind of palm in miniature. A stipe is found in plants of very low organization; the term being applied to the stem of the common mushroom, and other funguses. The stipe is a cylindrical column, as thick at the top as at the base; which is not the case with a trunk.

5. A *culm*, or *straw*, belongs to wheat, oats, barley, and other grasses; it is a simple stem, seldom branched, generally hollow, and marked at intervals by knots or partitions. It is not easy to define it accurately. Its hollow form gives it at once strength and pliability; so that "a reed shaken by the wind," is a type of gentleness and firmness. Silex (or flint) is found in straw; and from it the latter derives its shining polish. Within the tropics, bamboos will sometimes strike fire on being rubbed together by the wind; and a bamboo will strike fire from percussion with a steel. Silex often collects in the joints of the stem; where it may be heard to rattle on being shaken. Bamboos also make very strong fortifications for cities. This is extensively exemplified in India. Sugar is often found in the culm; as in the sugar-cane, Indian corn, &c. The internal cavity is divided by partitions (or *diaphragms*, as they are significantly called) at the places indicated by joints. The use of them is not known; but they probably add to the strength of the stem. Some think they serve as reservoirs for nutriment; for there is generally sugar in these knots, though there may be none in other parts of the plant. If the earth reach these knots, they throw out roots; and thus fresh plants are formed. Hence the advantage of rolling and treading grass. Some recommend transplanting. In one experiment, a single grain of corn, by four transplantations, produced twenty-one thousand ears. This plan, however, requires too much labour for practical use.

The culm is sometimes without joints; as in rushes. Sometimes instead of being straight, it is bent like the knee; as in "fox-tail-grass." It is sometimes solid, rough, and triangular; instead of being hollow, smooth, and round. In maize, and the sugar-cane, it is full within.

6. The *peduncle*, or *flower-stalk*, is rather a subdivision of the stem, from which it generally springs. Sometimes it springs from the root; when it is called "a *radical* peduncle," or *scape*. It bears flowers and fruit, but not leaves. It is often subdivided; and the ultimate divisions are called *pedicels*. They are well seen in the cowslip. When there is no flower-stalk, the flowers are said to be sessile; as in the star-thistle.

7. The *petiole*, or *leaf-stalk*, is also to be looked upon, in general, as a subdivision of the stem, rather than a stem itself. It is either simple, as in all simple leaves; or compound, as in coriander. The leaf-stalk is generally grooved on the upper side; and sometimes it is greatly dilated at the base, and very concave there. This part, where it is attached to the stem, is called the axilla, (in allusion to the *arm-pit*); and this is a very common place for buds, branches, and flower-stalks to spring from.

All the varieties of stems not included in the foregoing divisions, go by the general name of *stem*. Their number is considerable. Many parts often described as tuberose *roots*, are in reality underground *stems*; as in the iris, and "Solomon's-seal." The proper appellation of this kind of stem is *rhizoma*, or *stock*. It is distinguished from the root by always, in some part of its extent, presenting traces of the leaves of preceding years, or of scales which take the place of leaves; and it always increases by its base, or the part nearest the leaves; which is the reverse of what takes place in the true root.

N. R.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Elle se levè de son lit et regarde la France encore et tant qu'elle peut."

Some time after her return to her native country, Mary Queen of Scots wrote the following beautiful little song, which will probably be continued to be read as long as the French language shall remain in existence:

Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O, ma patrie,
La plus chere,
Qui à nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu France! adieu mes beau jours!
La nef qui de joint mes amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitié;
Une partie te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre elle te souvienne.

At this period of her life, Mary was often heard to express a wish that she was dead, or that she had never been born; and Brantome, who was in the same vessel with her when she left France, says, that when the various shoals which they had escaped were pointed out to her, she observed, that for the sake of her friends, and for the common weal of Scotland, she ought to rejoice, but that for herself she would have esteemed it a privilege so to end her course.

The Novelist.

THE HEIR OF SELWOOD.*

This is an interesting story, enlivened by sufficient variety of character, and written in an agreeable, unaffected style. It inculcates, moreover, an important moral, and the pervading pathos of the story, deeper than ordinary in Mrs. Gore's writings, is relieved by the moral brightness of some of the characters,—to say nothing of the fashionable conversations, which inane as they must necessarily be to be like their prototypes, are saved from their natural consequences upon the reader by the bye-play of the authoress's good-natured wit, or graver sarcasm. We shall precede our extracts by a slight reference to the plot.

Sir Richard Norman, the head of an opulent Catholic family, from pique towards the presumptive heir, more than from personal predilection, marries the beautiful daughter of a rich Birmingham manufacturer. Years elapse, and his desire of offspring remains ungratified. He retires with his wife to Paris, and having, by alternate moroseness and tenderness, secured her connivance, he contrives and carries into effect a scheme, by which a suppositious child is introduced to his residence, and afterwards brought up as the legitimate heir to his estate and title.

The debasing consequences of a departure from rectitude are all along severely felt by the hapless Matilda; but, a few years after the adoption, the less susceptible mind of Sir Richard is doomed to receive a shock from the announcement of Lady Norman's pregnancy! The child proves to be a girl; and the two children, Walter and Constance, grow up in the strongest mutual affection. The discovery of the imposture does not take place until after the death of Sir Richard, and near upon the time of Walter's coming of age. The occasion brings into strong light the noble qualities of the supposed heir, and collaterally of Lady Norman's brother-in-law, Mr. Avesford, a Liverpool merchant, and of Cruttenden Maule, her brother, who, a stranger to conventional refinements, is alive to all the generous impulses of the heart. By these qualities the story is brought to a happier termination than its general tenor promises. But we must proceed to our extracts.

In the following, the children are described in their false position, and an insight afforded of their respective characters.

"Avesford and his wife were sometimes amazed at the unaccountable preference accorded by Matilda to her daughter. Every human feeling may be feigned save that of mother's love. But in *that*, nature cries aloud; and with all Lady Norman's desire that no difference should be perceptible in her treatment of Walter and Constance, scarcely a visiter ever quitted Selwood Manor during the childhood of the two, without noticing how much the litle girl was the favourite.

"The children themselves were happily blind to the circumstance. Lady Norman was still to Walter all she had been from his birth; and the boy could conjecture no softer affection, no care more vigilant than that of his beloved mother. By his father and nurse, indeed, this filial feeling had in infancy been fostered; by the former from anxiety to knit more closely the ties uniting Matilda and the boy; by the latter, from knowing that the claims and privileges of her nursling were dependent on the will of Lady Norman. Between the lessons of both, and his intuitive sense of the feminine loveliness of her character, his devotion to his mother became a passion rather than a sentiment. The slightest reproof from her lips would bring tears into his eyes, when the chastisements of others rendered him only more stubborn. * * In Constance he adored his mother's image refined and softened; and his tenderness for his sister resembled rather the devotion of a lover than the rough familiar fondness prevalent in a family of young people of the same age.

"Sir Walter grew up pre-eminently handsome. With the prejudice which delights in tracing family resemblances, every one in Worcestershire decided that he was the image of his father. But Lady Norman saw with more discerning eyes. There was an accidental resemblance between them in the darkness of their hair and complexion; but, while thankful for the chance which so far favoured the deception, she could not help wondering that eyes were to be found so unobservant as to trace affinity between the dark grey eyes of Sir Richard, and the joyous expression of Sir Walter's hazel eyes and mobile countenance. Not but the looks of the latter could be moved from their youthful brightness; but they never clouded into sullenness. The feeling of the moment often fired that impetuous temper; for Sir Walter had even more susceptibility than his predecessor. His passions less deeply seated, were more readily moved. But he had a fine, generous character to redeem every lesser fault, and account for the strong affection with which Avesford was beginning to regard him. * * * He delighted in the manliness of Walter's character, and the vigour of his understanding.—On quitting England for Rome, at seventeen years of age, Sir Walter was a spirited, impetuous youth, and, on returning home to be emancipated from the control of his tutor, it was impossible to behold a more graceful young man, and difficult to find a more endearing."

* H. Colburn.

Constance Norman's education.

"The widowed Lady Norman had devoted seventeen years of her life to the gentle creature vouchsafed as its consolation,—the Ariel of her 'still vexed Bermoothes;'—and in the grateful love of her tender child, she had her reward. Constance Norman was a vital portion of her mother's existence; had known no other nurse, no other preceptress. Matilda had found courage to recommence her own defective education, to qualify herself for presiding over that of her daughter. But, unluckily, while imbibing and imparting the lessons destined to store the mind and strengthen the understanding of her daughter, she had neglected to fortify the heart. Blind, like every other human being, to the seat of her own weakness, she saw not that the errors of her life were attributable to overweaning affection; and not only persisted in her fault by transferring to her girl the worship she had formerly bestowed on her husband, bur trained up the gentle susceptibility of Constance, to feel that all human happiness is concentrated in reciprocity of human affection. It was a lovely fault—a gentle fault—a *woman's* fault;—but still a fault!—"

By the will of Sir Richard Norman, Mr. Avesford had been left guardian to the young Walter: the following, and it must be our concluding, extract describes the first interview between the guardian and his ward, after the discovery of the deception.

"As he entered the hall to welcome his friend, Walter discerned several persons alighting from the carriage. From among them his beloved guardian advanced towards him; and hurrying beyond the observations of the servants, folded him fervently and parentally in his arms.

"'I have always regarded you as a *friend*, rather than a nephew,' faltered Avesford with great emotion, when he found the heart of the agitated young man beating against his own; but I am happier than I had a right to expect! By the strange events that have occurred, Walter, I *have* obtained a *son!*'

"Ere this affectionate greeting could be acknowledged as it deserved, Mrs. Avesford was by their side, eager to administer her share of comfort to the afflictions of her long cherished Walter; both Elizabeth and her husband being secretly indignant against the authors of the imposition by which his feelings had been so cruelly set at nought.

"They pitied Lady Norman; but their honest hearts could not overlook the habitual duplicity in which she had dwelt among them. They could believe that she must have suffered deeply. They knew that the first step taken in the path of deceit is the cause of a thousand unanticipated deceptions; as a single untrue line in a mass of buildings falsifies the whole structure. * * * The long concealment, the final motive of disclosure, were alike offensive in their eyes. But compassion suggested forbearance. Her fault must be tenderly dealt with; for it was that of the mother of Constance.

"'My dear boy,' said Avesford, affectionately retaining his hand, 'I have heard, with the sympathy for which I know you will give me credit, the particulars of this wretched story;—and approve all your views,—all your proceedings. You have acted as a man of honour, Walter; you have acted as I would wish my ward, *my friend*, to act. I cannot offer you high lineage or princely fortune in compensation for those you so honourably resign. But I offer you an honest name, and what the world calls opulence. My wife loves you as I do. Be the child of our adoption, the comfort of our old age! * * * Thus far, Walter, for the bright side of your prospects! Against the gloomy one, my dear boy, all my care,—all my affection,—will not suffice to close your eyes! Let me therefore counsel you to confront with fortitude the contemplation. Let every step and measure be instigated by the best impulses of your soul. You must see clearly, in order that you may decide discreetly.'

"Walter replied only by pressing in silence the hand of the friend thus nobly careful of his interests.

"'Do not suppose,' resumed Avesford in the same low persuasive tone, 'that I wish to undervalue the greatness of your trial, or of the sacrifices you are called on to make. But I would not have you invest them with undue consequence. A man, Walter, is the son of his actions;—not of his position in life. You are still on the threshold of your career. On yourself depends the honour or shame of your destinies. Denied the more endearing ties of life, you will also be exempt from their claims upon your time and tenderness. Henceforward, therefore, be your country's, my dear Walter, heart and soul your country's, till by your exertions you have earned a title to leisure and distinction. As the pampered owner of Selwood Manor, such virtue had been difficult—perhaps impossible. Your misfortunes, therefore, may become a source of merit, and of distinction, far more flattering than the utmost glories conveyed by descent; and I feel that, as the ardent labourer in an honourable cause, you will stand higher than as the heir of a line whose founders fought at Crecy or Poitiers.'

"'Your words afford me encouragement,' replied Norman, vainly attempting to assume a more cheerful tone. 'I shall some day be grateful to you for giving me hope. At present I am writhing under the stings of memory.'"

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE following extract is translated from a French novel, under the title of "Les derniers Bretons," and contains some curious details relative to the manners and customs of Lower Brittany. The subject of this "morceau" is a faithful account of the ceremonial still in use among the unsophisticated people of that province, on a formal demand in marriage being made:—

Eight days before the marriage, the bride and bridegroom proceed separately to deliver their invitations for the ceremony; the young damsel accompanied by a bridesman, and the happy swain by a bridesmaid and friend, called an *inviter*. The inviter, (*inviteur,*) carrying in his hand a long white rod, stops at the door of each house, and commences a long discourse in verse, in which he invites "all the people of the house to come to the feast," stating the time and place, as also the "Aubergiste" who is to provide the dinner. This discourse is frequently interrupted by devout ejaculations and signs of the cross.

On the morning of the marriage, the inviter, whose office is now changed, and who is designated by the name of *Rhymer*, (*Rimeur,*) presents himself at the house of the bride's parents, accompanied by the bridegroom and his relations. The family of the bride stand at the threshold with another rhymer, whose duty it is to answer in their name. Here commences a scene which is, perhaps, unequalled, for the strange mixture of the grotesque and serious. The rhymer of the bridegroom advances first, and uncovering his head, commences the following dialogue, in verse, in the dialect of the province:—

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Good morning, friends! Since you are assembled here, unemployed, and in your holiday clothes, you can spare time to listen to a few words from us. We are travellers, who bring good news. Tell us, we pray you, the name of this family?

Bride's Rhymer.—Good morning to you all! I hope you are honest travellers; but pursue your journey; there is no connection between you and me.

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—What! gossip, I expected you would, at least, have invited me to enter your house to light my pipe! I even thought, if you had any regard for my welfare, you might, perhaps, have asked me to eat and drink! But, instead of this, you leave me, ready to sink with fatigue, to look through the key-hole, while you strut there. Tell me whether you are a heretic, or the son of a rich miser!

Bride's Rhymer.—Neither; but so many thieving vagabonds have entered our houses to eat our smoked bacon and cakes, that we are grown prudent. If, however, you are tired, I will lend you a tub to sit on. What do you say to this? Won't it serve your purpose?

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Master, I am not a thieving vagabond; I come here to fulfil a mission worthy of a Christian! because it is said in Scripture, that, in former times, a good man, named Eliezer, did that which I do to day; and history says, that Eliezer was received with honour, and not left outside the threshold.

Bride's Rhymer.—Oh! if Eliezer was to come to me I would receive him with open arms, because he was a good and religious man; but, at present, the country is infested with people who lie and steal;—they promise you sea and land for what they want. If you are an imposter like them, be off! and don't come near this house.

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Eliezer, my model, being true and faithful, God directed him towards a young damsel, beautiful as the stars of the desert. The people, being hospitable, opened their doors for him, and offered him meat and drink; but he would not eat till he had explained the object of his journey; and I, also, have no time to lose. I am come on the same errand as Eliezer;—you may deny it; but I know there is a young maiden in this house. Tell her I have brought the man she loves best;—he is waiting here to unite his fate with her's for ever! Enough of resistance and finesse, my friend, you know well that he is rich, and the best man that ever broke bread.

Bride's Rhymer.—One would think, to hear you, that every thing was already decided. I believe you are a very clever fellow, because you speak with rare eloquence; but do you, therefore, suppose, that the maiden you seek is one to throw herself into the arms of the first comer, like a grain of black wheat, that one tramples in the road.

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—The young man that seeks her is not one likely to be refused. He tills the earth with ease, turns as many furrows in one day as another man in three When his car is upset, he can raise it by himself; his hands are steel; and when he wields the ploughshare, it is more formidable than the soldier's sabre.

Bride's Rhymer.—And who can equal the young maiden that he sues for? Have you ever seen her carry gracefully on her head, the milk which she has drawn? She is light and graceful as the flowery broom;—her eye never meets the ardent gaze of the men; and, when the dance begins, the timid virgin holds her mother's hand on one side, and that of her young companion on the other. But this prodigy is no longer here; she has long since quitted the house of her parents.

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—You deceive me; the yew-tree is made for the churchyard, the rose for the garden, and the young damsels to enliven the home of a husband. Do not plunge me into despair;—lead hither by the hand her I adore, and we will place her by the side of her husband at the marriage-feast.

Bride's Rhymer.—I must yield, friend, you press your suit with so much ardour! (*He retires into the house and leads out an old woman.*) Is this the rose you seek?

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—I judge from the venerable countenance of this woman, that she has fulfilled her duty in this world, and conferred happiness on those who loved her. This is not her I seek.

Bride's Rhymer.—(*Presenting a young widow.*)—Here is a young damsel, beautiful as the morning star! Her cheeks are like the rose! and her eyes, sparkling like diamonds, captivate the hearts of men! Is she not the maiden you want?

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Certainly, this beautiful face, blooming in the freshness of youth, betokens a virgin; but have not those delicate little fingers been used to feed and nurse infants?

Bride's Rhymer.—You are too deep for me; nothing escapes you. (*He leads out a girl of ten years of age.*)—This must be her you seek!

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Such was she I adored eight years ago. This beautiful child will make a husband happy some day; at present she is an osier that must remain in the hedge some years; the other is a basket ready to be set on the table of the marriage-feast.

Bride's Rhymer.—That's enough; you deserve to have what you ask!—(*He leads forth the bride.*)—Here is the maiden of your choice:—join hands, my children! Oh, man! you have now a woman to protect and love! Let her never be seen weeping at your door like a stranger; for God will avenge those who oppress the weak and helpless!—(*The two families enter the house of the bride together; the Rhymer follows, but remains a few steps behind the others.*)

Bridegroom's Rhymer.—Salvation to this house, and those who sleep each night in the fear of God! Since I was an infant, borne in the arms of my mother, I have always wished to enter a palace;—my wishes are at last accomplished;—I have now set my foot in this house, where dwells the queen of beauty! M.

CHARACTER OF MILTON.

Milton's character is a subject for our closest meditations; and is adapted not merely for the gaze of our unavailing admiration, but to animate us in earnest endeavours at an imitation of its excellencies. We are at once struck by the prodigious greatness and variety of his talents, and the vast extent of his learning. Gifted with a genius which, of its kind, has only been equalled in England by that of Shakspeare and Bacon, he applied himself from an early age (he tells us his 12th year) to the severest study, and persevered in that noble course to the end of his existence. This example may teach us how foolish is the vulgar opinion, that genius and industry are irreconcilable. Let those who think so turn their eyes to Milton; let them read the "Paradise Lost," and say whether the originality of invention, or the stores of learning, are more conspicuous. Again, let those who imagine that great talents and great virtues are incompatible, turn to Milton, and there they will see that the glory of English literature was of unsullied morals, of pure and spotless life. And if they imagine that contemplation and study unfit their devotee for the active duties of life, let them turn again to Milton, and see the practical talents of the philosopher, and the stranger union of the patriot and the statesman. And if they are tempted to think from much fashionable writing, that whining sentimentality and morbid exaggeration of feeling are the natural and proper fruits of poetry and its sublime musings, let them turn again to Milton, and see that "his poetry is always healthful, bright and vigorous, without gloom or dark pictures of life; for he knew that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into the occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue."*

[From a lecture on the character of Milton, delivered at several metropolitan Literary Institutions, by A. A. Fry, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.]

THE 'NARAS, A NEW FRUIT.

The 'naras was growing on little knolls of sand; the bushes were about four or five feet high, without leaves, and with opposite thorns on the light and dark green striped branches. The fruit has a coreaceous rind, rough with prickles, is twice the size of an orange, or fifteen or eighteen inches in circumference, and inside it resembles a melon, as to seed and pulp. I seized a half-ripe one, and sucked it eagerly for the moisture it contained; but it burned my tongue and palate exceedingly, which does not happen when this most valuable fruit is ripe; it has then a luscious sub-acid taste.

Some plants of 'naras are now growing in England, (March, 1838), from seeds which I brought home; they are a foot high, and beginning to branch, having two thorns at each articulation, and a stipule scarcely to be called a leaf between them, on the axis of which is the bud, but no leaves.—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

* Dr. Channing.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

s view represents the humble of the undaunted Benbow at a small village in the environs of '. In this retired spot our hero n the year 1650. His whole life, ıd to his death, was spent in active ıa. The first action that brought ɔtice was his defending his small ıst a desperate attack of some n Sallee, about the year 1686, eat off, though infinitely his su- in men and metal, killing thir- ' crew on his own deck. This loit gained him the notice of who gave him the command of a ; and, after the revolution, he was ɔyed by William III. in protect- glish trade against the French. and activity on these occasions the confidence of the English na- e was soon promoted to the rank ral. In 1698, he went as rear- the West Indies, and in 1701 l to that part of the world. On ly, 1702, he left Port Royal, in ı quest of a French squadron, by M. du Casse; and on the ap with them, and though infe- ber and weight of metal he en- In the heat of the action a chain- away one of Benbow's legs, and n below; but the moment the l been applied to the wound, he ıelf to be brought again upon ɔntinued the action. At this ıent he was disgracefully aban- ɔeral of the captains under his Thus counteracted, he sailed to Jamaica, had the officers put under arrest, and tried by court-martial. They were condemned on the clearest evidence; two of the captains were shot, and the rest were visited with various degrees of punishment. Benbow survived long enough to hear his own conduct vindicated and applauded; but gradually sunk under his feelings, and expired in Jamaica, November 4, 1702.

After many years service he visited his native town, and proceeded to the house of his nativity, and walking up stairs, went into the room where he drew his first breath, fell on his knees, and returned thanks to the Great Disposer of events for his protection and support.

In the Grand Jury Room, at the Town-hall of Shrewsbury, the Admiral's portrait is preserved, presented by his sister.

THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

(*Concluded from page* 284.)

THE general arrangements for the transport were, that Lieutenant Cleaveland and Mr. Charlewood were to convey the boilers, &c., to Goozel Boorge, from whence they were to proceed under Mr. Fitzjames to Moorad Pacha by water, to be conveyed from thence to Port William by Captain Estcourt, assisted by Mr. Eden; and as there was a line of wagons connecting the boats with the sea on one side, and to the Euphrates on the other, the three portions of the grand line were simultaneously in operation, and also a fourth, viz., camels and mules, carrying the light stores direct from Amelia depôt to Port William, by the Antioch route, through Djezzer Hudeed.

Lieutenant Cleaveland obtained bullocks with a moderate degree of difficulty, and his ingenuity and perseverance did the rest, by removing every thing to Goozel Boorge, where they were successively embarked for Moorad Pacha, but here things were immediately at a stand still; and although the strongest orders were constantly issued by Ibrahim Pacha, very few bullocks could be obtained even at the highest prices by Captain Estcourt, whose unwearied efforts could only secure the tantalizing but ingenious result of an abundance of bullocks along the whole line, except the first and last stages, consequently the boilers, which had remained from ten to twelve weeks on their carriages, might have continued at Moorad Pacha until now, if we had not exerted ourselves to bring them on one at a time with our own horses, instead of bringing on a number of the heavy weights at the same time with bullocks; and the result was, that the officers and men had to toil along the great line of route from Moorad Pacha exposed for months to the great heats of noon, the chills of night, and to the baneful effects of what Humboldt expressively calls an extreme climate, the thermometer being as high as 110° in the shade (July), and as low as 8° in the winter, during which some of the boilers were flooded and the diving bell actually lost in an extensive sheet of water, near Al Hummum. The Euphrates being already complete, bullocks were given to perform the impossible task (as it was thought) of bringing on the Tigris boilers, which were warped out of the lake by manual labour, and ultimately taken to Port William, by Lieutenant Cleaveland, Messrs. Eden, Charlewood, and Hector, the only officers then effective. Not one individual officer or man employed in this enterprise escaped at least one serious illness; nor is it at all surprising that some fell victims to trials so long continued, and to a climate so often replete with morbid miasma as Moorad Pacha, the worst of the stations; yet the malaria only proved fatal when other causes combined to render it so; nor need the splendid scenery or the magnificent climate of Syria be approached with fear, for it's malaria is not a pestilence; and the circumstances under which the expedition was placed, toiling on lakes and rivers, dwelling in the marsh with almost reckless exposure to the sun of day followed by the dew of night, require a separate consideration, and perhaps the surprise will then be that a greater fatality did not occur amongst a body of men (about eighty-five) in general unseasoned, during the laborious and almost unexampled transport of two large iron steamers, which, thanks to the care of all, have since been set up, and are now steaming with their boilers, engines, &c., quite as safe and even more perfect in their working details than when sent out of the makers' hands at Liverpool, notwithstanding a long journey, with all the difficulties which could be thrown in the way by the local government underhand.

At this period, August, 1835, Lieutenant Murphy commenced the grand line of levels from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates with reference to canals, and many other objects of deep interest connected with science, and calculated to encourage this extensive work. Many obstacles occurred at first. Ultimately, after another beginning, the last-mentioned industrious officer left for Port William, where he was required in the observatory, and the levelling was continued by Mr. Thompson, who has just completed this important part of the original plan, and by which the bed of the River Euphrates is determined to be 628 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

In the early part of January last, Colonel Chesney left his bed, and was actually put on his horse to prosecute a scientific journey to the Taurus and part of Asia Minor; he was accompanied by Lieutenant Murphy, Mr. Ainsworth, and Mr. Staunton. The party proceeded by Antab to Killis, and thence to the eastern acclivities of the Amanus, in the parallel of the Issus, but no passage could be effected at that season of the year. Repelled to the south, the mountains were passed by Pagra, through the Belan pass, to Scanderoon, from whence the party proceeded by the Cilician gates and Bayas to the plain of the Issus, sufficient time having been devoted to the examination of the various questions of historical geography connected with this most interesting district. From Missis the party continued across the plain by Adana to Tarsus, where they found the French consul, Mons. Gilet, engaged in excavating a monument, close to the place, of great solidity, and, apparently, very remote antiquity. It consists of an enclosure in the form of a parallellogram, with two masses within of similar form nearly, one at each extremity; also two massive transverse parallellograms at the eastern extremity. The walls and masses were of the most solid construction, without the least appearance of any thing like a sepulchral chamber in any part of this extensive mass, at least as low down as the level of the ground around it.

The road followed on leaving Tarsus led over the sub-alpine country at the foot of the Taurus, consisting of tertiary rocks in great variety near the centre of the Taurus chain. The lead mines of Kule Boghas were visited; they occur in limestones belonging to the cretaceous series, and are in the valley south of the grand pass of the same name, but worked most injudiciously. The pass itself was then examined almost to the summit level, and the party regained the more level

ry on the south side of the Great tains in order to visit the town of Sis, ie border territories of the Sultan and ; here the inhabitants have so bad a that no muleteer or guide could be ed to proceed along the mountains in irection; and whilst overcoming the lties made by the alarms of the peo- Colonel Chesney and Mr. Ainsworth separated from the rest of the party, ade their way to Sis on foot by one line ed by the compass alone; whilst Lieu- Murphy and Mr. Staunton reached another; each traversing a romantic eautiful country formed by the wooded ents of the Taurus, and well peopled s best disposed peasants imaginable, d of being all robbers as they were ented. During about 125 miles of y, they crossed the Seihoon Jeehoon, orrykoon, and several smaller but good rivers, watering this interesting coun- hich terminates at Sis, the residence Armenian patriarch, the third in im- ice at the present day, with a respec- palace, and a large convent in his . Whilst at Sis an incursion was into the Taurus, and the mountain of is, "Black Sis," ascended; the re- es were then directed towards Ana- on the plain. The ruins of the city ll extant, backed by an isolated moun- earing a castle of various architecture. Anasarba the party crossed the plain e village and district of Khars, and entered the mountainous country led by Anabat to Marash. The chain ot crossed without much difficulty; rrow pathway was carried alongside own precipices that were very steep, ch so that it became necessary several to unload the horses and carry the ge over the most dangerous places, on which a horse was hurled downwards rought up by a tree. The culminating of this part of the Taurus is called on Daugh. The great and massive ain which rises above Marash, and known by the name of Agra Dagh, ts of tertiary sandstone and limestone. g the whole period of their progress, sitions of the principal places, ancient odern, were determined astronomically utenant Murphy, and careful itinera- pt in addition to bearings, taken, when able, with the theodolite or Kater's ss, according to circumstances. The of these labours has been, in the first to connect the surveys of the coast of ia and the Issus with those of Cap- aufort; and in the second, to go in surveys to the Euphrates.

he day following the return of the first nother was sent out by the command- ficer to finish that part of the plan had been interrupted. This one con- sisted of Lieutenant Lynch, Mr. Eden, R.N. and Mr. Ainsworth. Agreeably to the instructions received, the party took up the former work at Romkala, proceeding from thence along the left bank, carefully surveying the river as far as Samsat, the birth-place of Sacian. The ruins of this celebrated place are just recognizable; the modern town small and poor, but the valley itself fertile as it is described to have been in former times, and ferry-boats are still kept up to pass the river to and from Orfa.

The fish venerated so much in ancient times are still preserved in the marble basins of the mosque of Alibrama, and were recognised to be a kind of barbel. From Orfa, the great Mesopotamian plain was crossed in the direction of Harran, and still more interesting as the residence of Abraham.

Dr. Helfer having been separated from the rest of the party when proceeding towards the Taurus, a journey then made by him to the Salt Lake, south-east of Aleppo, led to the discovery of an ancient city near a basaltic range, four hours south-east of the lake.

Early in February a reinforcement arrived, consisting of four sappers, from England, and six seamen from the Columbine, which restored the expedition to its original strength: and the pendulum, dipping needle, and other experiments being completed, the expedition was put in motion on the 16th March, the Euphrates taking the lead to survey, and give the benefit of the rough charts, and a pilot to the Tigris, in order that she might follow at one or at most two moves, and thus spare fuel as much as possible.

Previous to the actual descent, the Euphrates passed up rather a bad rapid, and stemmed the strong current as far as the town of Bir in the most satisfactory manner, displaying the Sultan's standard, and saluting him with 21 guns, which were returned from the castle, and by the acclamations of the astonished Moslems, who crowded both banks to be really certain that iron could be made to float.

Two interesting facts in natural history have been ascertained since the navigation commenced. One, is the existence of the beaver in the Upper Euphrates, determined from a specimen in our possession to be identical with the European species; the second is the occurrence in the river of one of the family of crocodiles, but as a specimen has not been captured, it is impossible to say whether a true crocodile, an alligator, or a gavial.

KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is no simple interest in knowledge, Whatever funds you have in that bank, go on increasing by interest upon interest—till the bank fails.—*The Doctor.*

New Books.

CROTCHETS IN THE AIR.*

By John Poole, Esq.

[The reader may run through this *brochure* with a velocity equal to that of the author, in his late aerial voyage in the "Great Nassau," to which, in point of compressibility, it bears a suitable and striking resemblance. Of course, thoughts of much weight could not be expected to arise in a region so rare; accordingly, those here brought down are of that light touch-and-go sort of after-dinner *badinage*, which, at table with wine, passes off so agreeably, but which, worked off on paper, is apt to lose its flavour by losing its concomitants. Sensible of this, Mr. Poole has judiciously thrown in a few matter-of-fact observations by way of ballast; a specimen of which we shall give, as well as "let out" some of the laughing gas.]

Cause of Dizziness. — At an elevation of twenty-seven hundred feet I looked down upon St. Paul's—that is to say, from about eight times its own height—layers of smoke, like thin clouds, hanging just above the swell of the dome, and not the slightest inconvenience did I, or any of my travelling companions, suffer from our exalted position!

Now, how is this extraordinary circumstance to be accounted for? I have heard it explained thus:—In a balloon, you are entirely detached from the earth; there are no intermediate points by which the eye can be *gradually* conducted downwards; so that the impression of height upon the senses —that impression which causes dizziness —is indefinite, vague. From the parapet of a house, or from a column, or a tall cliff, the eye, on the contrary, is led by an intervening medium down to the base, and the elevation upon which you are placed being thus rendered palpable, dizziness (to such as are liable to that affection) ensues. Amongst the many circumstances accumulated by Shakspeare to convey a terrifying notion of the height of the cliff at Dover, which is the one by which he mainly achieves his purpose?—It is not, I humbly conceive, by

"The fishermen that walk upon the beach,"

nor by

"The tall anchoring bark diminished to her cock:"

it is not, indeed, by any of the objects which he describes as seen in the extreme distance below. It is, I think, by the

"*Half-way down*
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."

Setting aside the frightful picture of danger so powerfully *painted*, one may say, by the words "hangs one," and *dreadful* trade!" as having nothing to do with the present question; that giddy and fearful "half-way down" it is which, more than all the rest, impresses the imagination; and which, *as a means of comparison*, enables, or rather forces, the mind to conceive the awful whole of the precipice. Now, from a balloon, there is no "half-way down;" it is all (don't say *neck*) or nothing; and from our aerial omnibus, when over the river, we looked down upon "the tall anchoring barks" (which appeared no larger than Thames wherries) with an eye as steady as theirs on board, who might have been looking up at sea."

Utilitarian questioning and aeronautic answering.

"According to your observations, in what manner, and to what extent, are the interests of science likely to be advanced, and the state of society in general, *morally* and *physically* considered, (dividing your answer to this portion of the question into two branches,) likely to be improved by the use of balloons?—and within what probable period?"

"This question is framed with such extraordinary precision, that, to one who could, there ought not to be the slightest difficulty in answering it. My observations, however, having been confined chiefly to the looking down on the chimney-tops, I am enabled to reply only, with anything approaching to certainty, first, that I do not know; secondly, that I cannot tell; and thirdly, that it is hard to say. Yet, are there points upon which I will venture to speak positively. One (and, perhaps, the most important) result of an ascent in a balloon, is, in a scientific point of view, that you may be quite sure of coming down again—somehow: the second, affecting the man morally, is, that it must, in a greater or less degree, *elevate* his mind—for the time being; the third affects the man physically, and is, that unless he orders the clouds to be well aired for his reception, he is very likely to get a touch of rheumatism, (as I have done,) from being wrapped up in a damp one. For any more positive and useful information you may require, I beg leave to refer you to aeronauts of greater experience, and (to use a phrase more popular than polite)—I wish you may get it."

A Comparison.—"A balloon is a senseless, swaggering inflated creature, which makes a figure in the world, but is supported by nothing intrinsically valuable:—gas, nothing but gas. It can do little or nothing for itself; it is dependent for its ups and downs upon the will, or the caprice of others. It cannot get on, it cannot get forward, it cannot move an inch if left to its own merits; but *raise the wind* for it, and it will rise and rise till, to the ken of mortal eye, it appears no bigger than a pea: exactly as it is with some poor, puffed up, human thing, whose real insigni-

* H. Colburn.

is not discovered till it is raised to an nce which it is unqualified to maintain. hus, Tom, something not unuseful, if ly considered, may be learnt even up ie desart air."

The Public Journals.

INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI.

Continued from page 319.

ED a few weeks in the capital of Egypt, uently to the time of paying the above the Pasha, during which period I had portuuity of examining into the condi- his cotton factories, which presented ntable spectacle of misdirected capital our.

tle after six o'clock in the evening, I at the house of the Consul, and we led together to the citadel. As we through the avenues and open spaces d within the outer walls of the fortress, at struck me to be even larger than I viously supposed. Passing by similar of military to those described before, ched, by a different entrance, a more a quarter of the palace, and soon found es in a very large saloon, with several ys leading into state apartments, in which I could observe the Pasha's bench sitttng, the members of which lad in crimson and white robes. A norway, hung with crimson curtains, o the audience chamber; before it n attendant with a wand in his hand, as often as any one approached, he athwart the passage; by his side a mounted guard. Upon the centre of r I observed some old-fashioned huge andlesticks. At a doorway, on the side of the room, stood three black s, richly clad, and bearing scimitars sides, who guarded the entrance to ate apartments, or the sacred precincts harem. On a corner of the divan, l up in furs, sat Mehemet Ali, in the olitary state in which we had before him; beside him lay two time-pieces, tch-like shape, but in size almost as a common clock dial. The Consul were desired to be seated; and, in inquiries after his health, the Pasha ie was suffering from a cold and cough. observations upon the politics of Eu- passed between us. Mehemet Ali d that he heard Don Carlos was mak- gress in Spain. Turning to me he supposed I had found his manufac- ry inferior to those I had inspected in se of my travels in Europe and Ame- d in reply to my observation, that the , which turned his machinery, were e substitutes for the steam or water f other countries, he remarked that not profess to carry on his manufac- tures for the sake of profit, but to render Egypt independent in case of war. I assured him the people of England were disposed for commerce rather than war.

"I believe so," said he; "but there are two events which no one can foresee, and which every wise man ought to be prepared against—the one is the occurrence of our own death, the other, the breaking out of war."

It was objected that, in case of war, his ports would be blockaded, and his country inevitably ruined; to which he replied, with considerable animation—

"Egypt contains within itself every necessary of life to enable its people to endure, without inconvenience, a blockade of twenty years."

Seeing that we smiled at this sally, he added, with great emphasis, and much earnestness of manner, rising almost upon his knees as he spoke—

"I have made the calculation, and I repeat, nay, I have the estimate by me in writing, and," turning to the Consul, "I will let you see it at some future opportunity; but, I repeat, and it is entirely my own idea, that, if Egypt were blockaded for twenty years, she could maintain her present population without an external commerce." Observing that we were still incredulous, he demanded with increased animation, "Which is the necessary of life that my country does not produce?"

I mentioned the article of *iron*; but, without noticing me, he entered into an enumeration of the various products of Egypt, expatiating in rapturous terms upon the riches and fertility of the country; and then, as if satisfied with his display of argument, he added in conclusion—

"Well, well, in such a case a country must do the best it can to save itself."

The subject of his manufactures was now recurred to; and the number of *Fellahs* who were employed in spinning and weaving having been mentioned, I took the opportunity of expressing an opinion that they would be more profitably engaged in the cultivation of the soil. He laughed slily, as if to intimate that he considered the advice to proceed from an interested party; and asked why England, with her enormous commerce, should object to his small manufacturing establishments. With a view to remove the impression of British jealousy, I entered into some particulars of the actual extent of our cotton trade, explaining that the yarns alone exported in a year from England, amounted to upwards of a million *cantars*, (the Egyptian weight of about 95 lbs.,) being more than three times the weight of the crop of raw cotton produced annually in Egypt. "And how much manufactured cotton goods besides do you export?" was his instant question; and, upon my informing him that the

total of the spun and manufactured cottons exported from Great Britain amounted to one hundred millions of dollars, which was only the half of our foreign commerce, he observed, moving his hands slowly and emphatically as he spoke—"A nation possessing such a trade as that, need not care for my manufactures, which consume only fifteen or twenty thousand cantars of cotton. I assured him that we entertained no jealousy, but looked with great interest to Egypt as a large and most prolific field of production for the supply of our raw material, for which we were now almost exclusively indebted to the United States. He now inquired what quantity of cotton was produced in America, and what proportion the Americans consumed in their own manufactures? I replied about a fifth of their crop, which this year would exceed 1,500,000 bales. After a moment's thought, he exclaimed, gaily—"You see that the Americans manufacture twenty per cent. of their materials themselves, whilst I consume only five per cent. of mine."

He next introduced the subject of the "Sea-Island" cotton — pronouncing the name in English; inquired about its price; stated that he had latterly only introduced the seed into Egypt; that last year he had grown a few *fedans*, (the Egyptian measure of something less than an acre,) but that this year he expected his crop would be about 30,000 cantars. "Its cost," said he, "to me for growing it, is no greater than that of the Meho (or ordinary,) quality of cotton, but it yields rather less in weight; and, therefore, I shall require a higher price for it. I understand that my first samples brought twenty-seven dollars a cantar (about eighteenpence a pound,) in England; if the merchants continue to give an advanced rate, I shall produce more and more every year. I can turn all my land over to Sea Island; it is the same thing to me; but all will depend upon the merchants' prices."

Whilst luxuriating upon the prospect of high prices, it was quite evident that he was on a favourite topic. Upon being told that the demand from England would equal his utmost means of production, he replied that, if the demand for raw cotton were great, he should fabricate less and less in Egypt every year, and that he had already given orders to use only the worst qualities in his own factories; and he intimated that he should be thereby induced to pursue an agricultural rather than a manufacturing policy. Thinking that such an authority would have a charm for him, I now reminded him that Napoleon, whilst in Egypt, had calculated that, under good government—such were the resources of its soil—this country might, in fifty years, be made to sustain six millions of inhabitants, and contribute a proportionate increase of revenue to the State.

"How much do you reckon my revenue to amount to?" he asked with eagerness; and, upon my answering, "About sixteen millions of dollars!" he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, striking the palms of his hands together, by way of adding emphasis to the assertion, "Thirty millions of dollars!" and, after pausing a moment to enjoy my astonishment, he continued—"And yet I do not receive more than ten per cent. of the *Fellahs'* produce; but, if I live fifteen years longer, I'll make it one hundred millions of dollars." Again, pausing for an instant, and looking complacently, he then continued—"Napoleon was a great man, a far greater man than I, and yet you see" (stroking his beard) "I have done more than Napoleon proposed to do."

As he chuckled over this sally, the white beard, laughing but sensual mouth, portly, round-shouldered trunk, and the twinkling yet vicious-looking eyes of the person beside me, called instantly to my recollection Falstaff and his men in buckram. It was in a twofold manner characteristic of the speaker; for, as it was well known that my estimate of his actual revenue was as near as possible to the truth, his audacious attempt upon our credulity, in thus almost doubling the amount could have been practised only by one who had acquired a competent hardihood of countenance by previous efforts of a like character; whilst the mode in which he turned a subject involving the question of the population of Egypt into a matter of revenue for himself, illustrated happily the spirit of egotism, which is one of the ruling passions of his nature. I would have gladly reminded him of the real state of his Fellahs, who, instead of yielding a tithe only of their produce to his treasury, are allowed to retain just so much only as is necessary to supply them, from year to year, with the bare means of existence; but, recollecting that I was within the precincts of a court, where a conventional etiquette shields alike the Pasha's divan and the King's throne from the rude assaults of truth, I contented myself with remarking, that I believed at present the population of Egypt did not exceed two millions, and that two-thirds of the soil, capable, by a slight effort of labour, of being fertilized by the Nile, were at present out of cultivation. Upon this, he entered into a statement, as full of exaggeration as the preceding one.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE IN WHICH LORD BYRON DIED.

ALMOST the first questions I asked in Missilonghi, were about Byron, and it added to the dreary interest which the place inspired, to listen to the manner in which the Greeks spoke of him. It might be thought that

the spot where he breathed his last, y would have held her accursed but it was not so. He had com- he fault, unpardonable in the eyes of opponents, of attaching himself to the great parties that then divided and though he had given her all a could give, in his own dying words, ne, his means, his health, and, lastly, ," the Greeks spoke of him with ancour and bitterness of party spirit. eath had not won oblivion from his offences; and I heard those who i die in her cause, affirm that Byron friend to Greece.

body, the reader will remember, was ted to England, and interred in the epulchre. The church where it lay here is a heap of ruins, and there is no monument recording his death; shing to see some memorial connected is residence, we followed our guide ouse in which he died. It was a large building of stone; one of the walls nding, black with smoke, the rest a d and shapeless mass of ruins. After th it was converted into a hospital and ne; and, when the Turks entered the ey set fire to the powder; the sick and were blown into the air, and we saw the ing as they were before the explosion. a melancholy spectacle, but it seemed a moral fitness with the life and for- of the poet. It was as if the same estiny, the same wreck of hopes and s that attended him through life, were g over his grave. Living and dead, ions and his character have been the of obloquy and reproach, perhaps but it would have softened the heart of terest enemy to see the place in which l.

as in this house that, on his last birth- e came from his bed-room and pro- to his friends the last notes of his dying breathing a spirit of sad foreboding elancholy recollections; of devotion to ble cause in which he had embarked, rophetic consciousness of his approach- d.

days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
e worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

* * * *

hou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

k out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
en look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

[*Stephen's Incidents of Travel in Greece, &c.*

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

Lord Chatham, (observes Lord John Russell,) was a man endowed with qualities to captivate a nation and subdue a popular assembly. Bold and unhesitating in the part he was to take upon every public question, he was the master of a loud but harmonious voice, a commanding eye, and unrivalled energy, but, at the same time, propriety of language, and a light of imagination which flashed from him with brilliant splendour, and was gone ere any one could pronounce that the speaker was either fanciful or digressive. Upon every important subject he appealed to some common and inspiring sentiment—the feeling of national honour—disgust at political corruption—the care of popular liberty—contempt of artifice, or hatred of oppression. But, providing the topic were animating and effective, he little cared whether it were one on which a wise patriot could honestly dilate; a vulgar prejudice served his turn as well as an ancient and useful privilege; he countenanced every prevailing delusion; and hurried the nation to war, not as a necessary evil, but as an honourable choice. Above all, he loved to nurse the popular jealousy of France; and it was upon his means of gratifying this feeling that he seemed to build his hopes of future power. Ever ready to be the mouth piece of the cry and clamour of the hour, he could be as inconsistent as the multitude itself. In his earlier days, when reproached with his change of opinion, he pleaded honest conviction of error; after he had acquired authority, he faced down his accusers with a glare of his eye, and the hardihood of his denial. Nor, although he assumed a tone of virtue superior to his age, was he more scrupulous than others in political intrigue; but his object was higher. Instead of bartering his conscience for a large salary, or a share of patronage, he aimed at undivided power—the fame of a great orator—to be the fear of every cabal, and the admiration of a whole people.

W. G. C.

COMBATS OF WILD ANIMALS.

In all ages, (observes a recent writer,) the combats of wild animals was a favourite amusement. The Romans carried this passion to an excess; the Spanish bull-fight, originating, in all probability, from the Circus; and, while the English are delighted with bear-baiting, &c., the natives of the East derive the highest gratification from animal exhibitions somewhat similar. M. D'Osbonville was present at a terrible combat between an elephant and a tiger, which took place in the camp of the celebrated Hyder Ali. A sort of amphitheatre being formed, and enclosed by a treble row of lancemen; a tiger, about four feet high,

was fastened by a chain to a stake fixed in the middle of the area: this chain was of considerable length, so as to enable the beast to move freely round the stake, and to retaliate the attacks of his adversary. When all the preparations were finished, a strong and well-taught elephant was turned in the area, and a furious combat immediately commenced; the elephant, after receiving two deep wounds, proved victorious. But, from an encounter like this, where the tiger seemed a feeble one of its species, and was, at the same time, restrained by chains, an accurate judgment cannot be formed of the relative powers of the contending animals, when both are in a state of liberty. M. D'Osbonville supposes, that, although four or five elephants would have nothing to fear from a great number of tigers; yet, as far as he was able to judge from the exhibition, a tiger, in full possession of his faculties, would be more than equal to an elephant in single combat.

The lion is called the monarch of the forest, not only from his majestic appearance, but from the supposition that there is no wild beast able, successfully, to encounter him. The largest, as well as the fiercest lions, are to be found in the interior of Africa; while the tiger in the East Indies is more powerful than any met with in most other parts of the world. But there is a variety of this animal occasionally encountered in the interior of Hindostan, even far superior in size and strength to the royal tiger of Bengal. This animal, which is called by the natives *baugey*, spreads terror wherever it appears, and is the undisputed master of the Indian forest. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Having an Eye to Business.—The son of a brewer, whilst under an examination at an academy in this county as to his knowledge of the numerals, was asked by the master what was meant by double X? "Good malt and hops" was the prompt reply of the little urchin, who was, of course, immediately elevated to the top of the class for his sagacity. —*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

Certain convents, it seems, "were said to have an apartment or dungeon, into which the friars every day, during the warm season, brushed or shook the fleas from their habits through an aperture above, (being the only entrance,) and where, whenever a frail brother was convicted of breaking the most fragile of his vows, he was let down naked, and with his hands tied! This earthly purgatory was called *la Pulciara*, that is, the Fleary; and there the culprit was left, till it was deemed that he had suffered punishment enough in this life for his offence."—*The Doctor.*

Of the thousands who pass daily over *Westminster Bridge*, but few I venture to say have noticed how thickly the *old* portion of the stone, with which the bridge is built, is studded with fossil remains of testaceous animals. The stone being the more fragile has mouldered, and left the shells prominent and conspicuous; in many places almost in masses, affording interesting specimens of remains of animals in existence before the formation of the stone by the operation of nature. J. S. K.

The Blessing bestowed by the Venerable Mother of the Protector, on her Son.—The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of the most high God, and to be a rest unto his people; my dear son, I leave my heart with thee; a good night.

It is given to no man to discover all that is true; but it is a privilege to add to our stores of knowledge any thing that is true.—*Bowring.*

A Swede (says a German paper) has made several successful attempts to walk on the water as conveniently as on land, which he accomplishes by means of light shoes, made with tin. These shoes are shaped like a small canoe, and are bound one to the other, that they should not separate more than convenient to effect this walk on the water. H. M.

Let the World Match This.—From the first time Rice jumped "Jim Crow" in Old Kentuck up the present date, he has sung 37,000 verses in the United States, England and Ireland. During the great run of "Hush!" at the Bowery Theatre, he sang one hundred verses each night, always with some new subject. His encores are generally seven or eight times a night, and frequently he has been made to return ten times of a night. He "turns about" three times to each verse, so, by multiplying 37,000 by 3, we find that he has "wheeled about and turned about" 111,000 times—nearly as often as the little magician.

An instrument has been invented at Leipsic, called a "Psycometer," by means of which the degrees of the passions of the mind and heart are ascertained. This instrument is a small box, twelve inches long, eleven broad, and three high. From the centre of the box rises a column six inches high and two broad. On the summit there is a needle, whose movements indicate the answer to the questions put by those who consult the instrument on the state of their mental affections. H. M.

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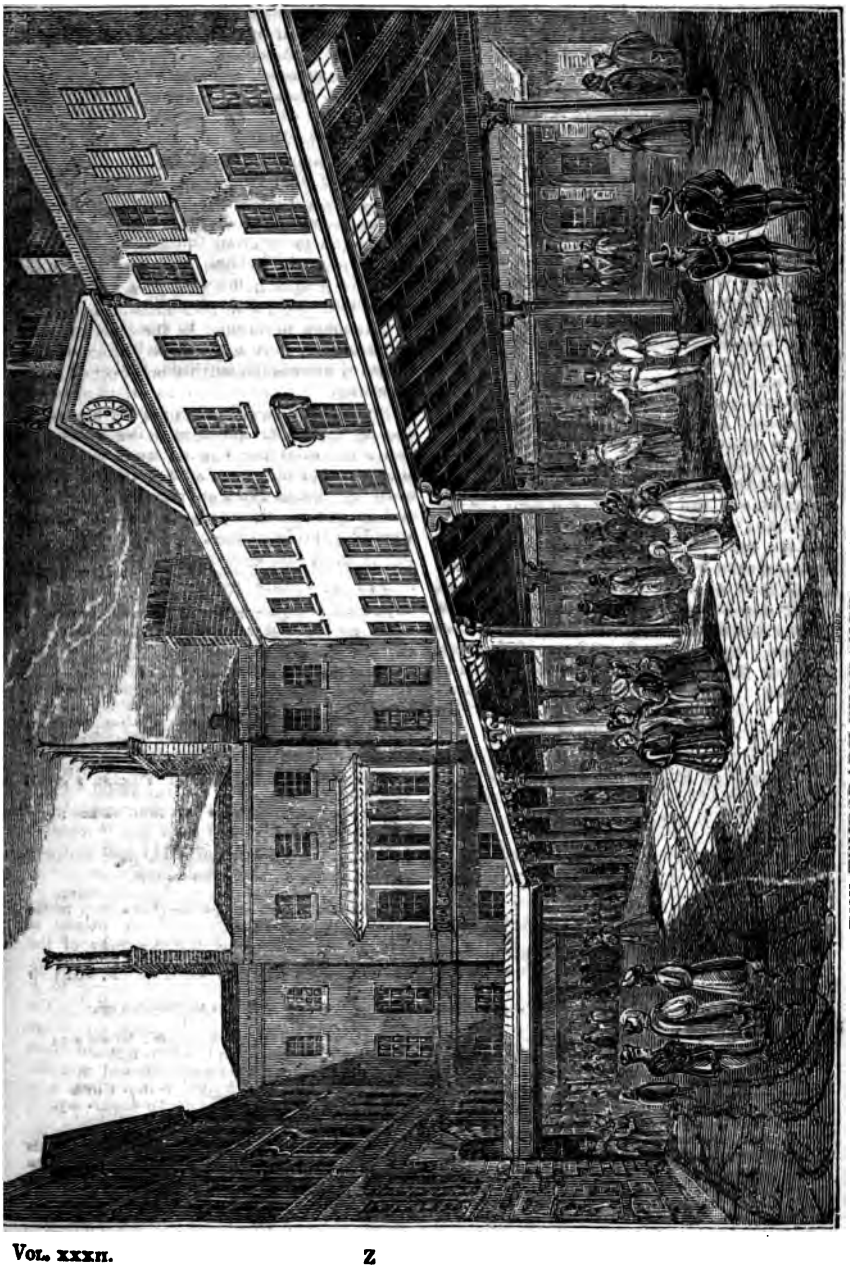

THE TEMPORARY EXCHANGE, BROAD STREET, LONDON.

THE TEMPORARY EXCHANGE,*

IN THE QUADRANGLE OF THE EXCISE OFFICE, BROAD-STREET, LONDON.

On the destruction of the Royal Exchange, by fire, January 10, 1838, the Corporation of London, with that promptness which so conspicuously characterises them, granted their Guildhall, for the use of the merchants and bankers frequenting the late Royal Exchange; here they assembled and transacted their business for a short time; but the situation being found inconvenient, a meeting of merchants, shipowners, and others was held at the City of London Tavern, February 16, 1838, Mr. Thomas Wilson in the chair, when it was agreed to memorialize the Lord Mayor and the Gresham Committee, to remove the 'Change from Guildhall to the area of the Excise-office, Broad-street, government having sanctioned the removal; and on Monday, February 26, 1838, another meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, Mr. Alderman Copeland in the chair, to consider the expediency of availing themselves of the consent of her Majesty's Government; when it was resolved, "that the assembly of merchants, traders, and others, which daily takes place at the Guildhall, is exceedingly inconvenient, and that the same be removed to the quadrangle of the Excise-office, without delay; and that the removal be carried into effect on the 5th of March following, or with as little delay as possible." On the 6th of August following, at a Court of Common Council, a member presented a petition from several merchants and bankers of London, praying "that the court would be pleased to grant them pecuniary aid, in order to enable them to defray the expenses which were to be incurred, in consequence of the calamity by which they were deprived of the commercial accommodation of the Royal Exchange; that it was necessary that the arena of that portion of the Excise-office, devoted to the service of the petitioners, should be covered in; and as the government would not defray the expense to be incurred by securing the merchants and bankers from being exposed to the weather,† they found it necessary to apply to the Corporation, to assist them from the funds of the City of London, in accomplishing so desirable an object." The gentleman who presented the petition said, that the expense of making the new arena fit for the merchants, would not be less than 700*l.*; and moved, that the petitioners be granted 50*l.* towards defraying the said expenses. After a lengthened, and somewhat humorous debate, the honourable mover was allowed to withdraw his petition.

On the 13th of August following, the Committee appointed by the subscribers to the fund for the erection of the Temporary Exchange, issued a circular, stating that they had entered into a contract for a suitable covering, with Mr. W. Cubitt, under the superintendence of Mr. Herbert, the Surveyor of her Majesty's Excise, to cover a space of 100 feet by 40, with an additional covering to the eastern passage. As the erection was to be a temporary one, the attention of the Committee was directed to a building of simple construction, calculated to afford shelter, and to give light, without excluding air: and they also resolved, that should the subscription allow of it, the Committee intended to obtain farther accommodation in various parts of the quadrangle, so as to afford convenience and shelter to all the merchants and others attending the Exchange.

between Sir Thomas Ramsay and Dean Newell, the former says:—

"'Tis strange to see you here in LUMBER-STREET,
This place of traffike, whereon merchants meet."

The wretched nature of the accommodation here in bad weather, is pointed out in the following lines: The two merchants, Sir Thomas Ramsay and Gresham, are supposed to be talking on this spot of meeting, in company with one Hudson, another wealthy merchant, when they are overtaken by a storm.

Gresham.—Now passion o'me, Sir Thomas, a cruell storme!
An' we stay long we shall be wet to th' skinne;
I do not lik't; nay it angers me,
That such a famous city as this is,
Wherein so many gallant merchants are,
Has not a place to meet in but in this,
Where every showre of raine must trouble them:
—I cannot tell—but if I live—(Let's step to the *Pope's Head*,
We shall be dripping wet if we stay here,)
—I'll have a mansion built, and such a roofe
That merchants and their wives, friends, and their friends,
Shall walk vnderneath it as now in Pawles.
What day of the month is this?
Hud.on.—Day! Master Gresham; let me see:
I tooke a fellowes word for twenty pound—
The tenth of March—the tenth of March!
Gresh.—The tenth of March! well, if I live,
I'll raise a worke, shall make our merchants say,
'Twas a good showre that fell vpon that day.

In pursuance of his determination, Sir Thomas is described as having obtained from the corporation of London a grant of ground for the intended building.

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* It is a singular coincidence, that the residence of Sir Thomas Gresham occupied the site of the present Temporary Exchange.

† About the year 1561, the merchants of London complained in like manner of being "exposed to the weather" while transacting their business; and which complaint led to the building of the Royal Exchange; for one Clough, an agent of Gresham's, wrote to his master, bluntly telling him, that "the merchants studied nothing but their own profit; that they were content to walk about in the rain more like pedlars than merchants:" and in a drama, entitled, "If you know not me, you know nobody: with the Building of the Royal Exchange," a similar complaint is there made; for it is stated, that the open spot at which the merchants assembled, under all the disadvantages of being "exposed to the weather," was Lombard Street; and in a conversation

TO A MOTHER.

have a child on your knee. Listen a
nt. Do you know what that child is!
a immortal being; destined to live for
It is destined to be happy or miserа-
nd who is to make it happy or mise-
? You—the mother! You, who gave
h, the mother of its being, are also the
r of its soul for good or ill. Its cha-
is yet undecided, its destiny is placed
ur hands. What shall it be? That
may be a liar. You can prevent it.
y be a drunkard. You can prevent it.
y be a murderer. You can prevent it.
y be an atheist. You can prevent it.
y live a life of misery to itself and mis-
to others. You can prevent it. It may
ad into the grave with an evil memory
d and dread before. You can prevent
se, you, the mother, can prevent all
things. Will you, or will you not?
at the innocent? Tell me again, will
ve it? Will you watch over it, will you
it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it,
for it? Or will you, in the vain search
asure, or in gaiety, or fashion or folly,
the chase of any other bauble, or even
household cares, neglect the soul of your
, and leave the little immortal to take
alone, exposed to evil, to temptation,
n? Look again at the infant! Place
hand on its little heart! Shall that
be deserted by its mother, to beat per-
e in sorrow, disappointment, wretched-
nd despair? Place your ear on its side
ear that heart beat! How rapid and
ous the strokes! How the blood is
n through the little veins! Think of
at heart, in its vigour now, is the em-
of a spirit that will work with ceaseless
ion, for sorrow or joy, for ever.—*New Y.*
r.

A FRAGMENT.

From an unpublished Poem.

T is the foam of the ocean, when blending
the soft sunlight that floats in its wave;
he blue vapours from hamlet ascending,
hey mingle in wreathes on the azure concave.

er than this, 'twas the gleam of to-morrow,
th lighted her features when death hover'd nigh;
r than these, was that still hour of sorrow,
n the spirit had fled to its home in the sky.

arise from your thrones on the rainbow,
le your light wings to bear her to Heaven;
im, Seraphim, wide its gates open throw,
it and rejoice o'er a sinner forgiven.

ould recall her from scenes of enjoyment,
orrow and guilt on the world's desert plain;
at a thought to her glorious employment,
selfishly wish for your lost one again.

annot reach her, or danger appal her,
ven in its love wipes all tears from her eyes;
o a mortal then wish to recall her,
empt her to leave her bright home in the skies.

ee, is blest—'tis Elysium to know it,
ire, madness to wish her again to return;
fondly we valued her here, let us show it,
smile through our tears, as we gaze on her
urn.

F. A. L.

Z 2

SONNET:

INSCRIBED TO WORDSWORTH.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HIGH priest of nature! whose prophetic eye
Hath calmly look'd upon glad nature's face,
And saw reveal'd that undecaying grace
Which even in her sternest forms doth lie;
And with a grasping mind, most pure and high,
Didst with seraphic power each beauty trace;
And deep engrave, what time may not efface,
Truths which are ripe with immortality.
O give to me one moment of thy power,
One glimpse impart of thy all-radiant soul,
That I may interpret the starry scroll
Of nature's book, and catch that golden shower
Of living joy, whose incense floateth by;
And learn the truth, that beauty cannot die!

E. J. HYTCH.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

(*For the Mirror.*)

BLEAK blows the chill Autumnal blast,
In mournful triumph o'er fair Summer's fall;
Fast beats the rain now her bright beauty's past,—
And dense the clouds which form her funeral pall!
But amid the desolation,
Sweetly breathing consolation,
Blooming in ambrosial beauty,—
Type of virtuous, sweetest duty,—
See! see! the chaste Chrysanthemum still triumphs
over all!

The swallows from fair Albion's isle
Have fled, to seek a more congenial clime;
The fragile woodblue withers 'neath the pile
Which erst had lent her succour to her prime!
But amid the desolation
Sweetly breathing consolation,
Blooming in ambrosial beauty,
Type of virtuous, sweetest, duty.
See! see! the chaste Chrysanthemum fades not with
olden time!

Sweet flower, still shed around our hearts
Thy balmy fragrance while all else decay!
Breathe o'er our souls the moral which imparts
Serenest bliss, when all else fades away!
Still, still amid the desolation,
Breathe, O breathe thy consolation,—
Type of virtue's sweetest duty,—
Still diffuse thy odorous beauty,
Live, live, thou chaste Chrysanthemum! tho' all else
fades away!

Lyon's Inn, London. GEORGE.

TO GOETHE.

(*Written before his death.*)

OLD of romance! on passions sigh
Thy infant spirit entered
This teeming scene of misery;
And in the pool flood brim of tears,
Of doubts, of sighs, and dreamy fears,
Thy crystal throne was centered.

Child of the dead! perennial spring
Floats round thine years and numbers;
And time to thee on leaden wing,
Unwilling wends, and slumbers,
Envy and all her speckled train,
Thou hoary minstrel of Allemagne.

Dream of the past—all realized—
Deep passions sire and sorrows,
In thee, we see
From eternity,
What time and bright genius borrows;
What man from death and doom may gain,
Thou reverend minstrel of Allemagne.

H. I.

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. VI.

The best work on the present subject, is a pamphlet by M. Lair, published at Paris in 1808; and entitled, "Essai sur les Combustions Humaines; produites par l'abus des Liqueurs Spiritueuses." A translation of it is given in Coxe's "Emporium of the Arts and Sciences." Lair gives eight examples; in all of which the subjects were females advanced in life. He does not notice what, in many respects, is the most remarkable case on record;—that of the priest Bertholi. He observes that the extremities of the body (particularly the hands and feet) were gerally spared by the fire; that water, instead of quenching the flames, increased their activity; that combustible substances, even though in contact with the body at the time of its burning, were often spared; that the combustion left behind ashes of a fatty consistence, and fetid odour, and a greasy and very penetrating soot; and that all the sufferers had been long addicted to spirituous liquors. Most of these conclusions our readers must have drawn for themselves, as we have gone along.

Dr. Swediaur says that examples of spontaneous human combustion, are not so rare as has generally been believed; for that in the different countries in the north, through which he has travelled, persons accustomed to intoxicate themselves with brandy, frequently experience the effects of this combustion. In order to prevent these frightful effects, they are accustomed to prescribe for those who are menaced with them, the abundant use of mucilaginous drinks; such as milk, &c.

M. Koop, in his essay on combustion of this kind, relates fourteen examples; and attributes them to a morbid degree of combustibility of the human body; and an electrical influence which excites the combustion. Such also is the opinion of Messrs. Lecat, Marc, and Vigné;—who have all directed their particular attention to the subject. The "morbid combustibility" is beyond a doubt;—it is merely stating the fact in different words. The "electrical influence" is a subject of dispute. M. Vigné speaks of a woman, aged 68, who perished in this way at Paris, in the night of the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of December, 1804.

In taking leave of the subject, Foderé observes, that whatever may be the cause of these remarkable phenomena, he hopes it will be seen, for the future, that their nature and rapidity contrast strongly with the slowness which has always been observed in the burning of bodies in funeral rites; that they differ materially from the handywork of crime; and that when combustion is resorted to for the purpose of masking another crime, its operations are much slower, more imperfect, and extend more to surrounding bodies, than in that particular species of combustion, with the consideration of which we are now occupied.

Most of the victims have been females advanced in life. Of seventeen cases collected by Koop, sixteen were females; and one of them had reached the age of ninety. In a very excellent French table of the principal cases of spontaneous human combustion, a list of nineteen is given. One of these (a partial case, ending in recovery) was at the age of seventeen; all the others range from fifty years upwards. Only three of them are marked as males. It should be mentioned, however, that in two or three cases the age and sex have not been recorded. The celebrated medical jurists, Paris and Fonblanque, draw much the same conclusions as those we have quoted from Lair; but they agree with Dr. Christison's opinion (which I formerly noticed) that the *preternatural combustibility* of the body is proved; but not its *spontaneous combustion*; for that it requires the approach of some burning body, or of electrical matter. In some cases it is difficult to trace the presence of any "burning body;" but "electrical matter" being everywhere diffused, it is impossible to say that it may not have been the agent.

We have already mentioned the phenomenon called "ignis lambens." A good deal is said about it in old authors; and, among others, by Bianchini, Prebendary of Vienna; who (in a paper translated in the Annual Register for 1763) observes that "the friction of the palms of our hands, or any other parts of our bodies, may produce those fires called 'ignis lambens.' We learn of Eusebius Nierenberger, that such was the property of all the limbs of the father of Theodorus. Such were those of Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua; as the celebrated Bartolin took notice of. By the testimony of John Faber, M.D. (a noted philosopher) who saw it, sparkles of light flashed from the head of a woman while she combed her hair. Scaliger relates the same of another person; and Cardanus tells us of a Carmelite monk, whose head continued, for thirteen years, to flash out sparkles every time he tossed his cowl on his shoulders. Ezekiel a Castro, M.D., wrote a treatise entitled 'Ignis Lambens,' on the occasion that the Countess Buri, of Verona, when she rubbed her arms with a cambric handkerchief, all the skin shined with a very bright light. Eusebius relates the same of Maximus Aquilanus. Licetus knew Antonio Ciansio, a bookseller in Pisa; who, when he changed his clothes, shined all over with great brightness; and Cardanus relates of a friend, that when he shifted his clothes, clear sparkles of fire shot forth from his body. Father Circher (a Jesuit) relates

how he, going in company into a subterranean grotto at Rome, saw sparkles of fire evaporate from the heads of his companions, grown warm by walking. Father Alphonso d'Ovale was eye-witness, on the highest mountains of Peru and Chili, how both men and beast there seem shining with the brightest light, from top to toe." All these appearances, so far as they are real, and after making due allowances for exaggeration and credulity, are evidently electrical. Every one has been sensible of electrical sparks being given out, on combing the hair in frosty weather. Our author goes on to observe, that these flames seem to be harmless; but that it is only for want of proper fuel. Peter Bovistian asserts, that such sparkles reduced to ashes the hand of a young man. John de Viano, in his treatise on the plague, relates that the wife of Dr. Freilas, physician to the archbishop of Toledo, "sent forth, by perspiration, a fiery matter of such a nature, that if a linen roller which she wore, was taken from her and exposed to the cold air, it was immediately kindled, and shot forth like grains of gunpowder." The latter expression describes, very accurately, the phenomena of electric sparks. He then notices the formation of an inflammable gas, which frequently takes in the stomach; and directs that the stomach of an animal should be taken out after death (the two ends being tied to prevent the escape of its contents); and that the air contained in it should be forced towards one end; when, on being allowed to escape through a puncture, it may be set on fire by a candle. In all this we see nothing but the secretion of common hydrogen. Gases are very frequently secreted in the intestinal canal; and hydrogen among the rest. Our author's quaint account of it is, that "a quick and violent agitation of *spirits*, or a *fermentation of juices* in the stomach, produces a visible flame;"—or, rather, an inflammable air; for the flame is not spontaneous, but requires the application of a burning body. The *physiology* of his account is poor enough; but the *fact* there is no reason to doubt. He quotes from the German "Ephemerides," an assertion by Sturmius, that "in the northmost countries flames evaporate from the stomachs of those who drink strong liquors plentifully." This general remark is backed by a specific instance "of three noblemen of Courland, who drank strong liquors by emulation (that is, to see who could drink most); two died scorched and suffocated, by a flame forcing itself from the stomach."

Two instances are added, in the account from which we have taken the preceding details. One is of John Hitchell, of Southampton; "whose body being fired by lightning, continued burning for nearly three days; without any outward appearance of fire, except a kind of smoke from it." The other is that of Grace Pett, already detailed; but the additional circumstance is mentioned, that "the *floor* was not discoloured; though the fat had so penetrated the *hearth*, that it could not be scoured out." With respect to the celebrated case of the Countess of Cesena, which we have noticed at full length, our author supposes that the reason why the shin-bones were not burned, was that she did not chafe those parts (as she did the rest of the body) with the camphorated spirits of wine;—or, at least, not so much; and that probably she never used, in chafing, the three fingers which remained. He makes the following curious remark on the subject of spontaneous combustion, not of the human subject. "Exhalations from gunpowder (being put into violent action from some internal cause) have sometimes blown up the magazine, without the help of any apparent fire." I think it very likely that spontaneous combustion may have taken place in powder-mills; but the reason given for it is questionable. Peter Borelli, an old writer, has rather a humorous paragraph on a similar subject. "There was a certain peasant, whose linen, hemp, hempen thread, &c., laid up in boxes, *though* wet, did soon take fire." He had evidently no idea that the wetness led to the fire. It puts us in mind of a passage in Hood's "Pugsley Papers," where the cockney turns farmer:—"We have a good many fine fields of hay; which I mean to have *reaped* directly, wet or shine; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin is in our favour; for if the stacks are put up *dampish*, they *wont catch fire* so easily." We cannot be surprised at the catastrophe related in a subsequent paper:—"With regard to the expected great rise in hay, our stacks have been burned down to the ground, instead of going to the consumer; and the 'Norwich Union' refuses to pay the insurance, on the ground that the *policy* was voided by the *impolicy* of putting it up wet." N. R.

BABOON SHEPHERD.

The Namaquas said, that, not long ago, a man had brought up a young baboon, and had made it his shepherd. It remained by the flock all day in the field, and at night drove it home to the kraal, riding on the back of one of the goats, which brought up the rear. The baboon had the milk of one goat allowed to it, and it sucked that one only, and guarded the milk of the others from the children. It also got a little meat from its master. It held the office of shepherd for twelve moons, and then was unfortunately killed in a tree by a leopard.—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS, WITH REFERENCES.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia rimant.—*Lucret.*

I. Aristippus, borrowing money from his friends, said that he took it, not so much that he might use it, as that he might show them how it ought to be used.—*Dioj. Laert.* ii. 72.

II. Aristippus being reproached by some of his friends, because, in a certain cause, instead of exerting his own talent in speaking, he had hired a rhetorician to plead for him, exclaimed, "Would you then blame me, when I want a dinner, for employing a cook?"—*Ib.*

III. Cicero, supping with Damasippus, was furnished with wine which was very far from being mellow or pleasant, but which was yet highly commended by his entertainer. "Drink," said Damasippus, "for it is Falernian forty years old." "Is it?" rejoined the orator, "then it bears its age well."—*Macrob. Sat.* ii. 3.

IV. Cicero, seeing his son-in-law, a man of small stature, passing by with a large sword by his side, exclaimed, "Who tied my son-in-law to that long sword?"—*Ib.*

V. Scipio Nasica, going to call on Ennius the poet, was told by the maid-servant that he was not at home. He perceived, however, by the girl's manner, that Ennius was at home, but had ordered her to deny him. A few days after, Ennius came to call on Scipio, who, hearing his voice at the door, called out to him from within that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Ennius, when I hear you speaking."—"You must be a most unreasonable man," replied Scipio, "when I called on you I took your servant's word, and will you refuse to take, not my servant's, but my own?"—*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 68.

VI. Cato, walking along the street, was struck violently by a fellow carrying a great chest, who immediately afterwards warned him to take care. "Do you carry anything else then," said he, "besides your chest?"—*Ib.* c. 69.

VII. A nobleman, in the reign of Vespasian, being desirous of obtaining an office, engaged one of the courtiers, by the promise of a sum of money, to ask it of the emperor, on pretence that he was soliciting for his brother. Vespasian, understanding the state of the case, sent for the candidate, and asked him how much he had agreed to give the other to solicit for him. The nobleman, seeing that the emperor penetrated the affair, stated the sum. "Give *me* that sum then," said Vespasian, "and you shall have the place." The money was paid accordingly, and the nobleman installed in the office. The courtier, not knowing what had happened, proceeded soon after to renew his intreaties *in behalf of his brother*. "Ah," said Vespasian, "you must seek another brother now; for he who was your brother is become mine."—*Suet. Vesp.* c. 22.

VIII. Zeno dined for some time with a company among whom was a glutton, who devoured so much more than his share of everything that was brought to table, that he at length found it necessary to repress his greediness. One day, when a fine fish was set before the party, Zeno took the whole of it to himself, and began to eat. The glutton, expressing his surprise, "How," said Zeno, "do you think that your associates can bear your voracity on every occasion, when you cannot endure mine for once?"—*Athen. lib.* viii.—*Dioj. Laert.* vii. 19.

IX. A young man inquiring about matters somewhat above his age, Zeno led him to a looking-glass, and asked him *whether such questions suited with such a face.*—*Dioj. Laert.* vii. 19.

X. Leonides, King of Sparta, hearing a man discoursing with much judgment, but at an improper time, on affairs of some importance, "My friend," said he, "I wish you would not discuss to such purpose what it is not to the purpose to discuss at all."—*Plut. in Lycurg.*

XI. When Hecatæus, the sophist, was mentioned disrespectfully, because, being entertained at a public repast at Sparta, he had been silent the whole time, Archidamidas, the king, defended him, by remarking that "he who knows how to speak knows also when to speak."—*Ib.*

XII. When Alexander had drawn up his army for battle against Darius, his officers asked him whether anything yet remained to be done. "Nothing," said he, "but to shave the beards of the Macedonians." Parmenio expressing his surprise, "Do you not know," said the king, "that the beard is the best handle for an enemy in battle?"—*Plut. Apophtheg.*

XIII. Some say that Thales, the philosopher, was married; others, that he continued in celibacy, and that when he was asked why he had no desire for children, he answered, "Because I love children." (In the Greek, Δια φιλοτεκνιαν.)—*Dioj. Laert.* i. 26. [He alluded to the grief which parents feel at the loss of their children; and signified that he would rather be childless, than expose himself to sorrow for the loss of a child. His words will be sufficiently illustrated by the following anecdote in Plutarch's Life of Solon, as translated by Langhorne:—

When Solon was entertained by Thales at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that he did not marry and raise a family. To this Thales gave no immediate answer; but some days after he instructed a stranger to say, "That he came from Athens ten days before." Solon inquiring "What news there was from Athens?" the man, according to his instructions, said, "None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city; for he was the son, as they told me, of a person of great honour, and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels." "What a miserable man is he!" said Solon: "but what was his name?" "I have heard his name," answered the stranger, "but do not recollect it; all I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice." Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, asking, "Whether it was not Solon's son that was dead?" The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and to do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales, taking him by the hand, said with a smile, "These things that strike down so firm a man as Solon, kept me from marriage and from having children; but take courage, my good friend, for not a word of what has been told you is true."

The Novelist.

ROSALIE.

Rosalie was a native of a little village, near Domaso. A girl of sixteen years, glowing with health, beauty, and mirthfulness, she was the pride of the village and envy of all the girls in the three parishes.

Following the custom of her country, she was clad in woollen garments, and her garb was fashioned after the dress of the capuchin nuns.—This singular costume, which is worn by a sect of bigots in Sicily, devoted to the saint from whom the girl took her name, had been brought from there by the inhabitants of these mountains, who, from time immemorial, had been used to go to that island to gain their livelihood by labour.

Her father lived in Palermo, whence, leading a life of honourable labour, he hoped to return in a few years to his country, where, in the bosom of his beloved family, he should enjoy the benefit of his long toil, and of his well-collected savings. Rosalie, with her mother, meanwhile, attented to the cultivation of a little garden, planted with vegetables and olives, which for three centuries had been in the possession of their family. The innocence of her life added beauty to the manners of this gentle girl.

There was an annual autumnal fair at Gravedona, at which people assembled from all the borders of the lake. Among the youths whom pleasure, not business, had attracted to this fair in 1805, one of the most showy was Vincenzo. This handsome youth was a native of Menagio, and the only son of a man who had risen from poverty to great wealth, by the dishonest pursuit of smuggling. Vincenzo saw Rosalie intent on the purchase of some ribbonds; and the pleasing manners of the girl made a deep impression on him. He followed her, at a good distance, through the fair, and took pleasure in admiring her agreeable deportment, and the elegance of a form not ill displayed in the woollen folds of her cloisteral garb. He continued to follow her, when with her mother she left Gravedona, and was approaching Domaso. But although anxiously desiring it, he did not venture to address her a single word; so much was he restrained by the modest carriage of the girl, in whose countenance a wise timidity tempered a graceful ease. At length fortune came to his aid. Rosalie had hardly passed the magnificent palace of Del Vito, (now Del Vero,) when a heifer, suddenly infuriated, rushed with her horns lowered toward the girl. She raised a shriek, and gave herself up for lost, seeing no way of escape open to her; for a cart occupied the road behind her, on the left was a hedge, on the right were her mother and two men bearing fagots, and in front came the enraged beast. But the fearless youth, throwing himself between the provoked animal and the trembling girl, with a knotted stick which he carried in his haud, struck the heifer and put her to flight. Then turning to Rosalie, he addressed some kind words to quiet her, and begged permission to be a companion to the next village, to protect her against any new danger.

Happy moment, in which a gentle heart just opens itself to love, who—oh! who can describe its sweetness! Moved by the danger she had escaped, and by gratitude toward her gallant and daring preserver, the mind of Rosalie was touched with tender affection. She thanked Vincenzo with so much kindness of manner, accompanied with so flattering a glance, that he certainly spoke the truth when he said, that he had never before met with so fortunate an adventure.

Arrived at Domaso, Vincenzo took leave of them; but his ingenuous, though recent love, had already drawn from the lips of Rosalie, that her mother, in the practice of their devotions, was in the habit of accompanying her, on the first Sunday of every month, to pray at the ancient parish church of Gravedona. The assurance of again seeing the amiable girl alleviated the pain of separation.

Men rudely brought up, and raised to wealth

from an humble condition, generally value more highly than others the advantages of a good education. The father of Vincenzo, who was one of this class, had desired that nothing should be wanting to the accomplishment of his son. He had, therefore, sent him to learn law and literature at Pavia, and the chivalric exercises at Milan. All his ambition, indeed, had centred in this. Possessor of an ample fortune, which he was daily increasing, he ardently desired that Vincenzo should emerge from the class in which he was born, and was already planning an ambitious alliance for his son. But the boy, a philosopher in disposition, was inclined by nature to cultivate the gentler affections, and indulge but little in imaginations of pride.

The long desired Sabbath at length arrived; and Vincenzo, early in the morning, embarked in his light skiff, and approached the smiling gardens of Gravedona. After an anxious delay, the girl at length appeared, and on again seeing her protector, her countenance was overspread with a modest blush.

I will not touch on the details of their conversation, nor tell how Vincenzo obtained permission from her mother to accompany them to the modest roof, and to visit them at other times; any one who has been engaged in an affair of the heart, can easily divine how all this was brought about. To be brief, I will only state that every second day Vincenzo paid a visit to Domaso, returning at night to Menagio. Love sat pilot in his little skiff; and if Love cheered his mind with chaste hopes in his passage, Love consoled with no less grateful memories on his return. The simple habits of the girl, her ingenuous manners, affectionate heart, and quick, cultivated intellect, had so won upon Vincenzo, that he firmly believed he should have loved her with an affection no less ardent, if she had not been adorned with such singular personal beauty.

Desperately in love with Rosalie, and conscious of being equally loved in return, Vincenzo was desirous of consummating the union, from which he should enjoy the greatest happiness in store for him on earth. The mother of Rosalie assented to the nuptials, as she had received permission from her husband to dispose of their daughter's hand. But the father of Vincenzo interposed an obstinate refusal. In vain did the young man plead, even with tears; but the father, foolishly proud, absolutely refused his consent to what he called the unequal nuptials. And when the love-sick boy insisted, he repulsed him sternly, and with disdain.

"It was not that you should marry a peasant girl," said he, "that I have bestowed so much labour in the accumulation of riches; not to see you form an alliance with the plough, that I have thus expensively educated you."

Vincenzo, aware of the proud expectations of his father, had been apprehensive that he would at first object to the marriage, but had hoped to overcome his repugnance by persuasion, by entreaties, and if need should be, by tears. But his inexorable refusal fell upon him like a lightning-stroke. Stunned by the blow, he repaired to the cottage of Rosalie, disclosed to the mother the refusal of his father, and begged for sympathy and counsel in his unfortunate situation.

"My daughter," said the prudent mother, "shall only be your wife with the consent of your father. I pity you, Vincenzo, and still more do I pity my daughter, whose mind will be ill able to bear such cruel news. But honour and maternal duty impose on me to tell you, that from this day forward you must not see Rosalie, but to extend to her the hand of a husband, with the consent of your father. You are too wise, sir, not to submit to this indispensable command."

At this moment the daughter arrived. Vincenzo could not speak to her, but he pressed her hand, and burst into a flood of tears. Rosalie understood their meaning, and fell, fainting, in the bitterness of her grief. The mother raised her in her arms, and motioned to Vincenzo to depart. He returned, threw himself at his father's feet, and told him that by forbidding their nuptials he would kill his only son. But the vain plebeian, resolute in his purpose, coldly commanded him to prepare for setting out in three days for Milan, whence he should not return till he had eradicated this unworthy love from his breast.

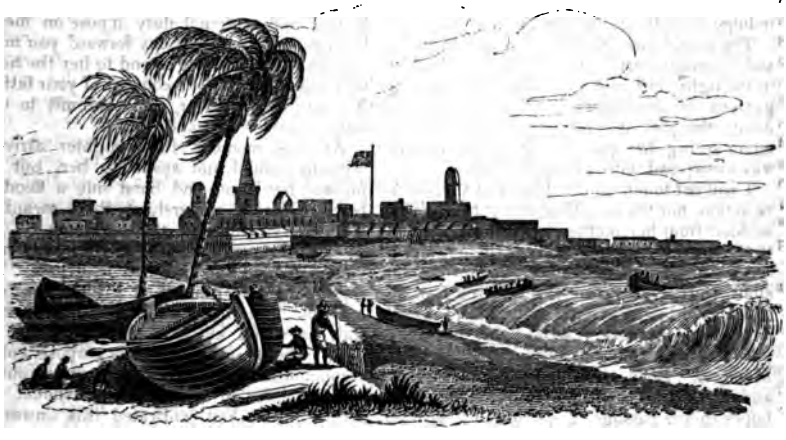
The pain of seeing every hope of possessing Rosalie thus extinguished, the severe but just prohibition of her mother, his repugnance to the proposed journey, the struggle, in short, which love, despair, and rage, had kindled in his bosom, so fiercely tortured the unhappy boy, that he went that night to his bed, prostrated by a raging fever.

Forty days had now passed since Rosalie had received any tidings from Vincenzo, when one morning she received the following letter, in which she recognized the well-known characters of her lover, though evidently written with a trembling hand:

"For more than a month, oh, Rosalie! I have remained sick in my bed, the victim of my father's obstinacy, and of my own unfortunate fate. I see that the violence of my malady is fast hurrying me to my end, and that in a few days I shall be no more. Oh, Rosalie! if you have any feeling of pity, do not allow your faithful lover to die without bidding you a last farewell! My father has gone to Como, where he will remain three days. There is no one now in the house but an old aunt who is all affection for me. Pray, Rosalie, my dear life! the only breath of a soul about to fly from my bosom! pray, in-

duce your good mother to the holy office of accompanying you to see me! Can she deny this last consolation to one who dies for having too much loved her virtuous daughter? Too much! Oh, what I have I said? Who could ever worthily love thee? Who could ever love thee as thou shouldst be loved! If she will not yield to thee, to my prayers, tell her that religion itself imposes on her this sacrifice. . . . . She may, perhaps, save the life of an unhappy man. Ah, yes, thy sight! the sight of her for whom alone the light of day is dear, the sweet splendour of thine eyes, thy kind words, may they not restore me to my strength, and snatch a victim from the already open sepulchre! But, at any rate, I wish to see you. Ah—I wish—I must see you! I wish to press to my dying lips that dear hand, which I am not permitted to enjoy. I wish to fix on your countenance my dying eyes. Less bitter will death appear to me; and if you once more repeat to me that you love me, I shall, perhaps, be able to look with tranquillity on the terrible hour of my last journey!"—*New York Mirror.*

(To be continued.)



MADRAS

Is the capital of the Presidency of Madras, and is the largest city on the coast of Coromandel. Lat. 13° 5′ N., long. 80° 21′ E.; 1044 miles from Calcutta, and 770 from Bombay. It consists of Fort St. George, the Native or Black town, and the European houses in the environs, surrounded by gardens. The heavy surf which beats on the shore, and the rapid current in this part of the gulf, render the landing often dangerous, and always difficult. Boats formed of three planks sewed together, are used for crossing the surf; but in stormy weather, when no boat can venture through it, the native fishermen pass it on rafts called *catamarans*. The Black town is an irregular assemblage of brick and bamboo houses, crowded together in narrow and dirty streets, inhabited by Hindoos, Mahommedans, Armenians, Portuguese, and other Europeans engaged in the company's service. The houses of the Europeans are generally of but one story, surrounded with verandas; wet mats of cusa grass are placed before the doors and windows in the rainy season, to perfume and cool the apartments; the heat being then excessive. Besides some literary and charitable institutions, Madras contains the government houses, and is the seat of the supreme court of the Presidency.

New Books.

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.*

By William Hazlitt.

[We read in a late number of a popular Review some very just and laudatory remarks on the Essay on Painting, written by Hazlitt, for the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* and recollecting that, at the time that Essay was first published, the name of Hazlitt was never mentioned in the Review in question, but with sneering or disparagement, we felt the late-paid tribute as the natural effect of time, in dissipating prejudice, and as a tacit acknowledgment of past injustice. This is as it should be; but it still remains to be lamented, that at any time talent should be deprived of its just homage upon grounds so extraneous as political differences of opinion. The admirers of Hazlitt are pleased even

* Templeman.

with tardy justice, but they feel that these arrears should have been paid in the author's lifetime, that then they might have made his cup the sweeter, checked some unnecessary asperity, and even (the least effect to be regretted perhaps) saved his revilers from some caustic retaliation. These are reflections *en passant*; our present business is to notice a republication of some of Hazlitt's best essays, which, originally inserted in various periodicals, are now collected by his son into a neat and portable volume. The essays, eighteen in number, embrace a variety of subjects, and are distinguished by that fullness of idea, nice perception of distinctions, and power of analyzation, for which all the author's works are more or less conspicuous. Hazlitt's conclusions are sometimes arrived at by a wayward process, and with an intermixture of paradox; but generally they will be found to bear the test of reflection, and to rest on the deductions of sound common sense, sharpened by an intellect of no common acuteness. The volume commences with an essay "*On reading New Books*," which is followed by one "*On Cant and Hypocrisy*"—from this we take our first extract:—]

We often see that a person condemns in another the very thing he is guilty of himself. Is this hypocrisy? It may, or it may not. If he really feels none of the abhorrence he expresses, this is quackery and impudence. But if he really expresses what he feels, (and he easily may, for it is the abstract idea he contemplates in the case of another, and the immediate temptation to which he yields in his own, so that he probably is not even conscious of the identity or connexion between the two,) then this is not hypocrisy, but want of strength and keeping in the moral sense. All morality consists in squaring our actions and sentiments to our ideas of what is fit and proper; and it is the struggle and alternate triumph of the two principles, the *ideal* and the physical, that keeps up this "mighty coil and pudder" about vice and virtue, and is one great source of all the good and evil in the world. The mind of man is like a clock that is always running down, and requires to be as constantly wound up. The *ideal* principle is the master-key that winds it up, and without which it would come to a stand: the sensual and selfish feelings are the dead weights that pull it down to the gross and grovelling. Till the intellectual faculty is destroyed, (so that the mind sees nothing beyond itself or the present moment,) it is impossible to have all brutal depravity; till the material and physical are done away with, (so that it shall contemplate everything from a purely spiritual and disinterested point of view,) it is impossible to have all virtue. There must be a mixture of the two, as long as man is compounded of opposite materials, a contradiction, and an eternal competition for the mastery. I by no means think a single bad action condemns a man, for he probably condemns it as much as you do; nor a single bad habit, for he is probably trying all his life to get rid of it. A man is only thoroughly profligate when he has lost the sense of right and wrong; or a thorough hypocrite when he has not even the wish to be what he appears. The greatest offence against virtue, is to speak ill of it. To recommend certain things is worse than to practice them. There may be an excuse for the last in the frailty of passion; but the former can arise from nothing but an utter depravity of disposition. Any one may yield to temptation, and yet feel a sincere love and aspiration after virtue: but he who maintains vice in theory, has not even the conception or capacity for virtue in his mind. Men err: fiends only mock at goodness.

[In the article "*Merry England*," our countrymen are successfully vindicated from their reputed gloominess, and are shown to be a great deal merrier as a people, than our volatile neighbours across the Channel are willing to admit: it is, however, conceded, that "we are rather shy of showing it." The essay "*On a Sun-dial*" is beautifully pensive: we shall take the commencing passage:—]

Horas non numero nisi serenas—is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought, unparalleled. Of all conceits it is truly the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lours, and time only presents a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles, and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-tormenting! For myself, as I rode along the Brenta, while the sun shone hot upon its sluggish, slimy waves, my sensations were far from comfortable; but the reading this inscription on the side of a glaring wall, in an instant restored me to myself; and still whenever I think of or repeat it, it has the power of wafting me into the region of pure and blissful abstraction.

["*Disagreeable People*," in the Essay under that title, are made tributory to the entertainment of the reader, by an unceremonious analization of their peculiarities. Here is a specimen:]—Some persons are of so teasing and fidgetty a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Everything goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-

ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns all dinner-time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valitudinary habit of body: they are out of sorts with everything, and of course their ill-humour and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of rain, or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have everything their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument—who knit their brows and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in some personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper, and an intolerance of opinion in this, that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and of everybody else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract position, they trample on every courtesy and decency of behaviour; and though, perhaps, they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of these Quixotic declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

[Our concluding extract (in this number) shall be "*On Knowledge of the World*;" in which that knowledge is contrasted with something better, though of a less thriving quality.]

The great secret of a knowledge of the world, then, consists in a subserviency to the will of others, and the primary motive to this attention is a mechanical and watchful perception of our own interests. It is not an art that requires a long course of study, the difficulty is in putting one's self apprentice to it. It does not surely imply any very laborious or profound inquiry into the distinctions of truth or falsehood to be able to assent to whatever one hears; nor any great refinement of moral feeling to approve of whatever has custom, power, or interest on its side. The only question is, "Who is willing to do so?"—and the answer is, those who have no other faculties or pretensions either to stand in the way of or to assist their progress through life. Those are slow to wear the livery of the world who have any independent resources of their own. It is not that the philosopher or the man of genius does not see and know all this, that he is not constantly and forcibly reminded of it by his own failure or the success of others, but he cannot stoop to practise it. He has a different scale of excellence and mould of ambition which have nothing in common with current maxims and time-serving calculations. He is a moral and intellectual egotist, not a mere worldly-minded one. In youth he has sanguine hopes and brilliant dreams, which he cannot sacrifice for sordid realities; as he advances farther in life habit and pride forbid his turning back. He cannot bring himself to give up his best-grounded convictions to a blockhead, or his conscientious principles to a knave, though he might make his fortune by so doing. The rule holds good as well as in another sense—"What should it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" If his convictions and principles had been less strong, they would have yielded long ago to the suggestions of his interest, and he would have relapsed into the man of the world, or rather he would never have had the temptation or capacity to be any thing else. One thing that keeps men honest as well as that confirms them knaves, is their incapacity to do any better for themselves than nature has done for them. One person can with difficulty speak truth, as another lies with a very ill grace. After repeated awkward attempts to change characters, they each very properly fall back into their old *jog-trot* path, as best suited to their genius and habits. [*To be concluded in our next.*

The Public Journals.

INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI.

(*Concluded from page* 334.)

In reply to my remark, that the population of the country appeared to have diminished, he remarked, in general and evasive terms—"Egypt is not generally understood; it requires a very long time to know its people. A traveller in passing through the country cannot fully understand the number or condition of its inhabitants. A person may even reside some years here, like the Consul,

for instance, and yet not have time to know the people of Egypt; but," he added, with a complacent, and self-satisfied smile, "I know them!" After spending nearly an hour in familiar conversation with the Pasha, and receiving the customary refreshment of coffee, we prepared to depart; but, before quitting his presence, he again recurred to the subject of his cotton projects, and took the opportunity of informing us, that, if he succeeded in completing the *barrage* of the Nile, (a great work, projected with a view to inundate the Delta,) there would be scarcely any limits to the amount of cotton which might then be produced in Egypt. We now took our leave, and, in bidding adieu to Mehemet Ali, I could have persuaded myself that I was leaving the presence of a merchant, or a cotton-broker, had not my eyes, in turning towards the door, encountered the sable figures of the three eunuchs who guarded the entrance of the harem—a spectacle that at once dissipitated such an illusion, and reminded me that I was in the palace of a Turkish satrap, where, notwithstanding that commerce had, for the first time, asserted its supremacy, all the worst evils of Mahometanism still flourished.

In my interview with the Pasha, he evinced, in his choice of conversational subjects, a love of practical topics, and an avidity for facts, in his inquiries, which struck me as characteristic of his mind. He entered with great readiness into calculations; dealing, in the course of his observations, with two-and-a-half, five, and twenty per cent., in a manner that showed they had been familiar terms with him. Unquestionably, this calculating turn has contributed materially towards elevating him to his present position; for although, upon emergencies, he has manifested no lack of daring and courage, it is notorious that he has always preferred the use of diplomatic stratagems to the more open tactics of the field. Cunning and craft have done far greater service than the sword, in the career of Mehemet Ali. But nothing struck me so forcibly as the egotism which seems to be the predominant feature of his character. He sees, feels, knows, dreams, of nothing but self. The projects of this singular personage, however enlightened or disinterested in appearance, are all designed solely with a view to augment his own solitary estate, or confirm him individually in power. If he speaks of the resources of Egypt with exultation, or refers with apparent delight to the fertilizing properties of its noble river, it is because, in the same breath, he can remind you that the valley of the Nile is his *estate;* and it will have been seen that, if he amused his leisure by calculating the manifold riches of this favoured region, it was only that he might boast of being able to shut himself up for twenty years, and bid the world defiance. Having self-interest predominant in his own mind, and, truth to say, having in his career experienced but little of the disinterestedness of others, it is not wonderful that he should suspect every one approaching his divan to be actuated by a similar principle. I was amused at discovering, from the commencement of our interview, that he had come to the conclusion that I was anxious to persuade him to put down his manufacturing establishments, in order to favour my countrymen, his rivals in Manchester. Nor do I flatter myself for a moment that, up to the time of my departure from his presence, he gave me credit, in the sentiments I uttered, for any higher motive. In this respect Mehemet Ali ought not to be too severely criticised; for no Turkish pasha ever dreamed, or was ever warranted by experience in dreaming, that a person would visit him merely for the purpose of discussing a question of political economy, without reference to his own personal interests.

I have spoken of his egotism but there is another ruling passion—the love of approbation—by which the character of Mehemet Ali is greatly influenced. It is owing to a sensitiveness about the kind of report which Europeans may make of the condition of his people, that he is accustomed to boast, after the fashion I have had occasion to describe, of the prosperous state of his Fellah population: hence arose his exaggerated picture of the gains of the cotton growers in the Delta in our first interview; and hence, too, springs the constant plea, which he puts forth as often as he finds a stranger venturing to doubt the prosperity of his subjects, that nobody but himself understands the situation of the Egyptians.

Let me not, however, close this account of my interview with the Viceroy of Egypt, without paying a justly merited tribute to his conversational talent. The manner in which he throws aside all reserve, and puts himself upon a level with his visiters, inviting controversy and even contradiction, shows a confidence in his own powers, which is amply warranted by the resources he can bring to bear upon every subject of debate. His utterance is quick and energetic, and the unpleasant tones of his voice are soon forgotten in the animated features, sharp gestures, and earnest manner with which he carries on his conversation. Whatever subject may be introduced, he is ready, apparently without previous study or preparation, to concentrate upon it in a moment, all the force of his vigorous and impetuous intellect. It is this talent which enables him, in the course of one half-hour, to devote his mind to the details of a dozen questions of public and private policy. On one occasion, an individual, who related the anecdote to me, called, by appointment, upon the Pasha, to

his directions relative to the equipment steam boat; when he found him surrounded with sample-bundles of hose, from which he was selecting a quality of stockings worn by his Europeanised troops, or ers. They were interrupted in their view by the arrival of a messenger of from Syria, who immediately held a conference with Mehemet Ali upon ate of military operations in that pro- after which he gave audience to an ican inventor of an improved machine rice-mill, who submitted a model of the ion to his critical inspection.

en, in recurring to my interviews with extraordinary man, and recollecting the ess of his inquiries upon practical ts, as well as the vehemence of manner which he sustained his opinions— ig the spring-like elasticity of mind, manifests its power in proportion as ressed—I think with pleasure of the ing and animating scene, not unmixed regret, that I shall probably never have an opportunity of chatting with ehemet Ali.—*Tait's Edinburgh Mag.*

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF ROMAN SKELETONS.

LLNATT, of Wallingford, has written ount of some most interesting disco- which have been recently made at r's Hill, near Pangbourn, Berks, on the the Great Western Railway. Several skeletons, in a high state of preser- have been disinterred, which are the s of Roman soldiers, who fell in all ility during their sanguinary conflicts e ancient Britons. Small sepulchral rude workmanship, but elegant and l devices, were in the graves, and ls of forty Roman coins, of gold, sil- d brass, of the reigns of Domitian, ntine, Julian the Apostate, Constan- Iracianus, Licinius, or Lupicinius, -prætor, (who was invested with regal ty), and several others. Spear-heads, xes, and spurs of British and Roman cture were also found; and some of res contained considerable masses of l, without bones, indicating that honours had been paid to the de- warrior, and that his remains had rnt previous to interment. Some of ls are in good preservation, but others rn, cankered, and illegible. The re well preserved, having lain in the el, about four feet from the surface, tely overlying the chalk, and one of lls appears heavier and more conso- than natural, owing, probably, to its the incipient state of the process of tion.—*Standard, Nov.* 1838.

Fine Arts.

RYALL'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

We have recently been gratified by a view of an unique specimen of the art of drawing with pen and ink. The picture is a half-length portrait of the Queen, attired in her robes of state. It is impossible to convey an idea of the delicacy and beauty of the execution of this exquisite specimen The most highly wrought chalk engravings appear coarse when compared to the elaborate finish of this drawing; there is a very slight tint of colour introduced in the face, but kept so subordinate to the larger touches, that the spectator, at the first glance, can only tell that from some cause the appearance differs from, and is greatly superior to, any kind of engraving: the drapery, jewels, and the collars of the orders that form an oval inclosing the figure, are all drawn with the greatest freedom and accuracy.

The whole occupies a space of about fifteen inches square. This splendid work of art is the production of H. T. Ryall, Esq., the celebrated chalk engraver, executed entirely by the Perryan pen. This unrivalled production of British art would form a gem in the National Gallery; it is indubitably the finest specimen of this style of drawing ever exhibited.

Biography.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Should ever my reader visit Prague, let him repair to the Kohlmarkt; on casting his eyes around him he will behold a modest inn, bearing the formidable sign of the Three Lions—let him enter it; and upon making the proper inquiry, he will be shown a little dirty room. If he will walk a few yards further than this inn, up the vineyard of Kosohicy, he will perceive a small, unpretending house, formerly belonging to Dussek, and then he will be shown another room of similar dimensions, and as little inviting as the first —both these rooms are, nevertheless, the most interesting objects Prague can boast of —'twas in them that Mozart composed the two acts of his Don Juan.

The overture to this master-piece, by-the-by, is the most astonishing instance, perhaps, of what real genius is capable of performing, when urged on by extraordinary circumstances. Mozart was quietly talking to his friends, when he was asked by a person suddenly entering the room, for the music, that the various parts might be copied and practised, ready for the next night. Not a note of the music was as yet on paper; Mozart, however, retired into the adjoining apartment, and sat down to compose at the "witching hour of midnight." Witching,

the hour must indeed have been, for in four hours the piece was concluded. At seven the next evening, the transcribers had but just completed their work, the sheets were placed yet damp on the desks, and Mozart himself made his appearance to direct the performance of this unpractised music. The undivided attention the performers were obliged to pay to the execution of their respective parts, did wonders; and never, perhaps, was a piece played with such astonishing precision and overwhelming effect. Mozart never forgot this night, and many a time did he revert to it in the course of his remaining life.

Mozart's life must have been studied from one end to another, to form an estimate of the immensity of his talent, and of the inexhaustible resources of his musical genius. His widow, who has been re-married to a Danish state councillor, has lately published a volume of the most interesting description, containing the whole correspondence of Mozart during his travels in France, Italy, and several parts of Germany. From this correspondence, we will make occasional translated extracts, and here and there introduce some remarks of the composer's father, writing to his wife, or others of his acquaintance.

We first behold Mozart a child, introduced at courts, performing before kings, queens, and princes, filling all with wonder at his astonishing performance; petted and caressed by all, kissed by the princesses, and fondly invited to be their playmate; the Emperor Francis I., often taking him on his knee, and thus affording the little fellow the rare gratification of seeing himself surrounded by a circle of admiring princes and princesses. The boy, then only seven years of age, unaccustomed to such slippery floors, as those at the palace of Schönnbrunn, was always followed by some of the archduchesses; notwithstanding all the attention his little imperial attendants used to pay to him, Wolfgang would sometimes slip and fall—this happened once, and he was picked up by the prettiest of the archduchesses. "You are very pretty," said the little man, "and I shall marry you some day." Poor girl! she was not destined to enjoy so much happiness. This princess, thus ingenuously singled out, was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and while she was being led to the scaffold, Mozart was being publicly crowned by the people of Vienna, amidst the thunders of their cheerings. The Princess Amelia, sister of the King of Prussia, overwhelmed the child with caresses. "But, alas!" says the father, in a letter to his wife, "she has no money, and if all the kisses she gives Wolfgang were only louisd'ors, we might be satisfied. I wish," continues he, heaving a deep-drawn sigh, "they would but take kisses at the inns and other places, we should then get off very nicely, we should never be at a loss for *them*."

The reader will at once discern the character of the father—he is an interested man, who weighs the value of everything, but he is not a bad father for all that. His children, Wolfgang and his sister, his senior by four years, were a mine of gold to him, and he was continually digging it. "The children," he says elsewhere, "have worked very well today; I pocketed a hundred and twelve louisd'ors; sixty or seventy are, nevertheless, not to be despised." Another time, he says, "We have so much to do, that I have not much time for writing; we are engaged for the next ten days, and you must know that I have to pocket seventy-five louis during that time." Again, he writes to his wife, with all the joyful satisfaction of a man eager of gain and successful in his efforts: "To-day we have been at the French ambassador's, and to-morrow we are engaged to Count Harrach. We have six ducats for three hours, from 6 to 9, and that in a large company. We are engaged four, five, six days beforehand, sometimes eight. And now, shall I tell you how Wolfgang is dressed? With the finest cloth, lilac colour, his coat of the same stuff, and the whole beautifully embroidered. His sister's frock is white stuff, very handsomely stitched."

It is hardly to be expected that poor little Wolfgang and his sister could long stand such great fatigue, so disproportioned to their years; they did effectually suffer from severe illness, but eventually recovered. Their health was no sooner re-established than the father again set forth on his travels with his two prodigies, and visited Paris, London, and several towns of Holland. Mozart, however, always cheerfully obeyed his father. From Paris, the latter writes to a lady of Saltzburg, the birth-place of the composer: "Master Wolfgang has had the honour to be in the constant company of the queen, to talk and chat with her as he pleased, to kiss her, and to eat in her presence the sweetmeats she herself took off the plate for him. The queen speaks German as well as we do: but as the king does not know a word of it, she translated to him all that our little Wolfgang said to her. I, too, was near her Majesty; and on the other side of the king, behind the Dauphin and Madame Adelaide, were my wife and daughter."

They then visited London, and now, instead of louis, the father pocketed guineas. The king, we see, was as gracious to the wonderful boy, as had been the king of France, "Yesterday," says the father, "we were presented to their Majesties. The remuneration was only twenty-four guineas; it is true, we received it in the antichamber; but the graciousness of the two was never equalled. A few days after, we were walking in St. James's Park; the king and queen happened to pass in their carriage; and although we had

different clothes on, yet they knew us again, and the king let down the window to salute little Wolfgang." Mozart, the father, we shall see, was not by any means ungrateful for all these favours, and for all the golden harvest he reaped: "Have three masses said," he orders, "in the chapel of the Virgin of Lorette; three more in the church of St. Maria, two at the altar of Francis de Paule, and two in the parish of great St. John." It was in this manner, the father wound up most of his letters, and it was not till he had written to crave the protection of the patron-saint of Bohemia and of the Holy Virgin, that he ventured to cross the sea on his way to Holland.

It is a pity to see this father, otherwise kind and indulgent, so possessed with the love of money, as to almost cruelly use his children when once money was in the case. What a delightful picture would it not have been, but for this weakness, to see this little Bohemian family, with all its native simplicity, presenting itself before kings and princes, in the rich saloons of Schönbrunn, in the midst of the elegance and corruption of Versailles, and in the English court.

At Naples he was suspected of possessing a talisman, and requested to remove the ring he wore on his little finger; and at Rome the Pope made him a Knight of the Golden Spur. At fifteen years of age, Mozart at length composed his first opera, Mithridates, which was performed with the greatest admiration at Milan; but then, it is true, the father had implored the intercession of the Holy Virgin. A few days before the performance, he had written to his wife and daughter, who had remained at Saltzburg, in the following terms: "On the day of St. Stephen, a good hour after the *Ave Maria*, you may fancy the maëstro seated at his piano in the orchestra, and I in a box as a spectator. At that moment, then, have some offerings made for our success, and say, whilst the opera is being performed, a couple of *Aves* and *Paternosters*." So, perhaps, we may attribute the young composer's success to his father's devotion.

Not long after this, Mozart returned with his father to Saltzburg, and next set out with his mother for Paris. As he journeyed on to France, he often stopped to offer his services to some of the German princes. But Mozart had hitherto been treated as a child, he was now a man, and as such he was treated, that is to say, he was neglected and despised. His services were every where declined, and at times he was even treated with unbecoming incivility. It was the Elector of Bavaria, who repelled him with the greatest contempt. Mozart had offered to write for all the singers and performers he would please to convoke from France, Germany, and Italy, to perform every day at the palatial concerts, and to compose per annum four operas, two serias, &c., and all for 1,000 francs (£40!) He did not even require to be allowed to have his meals with the servants. He had not yet so much ambition! "My appetite," wrote he to his highness, "is very small, I drink water and a single glass of wine with my fruit." But the Elector thought that for four operas, which might have included the "Nozze di Figaro," the "Zauberflöte," £40 was an exorbitant demand, and with overbearing haughtiness dismissed the inspired composer. "You may now show yourself anywhere but at Munich," replied his incensed father, "you shall not go and abase yourself like that; no, indeed, that is not necessary."

Mozart now determined at once to proceed on his way to Paris; and here I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the droll manner in which the father, from the uttermost parts of Bohemia, where he was confined by the gout, detailed to his son the way in which he was to perform his journey. At Inspruck, he was to put up at the Cross, for the landlord was fond of artists, and the dinners were only thirty kreutzers; besides which, the church was close at hand and very convenient, to go in as often as you pleased to pray for the success of the journey. At Augsburg, he was to stop at the Three Moors, where the organist and the editor of a certain paper took their meals—he might get something good put in the paper. He informed Wolfgang, at what places he should wear his decoration of the Golden Spur, and those at which it would be safest to keep it in his pocket. He particularly reminded him never to forget having boot-trees put into his boots at the inn in which he slept; he tells him that at Munich the copper batzen of Saltzburg have no currency—in fact, he does not omit one single particular, and it seems that Mozart might have gone almost blindfold the whole journey. H. M.

(*To be continued.*)

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of James Brooke has started an expedition to explore the East Indian Archipelago, in his own yacht, and we believe entirely at his own private expense. The object of the expedition is the acquisition of more accurate knowledge than we yet possess of that vast region, its geography, its natural history, and its inhabitants. The field of inquiry is wide enough for many such expeditions as Brooke's, and for many years to come, if conducted in the spirit of thorough research. Our charts of that huge ocean give no conception whatever of its inland wildernesses. Ships sail for days together through a region which seems all black and open sea on the chart, yet without ever losing sight of some one or

more insular specks. But the larger islands only are permanently inhabited by man; thousands and tens of thousands, in small clustering groups, though all crowned with a verdure which seems indicative of boundless fertility, are in their primeval state of nature—too wild and savage for the skill or industry of the roving and uncivilized natives of the Archipelago to reclaim. Of the animal or vegetable productions of these islands we know literally nothing; and even of the Celebes, Moluccas, Borneo, or Papua, we are deplorably ignorant.—*London Miscellany.*

The Gatherer.

Coffee-House Characteristics.—An old man, thin, feeble, and altogether debilitated, almost worn out with previous care or present troubles, or his constitution subdued and overcome by a long life of sensuality, is now obliged to look over the bill of fare with scrupulous exactness, that he may be watchful not to give his stomach that which may embarrass or destroy the few remaining months of life. The gay coxcomb, on the other hand, enters with that *sang froid* which marks the absence of all reflection, save that which applies to his thick head of hair, through which his fingers are perpetually passing, while the mustachio undergoes a twirl, implying great satisfaction to himself. All that is taken to supply the wants of his frame is used under the same vain influence, and every thing bespeaks a mind entirely separated from every thing but that which relates to self. There is a third kind of person to be found in middle age, who looks to his hour of dinner as the great recreation of life. He eyes the bill of fare with that delight which belongs to transient joy and pleasure. He falls to with avidity, enjoys the momentary sensations of taste, fills his glass, looks at the grateful liquor with an eye that marks his abundant satisfaction, and, when all is finished, seems sorry that the beginning should ever have an end. Another character I have observed is one who, having seen better days, comes here for a supply of food. Such a being selects the cheapest morsel that will give him the necessary supply for the day, and with a quiet melancholy air, takes his departure, neither heated with food, nor charmed with the solace of his necessary meal.—*Sir William Knighton's Memoirs.*

Which is Right?—One of our friends is puzzled in trying to find out on which side a gentleman should ride when in company with a lady. The *right* side, says one: but which is the right side? The *left* side may be the *right* side, and the *right* side may be the *wrong* side. For our parts, we take no *sides* on this question, hoping that it may be set *right* by somebody.

The "*Medical Gazette*" of St. Petersburgh asserts, that a man, struck by lightning, has been restored by means of copious bleeding. He was placed in the earth up to his neck, and was restored to life in five minutes, although the body was perfectly cold at the time of inhumation. H. M.

A very late Absence of Mind Case.—A gentleman, while shooting in Tennessee, put the wadding in his clothes, and rammed himself down his rifle instead. Having, however, fortunately left his cap on, he was instantly shot to the top of a pine tree into the society of a racoon, who explained to him his mistake.—*New York paper.*

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip." This proverb arose from the fate of Antinous, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses as he was going to drink.

The Count of Alb—— having occasion to go from Versailles to Paris, heard in company that the Marquis of M——, whom he did not know, was about to perform that little journey. He accosted him, and said, "Sir, I understand you are going to Paris; in your carriage, no doubt." "Yes, sir; could I do anything for you?" "You would do me a great favour if you would take charge of my great coat." "Certainly, sir: and where shall I leave it?" "Oh, don't trouble yourself on that score, sir, I shall be in it myself." H. M.

Knowledge of a God.—The Mussulman writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked, how he knew any thing of the existence of a God? replied, "Just as I know by the tracks in the sand whether a man or a beast has passed there; so when I survey the heavens with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

John Home wrote his tragedy of Douglas; Dr. Blair composed his Lectures; and Dr. William Robertson compiled his History of Charles the Fifth, in the White Cottage, which may yet be seen, at Burntsfield Links, Scotland.

At Dovening, on the Baltic coast, two twin whales were cast on shore, on the 16th of May, 1834; they were attached to each other something like the Siamese twins. They may now be seen at Copenhagen. H. M.

Better late than never.—The *Vienna Gazette* mentions, that a labourer lately died in Austria, at the age of 130 years, and that he never married till he was 100 years of age.

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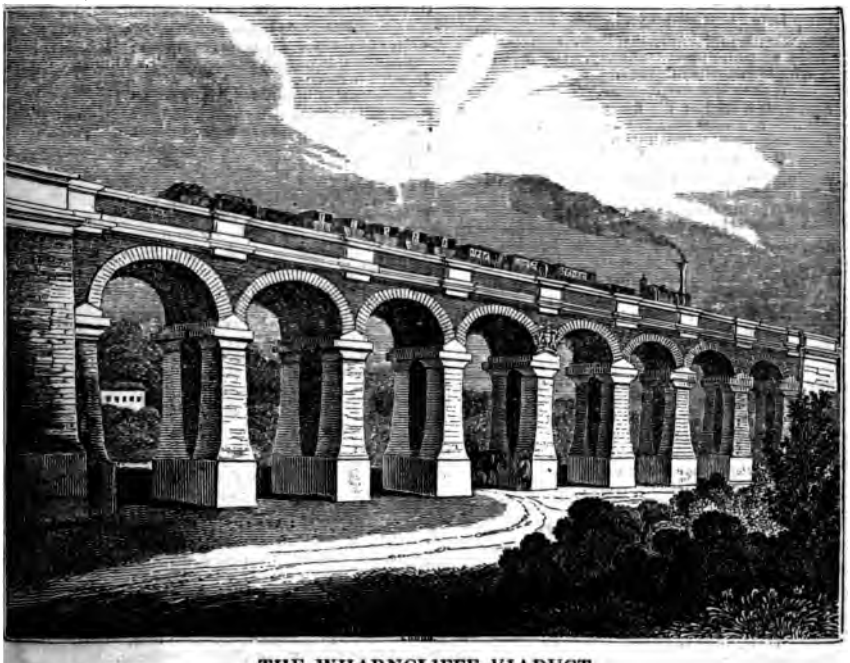
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 923.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1838. [Price 2*d*



THE WHARNCLIFFE VIADUCT

OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD, HANWELL, MIDDLESEX.

It is our intention to give an accurate architectural description of the Great Western Railway; to be illustrated by engravings. The engravings will appear occasionally before we publish the description, in order that they may be the more readily referred to, as they would be too numerous to be inserted with the description.

The Wharncliffe Viaduct connects two vast embankments, and runs parallel with the Uxbridge road, near the village of Hanwell, Middlesex; it consists of eight noble eliptical arches, springing from massive piers of brick, upon a stone base. The capitals of the piers, and the divisions and coping of the wall on each side of the road, are of stone. The armorial bearings of Lord Wharncliffe, boldly carved in stone, are placed over the centre pier of the viaduct; the Directors having paid this compliment to his Lordship, in acknowledgment of his exertions during the passing of the Act of Parliament for the erection of the railroad. The best view of the viaduct is from the Uxbridge road; the ground seen through the arches is a gentle eminence, upon which several villas are placed; the whole is thickly studded with trees, forming a parklike scene, of which the viaduct is the architectural ornament. The view from the top of the viaduct is extensive and beautiful; and it is from this spot that a birds eye view may be attained of that immense pile of building, the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

The pleasant little village of Hanwell is situated eight miles (W.) from London. The river Brent runs through the parish, and the Grand Junction Canal bounds it on the west. The celebrated classical scholar, Dr. H. Glasse, who distinguished himself by his Greek traslation of Milton's Sampson Agonistes, was rector of Hanwell. James Hanway, a noted traveller and philanthropist, who died in 1786, was buried at Hanwell.

LIFE, DEATH, AND THE GRAVE.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"Old age, and 'waxing old as a garment,' is written on the fairest face of creation."—RUTHERFORD.

DEAR Mother, to your anxious child
The meaning of these words declare;
"Life's hour," "death's sleep," the "graves lone wild,"—
Love! hear my prayer!

Say, what is life? A fleeting hour,
Now present,—past; now come,—now gone;—
A dew-drop on a fragile flow'r,
A beauteous one!"

Say, what is life? "The fleecy spray
Which now rides roughly on the wave;
Another moment:—mark its way,—
It meets its grave!"

Say, what is life? "Yon meteor's glare,
Now kindled with a brilliant ray!
Now wrapt in sullen darkness there,—
Such is life's day!"

Say, what is death? "The night of life,
A refuge from the stormy main!
The weary pilgrim's rest from strife,
His ease from pain!"

Say, what is death? "The tomb of life,
The midnight of the human sphere!
An hour with deepest horror rife,—
The home of fear!"

Say, what is death? "The solemn sleep,
When man is hush'd from passion's pow'r;
Death wipes the eye of those that weep
In life's last hour!"

Say, What's the grave? pourtray its pow'r,
Tell me why I should fear its sway;—
May I not triumph o'er the tomb?
Say, lov'd one, say?

If life's lov'd flow'rs so soon decay,
If life's frail beauties so soon die;
O! strew with hope the desert way,
Or tell me why!

Know then, my lov'd one, that the grave
Is one vast bed for all who live;
There, dust o'er dust will empire have,
There, none can save!

The loveliest flow'r there lies to fade,—
The sweetest lily, choice and rare,
When once in Death's dark cavern laid,
Must perish there!

Life is a day-dream—short at best;
Death is the night-hour of repose,—
The grave's the turf on which we rest
From all earth woes!

Learn, then, my child, at virtue's shrine
To pay thy persevering pray'r;
So shall immortal hope be thine,
And heav'n thy care!

Hoxton, Nov. 24, 1838. GEORGE.

FAIRY SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE AIR, "LIEBER AUGUSTIN."

(*For the Mirror.*)

Lightly o'er the mountain our blue wings are sailing,
Lightly o'er the ocean we bear our proud crest;
Sweetly on the nectar of perfume regaling,
We roam o'er the spice-groves of Araby blest;
And when the tints of soft eve are prevailing,
Lightly on the couches of ether we rest.

Beauteous is morning, when rising victorious,
She scatters beneath her the shadows of night;
And beauteous the bowers of our fairy-land glorious,
Where morn lies for ever in vallies of light,
And the flow'rets which spread their rich carpet before us,
Are shining with pearl-drops of majesty bright.

NIGHT.

(*For the Mirror.*)

'Tis night, and darkness hath suffused the earth,
A death-like stillness wraps all nature o'er,
Silent as the grave! e'en boisterous mirth
Seems lock'd in sleep, as if 'twould wake no more

No noise, no sound is heard, but all is still,
Save where the west wind fans the lofty pine;
Or the soft murm'ring of the wand'ring rill,
As rippling o'er its bed in slowly time.

Softly the zephyrs play upon the stream;
And Cynthia pours her pale glimm'ring light;
Now hid in clouds, now sending forth her beam,
Adding sweet beauty to the sable night.

Sparkling bright in the ethereal blue,
Each twinkling star appears a speck of gold;
Glit'tring in silence with resplendant hue,
Doth all its lustre to the night unfold.

What awful grandeur in this midnight scene,
When all involved in darkness and in gloom,
Silence reigns throughout all nature—aye, e'en
Revelry is peaceful as the sacred tomb.

The soul, unconscious, takes an airy flight,
And wings her way from earth to realms above;
There contemplates, in such a sweet delight,
As fills the heart with gratitude and love.

Sweet hour of solitude! season of rest!
Suffuse thy balmy softness o'er my mind;
Dispel all thoughts for ever from this breast,
Which leaves a shadow of regret behind. P.*

DECEMBER.

THE scene is sad, is dull and drear,
The scatter'd leaves lie dry and sear;
And nature's beauties, late so gay,
Have left us, and are fled away.
O'er verdant lawn, on silv'ry brook,
No more, in pleasure rapt, we look:
No more to grace the haunts of men
The rose hangs blushing on its stem;
Gone is the lily from our sight,
And vanish'd are its robes of white;
The nightingale's soft notes are o'er,
The feather'd warblers chant no more;
And all is dreary, all is drear,
As though the end of time were near,—
How well from each, from all we scan,
The short, the troubled path of man! C. S.

THE ANGLER'S DEFENCE.

I FEEL no greater pleasure than in wandering along the banks of some beautiful river, and looking at the lovely violets and other flowers with which nature is so gaily and bountifully dressed, and this is the reason why I love angling. I do not, methinks, delight in the agonies of the poor fish struggling on the hook, neither would I willingly pride myself on depriving it of its common share of existence: but it is because every thing around is generally tranquil and peaceful; how often have I experienced a feeling of delight, while taking my rod to pieces, at seeing some solitary willow with its long and pensively drooping branches, as they hung over the stream which ran beneath; beautiful in its grief-like appearance, nature was assimilated to it, as the evening shadows fell thickly around me, when the setting sun had given his parting kiss to the hills, and the tinkling sheep-bell was ringing the curfew of the night. C. S.

* We shall be happy to hear from "P." relative to the county mentioned in his note of the 15th inst.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

A Second Lecture on this interesting subject, was delivered at the Camden Literary and Scientific Institution, on Thursday evening, November 8, by N. Rogers, M.D., of Kentish Town. The previous one, given some time since, embraced the history of the Deities worshipped by the nations who reigned and ruled before the periods of Grecian and Roman greatness. The present Lecture gave a succinct and pleasing account of those who were adored by the mightiest and noblest races of antiquity, who conjointly held dominion over the worlds of mind and matter. The clouds were rolled away from Olympus, to permit a gaze at the celestial inhabitants; the darkness of the Plutonian regions was for a season dispelled, and their recesses were explored; ocean parted his waters, and his numerous progeny was beheld; streams and fountains gave up their naïds, sparkling with beauty; woods and groves were peopled with their motley deities, and flowers breathed incense to their lovely queen. Dr. Rogers led his audience to a fairy-land; where every object teems with interest; and enchantment broods over the scene. We heartily thank him for the intellectual treat he afforded us, in giving an insight into histories, the knowledge of which is essential to the right understanding of all that Grecian sage has written, or Roman poet sung; and without which, much of the productions of our own immortal Milton must remain comparatively unintelligible. Could not India, China, &c., give ample materials for another lecture on Mythology? If the assurance that pleasure and gratification have been felt by his audience for the other two, be a sufficient stimulus, Dr. R. will give us a third. That our readers may participate, in some measure, in the gratification we experienced, we present them with one of its lighter portions:—

Perhaps none of the Grecian Deities had so extended an influence, or has continued to enjoy so great a celebrity, as Cupid, the son of Venus. In all ages and countries, under one form or other, he has ruled with despotic power; and persons of all creeds and climes have been compelled to bow to his sway. It was in reference to this universality of his empire, that the French philosopher placed the statue of Cupid in his hall; with the following inscription addressed to the reader:—

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton mâitre!
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit etre!"

Of which I have heard the following translation:—

"Whoever you be, sir, pray take off your castor!
He is, or he was, or he will be your master!"

It cannot escape remark, that the effigy by which Cupid is generally represented,—that of a fat awkward boy,—is but ill calculated to convey a proper notion of the god of love. This has given rise to a smart piece from the very ingenious pen of Mr. Thomas Hood, in the first volume of his "Whims and Oddities." He gives an engraving of a fat little porpoise; which, he says, "was copied, by permission, from a lady's valentine;" and then asks, very appropriately,—

"Tell me, my heart, can this be love?"

"In sober verity," he continues, "does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity drift down the Ganges,—

'Pillow'd in a lotus-flower
Gather'd in a summer-hour;
Floats he o'er the mountain-wave,
Which would be a tall ship's grave?'

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet; since it is the posture of elephants. I can believe in his constancy; because he looks sedentary, and not apt to roam; and that he is given to melt,—from his great fatness. I doubt not his dying;—being of a corpulent habit, and short neck; or of his blindness,—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic:—for she hath never a *sty* in it!" In the Luxembourg Gallery, at Paris, is an exquisite painting of Cupid and Psyche; which, of all the representations I have seen, is the best.

Cupid was always represented with a bow and arrows; and the power of his shafts neither gods nor men were able to resist. Of the many stories told of their influence, I select one to which frequent reference is made. Pyramus and Thisbe were a youth and maiden of Babylon, where their parents occupied adjoining houses. From this proximity of residence, they were play-mates from infancy; and as childhood gave place to maturity, friendship ripened into love. This is an occurrence to which poets and novelists continually have recourse; but perhaps it happens less frequently than they would lead us to suppose; and probably for the same reason that affection sometimes expires with the honey-moon. The too great intimacy is apt to destroy the charm; and the lover finds the goddess of his idolatry very much like a mortal. Pyramus and Thisbe, however, were an exception to this remark; but, unfortunately, their friends were averse to the match, and forbade their seeing each other. But Cupid would not so easily submit to have his power questioned:—

"For he that stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove;—
By firm resolve to conquer love!"

In the wall which separated the two houses, there happened to be a chink, large enough to permit conversation, though not to be seen through. At this chink the lovers daily spent hours; and professions of inviolable attachment from one side, often jostled in

their passage against vows of eternal fidelity from the other. Still this enjoyment was far from satisfactory; for, every now and then, one of the parties thought some one was coming up stairs; and they determined to steal out, one night, and meet at a mulberry-tree, near the tomb of Ninus the Great, in a forest, outside the city-walls. Thisbe arrived first; but was scarcely seated, when the moonlight shewed her a lion, approaching to drink at a neighbouring fountain. She instantly fled with precipitation, leaving her veil behind. The lion had just been killing an ox; and seeing the veil, wantonly tore it. Shortly after his departure, Pyramis arrived. He saw the print of the lion's feet; he found the veil smeared with blood; and had no doubt that his mistress had fallen a victim. Blaming himself for having caused her death, he drew his sword, and plunged it into his bosom. At that instant, Thisbe returned. Her lover could not speak, but the veil in his hand told the story; and resolving not to survive him, she killed herself with the same sword. Ovid, after relating the story, adds, that the fruit of the mulberry-tree, which was before *white*, became afterwards of a deep *red* colour,—from imbibing the blood of these faithful lovers.

This is an *ancient* love-story. A *modern* one, with a different catastrophe, is incidentally touched upon by Mr. Gosnell, of Cork, in a poem published in "*Blackwood's Magazine*." I shall quote a single stanza; which tells us another of Mr. Cupid's pranks. After describing a sun-set on the sea-shore, with all its accompaniments of rippling waves, echoes in the rocky caverns, and a gorgeous canopy of brilliantly-tinted clouds,—

> "Where we could almost think we gaze,
> Through op'ning vistas, into heaven!"

He goes on to say,—

> "Oft, too, has Julia wandered with me there!
> And then, indeed, the caves, and strand, and sea,
> And ev'ry earthly thing, seem'd fresh and fair;
> For she was ev'ry earthly thing to me!
> Yes, she was what a love-sick swain might dare
> To dub an angel,—a divinity!
> She's gone!—But think not, reader, to the tomb!
> She ran off, lately, with her father's *groom*!"

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

(Original and Fact.)

A YOUNG Frenchman, only a few days arrived in England, was asking an English acquaintance how he should conduct himself at table, at the first dinner party he was just going to. Among other queries he asked, "If I should want some *bèire?*"—"Ah, oh!" replied the Londoner, who had some motive for quizzing the Parisian, "I am very glad you have asked me that question, as it is a peculiarity in English manners. If you want beer, you must turn round to the servant behind, and say, "How do you do?"—"Ah, *bon*, I shall well remember. I love much the *bière Anglais*."

And now, after the introduction, the profound bows, the shrugs, and the speeches, some in English, and some in French, and some "half-and-half," but all in the unmatchably ludicrous French accent, Monsieur was comfortably seated at table: and, having waited about a quarter of an hour, as a decent time, during which he had seen several helped to "beer," but without noticing the form by which they obtained it, he thought he might gratify his *penchant*, and turning round to the servant, said, in the most insinuating manner, "How do you do?" The surprised, but gratified and honoured servant, answered, with a low bow, "Quite well, sir, I'm exceedingly obliged to you."—"Aha!" said the Frenchman to himself "he understands well; I shall get the *bière* presently." But Seged, king of Ethiopia, did not more deceive himself. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, but brought *no* beer. Various were the feelings on the subject which passed through the Gaul's mind. That his request, so politely made, and received with such marked cordiality had not been attended to, was as surprising, as the contemplation of others drinking the tempting liquid was tantalizing; and having bent his fancy to this particular wish, he set wine at naught: the attempt really must be repeated. Again he turned round; but, this time, surprise, remonstrance, and sorrow, were blended in the tone with which he pronounced the spell, "How *do* you do?" The perplexed servant could only make a profound bow, much lower than on the preceding occasion. A third quarter of an hour passed away; and now the tension of the chord of patience could no longer be maintained without fracture. The unhappy inhabitant of the capital of the Graces had now seen every one at table helped to beer, but himself! nay, to augment his misery, he had seen some partake of it *twice*. It occurred to him that never at a dinner-party, in any age and nation, had an individual been so ill-treated as himself. The voice of his taste and appetite was perpetually repeating in his mind's ear "beer!" His reason told him he might expect beer; and his conscience assured him, that, to the best of its belief, he was not more undeserving of beer than the others. It was with eyes fiery, and a voice tremulous with indignation, that on the "third time of asking," he vociferated, "SAR! HOW DO YOU DO?" The servant must be pardoned, if on this occasion he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Terribly sublime, and almost homicidal, was the air with which Monsieur started up, and clenching his fist, exclaimed, in a voice sputtering with passion, "you *coquin* ras-cal! if you do not '*do-you-do*' immediately, I will knock you upon the earth!"

The Novelist.

ROSALIE.

(*Concluded from page* 345.)

WHAT could have been your heart, unfortunate girl—what your will, when you read that most sad letter! To embrace her mother, and conjure her to do what Vincenzo desired—to weep, and weep, and weep! Such was the impulse which the unhappy creature indulged. The heart of a mother is so tender! How could it resist such tears, such sorrow; And, besides, so desperate was the grief of Rosalie, the mother herself was convinced that by opposing the visit, she could not save Vincenzo, and might, perhaps, lose her daughter.

"Since you are resolutely fixed in this purpose," said the good mother, to Rosalie, "I should wish, come what may, to gratify you. But how can we, at this hour, reach Menagio? Do you not hear how furiously the wind blows? Stephen, who has just arrived from Domaso, says, that the courier from Lindo was unable to make the lake passage, and has been obliged to go by land."

"And this way, my dear mother, we can go—from hence to Menagio. The journey is long, I know—it must be at least fifteen miles—but heaven will give us strength! Oh, my mother, we shall save Vincenzo! Yes, my mother, we shall save him from death! It will be a pious office, and you shall be rewarded for it by heaven. I will tell him that only because he loves me he ought to live; because, otherwise, by his death, he will inevitably bring his Rosalie to the same tomb."

"I will do every thing to content you, my sweet daughter. But do you well know how full of difficulty and peril is this land passage? The mere thought of passing the Sasso Rancio, while the wind is blowing thus and the rain is pouring, does it not freeze you with terror?"

"Oh, my mother! my mother! And is there any peril which can deter one who truly loves, and who sees its love thus perishing! I will walk upon the edge of that steep precipice, not less securely than the goats which leap about the ridges of our mountains. As for yourself, dear mother, Stephen will be a companion by your side. He is quick and vigorous, and will be a sure support to you in the most dangerous places."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the two females, with their neighbour Stephen, departed from the village. They stopped a little while in Dongo to procure refreshments, but Rosalie could not taste a morsel. At Rerronico they found another resting place—thence they set out for Acqua Seria. The sky was dark, the weather bad, and it wanted but an hour to sunset. The Sasso Rancio, always formidable in the lightest hours and in the calmest seasons, was now, indeed, frightful in the wind, the torrents of rain, and the coming night.

An unknown terror seized the mind of the mother of Rosalie, and made her shudder in spite of herself. Everything in the world she would have given to avoid that fearful passage; but her heart did not dare to propose stopping to her daughter. The girl, as she approached her dying idol, appeared to have changed her nature. She seemed to see nothing, hear nothing, understand nothing; nor was she moved by the wind, the rain, or the darkness. She had the air of an insane person, and believed confidently that by love she would be able to force nature and death.

The mother, supported by Stephen, moved cautiously along the frightful path, cut high among the precipices of the Sasso Rancio. Rosalie followed, scorning the danger, and absorbed in far other reflections. They had not yet passed half the path, when a terrible exclamation sent a chill through all the bones of the mother. She turned, and saw, alas, a cruel sight! She saw Rosalie, whose foot had slipped in a very difficult place, precipitated, head foremost, down the precipice. No succour could save the falling girl. Her virgin limbs were dashed to pieces on the jagged points of the rock. She rebounded from rock to rock, and was dashed into the lake. Oh, sad spectacle to any human eye! And it is the lot of a mother to sustain the horror of this sight!

She would fain have thrown herself from the rock after her unfortunate daughter, but Stephen, by main force, prevented her. With infinite difficulty he bore her to the neighbouring Gaeta, where they remained till the following day, when the dead body of the girl was recovered, and rescued from the fury of the waves. The inconsolate mother, after having bathed it in tears, and warmed it with kisses, ordered its transportation to Domaso. There religious services having been performed by the church, it was buried in a cemetery not far from the coast, where the girls of the village come every year to scatter her tomb with flowers, and to pray for her everlasting peace.

The sad intelligence was carefully concealed from Vincenzo. Receiving no answer from Rosalie, and hearing no news of her, he supposed that her mother persisted in her rigorous prohibition. The vigour of youth, and the hope that, sooner or later, rises in the bosom of every lover, restored him, by degrees, to health. As soon as he had somewhat regained his strength, he planned some means of again seeing the beloved girl, whom he was, alas! never to see again.

The stormy weather, and the rough state of the lake, did not permit him to arrive at

Domaso till towards the third hour of the night. As it then seemed too late for a visit to the cottage of Rosalie, he took up his lodging with a friend who had been a confidant of his love, and was aware of the lamentable fate of Rosalie. He was a prudent man, and held in much esteem by Vincenzo. Apprehensive that it would be fatal to Vincenzo to be thus suddenly apprised of the sad news, he told him during the supper that Rosalie had gone with her mother to Palermo to join her father, who had been informed of the refusal of the nuptials, and had sent for his daughter. Nor was this altogether false; for the mother, being unable to bear the presence of places, which momently renewed her pain by recalling such a bitter history, had gone to join her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed heavily at this intelligence, and said, that on the following day he would, at least, revisit the cottage where he had so often seen her whom he loved a thousand times better than life itself. And he was even then revolving in his mind a voyage to that island, and, after the common fashion of lovers, was dreaming of a thousand delights yet in store for him.

The next day, at early morning, Vincenzo, in company with his friend, turned towards the cottage of Rosalie. On seeing from a distance the well-known walls, on which the twisting vine extended its green branches, an unaccustomed tremour seized him, and his eyes were flooded with tears. The little dog which Rosalie had reared with great affection, and to which she had given the name of Fortunato, leaped forth playing about his legs, wagging his tail in token of old acquaintance, but his ears were hanging, and with a sorrowful wail he seemed to say, "Rosalie is no more!"

At the threshold sat the old servant of the cottage. She had lamented the loss of Rosalie with a sorrow little less than that of her mother, because she had borne her while an infant in her arms, had loved her as her own daughter, and was, in return, regarded with an equal affection. On seeing Vincenzo, she uttered a shriek, and burst into tears. The friend made a sign to her to be silent, and she, covering her face with her hands, left them at the threshold. Vincenzo wished to visit the garden. It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose blossomed in a chalk vase, which he had himself, in times past, given to Rosalie. Vincenzo plucked the rose and bathed it with sudden tears.

"Oh! how often," he exclaimed, "has Rosalie presented me with roses from this same tree. She valued it above all others. But the flowers cultivated by her hand, oh, how grateful was their odour!"

He seated himself on an angle of the wall which bounded the garden on the left, and kissing the large stone,—"Here," said he, "was the beloved girl accustomed to sit looking intently on the path by which I came every second day to swear an undying love." And Vincenzo wept, in recalling those pleasures and touching recollections, but his sadness was tempered by that sweetness which hope does not fail to inspire.

He wished also to visit the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights. But the sight of it filled him with many and various impressions. The room was stripped of all its furniture; not even the little couch remained, on which the quiet slumbers of the girl were visited by the golden dreams of love. There hung only on the naked wall, on the one side a wooden crucifix, on the other an image of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of this little apartment, once adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which reigned in it, the sense of solitude and desertion, all this disturbed the heart of Vincenzo, and spoke to him vaguely of death. "And if my friend has deceived me with a pious fraud! . . . . If Rosalie should be no more! Ah! fearful thought!" And at this moment he remembered the tears of the old servant, and from the depth of the sepulchre seemed to issue the voice of the departed girl.

Vincenzo rushed hastily from the cottage in which he had passed so many happy hours by the side of the loveliest of girls; nor did he retain courage enough to turn for a farewell look. He sustained himself on the arm of his friend, but did not dare to question him. The death of Rosalie had become to Vincenzo an appalling truth, of which he felt an impressive consciousness, but feared to receive certain assurance. Two months he remained in the cottage of his friend, without speaking on the subject, continually in tears, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length one day, on going to visit the cemetery, he saw a tomb covered with fresh violets. Poor Stephen had scattered these flowers over the grave of his kind and good neighbour, of whose sad fate he had been the witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the honest man could conceal nothing.

The youth gave him a handful of crowns. "My good man," said he, "pray heaven for this poor girl and for me; it is I who have been the cause of her death." Thence, rushing along the sands of the beach, he exclaimed in a loud voice, like that of a madman, "I have killed thee! Oh, Rosalie! I have slain thee! Oh, divine girl! My love has brought thee to this cruel end!"

The thought which first occurred to Vincenzo, was to throw himself over the precipice where Rosalie had met with her death. But a reflection singularly blended with religion and love, restrained him. "If I perish by my own hands," (it was thus that he reasoned with himself,) "I shall be excluded from the

residence of the elect, and shall live for ever separated from Rosalie. For surely in heaven dwells that pure spirit which gave its faith to heaven while on earth." But at the same time, he could not think of returning to his father's house, or of longer living in the resorts of men. And raising his eyes, he saw before him the brow of Legnone, which lifted its alpine summits some eight thousand feet above the level of the lake on the opposite shore.

His resolution was soon formed. Returning to his friend—"I know all," he said, "and I thank you for your well-intended and kind care. I will not attempt my own life—you have my oath in pledge. But I will no longer remain among men—having been so great a sufferer by their abject passions. I wish henceforth to live in seclusion—occupied in thoughts of Rosalie and death, during the few days which still remain for me. On the rocky summit of Legnone. I select my residence. To-morrow I depart for there at dawn. Provide me with what will suffice for my support during a twelvemonth. Certain am I of not surviving such a length of time! Here is an assignment to you of the property which my mother left me; and this other paper makes you the heir of all that is at my disposal." Then embracing his friend, who was dissolved in tears, he returned to the cemetery, where he would have passed the night had he not been removed by force.

With the earliest dawn he departed, and having passed over to Colicum, ascended to the highest village which rises on the rugged side of the mountain. Here having taken a cottage which stood still higher up on the mountain, he hired an old woman who, prepared his frugal meal. A few clothes, the implements of hunting, and a Petrarch, constituted all his possessions. Armed always with a gun in his defence, he wandered about among those savage cliffs, talking of Rosalie, to the heavens, the snows, the desert. At sunset he returned to his cottage and refreshed himself with some food; then he passed many hours of the night in writing, till wearied nature closed his eyelids in slumber.

One night the old woman looked in vain for his return. She was much alarmed, for she had began to love him almost as a mother; and it was hardly day when she despatched some mountaineers in search of him, fearing that he had perished in the snow. Some distance they followed in his tracks without success; but at last, some fragments of his garments, stained with blood, informed them of the sad fate which had befallen the miserable youth. Alarmed, they advanced and found his double-barrelled gun, and his portfolio, buried in the snow; a little farther on his body horribly disfigured and torn to pieces, excepting the legs, which his boots protected. The foot-prints of two bears on the snow, beasts with which that mountain abounds, left no doubt as to the cruel manner of his death.

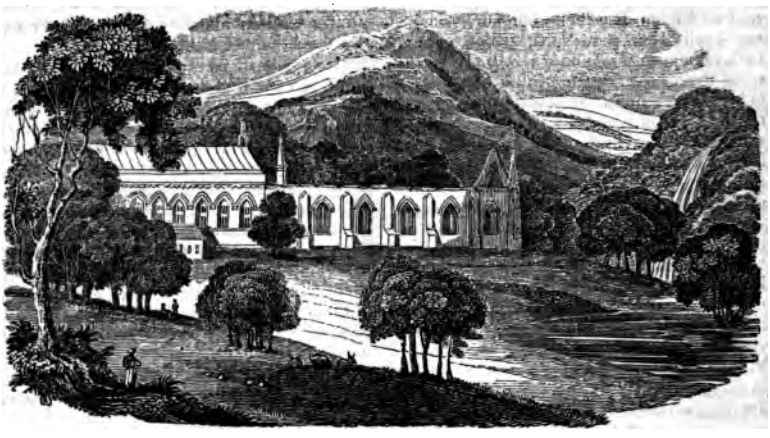
It appeared, as well as the mountaineers could judge, that having been surprised by the two bears, he had discharged his gun at one of them and slightly wounded him, as appeared from a few drops of blood that marked his track. The other shot had apparently missed. The half-famished beasts, the more exasperated by these shots, fell upon him and tore him to pieces, dragging his body some distance through the snow. In the portfolio of the unfortunate Vincenzo were found the letters which he had written during his night-watches, to Rosalie, as if she were still alive, or as if she could still receive them. If ever published, they will show how much the true language of passion differs from the cold style invented by novel-writers.

The father of Vincenzo, who had in vain endeavoured to draw his son from his solitary retreat, hoping, as a vulgar mind that judged of others by itself might have hoped—that weariness would at length drive him from his frightful residence—on hearing of his melancholy fate, died of remorse, shame, and wretchedness.

The example may serve as a warning to those fathers who, in the marriage of their children, have regard not to their happiness, but to their own ambition.

WATER.

THERE is nothing more beautiful than water. Look at it when you will—in any of its thousand forms—in motion or at rest—dripping from the moss of a spring, or leaping in the thunder of a cataract—it has always the same wonderful, surpassing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant sheen of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unitedly by no other element. Who has not "blessed it unaware?" If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and "crystal waters" is the beautiful type of the Apocalipse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God for its daily usefulness; but it is because it is an every-day blessing, that its splendour is unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination—the same spell which, in the loveliness of a woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to the one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?



BOLTON ABBEY.

At Embsay, two miles east from Skipton, in Craven, in the West Riding of the county of York. William De Meschines, and Cicily De Romille, his wife, founded in 1120, a monastery of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, which was, about 34 years after, translated, by their daughter Adeliza, to Bolton. The remains of Bolton Abbey are about six miles from Skipton, upon a beautiful curvature of the wharfe, in one of the most romantic situations in Yorkshire. In the latter respect it has, perhaps, no equal amongst the northern houses in the kingdom. The principal remains of the abbey, now standing, are parts of the church, and the nave is still used as a parochial chapel. Besides the west front, the whole of the nave, the choir, and the north transept, are yet standing. The want of a tower detracts much from the beauty of the building, but instead of this appears at the west end, the base of another tower, begun by the last prior, which partly hides and partly darkens, the original and beautiful west front of the church. To compensate, however, for this injury, it is built of the finest masonry, adorned with shields and statues. The original west front, though darkened, is extremely rich. It is broken into a great variety of surfaces, by niches and small pointed arches, with columns, which originally gave light to the west end of the church, by three tall and graceful lancet windows. The architecture of the church is of two distinct styles. The translation from Embsay took place in 1154, and from many decisive marks in the stone-work, the canons must have begun with the choir; which they probably finished at one effort. This is proved by the Saxon capitals, which extend westward to the transept. The fine ramified east window, and the spacious apertures on the north and south sides of the choir, afford no objections to this statement; as the first has evidently been inserted in the place of the three round-headed lights which must have originally occupied the east end. Marks of insertion are evident in the masonry, as well as in the buttresses, which last have plainly been added to the Saxon wall. The revenue of the Abbey at the time of the dissolution was valued at £212. At a short distance from the Abbey, is the temporary residence of the Duke of Devonshire, (to whom the Abbey and surrounding neighbourhood belongs,) which contains some good paintings and family portraits by Vandyke, Wouverman, and others; it was formerly the gate-house for the Abbey. Three miles above Bolton, the wharfe suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel, little more than four feet wide; and pours itself through the fissure, with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place is called the strid, and here young Romille, the son of William Fitz Duncan, nephew to David King of Scotland, and Adeliza the daughter of William de Meschines, the last hope of his family, while bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embsay to Bolton, the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened.

MEDAL OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Mr. Ward, of Canterbury, has favoured us with an inspection of his beautiful Medal of the exterior and interior of Canterbury Cathedral. It is 6¼ inches in circumference. The obverse, a view of the exterior of the Cathedral, is bold relief; on the *exergue*, "Canter-

Cathedral, with the North-Western New
er." The reverse, the magnificent Choir
e Cathedral; with legend, "The Choir
Canterbury Cathedral:" the seats, stalls,
rs, and pavement, are executed with a
fulness, delicacy, and minuteness, that
hink cannot well be excelled. The per-
tive also of this far-famed structure is
preserved. We hail with great pleasure
a fine specimen of British art. A series
racing the whole of our Cathedrals, exe-
d in the same superior style, would form
valuable collection.

New Books.

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

By William Hazlitt.

(*Concluded from page 347.*)

R next extract shall be from the paper on
shion:" "that ruling goddess with the
less waist" is thus described:]—

ashion constantly begins and ends in the
things it abhors most, singularity and
arity. It is the perpetual setting up and
disowning a certain standard of taste,
ance, and refinement, which has no
er formation or authority than that it is
prevailing distraction of the moment;
ch was yesterday ridiculous from its being
, and to-morrow will be odious from its
g common. It is one of the most slight
insignificant of all things. It cannot be
ing, for it depends on the constant change
shifting of its own harlequin disguises;
annot be sterling, for, if it were, it could
depend on the breath of caprice; it must
superficial, to produce its immediate effect
the gaping crowd; and frivolous, to ad-
of its being assumed at pleasure, by the
abers of those who affect, by being in the
ion, to be distinguished from the rest of
world. It is not anything in itself, nor
sign of anything, but the folly and vanity
those who rely upon it as their greatest
le and ornament. It takes the firmest
d of weak, flimsy, and narrow minds, of
se whose emptiness conceives of nothing
ellent but what is thought so by others,
whose self-conceit makes them willing
confine the opinion of all excellence to
mselves, and those like them. That
ich is true or beautiful in itself, is not the
so for standing alone. That which is
d for anything, is the better for being
re widely diffused. But fashion is the
rtive issue of vain ostentation and exclu-
egotism: it is haughty, trifling, affected,
vile, despotic, mean, and ambitious, pre-
and fantastical, all in a breath—tied to
rule, and bound to conform to every whim
he minute.

"The fashion of an hour marks the wearer."

There is more in the same rather biting
e; but as even too much truth may be
told at a time, we shall pass on to the amusing essay "*On Nicknames*," merely to pick out an anecdote.]

There are some droll instances of the effect of proper names combined with circumstances. A young student had come up to London from Cambridge, and went in the evening and planted himself in the pit of the playhouse. He had not been seated long, when in one of the front boxes near him he discovered one of his college tutors, with whom he felt an immediate and strong desire to claim acquaintance, and accordingly he called out, in a low and respectful voice, "Dr. Topping!" The appeal was, however, ineffectual. He then repeated in a louder tone, but still in an under key, so as not to excite the attention of any one but his friend, "Dr. Topping!"—The Doctor took no notice. He then grew more impatient, and repeated, "Dr. Topping! Dr. Topping!" two or three times pretty loud, to see whether the Doctor did not or would not hear him. Still the Doctor remained immovable. The joke began at length to get round, and one or two persons, as he continued his invocation of the Doctor's name, joined in with him; these were reinforced by others calling out, "Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping!" on all sides, so that he could no longer avoid perceiving it, and at length the whole pit rose and roared, "Dr. Topping!" with loud and repeated cries, and the Doctor was forced to retire precipitately, frightened at the sound of his own name.

[In the essay "*On Taste*," the following passage will be felt as an elegant and just description of true taste.]

Genius is the power of producing excellence: taste is the power of perceiving the excellence thus produced in its several sorts and degrees, with all their force, refinement, distinctions, and connections. In other words, taste (as it relates to the productions of art) is strictly the power of being properly affected by works of genius. It is the proportioning admiration to power, pleasure to beauty: it is entire sympathy with the finest impulses of the imagination, not antipathy, not indifference to them. The eye of taste may be said to reflect the impressions of real genius, as the even mirror reflects the objects of nature in all their clearness and lustre, instead of distorting or diminishing them;

"Or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat."

[Further on our critic proceeds:]

Instead of making a disposition to find fault a proof of taste, I would reverse the rule, and estimate every one's pretensions to taste by the degree of their sensibility to the highest and most various excellence. An indifference to less degrees of excellence is only excusable as it arises from a knowledge

and admiration of higher ones; and a readiness in the detection of faults should pass for refinement only as it is owing to a quick sense and impatient love of beauties. In a word, fine taste consists in sympathy, not in antipathy; and the rejecting of what is bad is only to be accounted a virtue when it implies a preference of and attachment to what is better.

[The whole of this essay is written *con amore*, and in the author's finest manner: we reluctantly refrain from extending our extracts from it, but we are desirous that the *Mirror* should reflect the variety in a book as well as its conspicuous excellencies.

[" *Conversation of Lords*" is a paper full of good-humoured satire; *ex. gr.*]

The prevailing cue at present is to regard mere authors (who are not also of gentle blood) as dull, illiterate, poor creatures, a sort of pretenders to taste and elegance, and adventurers in intellect. The true adepts in black letter are knights of the shire: the sworn patentees of Parnassus are peers of the realm. Not to pass for a literary quack, you must procure a diploma from the College of Heralds. A dandy conceals a bibliomanist: our belles are *blue stockings*. The press is so entirely monopolized by beauty, birth, or importance in the state, that an author by profession resigns the field to the crowd of well-dressed competitors, out of modesty or pride, is fain to keep out of sight—

" Or write by stealth, and blush to find it fame!"

Lord Byron used to boast that he could bring forward a dozen young men of fashion who would beat all the regular authors at their several weapons of wit or argument; and though I demur to the truth of that assertion, yet there is no saying till the thing is tried. Young gentlemen make *very pretty sparrers*, but are not the " ugliest customers " when they take off the gloves. Lord Byron himself was in his capacity of an author an *out-and-outer*; but then it was at the expense of other things, for he could not talk except in short sentences and sarcastic allusions, he had no ready resources; all his ideas moulded themselves into stanzas, and all his ardour was carried off in rhyme. The channel of his pen was worn deep by habit and power; the current of his thoughts flowed strong in it, and nothing remained to supply the neighbouring flats and shallows of miscellaneous conversation, but a few sprinklings of wit or gushes of spleen. An intense purpose concentrated, and gave a determined direction to his energies, that " held on their way, unslacked of motion." The track of his genius was like a volcanic eruption, a torrent of burning lava, full of heat and splendour and headlong fury, that left all dry, cold, hard, and barren behind it! To say nothing of a host of female authors, a bright galaxy above our heads, there is no young lady of the present day, scarce a boarding-school girl, that is not mistress of as many branches of knowledge as would set up half-a-dozen literary hacks. In lieu of the sampler and the plain-stitch of our grandmothers, they have so many hours for French, so many for Italian, so many for English grammar and composition, so many for geography and the use of the globes, so many for history, so many for botany, so many for painting, music, dancing, riding, &c. One almost wonders how so many studies are crammed into the twenty-four hours; or how such fair and delicate creatures can master them without spoiling the smoothness of their brows, the sweetness of their tempers, or the graceful simplicity of their manners.

[Here we must close: there are several agreeable essays which we have not mentioned, but the volume is of a size and price to become accessible to readers in general, and to them we heartily recommend it.]

THE PLAGUE NOT CONTAGIOUS.

*Observations on the Oriental Plague and on Quarantines.**

[We are much gratified in being enabled to place before our numerous readers, through the kindness of the talented author, the following extracts from his important pamphlet, which is addressed to the British Association of Science, and written at their request. Mr. Bowring, in publishing these observations, has, indeed, " done the state some service."—" If," says the author, " I have succeeded in awakening your attention to a subject of paramount importance, and which it appears to me, cannot be allowed to rest in its present state of uncertainty—an uncertainty unsatisfactory to science, dishonourable to inquiring philosophy, and greatly injurious to the commercial interests of the nation, I shall have done some service."

Mr. Bowring proposes a commission of inquiry " thoroughly to investigate the whole question, and to ascertain, by an extended, minute, searching, and unprejudiced inquest where those sanatory regulations which are so costly, so capricious, so vexatious, and so despostic, are demanded by a due regard to the general health, and to the public interest; whether quarantines are really useful, or only inefficient, or whether they are not pernicious; whether the contagiousness of plague is of a highly perilous and communicable character, or whether it requires for its propagation conditions rarely combined, and such as may be provided against by civilization and good police? And as other countries have also a deep concern in the solution of these interesting questions—as our own sanatory legislation could scarcely be changed unless the go-

* By John Bowring. [Edinburgh: William Tait.

vernments of Europe were willing to concur in some general modification; it would be highly desirable that the leading commercial powers should be invited to carry on a contemporaneous, if not an united inquiry, which might either serve to justify the existing state of things, or lead to improvements friendly to economy, to trade, to knowledge and, to happiness."]

I soon discovered, when pursuing my investigations in the Levant, that much of the evidence floating about in the public mind as to the contageousness of the plague, was of a very untrustworthy character,—that it emanated for the most part from persons connected with boards of health or quarantine establishments, having a pecuniary interest in the question. When I was enabled to trace a report to its source,—to reach the primary evidence of an asserted fact,—I generally ascertained that no small portion of exaggeration and misstatement had been added in the progress of the narration. I found that some of the boldest assertions of the contagionists were wholly groundless and untrue, such as that the keeping a strict quarantine against the plague was a security against its intrusion. I discovered at every step that the contagiousness of the plague was always *assumed*, as the groundwork of all discussions,—and that the most extraordinary absurdities,—the most amusing inventions were resorted to, in order to account for its outbreak where every precaution had been taken to avoid contact with any human being,—or any supposed infected or susceptible objects. Wherever I had occasion to witness the introduction or progress of the disease—its introduction was spontaneous,—indigenous,—endemic,—its progress never traceable from patient to patient; it broke out in districts remote from one another, between which there had been no communication, and while my own observetions surrounded me on the one hand with thousands and tens of thousands of cases, in which the most intimate intercourse with persons ill or dead of the plague—the dwelling in their houses—the wearing their garments—the sleeping in their beds, were not followed by disease in any shape, I was called on the other to listen to stories as evidence of the contagiousness of plague, so puerile, so ridiculous, that nothing but oriental credulity could by possibility be satisfied by them. The facts, the multitudinous facts, the masses of evidence were opposed to the popular Levantine belief; and that belief soon appeared to me to rest for the most part on stories or theories, of whose character I will enable you to judge.

The plague breaks out in a house—the strictest quarantine has been kept—invention is immediately on the rack to discover how the disease has penetrated. In cases reported to me at Alexandria and Cairo, where it was not pretended that the door had been entered, or any communication taken place with the town, the entrance of the plague was thus accounted for. First, in an instance were a very timid person, an alarmed contagionist, who was attacked and died of the plague, had shut himself up in his chamber; it was found that his son had, for his amusement, let up a kite from the roof of the house, and it was supposed that the kite-string had been touched by a bird, which bird was imagined to come from the infected quarter of the city; the plague entered the house down the string of the kite, and the son's father became the victim. In another case, where the plague penetrated a house kept in the strictest quarantine, a cat had been seen to spring into a basket of clothes returning from the wash-house, and thence to leap into the window of the house in question. It was said the clothes belonged to some family which had probably had the plague; but, at all events, the cat was the only intruder who had violated the cordon, and was therefore the introducer of the disease. In a third instance, an Arab girl had hung a shirt out of a window to dry; the plague attacked the house, and I was told there could be no doubt that somebody in passing the street had touched the shirt, and was thus the cause of the introduction of the malady. Often have I heard its introduction attributed to stray dogs, cats, rats, and even flies. And then comes a natural question,—if the plague be thus introducable, *what* quarantine regulations can guard against it? Must they not be utterly unavailing against so insidious, so omnipresent an enemy? I cannot avoid mentioning here, that M. Estienne, a late writer on plague, attributes its introduction into Leghorn to a mummy, which, after twenty centuries of interment, was unrolled in that place. [Peste, N. 2.] He also states, that cases have occurred, in which after opening a bale of cotton, the porter has fallen down instantaneously dead.

I know an instance in which an English physician was menaced with dismissal from the charge of a public hospital, if he gave currency to opinions formed after long and laborious investigation of the causes and character of the plague; those opinions being unfriendly to the system of quarantines; and though no class of men are called upon to exercise, or do, in fact, exercise, a nobler self-devotion than do many of the medical men of the East, yet it is not less the fact, that the state of opinion is a great impediment to the diffusion of more enlightened views.

Ere long, a very distinguished physician, Clot Bey, who is at the head of the medical department in Egypt; a man whose services to knowledge and to humanity in that country, outstrip all meed of praise; and who

has treated thousands of cases of plague, will publish his observations on the subject. I found his opinions wholly opposed to those of the contagionists. He assured me, that in the innumerable facts, of which he had cognizance, he had found irresistible evidence against the prevalent opinion as to the contagious character of this disease; that, removed from the regions of malaria or miasmata, he had never known the plague to be communicated by contact; that all his attempts to communicate the disease had failed; that he had twice inoculated himself from the *pus* and the blood of plague patients without receiving the disorder; that the experiments made of wearing the clothes of those who had died of the plague had shown the difficulty if not the impossibility of communicating the disease; that he deemed lazzarettos and quarantines not only useless but pernicious.

The supporters of the contagion doctrines, and of the utility of quarantines, have, at starting, to grapple with one astounding fact,—namely, that among the Mahomedan population of the East—with the very rarest exceptions, and if there be such exceptions, they may be invariably traced to intercourse with, and respect for, the opinions of Europeans—that among the Mussulman population—among whom the plague commits its greatest ravages—who see it—who treat it perpetually—nobody believes in its contagious character. And, indeed, deplorable would be the consequences if the fear of contagion entered into the minds of the Moslems. Sixty thousand families were visited by plague in Egypt in 1835, there was scarcely an instance of a patient being neglected or abandoned by his friends and relatives. No dread of infection interfered between the kindness and charities—the attentions and hospitalities—of neighbour to neighbour, of wife to husband, of mother to child, of sister to brother, of sons to parents, of priests to worshippers, of man to man. But among Christian Levantines, instances of human desertion frequently occur; among them the alarm for their own safety often leads to a coward cruelty, which stands out in sad contrast to Mahomedan devotion. To account for the conduct of the Mussulmans, the theory of the contagionists is this; that the belief in fatalism, the doctrines of irrevocable destiny, are the causes which induce the Mahomedan population to expose themselves unhesitatingly to the perils of the plague. But I could never discover that the doctrines of fatalism led them to subject themselves unnecessarily to other diseases and dangers. I never observed them wanting in prudence to avert, or sagacity to avoid, the ordinary perils of life.

(*To be continued.*)

Biography.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(*Concluded from page 349.*)

At Paris, Mozart a man, was very different from the little lively Wolfgang—he lodged with his mother at the inn Quatre-Fils-Aymon, Gros Chenet-street; he thought himself lucky when he could get a dinner at the dancer Noverre's, and in the possession of one solitary pupil. The following extracts from a letter written by the father will show that things were far from going to his liking: "If you will but think seriously of what I have done for you two children from the most tender age upwards, you must acknowledge that I have ever been a man of courage and resolution. To this day we have been neither lucky nor unlucky; thanks to God, our condition has been middling. We have tried every thing to make you happy, and that through your own exertions; but fate has otherwise decreed. As for me, I confess myself greatly disappointed at the bad success of your last step. You see then, as clear as the sun, that the fate of your aged and certainly good parents, as well as that of your sister, who loves you with all her soul, is in your hands From the moment of your birth, and, I may say, before, I have certainly rendered my life very bitter to provide for you, my mother, and seven children, that I have had from my two marriages. If you will just reckon a little, how many lying-ins, how many deaths, and illnesses, how many expenses of all kinds I have had to meet, you will see that I have not devoted a farthing to my own gratification. . . . . All my leisure hours I have devoted to you two, in the hopes that you might provide for yourselves some day, and make my old age at least pleasant, and also that I might think of my salvation. But God has not willed that it should be so. Here must I begin again a laborious work, and give lessons which are but indifferently paid. My dear Wolfgang, I have not the least anxiety on *your* score, nor do I doubt your filial love. You are possessed of a good heart, a strong mind," &c.

But it was all unavailing—Mozart's courage forsook him more and more. He wrote a symphony for the sacred concert on Good Friday, and several other pieces; but from the contempt in which he held the French taste for music, he injured his style, and strove to speak a language sufficiently vulgar to be understood. Speaking of his symphony, Mozart said: "I hope these donkeys will at last find something to please them; I have not failed to introduce the brilliant scraping of the fiddle at the beginning. It is enough to make one laugh for ever!"

He had now devoted the best part of his years in endeavouring to eclipse the "little pianist," and had at length succeeded

making his *head* throw his *hands* into oblivion. Under these circumstances, he re-appeared at Vienna, called thither by the archbishop of Saltzburg. This imperial prelate was determined to treat Mozart with all the distinction becoming so great a man, and whose rise was, in a considerable degree, owing to himself; the composer was therefore honoured with an apartment in the episcopal palace, and lived . . . . but we will let Mozart speak for himself: "I have," says he, writing to his father, "a pretty room in his highness's palace. At half-past eleven in the morning we sit down to dinner; unfortunately rather too early for me to enjoy it. At this table I am honoured with the company of the two valets, the butler, the two cooks, and the under steward. During this repast, coarse and vulgar jokes are exchanged; but little is said to me, as I never say a word. When I am obliged to speak, I do it with an air of seriousness, and as soon as the meal is over, I leave the room." This letter was written in the bitterness of his spirit, but he had no reason to complain, whilst he was dining in the kitchen of the archbishop at Vienna, Rousseau, at Paris, was sent to the pantry to get his meals.

After many efforts, he at length managed to escape from this degrading situation, and now lived in the society of Gluck and Haydn, patronized too by the Esterhazys, the Galitzins and the archduke Maximilian. From the comparatively easy and happy style in which he now lived, and also somewhat influenced by his celebrated companions' society, Mozart, too, like Raphael, adopted altogether a new manner. His music became more expressive, more varied, more philosophical. The "Nozze di Figaro," the "Zauberflote," the "Clemency of Titus," and others, followed each other in rapid succession, constituting a mass of oratorios, symphonies, sonatas, masses, &c., such as never before were produced by one man. At this period, a strange scene might have been witnessed at one of the gates of Vienna; there Haydn, Gluck, and Mozart, repaired to play at nine-pins—as they played they hummed tunes, and when sufficiently tired, they severally repaired home to put down on paper the tunes that had thus been suggested to their minds.

Mozart now, you would believe, was doing well; but, alas! all is not gold that glitters. The composer was about to set out on a journey to visit his aged father at Saltzburg, when he was unexpectedly arrested for thirty florins. Mozart did not possess thirty florins. He immediately set to work and engaged in a piece that occupied him morning and night. It was not, however, to satisfy his own creditor that he was writing, it was to meet the demands of his friend, Haydn's, who lay ill in bed. This work, a duet, is a very masterpiece, and has ever been incorporated with Haydn's works—Mozart always declined to acknowledge it as his own.

He then composed Don Juan—but genius has its limits, and this work exhausted the powers of Mozart. From the day of its completion, he grew dull, and every day added to his gloom; his approaching end now formed the general topic of his conversation—he no longer possessed energy, but to write a few straggling pieces, and they are indeed the very essence of all that is sublime. They suggest to the mind the last throes of an expiring taper. His end, however, was now drawing nigh. A few days before the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, an unknown person presented to Mozart a letter without signature, inquiring whether he would compose a *requiem*, what would be his charge, and when he judged he could get it done. Mozart, who never undertook anything without first consulting his wife, showed her this extraordinary letter and expressed his desire to attempt that solemn style of composition. Mozart fixed his price, and a few days after, the messenger returned with the money, signifying that he would come at the stipulated time for the *requiem*. In the meantime Mozart was ordered to Prague, to prepare some music for the coronation festivities—he was about to get into the coach that was to convey him with his wife, when the unknown again presented himself and applied for the *requiem*. Mozart excused himself, representing the urgency of the present case—he, however, laboured at it during the whole journey, and eighteen days after his arrival completed it. On his return he suddenly fell ill, and several times exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, that he had been poisoned. He still continued, nevertheless, making improvements and alterations in the *requiem*, saying that it would do for his own funeral. The emotion, however, it awakened in his mind, was so powerful and depressing, that his friends were obliged to remove the paper from him. On the day of his death, he asked again for it, suggested alterations, and at length expired, swelling out his cheeks to show the place where the horns were to be introduced.

Thus died this seraphic composer—a man whose enchanting music cannot but awaken the tenderest sympathies in the most hardened heart. In one who could produce such heavenly strains, kindness and harmony are to be expected, and they were found—his temper was of a mildness such as rarely characterizes mortal, and his soul was ever overflowing with the milk of kindness. And yet this amiable, I had almost said heavenly man, was allowed to be buried in the common burial-ground; and when, in 1808, the propriety had been suggested of a more honourable resting-place, it was impossible to distinguish his remains from the other bodies around him.

H. M.

Useful Domestic Hints.

How to Cure Hung Beef.

HUNG-BEEF has long been a favourite relish, and often fetches an extravagant price in the shops, even when not of good quality. The most usual mode of curing it is this—

A fine buttock of beef is divided into three or four parts, of the most pleasing form to the eye, and the pieces are hung up in a cellar until they have assumed a black and stale appearance, but without taint. They are then in succession well washed and basted with a pound of course brown sugar dissolved in a pint and a half of lukewarm water. Meanwhile, a pound of well-dried bay-salt is mixed with half-a-pound of saltpeter, and three large table-spoonfuls of coarse brown sugar; and this mixture is well-rubbed into every part of the beef, after it has received its saccharine application. The pieces are now covered with a good quantity of common salt, in a pan where they can lie very closely together, so that the salt may readily dissolve. Here they remain untouched during a week, at the expiration of which period, they are turned in the brine every other day, during a fortnight longer. Being then taken out, they are hung during three weeks at least, in a moderately warm place. When a piece is wanted, it must be boiled gently until it is tender, in bay-salt and water. It will keep, after being boiled, at least three months, and is better after it has been kept a fortnight or more than when first cooked.

There is another process by which hung beef is made, far preferable, in my humble judgment, to the one I have described, though this may be contested by others of different taste. As there is a decided difference in the flavour of each, persons so disposed might easily cure a portion according to each separate process.

A fine thick flank of beef weighing twenty pounds is divided into two equal parts; or a buttock of beef weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds is cut into three parts. Ribs of beef may also be used: the meat being carefully removed from the bones and tied into rolls weighing about ten pounds each, and a foot long. But in this case, the rolls are not made until the pickle has first been thoroughly rubbed into the pieces of meat that are to form them. Before the beef is pickled, it must be hung in a cellar until it is very tender. For every ten pounds of the general weight of the beef, weigh out separately a quarter of a pound of bay-salt, two ounces of salt-peter, two ounces of sal prunella, two ounces of juniper berries, and half a pound of coarse brown sugar; or to speak more accurately, if the beef weigh thirty pounds, then weigh out three quarters of a pound of bay-salt, six ounces of saltpeter, six ounces of sal prunella, six ounces of juniper berries, and a pound and a half of brown sugar.

Put the bay-salt into a mortar and pound it very fine, then add the saltpetre, and the sal prunella. Beat these to a very fine powder, and let the three be intimately mixed. Now put in the juniper berries, which must be well rubbed, beaten, and combined with the other ingredients. This being done, mix in the brown sugar with the hand, so as to blend the whole. Put the beef into a salting-pan, and rub it thoroughly and during a considerable time with this pickle. Rub and baste it with the brine every day during a fortnight, turning it each time. Then take it out, and having wiped it dry with a coarse cloth, suspend it from the kitchen ceiling for about a month, or until it is perfectly dry. Boil it, as you want it, in bay-salt and water, and it will keep as long as that made by the other process. It is also very good broiled in slices; but previously to its being put on the gridiron, it must be dipped for an instant in boiling water, which will enhance its goodness and flavour. If very salt, the slices may remain in the water about a minute.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

Cement for Mending Broken Vessels.

To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together; when it is mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistence of paste. With this cement, broken vessels or cracks of all kinds may be repaired. It dries quickly, and equally resists the action of fire and water.

Receipt for Fastening Leather upon Metal.

A. M. Fuchs, of Bairêre, says, that in order to make leather adhere closely to metal, he uses the following method. The leather is steeped in an infusion of gall nuts; a layer of hot glue is spread upon the metal, and the leather forcibly applied to it on the fleshy side. It must be suffered to dry under the same pressure. By these means the adhesion of the leather will resist moisture, and may be torn sooner than be separated from the metal.

Manners and Customs.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE VENEZUELANS.*

NOTHING could be simpler than the houses of the natives who lived in the wild and woody districts. The materials for building are all obtained from the forest, and every man builds his own house. The framework,

* Reminiscences of South America. By John Hawkshaw. (Jackson and Walford.)

leton, is formed of poles, cut close at
; these are let into the ground by sink-
and holes, which are afterwards rammed
ltill smaller poles are lashed across the
' these for rafters. Wild cane, or the
oo, split into shreds, is then tied trans-
r across the rafters, and the whole is
ed with the leaves of the fan palm.
ides of the building are then closed in
ing similar shreds of bamboo, or wild
across from pole to pole, so as to form a
f basket-work; afterwards it is either
red over on the outside, with a mixture
h, clay, and grass, or, if intended to be
permanent, it is lined within, as well as
d without, with the lattice-work and
ring: or it is boarded with narrow
, formed by splitting the rind of the
ge palm. If it be a place intended only
nporary purposes, then the walls, as well
roof, are merely thatched with palm
, or a species of rush. One or two
ough seats, or stools, a coarse earthen
two, a number of tortumas (calabashes)
shape of basins and bottles, made from
l of gourd which grows in the forest,
complete the furniture of these domi-
A small cotton hammock or two are
ided across the room, and serve as sofa,
and couch; two or three long knives
ack about the wall, an axe and a ma-
laid on the floor, and perhaps an ugly,
, Birmingham musket, reared in one
. For cooking purposes, a fire is made
the ground, under a small shed, erected
ttle distance. And it is under this shed
he females of the family spend a con-
ble part of the day, squatted on the
d, apparently doing nothing, or perhaps
ing the root of the cassava in a wooden
r, with a wooden pestle, to extract from
frequent washing, its poisonous quali-
fore making it into bread.
large towns the cottages are some-
better, as it regard externals; squarer,
regular in shape, better plastered and
washed, but the furnishing is not very
or; some of the tortumas may have
place to coarse earthenware, which,
ver, is no great improvement, for the
nware is generally unglazed, and of the
st kind."

The Naturalist.

THE KAOP GNU.

is a very remarkable variety of antelope.
bout the size of a galloway; of a brown
, with dark streaks over the body. The
rs rise much higher than those of any
, but the shape of the neck and body is
hat equine. It has a long black mane
and below the neck, and a switch tail
same hue. The horns are like those
e buffalo, but much smaller, and lie
across the top of the forehead, then curve
outward and upwards.

The kaop is not found in this district in
herds; they are oftenest found singly, or at
most two or three together. It is a bold and
resolute animal, and it is very dangerous
when wounded, hence its name of "Master."
—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

DIFFERENCE IN ELEPHANTS OF CEYLON AND SOUTH AFRICA.

MANY of my readers are aware that in Ceylon, where there is plenty of water and grass, most of the elephants are tuskless; whereas in South Africa, where many of the rivers are periodical, and water and grass are often scarce, almost all the elephants are provided with tusks for defence against the rhinoceros, to obtain water in the manner just described by Aramap, and to dig up the mimosas, to eat the sweet and nutricious roots.—*Ib.*

TREES, AND FLOWERS, APPROPRIATED TO PLACES OF INTERMENT.

AT all periods, amongst every nation, flowers and certain trees seem to have been consecrated to the dead. The Romans planted the wild vine and box around their tombs. The wealthy assigned a beauteous garden to their departed favourites, as in the instances of Augustus and Mæcenas. Not only did they suspend garlands over their tombs, but scattered flowers around them. The same custom prevailed among the Grecians, who considered all purple and white flowers acceptable to the dead. The Thessalians strewed the grave of Achilles with the immortal amaranth and lilies. Electra complains that the tomb of Agamemnon received no myrtle boughs; in short, instances of this practice are everywhere to be found. Amongst the Chinese, to the present day, the cypress and the fir shade their cemeteries; the former tree, an attribute of Pluto, was ever considered funereal, hence called *feralis;* and the *feralia* were festivals in honour of the dead, observed by the Romans. Varro pretends that the cypress was called funereal from *funus*, as it emitted an antiseptic aroma. Pliny and others affirm that it typified the dead, from its never shooting out fresh sprouts when the trunk was cut down. At any rate, to this hour it is planted in burying-grounds in every civilized country. —*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

CAUSE OF THE ABOLITION OF THE MEETINGS OF THE DRUIDS.

THE cause which led to the law to prevent the meetings of the Druids, was the insurrection of *Glyndwr*, (the magician Glendower) against Henry IV. On every festive meeting, the descendants of the bards never

omitted to remind their countrymen of the freedom enjoyed by their ancestors; and it is indeed very natural to suppose, that when *Glyndwr* took up arms, they exerted their powers to the utmost, in exciting their hearers to join him, in his attempt to liberate themselves and country. The law foiled: the Roman tyrants decreed the abolition of Druidism, but their power failed, for it was only subdued by Christianity: the English Justinian, Edward the 1st, desired to exterminate the bards, yet the murderer of *Llywelyn* and Wallace also failed: the bards still exist. Irish historians, and their copyists, assert the superiority of the Irish bards; but where are they? It is easy to maintain the value of a thing which, owing to its being extinct, cannot be tested by comparison. The German *Minnesänger* is heard no more in his father land. That relative of the bards, the gentle Breton minstrel, no longer charms the dames and chevaliers with his sweet lays: and his pupil, the gay Troubadour, has ceased his roundelay in that land of licentious love, sunny Provence. Yet the, to the world unknown, because libelled, bard still lives, among his own mountains, to tune the melodies, which he composed before the stranger had invaded his island home.

IOAN.*

* Will "IOAN" be kind enough to refer to the "Answers to Correspondents," on the wrapper to Part 212 of the *Mirror*?

The Gatherer.

The process of tickling to death, of which we have before had an instance, has been recently renewed at Brignolles, in the Var, where a man named Reboul, applied it to his second wife. It appears that after seizing her with one hand, he with the other tickled her violently at the bottom of the feet, and on the knees and ribs, until he threw her into a high state of irritation, and then held her with her head downwards and her feet in the air, with the intent of producing a congestion of the brain. This he has done several times, but upon the last occasion she was saved by the coming in of her neighbours, who were attracted by her cries. Reboul was taken into custody, and it is suspected that he got rid of his first wife by this means, as he had previous to this attempt told his present wife that he knew how to dispose of any person without compromising himself.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

An Italian bishop, who had struggled through great difficulties without repining, and who had met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without betraying the least impatience, was asked by an intimate acquaintance, who highly admired his virtues, to inform him by what means he attained so high a degree of happiness, as that of being always easy. "The means by which I attain this happiness," replied the prelate, "consists in being content with the situation in which I am placed, and, first of all, I look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe that there are multitudes less happy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end, and that I have no cause either to repine or complain."

W. G. C.

Statistics of the Political Press.—It appears by the late official return, that the average sale of the London *Morning* papers, during the month of September, amounted to 902,000. Of the London *Evening* papers, for the same period, 334,000: about 100,000 less than the circulation of the *Times* alone. Of the *Weekly* papers, 707,000. Total of the stamped *London* Political papers, circulated in September last, 1,995,000, exclusive of the provincial papers. True indeed it is, as the *Times* journal remarks, "What a curious and instructive essay on the workings of the human mind, in all its evolutions, might be written from the materials afforded by the list from which the above results have been collected."

A short time since, as some workmen were employed in repairing the interior of Ilogan church, they discovered a piece of sculpture, representing an abbot, abbess, and two nuns, habited in the vestments of their particular orders: they are kneeling before an altar covered with drapery, and on which a book lies open. The figures are elegantly formed, and their vestments, with the drapery of the altar, and the book, are sculptured in the most chaste and elegant manner, showing the perfection to which the art of the sculptor had been brought at the early period of their execution; as they were doubtless placed in their present position when the church was built.

W. G. C.

A Father's Wish.—May you continue long with me, my children, in all godliness and virtue, and be as innocent in your lives, as the flowers which shall blow over you when dead!

C. S.

NOTICE.

We beg to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that Drawings of Modern Public Buildings and Improvements (more particularly in provincial towns) are acceptable: they will be carefully preserved and returned, if required.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 924] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1838. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE OLD SERJEANTS' INN, CHANCERY LANE.

THE JUDGES' AND SERJEANTS' CHAMBERS, CHANCERY LANE.

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, CHANCERY-LANE.

This inn consisted of two small courts, surrounded by the judges' chambers, which were very spacious and handsome. The principal entrance, which fronted the hall, was from Chancery-lane: the second court communicated with Clifford's Inn, by means of a small passage. The only parts of the building worthy of notice, were the hall and the chapel. The ascent to the hall was by a handsome flight of stone steps and balustrade; and was built of brick, with stone cornices, and ornamented in front with a handsome pedement, surmounted by a turret and clock.

The hall still remains, the inside of which is not large, but forms a well-proportioned apartment; and the windows, like those of most other halls, are decorated with armorial bearings, in stained glass: the stone steps and balustrade are removed.

This Inn did not attain its present appellation of "Serjeants' Inn" till about the year 1484; previous to which it was called "Faryngdon's Inn, in Chancellors-lane," and still earlier, viz., in the 17th of Richard II., it was mentioned by the name of "*Tenementum domini Joh. Skarle.*" It was, at this period, let by the Bishop of Ely's appointment, whose estate it was, to one of the clerks of the Chancery. In 1401, it was called "*Hospicium domini Joh. Skarle.*" In 1402, it is thus noticed:—*Dominus Rob. Faryndon, clericus dom. regis habit pensionem sibi concessam ab episcopo de* vil. xiiis. iiiid. *per annum, percipiendam de redditu hospicii domini, in* Chancelers-lane, *extitit vacuum per dimidium anni ad decasum* iiil. vis. viiid.; and in 8 Hen. IV. *Hospicium domini* Joh. Skarle *conceditur cuidam clerico cancellariæ per præceptum domini*; but in 1411, it was called *Faryndon Inne.*

It is probable, that the serjeants at law had lodgings here at this time; for in 1414, the bishop's bailiff accounts for the repair of Askham's chamber, by which it seems the lodgings were let apart; soon, however, the whole house was entirely demised to the udges, and others learned in the law; for in 1416, there is accounted to the bishop vil. xiiis. iiiid. *pro Faryndon's Inn,* in Chancellors-lane, *dimisso* Rogero Horton *et* Willielmo Cheney *justiciariis, et* Waltero Askham, *apprentisio legis.*

Besides this Walter Askham, there was about this time one Robert Askham, serjeant-at-law, who was of council to the Bishop of Ely, and had xls. per annum pension for the same.

In 1474, it was let to Sir Robert Danby, Knight, then Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and other the judges of that time, at iiiil. per annum; and in 1476, to Sir Thomas Grey, Knight, at the like rent of iiiil. per annum. In 1484, the same Sir Thomas Grey had a new lease thereof, by the name of *Hospicium vocatum, Serjeants' Inne,* in *Chancelers-lane,* at iiiil. per annum. In 1492, it was in the bishop's hand, for want of a tenant. In 1508, it was demised by indenture by the name of *Hospicium in Chancelers-lane, vocatum Serjeants' Inne,* to John Mordaunt and Humphrey Coningsby, at the rent of iiiil. per annum.

T. Goodrick, Bishop of Ely, 2 Edward VI. by a lease, bearing date 17th December, demised it to Chr. Fulnetty, for lxxxi years.

It was continued to be occupied by the twelve judges and serjeants-at-law, until taken down in the year 1837; when the present noble pile of building—

THE HONORABLE SOCIETY OF JUDGES' & SERJEANTS' CHAMBERS,

Was erected by

SIR ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A. F.R.S.

To whose kindness we are indebted for the following Description, which Sir Robert, with the greatest urbanity, most readily furnished us with; and we feel proud thus publicly to acknowledge the favour, it having enabled us to present our readers with information from such high authority, which it would have been impossible to have given, but for the politeness of Sir Robert Smirke.

"These chambers have been recently altogether rebuilt.

"The building containing the judges' chambers stands separated from the rest, upon a part of the Roll's-garden. It is 125 feet long, and contains apartments for each of the three chief justices, and others also for the puisne judges of each of the three courts, who sit in them during term and at other periods, engaged upon duties connected with their several courts.

"There are three public halls of large dimensions in this building, in which the attornies and clerks, having business in the three courts (Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Queen's Bench), assemble; and, adjoining each of these halls, is the office of the judge's clerk and the chamber of the judge.

"The old dining-hall of the society has been fitted-up as a court for hearing equity causes of the Exchequer, instead of the hall at Gray's-inn, hitherto used as a temporary court for that purpose. On the north side of it, rooms have been built for the judge, masters, and counsel attending the court; and on the south side is a large dining-hall, now used by the judges and serjeants during the term.

"A room for solicitors, having business in the court, is also provided on the south side of it.

range of buildings, next Chancery-
bout 130 feet long, has been erected,
he ground-floor of which are all the
offices of the Court of Common

The principal entrance to these
is in Chancery-lane; but there are
ldditional entrances, for the convenience
attornies and others having business
e offices, from the court-yard on the
de of the building.

here are two stories above, which
n chambers for eight of the serjeants-
; and chambers for six more are pro-
n an adjoining building, the east front
ch looks on the gardens of Clifford's-
Each set of chambers consists of three
ome of four) rooms, with every con-
ce necessary for their occupation at-
to them.

he entrance to the inn is through a
aved gateway, opening into Chancery-
and there is also a private entrance-
pposite to it, communicating with
l's-inn. A high palisading of iron-
orms the eastern boundary of the inn
Clifford's-inn-garden, and separates
he south front of the judges' new
ers from that garden."

November 27, 1838, much to the satis-
of the bar, the Exchequer Equity
s commenced for the first time in the
efore Mr. Baron Alderson.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(For the Mirror)

o more that pensive song,
ling hours when all was gladness:
e had quench'd hope's radiant throng
ams, and veil'd my heart in sadness:
e could in the forest stray,
peechless tell the tireless story;
l though evening's twilight grey
id from sight the day-star's glory.

o more that thrilling strain,
wakens up pale fancy's dreaming;
kons back to earth again,
which with joy were ever beaming;
rth was beautiful and blest,
owers sweet odours round were flinging;
apturous birds their petals prest,—
nting echo with their singing.

o more that soul-uptung song,
y thy lute, and let its gushes
: tones, no more prolong
de of pain which joyaunce crushes:
a our youthful dreams have flown,
ems no more a priceless treasure;
that we have dreamt, or known,
s with pain each earthly pleasure!

E. J. Hytch.

WISDOM'S WISH.

ht I but escape to some sweet spot,
of my hopes, to fancy dear,
ural virtues are not yet forgot,
and old customs crown the circling year;
ill contented peasants love their lot,
ude's vile din offends not nature's ear,
itable hearths, and welcomes warm
ry quit add their social charm;

Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore.
A wooden dingle on a mountain side,
Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
And looking down on valley fair and wide,
Nigh to the village church, to please me more
Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
And blest with pious pastor, who has trode
Himself the way, and leads his flock to God;

There would I dwell, for I delight therein!
Far from the evil ways of evil men,
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,
My own repented of, and clean again:
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
And dear domestic joys, that never end.

There, from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To cull the gems that bounteous nature gave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

No envious wish my fellows to excel,
No sordid money-getting cares be mine;
No low ambition in high state to dwell,
Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:
But, sweet benevolence, regale me well
With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thine,
And meek-eyed piety, be always near,
With calm content, and gratitude sincere.

Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,
And walking well with God in nature's eye,
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,
Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
Oh thus to wear away my useful life,
And, when I'm called in rapturous hope to die,
Thus to rob heav'n of all the good I can,
And challenge earth to show a happier man!

. . . . . .

We have extracted the above poem from that store-house of resplendent literature—*Blackwood's Magazine;* which work still proudly maintains its exalted station among the most talented publications of the present age.

SHE LIVED IN BEAUTY.

By W. T. Moncrieff.

She lived in beauty, like a flower
That blooms uncull'd in some lone bower,
Breathing around a fragrance rare
To charm and sanctify the air.
She lived in beauty, like some gem
Set in a monarch's diadem,
Shedding around a radiance bright,
At once to dazzle and delight.
But as the flower, when plucked, is gone,
And as the gem, struck, in its pride,
Is crushed, though late so bright it shone—
So she, alas! in beauty died!

She lived in beauty, like some star
That shines in summer-nights afar,
As if it loved those realms of peace
Which bid all earthly turmoils cease.
She breathed in beauty, like some song
Oft heard the greenwood shades among—
A gladness formed to charm—to cheer—
To Fancy and to Memory dear!
But as the meteor falls to earth,
And as the song, to heaven allied,
Fleets in the moment of its birth,
So she, alas! in beauty died!

Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1838.

ON THE POETRY OF THE PEOPLE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

" But see! the ballad-monger."—— BYRON.

"GIVE me," (quoth Fletcher of Saltoun,) "the making of the national ballads, and let who likes frame the laws!"—and there spoke out one who had tracked to its spring head the current which gushes from the deep fountains of the human breast. Chevy Chase, the Children in the Wood, John Gilpin, and the Woes of Barbara Allen, have absorbed and interested, lightened and harrowed, in their turn, more hearts than the philosophy of Aristotle and Bacon united, or the concentrated wisdom of Solon, Confucius, Montesquieu, and Jeremy Bentham. The national ballad is the culminating point by which the national sympathies are indicated. During the wars which followed the rupture of society consequent on the first revolution in France, we were indebted in an immeasurable degree to those spontaneous effusions which the Muse poured forth, for the overwhelming display of national energy which scared the invader from our shores, and secured the liberties of England. They were the watch-words which roused the British lion from its lair. For the thousand gallant spirits who sprung on the quarter-deck and directed the thunder of indignant England, the sea-songs of Charles Dibdin claim a heavy debt of gratitude at the hands of the

" Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease."

We could not help reciprocating in the surprise expressed by the writer of an article on Allan Cunningham, in a recent publication, on the decline and degeneracy of the national poetry of our "bold peasantry," who in the earlier days of our national annals stood prominently forward, and transmitted to us those effusions which engage the proud preference of the patriot above named. True it is, that poetry loses its original simplicity, sweetness, and boldness, and becomes timid and artificial, in proportion as the cultivators of it are removed from a state of rude and savage existence.

We have been led into these remarks by a mere casualty. A squalid object tendered for our purchase one of those rude chronicles, which on any particular event, domestic or political, exercise the lungs of the street-crier; it turned on a deplorable catastrophe which then engaged much painful interest on the part of the public. After an illiterate concoction of the circumstances attendant on the tragedy, the already horrified reader is feasted with the following banquet of poetical atrocity, and our readers may be assured, it lacked not earnest guests to partaké of. We give this precious morceau *verbatim et literatim*. We think it deserves perpetuation, as a specimen of the ballad poetry of Cockaigne in the nineteenth century:—

VERSES.

Of all the dreadful deeds of blood that stains the page of crime,
Here's one exceeds in horror the blackest you can find,
A murder so atrocious, so frightful to unfold,
The bare narration of the same will make your blood run cold.

T'was in the town of Leicester this horrid deed took place
Upon a London Stationer, whose name was Mr. Paas,
A man nam'd Cook, a binder, ow'd him a little sum,
And Mr. Paas proceeded thence to get his business done.

Alas! the doom that waited him, he little did forsee
Or that the man he'd credited his butcher now should be,
For with a hammer or a pin he fell'd him to the floor,
And then with saw and hatchet cut the body into four.

O then most horrible to tell, exceeding all belief,
In the list of blackest murderers this man is surely chief
Chopp'd the body into pieces, and burnt it in the grate,
And mopp'd the blood from off the floor, O horrid to relate.

The neighbours felt a dreadful stench, and forced in the door,
When such a dreadful spectacle appeared on the floor,
Parts of a human body lay by fire half consum'd,
The feet, cut from the ankle, lay smoking in the room.

Part of a shoulder and a thigh, and some part of a knee,
Were found among the cinders most frightful for to see;
Also a portion of the scalp, all covered with grey hair,
The town in consternation the horrid tale did hear.

Now this base villain's taken, and fast in gaol doth lie,
And in short time will suffer for his deadly cruelty,
No punishment for such black deeds is half enough severe,
And thus doth end as sad a tale as man did ever hear.

In this utilitarian age, it would be quite in accordant with its spirit to improve the rude vehicle by which the appetite of the vulgar seek to digest events of this nature, and thus insensibly inspire a purified taste in the multitude. The idea indeed provokes a smile, to contemplate Coleridge or Wordsworth dipping their swan quills in the stream of Helicon, to chronicle a "full true and particular account" of the most recent exit at the debtor's door of Newgate; or Moore melodizing the "last dying speech" for the venders and consumers of ha'penny literature: but we certainly are of opinion that the social events which agitate the frame of society in the lower ranks of life might be seized upon, and, through the medium of the ballad, a strong moral principle inculcated, whilst yet the circumstances are fresh in their intercourse with the public mind. That beautiful ballad of Hood's, on the murder perpetrated by Eugene Aram, is an example of what we wish to see adopted. When we consider the fact, that such an event as a murder, an appalling accident, or individual calamity of any sort, is the kalend by which

r garrulous peasantry and persons in humble life generally calculate and deduce from, importance may be estimated. Your octenarian, ensconced in his easy chair, and rounded by his grandchildren, on a win-'s evening, in the farm-house kitchen be-e a blazing fire, while the hollow winds an without, pauses to count the years since old chimney grumbled so in the swough the blast, and finds a parallel in that night en Farmer Dobson was murdered near the rson's paddock. Besides, there is a natu-l rude inkling which the ears of the vulgar ve, for the alliteration and clink of rhyme, at a moral precept following in the wake of ballad narration, may assert in that garb a manency, which no prose can pretend to. Anxiously we wish to see revived the ballad etry of England, and we flatter ourselves ere is a reaction in the public taste towards is consummation; but of this we will treat an early number. We append a sweet mple specimen of this style of composition r our youthful readers:

BALLAD.

(*Original.*)

"Quick hoist the sails, my merry men,
The breeze blows fresh and fair,
And spread the red flag to the gale,"
Quoth Aldovrand St. Clair.

"For yonder is a gallant barque,
Full stately doth she ride;
Before the sun his course has run,
I'll make her doff her pride."

The pirate's ship, with dart-like prow,
Cut swift the curling wave;
"Now yield ye," quoth the bold St. Clair
"Or seek a watery grave."

Then up and spoke a belted knight,
An angry man was he,—
"We'll try our might this day in fight,
Before I yield to thee!"

They fought with bow and spear, I trow,
Six hours upon the main,
Till the knight and all his gallant men
Were by the pirate slain.

St. Clair he took the dead man up,
To cast him in the sea,
"A braver wight I never saw,
Sic benedicite."

He laid him on the blood-red deck,
And washed away the gore;
His locks black as the raven's wing,
His ivory brow hung o'er.

Then the pirate screamed a terrible scream,
When he saw what he had done:
It was his son from Palestine,
His only darling son. H. I—.

SINGULAR DREAM.

A TRADESMAN, living in the quarter of El-Hanafee, in Cairo, dreamt, during the plague of the year 1835, that eleven persons were carried out of his house to be buried, victims of this disease. He awoke in a state of the greatest distress and alarm, reflecting that eleven was the total number of the inhabitants of his house, including himself, and that it would be vain in him to attempt, by adding one or more members to his household, to elude the decree of God and give himself a chance of escape: so calling together his neighbours, he informed them of his dream, and was counselled to submit with resignation to a fate so plainly foreshown, and to be thankful to God for the timely notice with which he had been mercifully favoured. On the following day, one of his children died; a day or two after a wife; and the pestilence continued its ravages among his family until he remained in his house alone. It was impossible for him now to entertain the slightest doubt of the entire accomplishment of the warning: immediately, therefore, after the last death that had taken place among his household, he repaired to a friend at a neighbouring shop, and calling to him several other persons from the adjoining and opposite shops, he reminded them of his dream, acquainted them with its almost complete fulfilment, and expressed his conviction that he, the eleventh, should very soon die. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall die this next night: I beg of you, therefore, for God's sake, to come to my house early to-morrow morning, and the next morning, and the next, if necessary, and to see if I be dead, and when dead, that I am properly buried; for I have no one with me to wash and shroud me. Fail not to do me this service, which will procure you a recompense in heaven. I have bought my grave linen: you will find it in a corner of the room in which I sleep. If you find the door of the house latched, and I do not answer to your knocking, break it open."

Soon after sunset he laid himself in his lonely bed, though without any expectation of closing his eyes in sleep, for his mind was absorbed in reflections upon the awful entry into another world, and a review of his past life. As the shades of night gathered around him he could almost fancy he beheld, in one faint object or another in his gloomy chamber, the dreadful person of the Angel of Death; and at length he actually perceived a figure gliding in at the door, and approaching his bed. Starting up in horror, he exclaimed, "Who art thou?"—and a stern and solemn voice answered, "Be silent! I am Azraeel, the Angel of Death!" "Alas!" cried the terrified man, "I testify that there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle! There is no strength nor power but in God, the High, the Great! to God we belong, and to Him we must return!" He then covered himself over with his quilt, as if for protection, and lay with throbbing heart, expecting every moment to have his soul torn from him by the inexorable messenger. But moments passed away, and minutes, and hours; yet without his experiencing any hope of escape; for he imagined that the Angel was waiting for him to resign himself, or had

left him for a while, and was occupied in receiving first the souls of the many hundred human beings who had attained their predestined term in that same night, and in the same city, and the souls of the thousands who were doomed to employ him elsewhere. Daybreak arrived before his sufferings terminated: and his neighbours coming, according to their promise, entered his chamber, and found him still in bed; but observing that he was covered up and motionless as a corpse, they doubted whether he were still alive, and called to him. He answered with a faint voice, "I am not yet dead, but the Angel of Death came to me in the dusk of the evening, and I expect every moment his return to take my soul; therefore, trouble me not, but see me washed and buried."—"But why," said his friends, "was the street-door left unlatched?" "I latched it," he answered, "but the Angel of Death may have opened it."—"And who," they asked, "is the man in the court?" He answered, "I know of no man in the court; perhaps the angel, who is waiting for my soul, has made himself visible to you, and been mistaken in the twilight for a man." "He is a thief," they said, "who has gathered together every thing in the house that he could carry away, and has been struck by the plague while doing so, and now lies dead in the court, at the foot of the stairs, grasping in his hands a silver candlestick." The master of the house, after hearing this, paused for a moment, and then throwing off his quilt, exclaimed, "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures! That is the eleventh, and I am safe! No doubt it was that rascal who came to me, and said that he was the Angel of Death. Praise be to God! Praise be to God!"

This man survived the plague, and took pleasure in relating the above story. The thief had overheard his conversation with his neighbours, and coming to his house in the dusk, had put his shoulder to the wooden lock, and so raised the door, and displaced the latch within. There is nothing wonderful in the dream—nor in its accomplishment; the plague of 1835 entirely desolated many houses, and was mostly fatal to the young; and all the inhabitants of the house in question were young except the master.

[The above is extracted from the Notes to Mr. Lane's admirable translation of the Arabian Nights, now in course of publication; of which notes it may be said, that they are scarcely less curious and instructive upon everything relative to the domestic manners and habits of the Arabians, than those favourite stories of our school-days, to which they form an accompaniment. The work is in all respects a *chef-d'œuvre*, both in literary merit and beauty of pictorial illustration. We may add, in relation to the above anecdote, that Mr. Lane states that it was related to him in Cairo, shortly after the plague alluded to, by the Sheykh Mohammed El-Tantawee, who had taken the trouble of investigating the fact, and had ascertained its truth.]

PHILOSOPHERS AT AN OPERA.

"THE object of all the investigating processes in chemistry," says Dr. Chalmers, "is to repair the deficiency of our senses; and all experiment and all inference would be superseded, did we but see with more force and distinctness than we do at present. Superior beings will look on the way by which we overcome the impediments of our less gifted nature, just as we do on the dexterity or trick of some animal beneath us;—'will show a Newton as we show an ape.' All our intellectual processes are but so many devices, by which *we* may see *at length*, what *they* see *at once*; and were we preferred to the rank which they occupy, they are processes which might one and all be dispensed with."

Pursuing the same train of thought, Dr. Thomas Brown observes:—"It is the great office of the analytic art of chemistry, to do for us only what the microscope does;—it enables us to see the small objects which are before us at all times, without our being able to distinguish them. When a chemist tells us that glass, which appears to us one uniform substance, is composed of different substances, he tells us what, with livelier perceptive organs, we might have known without a single experiment. The art of analysis, therefore, has its origin in the mere imperfection of our senses; and is truly *the art of the blind*. We boast, indeed, of the chemical discoveries we have made of late, with a rapidity of progress as brilliant as it is unexampled in the history of any other science; yet all our discoveries have not created a single new particle of matter. To beings capable of perceiving and distinguishing the different particles, which form those small masses which we call 'atoms,' the pride which we feel in our chemical analysis, must seem as ridiculous as to us would seem the pride of the blind, if one who had never enjoyed the opportunity of beholding the sun, were to boast of having discovered, by a nice comparison of the changing temperature of bodies, that during certain hours of the day, there passed over our earth some great source of heat. The addition of one new sense to us, might probably in a few hours convey more instruction, with respect to matter, than all which is ever to repay and consummate the physical labours of mankind."

"All philosophy," says Fontenelle, "is founded on these two things;—that we have a great deal of curiosity, and very bad eyes. In astronomy, for example, if our eyes were

better, we should then see distinctly whether the stars really are or are not so many suns, illuminating worlds of their own; and if, on the other hand, we had less curiosity, we should then care very little about this knowledge;—which would come pretty nearly to the same thing. But we wish to know more than we see; and there lies the difficulty. Even if we saw *well* the little which we *do* see, this would, at least, be some small knowledge gained. But it appears to us different from what it is; and thus it happens that a true philosopher passes his life, in not believing what he sees, and in labouring to guess what is altogether beyond his sight.

"I cannot help figuring to myself, that nature is a great public spectacle, which resembles that of the opera. From the place in which we sit, we do not see things quite as they are. The scenes and machinery are arranged so as to produce a pleasing effect at a distance; and the weights and pulleys on which the different movements depend, are hid from us. We therefore do not trouble our heads with guessing how this mechanical part of the performance is carried on. It is, perhaps, only some mechanist, concealed among the crowded audience, who racks his brain about a flight through the air, which appears to him extraordinary, and who is seriously bent on discovering by what means it has been executed. This mechanist,—gazing, and wondering, and tormenting himself,—is in a situation very like that of a philosopher, in the theatre of the world. But what augments the difficulty to the philosopher is that, in the machinery which nature presents, the cords are completely concealed from him;—so completely indeed, that the constant puzzle has been to guess what the secret contrivance is, which produces the visible motions in the frame of the universe. Let us imagine all the sages collected at an opera;—the Pythagorases, Platos, Aristotles, and all the other great names, which now-a-days make so much noise in our ears. Let us suppose that they saw the flight of Phaeton, as he is represented carried off by the winds;—that they cannot see the cords to which he is attached; and that they are quite ignorant of everything behind the scenes. 'It is a secret virtue,' says one of them, 'that carries off Phaeton.' 'Phaeton,' says another, 'is composed of certain members, which cause him to ascend.' A third says, 'Phaeton has a certain affection for the top of the stage. He does not feel at his ease when he is not there.' 'Phaeton,' says a fourth, 'is not formed to fly; but he likes better to fly, than to leave the top of the stage empty;'—and a hundred other absurdities of the kind; which might have ruined the reputation of antiquity, if the reputation of antiquity for wisdom, *could* have been ruined. At last came Descartes and some other moderns; who say Phaeton ascends, because he is drawn by cords; and because he has a weight as a counterpoise. Accordingly, we now no longer believe that a body will stir, unless it be drawn or impelled by some other body; or that it will ascend or descend, unless by the operation of some spring or counterpoise; and thus to see Nature, as she really is, is to see the back of the stage at the opera."

"In this exposition," resumes Dr. Brown, "of the phenomena of the universe, and of those strange 'follies of the wise,' which have been gravely propounded in the systems of philosophers, concerning them, there is much truth, as well as happy pleasantry. As far, at least, as relates to matter considered merely as existing in space, there can be no question that philosophy is an endeavour to repair, by art, the badness of our eyes: that we may be able to see what is actually before us." N. R.

THE SUPERIORITY AND FORM OF MAN.

The superiority of man is demonstrated by the place he holds in the grand scheme of the creation, formed as he is for sovereign command, and possessing, in the wonderful machine in which the soul is enveloped, the power and means adapted for the execution of any and everything which intellect can regulate or conceive. That man was not formed like the inferior grades of animals, is evident from the universal application to purpose or circumstance, which each and all of his members, both separately and collectively, possess: for in the lower species may be discovered some peculiarity of form, limb, or feature, applicable only to the peculiar habits of the animal to which they belong; thus, the arm of the monkey, the singularly shaped jaw of the shark, the tusk of the elephant, and the coil of the serpent, all tend to prove that they are not the children of free will, but, on the contrary, are subservient to a superior power, to whom Providence has said, "Thou shalt have dominion over them." The form of man, as regards his corporeal tenements, may be divided into three stages;—the time of infancy, when muscle, tendon, and nerve, are blended, as it were, together,—the more mature period when they are expressed, and the chest of the male begins to expand, and his well-knit frame moves onward in stately majesty, whilst the softer and more beautiful being, whom Divine favour has granted to be his solace and help, assumes the formation best adapted for the performance of those duties and tender occupations which render our abode on earth a scene of domestic happiness and virtuous bliss. The third stage is that when the juices of the body have become absorbed; when the teeth fall

from the gums, and weakness and decrepitude have broken down the once stately fabric which towered amid the ranks of animal life. Yet even then, so vast is the superiority given by the Almighty to his highly-favoured child, that it needs only the "loosing of the silver cord," it is only necessary that the "golden bowl" should be broken, and, to use the beautiful language of a modern lecturer, from the time-worn and decrepid trunk "issues forth the never dying Psyche, in renewed and eternal youth, to the realms of endless bliss and everlasting life." C. S.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

The following acts of humanity, performed by the English, in war, are recorded by a recent writer:—Humanity is always the companion of true valour. It is related that many of the crew of the Santissima Trinidada, unable to stand the tremendous fire of the Victory, and not knowing how else to escape it, nor where to betake themselves for protection, leaped overboard and swam to the Victory, up whose sides they were helped by the English, during the action. When the principal part of a Spanish squadron, under the command of Juan de Langara, had struck to Admiral Rodney, at the risk of being blamed by his country, or even forfeiting his own life, the conqueror abstained from sending to take possession of the prizes, lest his men should impart the small-pox, which was then raging in the British fleet, to the Spaniards, with whom it proves a most fatal disease; but informing Langara of his motives, he trusted to his word that he would not withdraw the ships which he had captured. The noble Spaniard kept his promise, and thus did the humanity and honour of the gallant Christian commanders save from death by a distressing distemper, more human beings than probably had fallen in the heat of battle. But similar humanity has been fostered and cherished by our government; thus, on the occasion of a scarcity in Spain, approaching to famine, when a British squadron was blockading its ports, our Privy Council forbade the molestation of neutral vessels carrying grain for the relief of its people, although they were foes. When the Loire frigate stormed and got possession of Fort Muros, in Spain, the report of the brave Yeo, signified that his seamen and marines vied with each other, who should first relieve their wounded enemies, and that their humanity was rewarded by the greatest gratitude and kindest services from the friends and relations of the prisoners. The Common Council of London voted thanks to him and his crew, not only for their gallantry, but for their mercy and generosity, so honourable to their country's character. And at another period, both the British and Irish parliament thanked General Elliott for his distinguished clemency in saving the lives of the enemy at Gibraltar. Such magnanimous actions as these form the bright page of modern history, and no similar instances exist in the histories of the ancients, of whole senates and communities among them having sanctioned and recommended such generous behaviour.

W. G. C.

Biography.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin was born in Winchester, and was originally intended for the church; but his love of music prevailed over the spiritual call of his friends; he preferred songs to sermons, and inculcated in them as pure doctrines of Christian charity and benevolence as may be found in the more orthodox productions of the pulpit. His musical knowledge was very great: no man understood better the simple and graceful counterpoint of his day. His melodies abound with pathos and true English sentiment: witness his songs in the "Quaker," "The Waterman," and "Lionel and Clarissa," not to mention his twelve hundred songs, written for his own unassisted entertainments. In short, Dibdin was an honour to English minstrelsy, for he wrote, composed, and sang his own productions, with all the inspiration and enthusiasm of the bards of olden time. It has been the fashion to decry him for making *Jack* a puling, love-sick driveller; but the government of his day thought otherwise, and gave him a pension, which he enjoyed until his zeal carried him too far, in some people's eyes, in the cause of unpromoted merit. However, "Time, the avenger of the dead," as Byron beautifully says, has handed him down to us, hallowed by age; for the "Lads of the Village," and "Farewell my trim-built Wherry," are hailed by even modern corrupted ears with delight and enthusiasm still, and will continue to be received with pleasure as long as melody and sentiment hold a place in an English heart. He had two sons, Charles and Thomas, who, in a great degree, inherited their father's genius. The latter is still living, and, though advanced in years, has all the fertile fancy and originality of his younger days. Dibdin, like Shakspeare, never attained a great reputation as an actor; but, as it has been said, "that one subject only with one genius fits," he achieved so much fame in his mono-logue capacity, exhibiting so many coruscations of his own intellect and varied genius, that we can hardly regret to know he failed to express the brilliancy of the thoughts of others. "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again!"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

New Books.

A BOOK OF THE PASSIONS.*

By G. P. R. James.

[We shall reserve whatever remarks we may have to make on this splendidly embellished volume until our next number, and in the meantime present our readers with an abstract of the third tale, the subject of which is REVENGE.]

In the playground of a school in the country, eight or ten of the elder scholars were at play. One of them, Henry Dillon, a tall, handsome, but swarthy youth, irritated, by some interruption of his game, strikes the offender, a much smaller boy, several severe blows, applying to him at the same time the offensive epithet of "Little Bastard." A boy of the same age as Dillon interposes; tells him he shall not repeat either offence again, and moreover that the epithet belongs as much to him (Dillon) as to the little boy. Dillon is deeply incensed, but the appearance of the master prevents further outbreak at that time. Both Dillon and his reprover, Charles Neville, are suitably admonished, and there the matter seems to end. Ten years after, at the mansion of Lord Grange, a party are assembled at breakfast; among them are Lord Grange, his two daughters, Miss Grange and her sister Lucy, and young Dillon, now become a distinguished Parliamentary man, and the "observed of all observers." He is about to be married to Miss Grange, with the cordial concurrence ot all parties.

Miss Grange was beautiful: — "Her sister Lucy possessed beauty, perhaps less striking, but more fascinating, — calmer, more retiring, more timid, perhaps—than her sister. Her whole face and form were in harmony with her character: though not pale, she was paler than Miss Grange; though tall, she was not so tall. Her graces were all of a quieter order; her movements, without being slow, were never hurried; and though by no means taciturn, it was but to few that she spoke very much, and to still fewer that she spoke very long. An officer in the army—a gay, pleasant man enough—sat beside her! and endeavoured zealously to entertain her. She listened, and she smiled, and she replied, quite sufficiently to show that she was amused and pleased, and that she wished to give pleasure again; but it went no further; and it was evident to every one, that she was not seeking admiration." After breakfast, Lord Grange has an interview with his steward,—Mr. Graham, a gentleman of about twenty-three, and no other than he, who, as a little boy, figures in the opening of the story. In the course of conversation, Graham feels bound in honour to correct a misconception under which Lord Grange labours with respect to Henry Dillon,—he informs him that Dillon is in fact an illegitimate son, and that though possessed of an immense fortune, the principal estates of his father had of necessity devolved to the legitimate heir.

While this conversation is going on, Captain Neville, the devoted admirer of the younger sister, Lucy, arrives at the mansion, and his presence diffuses joy upon almost every one. Boyish rivalries passed away, only pleasurable sensations are manifested both by Dillon and Neville, though the greater expression of warmth is on the part of Neville. In the evening Lord Grange and Dillon have an interview: what passed is a secret to the guests, but early the next day Dillon's carriage proceeds with him towards London. The secret is that the marriage is broken off, and an impression takes possession of the breast of Dillon, that Neville is the cause. He devotes his mind to REVENGE. He is determined to exert his utmost ingenuity to render the life of Neville miserable. An illness with which he is suddenly seized while travelling, renders medical assistance necessary; he is, through the friendly zeal of the inn-keeper where he stopped, conveyed to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, who happens to be Sir William Neville, uncle to Charles Neville. Dillon turns the event to his hellish purpose. He contrives to make Sir William believe that his nephew had been in the habit of speaking of him disparagingly, calling him a dotard, and a mere driveller. The marriage of Neville and Lucy is at this time on the eve of celebration; just before the time, however, Lord Grange receives a letter,—it is from Sir Henry Neville, and is to the following effect,—"My Lord,—as it has occurred to me, although nothing has been said upon the subject, that your lordship's determination of giving your daughter in marriage to my nephew, may be in some degree affected by the chance of his succeeding to my property, I think it but right to inform you, that it is not my intention to leave him any part thereof; but on the contrary, to bequeath every thing I possess to my sister's second son, William, Charles's first cousin. I hope this letter will reach you in time to prevent any unpleasant misconceptions; and have the honour to be, with compliments to Miss Lucy, and the rest of your lordship's family, your lordship's most obedient servant,

WILLIAM NEVILLE."

Upon the receipt of this letter, Lord Grange breaks off this marriage, as he previously had done that of Dillon. Neville repairs instantly to his uncle, to discover the cause of this sudden change in his disposition towards him; unfortunately his uncle had died not long before his (Charles's,) arrival. Sir John Stanmore, father of the

* Published by Longman and Co., London, 1838.

youth to whom the property had been bequeathed, is there as the representative of his son, then at sea. Neville, deeply moved, writes to Lord Grange, pressing him to let the marriage go on, showing the sufficiency of his own income, aided by the promised portion of Lucy, and urging that the depth of their mutual attachment must prevent the happiness of either in any other union.

Dillon hears of Neville's disappointment with delight, resolves to call upon him, and veiling his real feelings, assumes the air of friendship, and advises a marriage without the consent of the father. The scheme succeeds. The parties are married, first at Scotland, then in London, and they take a house in the suburbs suitable to their means. Dillon visits them, and following up his villainy, induces Neville, under specious representations of probable future advantage, to embark in some floating project. The bubble bursts, and Neville through further devices of Dillon, becomes the inmate of a prison. His faithful wife accompanies him, cheers his spirits, sheds no tear, utters not a murmur. He writes to his pretended friend to become his bail; Dillon comes to the prison and refuses him; he even insults him by falsely representing that he had been engaged in fabricating false reports for stock-jobbing purposes, and had for that conduct been dismissed from his Majesty's service! All are excited. Dillon, on leaving the room, makes some allusion to his own illegitimacy, which neither Neville nor his wife understands; but it recalls to Neville's mind the old quarrel at school, which he now relates to Lucy. The mind of Neville nearly sinks under his affliction, but his more heroic wife sustains him; and yielding to his intercessions, promises to make an appeal to her father. She leaves him for this purpose, and for that of vindicating his character from the aspersions which she has no doubt have been cast upon him. Dillon, meantime, proceeds in his villainy. To serve, however, his own purposes, he pays the debt for which Neville was incarcerated; and the messenger who informs Neville that he is free, brings a letter from Dillon, in which the latter attempts another stab, by insinuating an intimacy between Graham and Mrs. Neville. This attempt, however, is powerless; Neville's confidence in his wife's honour is not for a moment shaken, and he determines to proceed at once to Graham's, and lay the letter before him. And now the story begins to brighten; events had suddenly occurred or become known which had once more changed the views of Lord Grange, and Neville is surprised to find himself welcomed as a son. Sir William Neville, it will be remembered, made a will, bequeathing his property to the son of Sir John Stanmore; that youth it seems died the day before the will was signed; consequently that document thus rendered nugatory, the estates fall as a matter of course to Charles Neville, the heir at law. The road to happiness is in this way opened to all the parties deserving it; and it only remains to be stated that Dillon, informed by Graham in a letter conveying a challenge, that it was from him, and not from Neville that Lord Grange derived his knowledge of Dillon's illegitimacy,—stung to the quick by discovering his pernicious mistake, and the frustration of all his schemes, ends his worthless life with a pistol. *(To be continued.)*

THE PLAGUE NOT CONTAGIOUS.

(Continued from page 364.)

If there be a spot in the world placed beyond the control of public opinion, it is a Lazzaret. Believed, as it is, to be an invention for public security, the tyranny, the extortions, the injuries, which are inflicted within it, escape all animadversion. Discussion as to its organization, its laws, its judicature, seems wholly excluded—while it is necessarily interested in the suppression of any facts which would interfere with the unlimited power and large funds of which it disposes.

Have Lazzarets, then, the best, the most rigid, succeeded in shutting out or keeping down the plague? By no means. Odessa has frequently been quoted as having one of the best organized quarantine establishments in the world—certainly one of the severest. Yet, not long ago, the plague broke out in the Lazzaret—entered the town—destroyed a number of inhabitants, and ceased at a particular season, as it usually does. Quarantines have been introduced during the last seven years, by Mehemet Ali, into his dominions, in Syria and Egypt. They have been placed under the control of the European Consuls, and ample funds have been given by the Viceroy, both for the erection of proper edifices, and for the payment of the necessary salaries. Has the plague, in consequence of these arrangements, visited Alexandria less than it did before? By no means. Have the quarantines protected Damietta—or Rosetta—or Jaffa, on the coasts—Damascus or Jerusalem, or Cairo in the interior? Nobody can pretend they have. And if looked into, I apprehend it will be found not only that they have been no barrier to the progress of disease, but that they have created, concentrated, and by concentration, diffused the malady. Many of the Lazzarets are in spots singularly unhealthy; at Beyrout I found, not only that many persons who had arrived in good health had perished in the Lazzarets of the plague; but that many had died of dysentery and other disorders, from which they were perfectly free when they entered. No plan could be devised more likely to create perilous or contagious elements, than bringing

suffering and diseased people together—creating about them a deleterious atmosphere, and delivering them over to the annoyance of an oriental quarantine. In the Lazzaret at Syria, for example, where the exactions are monstrous, and where lately there was not even a waterproof roof to shelter an invalid, I have seen a person come out of his imprisonment having had his garments devoured by rats, and his person disfigured by multitudinous vermin.

I am disposed to attach little value to individual or domestic isolation. During the raging of a pestilential disease, prudence, temperance, and quiet, are, no doubt, valuable auxiliaries for self-preservation, by diminishing the dangers of the epidemy, be they what they may. It would be a foolish daring not to avoid rather than seek the districts where the disease is exercising its ravages; as there, no doubt, a deteriorated atmosphere must be the consequence of its presence; and that atmosphere may in itself be an element of danger. But quarantines alone, especially where there has been no prudential change in the habits of life, would appear to have no favourable effect in excluding the malady. During the plague of 1835, the Harem of the Pacha of Egypt, consisted of about three hundred persons; notwithstanding the severest cordon, the plague entered, and seven persons died within the cordon. The cordon itself was composed of five hundred persons; these were in constant contact with the town, where the plague was violently raging; and of these five hundred only three died, so that the proportion of those who perished within the cordon, to those who perished without, was as four to one. The plague has about it much that is unaccountable and seemingly capricious. The theory of specific contagion may possibly explain some of its influences, but it leaves the greater number unaccounted for.

Were I willing, or able, to awaken your sympathies by pictures of human suffering; were it necessary in the pursuit of truth to appeal to excitable passions; I would endeavour to describe the horrors which the isolation of infected houses and other quarantine regulations, brought with them into Egypt during the plague of 1834 5. Impotent, wholly impotent to stop the progress of the disease, which raged and raged more intensely as the measures which were taken to arrest it became more and more cruel and severe, they created an additional mass of misery beyond all power of calculation. The plague, no doubt, had its awful mission of desolation and death; but the quarantines let loose other murderous missionaries more barbarous and pitiless; in the name of civilization they made men savages—in the name of humanity they inflicted hunger and thirst—intolerable suffering—frightful starvation. They spread distrust and terror where calmness and resignation existed before; they tore asunder—they uprooted all sympathies, all charities, when misery most demanded their aid and support. To acknowledge that a case of plague had broken out in a family, was to subject that family to imprisonment, and to uncontrolled despotism. Hence, the dead were flung into the public streets, or buried and allowed to putrify within the dwellings where they died. At last the horrors became unbearable; and our Consul at Alexandria, whose opinion I may quote in his own words, that the current belief as to the contagiousness of plague, "is a delusion which is a reproach to the present age;"—that the existing quarantine regulations are "intolerable absurdities," Mr. Thurburn, I say, had the humane and manly courage to represent to the Viceroy the fearful, the fatal consequences of the measures adopted by the Board of Health; and they were put an end to by the interference of his Highness. The disease took its course unarrested and uncontrolled by the cordons which had been established; it reached its intensity; but before this period experience had shown that the precautions employed, had served in no respect to check its progress; with the approach of the hot season it diminished, and at last wholly disappeared, though the cordons had been abandoned and the pestilence allowed to spread and propagate itself at will.

The cases in which contact with persons having the plague, or with the corpses of those who have died of the plague, has not communicated the disease, are so abundant as to show that the contagious principle cannot at all events be a very active one, at least on ordinary occasions. Mothers frequently die of the disease without communicating it to their suckling children—husbands and wives have the malady while in a state of habitual cohabition, without conveying it to their partners. Plague patients constantly expire in the arms of others, and no evil consequence results; and it is scarcely possible to have been long a resident in the Levant without being an ocular witness of cases where to be in the presence of, and even to have handled, a plague patient, has led to no injurious consequences.

Even those who contend most strenuously for the contagiousness of the plague, have not ventured to say that they have been able to trace it from person to person. Cases of the appearance of the disease after contact or communication with plague patients may no doubt occur; but it by no means follows, that the contact or communication was the immediate cause of the spread of the disease. What is wanting to support the popular theory and to justify the quarantine regulations is, to prove that the plague is not of spontaneous or endemic growth—that it is

communicated by a specific contagion only—and that Lazzaret arrangements can prevent its progress. I apprehend that neither of these theories can be supported by facts sufficiently numerous to overthrow the immense multitude of facts which appear to demonstrate, first, that the primary cases of plague are not imported, but indigenous in the spots were it exhibits itself—that its progress is not to be tracked from one diseased person to another, and that the establishment of cordons or Lazzarets has not prevented the introduction or the spread of the disease.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

From French Works.

Mozart in Paris.—On the eighth day, Mozart at length presented himself at the Duchess of Chabots. He was first made to wait in a cold hall, and then in a large dreary room, without a fire. The duchess at length appeared, received him with extreme politeness, and begging him to sit down at the instrument, hoped he would not mind its being somewhat out of repair. Mozart replied, that he would play with the greatest pleasure, could he but have an opportunity of warming his fingers, which were as cold and stiff as ice. "Certainly, sir, you are right," answered the duchess. That was all her answer, and seating herself on a sofa, she was soon surrounded by a number of gentlemen, who entered into conversation with her. "I had the honour to wait another hour," says Mozart, in a letter to his father; "the windows and doors were open, and I, lightly clad, felt myself chilled all over—my head was beginning to ache. I at length sat down to play, but it was a poor instrument, and what was still more aggravating, the duchess desisted not from her work, neither did the gentlemen from their conversation. I found this very trying, my patience was all but exhausted. I began Fisher's variations, but only played them half through, when I rose with impatience. There was a general concert of bravos and praises. As for me, I set about ranging what I thought I should say, that I could not do myself credit on that piano, and that I should be most happy to call another day to perform on a better instrument. I was not attended to. I was then obliged to wait another half hour, till the duke came; he listened to me with attention; and I forgot all my cold and headache, and played, as I play when in a good humour. Give me the best, the most superb instrument in the world, and an inattentive or a careless audience, and I lose my whole courage. I am tired of these visits. On foot, the distance is too long, and the streets are filled with mud; and in a coach, you have the honour of paying little less than what you get: they praise you, it is all 'seraphic, sublime, astonishing,' and there is an end of it."

Byron and Vernet.—Once on the Gulph of Naples there was a barge, and in this barge were two gentlemen, whose acquaintance had only begun on the shore. For a subject of conversation they began speaking of Mount Vesuvius. One of these gentlemen was short, thin, and fair; the other lame. "It appears to me," said the latter to the former, "that your occupation is painting." "I try," answered the short gentleman. And naturally enough the lame one had a desire to know who this gentleman could be. The short, fair-haired person was Vernet, the painter of Mazeppa and the Wolves, and Mazeppa and the Wild Horses; who, by taking this boat, spared the other a postage, who was no other than Lord Byron.

Marat.—After a long and restless night, one of those nights in which the crimes of a man weigh with a fearful incubus on his breast, Marat awoke of a sudden, his eyes haggard, his lungs panting; he turned in his bed, and looked like a wild beast ruminating in his den. He was thinking—it was a thought peculiar to himself, and as he lay thinking, he groaned again and again.

At length his mind seemed eased; a thought of a nature to excite a smile flitted athwart his black imagination, and a few paroxysms of joy escaped him, and lit up his features with a ghastly glare. He called a barber—a thin, pale, frail-looking being, whom a breath seemed able to shatter.

At sight of him, Marat threw his nightcap on the bed, and his long red hair falling on his shoulders, effectually completed the picture of a savage hyena; he then fixed a long gaze on the barber, who, apparently regardless of the monster and reckless man before him, coolly prepared his shaving apparatus.

"Citizen, are you ready?" squeaked the frail barber.

Marat sat silently down; but on the razor being first applied to his chin, he stopped short the operator, and smiling in his peculiar manner, "You see there," said he, "there's a pistol—make the slightest incision, do but give me a scratch, and its contents are for you! Come, courage, go on."

The barber, without replying a word, proceeded with his business; in a moment it was all done. Marat leaped with fury to a broken looking-glass, looked for the least appearance of fresh blood; whilst the barber, with the utmost nonchalance, packed up his tools.

"I say," cried Marat, "you wasn't afraid then?"

"Afraid? what of?"

"Why, of that pistol."

The little frail barber shook his head.

"Ah! do you think Marat would not have kept his word?"

"No, impossible."

"How's that?"

The barber made a low bow, and when once outside the door, said, "Citizen, had I begun, I should have had no hesitation to finish."

Haydn.—It is impossible to express the joy felt by every one, when it was heard that Haydn would be present at the theatre (at Vienna.) One only dreary thought obtruded itself—suppose he should die on the way? Will he be strong enough to be present? Oh, can he come? were questions every one put to his neighbour. Shouts at length were heard; it was the people cheering the approach of the octogenarian: he was carried into the theatre. The venerable composer was leaning on the shoulder of the Netcher, for whom he had formerly composed the "menuet du bœuf;" he was a faithful and grateful friend.

The doors were opened; Princess Esterhazy flew to meet him; the bravos of the spectators mingled with the notes of the orchestra, which had struck up to salute him. After a moment of silence, Talieri left the orchestra to inquire the orders of Haydn, who, guessing the motive which caused the tears to stand glistening in his eyes, said, "Come, embrace an old friend;" it was all he could say, and their tears commingled.

Talieri returned to the orchestra; the signal was given, and the cantate, which once Mozart had composed for Haydn, opened the festival. To this piece succeeded the "Creation." It was in vain that once the hand of the author rose to beat time; it fell back powerless, and his head dropped on his breast. The old man wept; it is the last resource of nature, whether to express our excess of grief or of joy. His tears were sweet.

For a moment all was suspended; the most unremitting attention at length restored him, and the piece was continued. But its tones had assumed another character; grief and sorrow at the sight of departing genius equally affected all, and the floods of harmony seemed to be carried aloft, as an offering to the throne of mercy, that his days might not yet be numbered.

Exhausted, however, and overcome by so many emotions, a shudder was seen to run through his frame. Dr. Capellini, who never left him a moment, thought his legs were not sufficiently covered. In an instant, shawls and cloaks were offered from all corners of the room. "Doctor, what shall we do?" inquired several people anxiously; "My friends, my friends," answered a feeble voice, "nothing, nothing, it is done." His strength forsook him, every one offered to assist him home; but he waved his hand, and pointing to the orchestra, directed his eyes to heaven, and blessed his friends.

Three days after, Haydn was no more.

Madame Mère.—The mother of Napoleon was of a very pleasing exterior, and always dressed like a young person; she generally wore a muslin gown, and a crown of artificial flowers surmounted her head. Her son often complained to her on the subject of her dress, as unbecoming one of her years, and too simple to appear at court. He commissioned Madame Bacciochi to take his mother to the famous magazine of Lenormant, and there to make a provision of dresses and other things, suitable to his mother's rank and years. Madame Mère, after much persuasion, at length consented to go, but she was shocked at the enormous charges, and persisted in leaving without expending a farthing. Madame Elise, however, remonstrated, and ordered stuffs to the amount of a thousand crowns, compelling her mother to take them; the good lady was ill for a fortnight afterwards, with grief at having spent so much money. After Lucian's departure, she took possession of his "hotel;" she gave no more than 128 francs per annum to her servants whom she did not board. Her three cooks had an apron a-piece per diem, a duster, and one towel in common. She preserved her former water-carrier that she used to employ in Rue St. Honoré, and paid five centimes per bucket—this man furthermore drew water to wash and clean the plate. She only took in four small loaves of half a pound weight a-day, and these she shared with an old attendant, brought over from Corsica, and who had waited on her more than thirty years. When Mesdames Elise and Pauline wished to have a little amusement at their mother's expense, they would call on her and stay to dine, when the old lady was obliged to send to the baker's for more bread. On the Emperor's obliging her to keep an establishment, the old Corsican attendant was appointed to wait outside the door, while the servants who served had to pass; her duty was to consign to a cupboard, the key of which was always in her possession, all dishes, either left untouched, or but slightly begun; they were brought on table the next and following days. When asked how it was she exercised so much economy in her household expences, she would reply, "When I had to provide for nine children, 100*l.* was sufficient. There is now my son Lucian who is not provided for, he is a great expense; he will never be able to get his daughters off his hands; I have taken upon myself to endow them. Besides, it is always prudent to be saving; there is no telling what may happen."

Frederick II.—One of Frederick's pages

had tried his patience to such an extent, that he gave him at length a box on the ear, which rather disturbed the symmetry of his curls. Without appearing in the least disconcerted, the page placed himself before a glass, and set about arranging his disordered hair. "What, you rascal, you dare?" exclaimed the incensed monarch. "Sire," replied the page, "I should be very sorry that those in the anti-chamber should know what has been passing between us." The King could not help laughing, and passed into another apartment. H. M.

The Public Journals.

ON THE POPULAR IGNORANCE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF LONDON.

In a Letter by W. Howitt to W. Tait, Esq.

You would naturally imagine that, as London is the great centre of activity and talent—that, as there mercantile, philosophical, and literary ambition flock as to the chief theatre of exertion and reward—wealth and knowledge, and a quick spirit, would overthrow together and diffuse themselves through the adjacent country. All inquiry, however, only proves that the farther you get from the metropolis, the more active is the disposition to a general diffusion of education amongst the people; and that nowhere does such gross ignorance exist as in the rural districts within fifty miles round London. The various reports of government commissioners, of parliamentary committees, and of popular societies, all testify to this fact. Look into the Reports of the Commissioners of Public Charities, into those of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and of the British and Foreign School Society, and you will find that all throughout the agricultural districts of the north of England the peasantry are better educated, and that pauperism consequently never assumed there the terrific aspect which it did in Kent, Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and other southern counties. The metropolitan journals have, one and all, joined in exclamations of surprise and indignation on this latter event. All have agreed in the strange fact of this dense cloud of rural ignorance with which the capital is encircled, but few or none have gone down into the real causes of its existence.

The villages themselves are often very picturesque. They are frequently scattered along extensive commons, amidst abundant woods and grey heaths; generally buried in their old orchards, and built with many picturesque angles and projections; often thatched, and consisting of old framed timber-work, or wood altogether, with gardens full of flowers, and goodly rows of bee-hives. . . . . But the people themselves seem lost in their umbrageous hamlets, and on their commons unthought of. There is the village of Oxshott, some three miles hence, (Esher, Surrey.) Go through it on a Sunday, when the agricultural people are all at leisure, and there they are, as thick as motes in the sun, in the middle of the village street. There is no church; nor any inhabitants, but farmers and labourers. Boys, girls, men, and women, all seem to be out of doors, and all in their every-day garbs. The colour of tawny-soiled slops and straw-hats gives, as a painter would say, the prevailing tint to the scene. The boys are busy enough, playing at ball or cricket, The men seem to pass their time sitting on banks or stiles, a-gossiping or smoking in groups. Scarcely a soul will move out of the way to let you pass. The intellectual condition of this obscure hamlet is strikingly indicated to every passer through, by a large school-house, bearing on its front, cut in stone, this proud title—'THE ROYAL KENT SCHOOL, founded in 1820;' but which has since been so far confounded, that its windows are broken to atoms, and it is at once recent and in ruins! This state of things should not be suffered to continue.

In some parts of Essex, Sussex, Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire, schools of any kind are represented as unknown; and that in others, not more than one in the fifteen of the labourers is able to read. In this part of Surrey, the difficulty is to find a labourer at all that can read, and none but those who have had to do with them can tell the density of their minds. Tho rust of ages seems to be settled upon them. If ignorance were laughable, some most ridiculous instances of it might be given. When I came here I asked the gardener who had lived all his life here, what house in the village Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the novelists, used to occupy. He told me; and added, gratuitiously—"How much these ladies were made of by the gentry!" "And on what account?" I asked. "Oh! they made drawings for young ladies, or something." As I was going into Chertsey one day, I was curious to know whether anything was remembered of Abraham Cowley, who lived some time and died there. There is a stone tablet fixed in the front of his house, still bearing Pope's line—

'Here the last numbers flowed from Cowley's tongue;'

so that one would think the house a matter of sufficient notoriety in a place of perhaps a couple of thousands of population. I asked two old women who sate on a bank at the town-end, if they could tell me whereabouts Cowley's house stood. "Cowley! Cowley!" said they. "What is he?" "Nay," I observed, "it is rather what was he?" Oh, then, they knew nothing about him, and they knew nobody of that name. "Well, but," I added, "it is Cowley, the poet, that

I mean." "A poet? a poet?" said one old woman to the other looking very full of wonder—"what is a poet?" They shook their heads and could make nothing of it. I repeated my inquiries to every person that I saw, but with as little success, till I got very near to the house itself, when I found a man who knew it.—*Tait's Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF RAILWAYS IN DEVELOPING THE RESOURCES OF A COUNTRY.

The Irish Railway Commissioners, in their second report, have collected a number of important facts on the above subject, to show the astonishing effect of increased facility of intercourse. The outline which follows enumerates the principal of them.

These effects are not confined to any country or district, although they are, of course, more striking and rapid in rich commercial ones than in others. The extent to which intercourse is not only increased, but actually created by the facility of accomplishing it, would be incredible but for the numerous and authentic examples of it to be seen in so many different localities, and under as various circumstances. The omnibus conveyances between different parts of London and its principal suburbs, (the same thing, it might have been added, having previously taken place in Paris and other capitals,) are a familiar and striking instance of this fact. And yet the number—a daily increasing one—of these has not prevented the establishment and success of steamers, continually plying between Westminster and London bridges, and daily conveying many thousands of persons, although it is a contiguous and parallel line to one of the chief directions of the omnibus traffic. Equally surprising is the number of passengers carried by the steamers down the Thames. Upwards of 500,000 persons were conveyed last year by the steamers to Greenwich, and about 300,000 to Woolwich and Blackwall, independent of the tens, or perhaps hundreds of thousands conveyed to Gravesend, Herne-bay, Margate, Ramsgate, &c., and of considerably more than 1,000,000 who travel to and from Greenwich by the railway. It is, perhaps, still more astonishing that the land conveyances have nevertheless increased with almost equal rapidity. Two coaches, running each twice a-day, formed the *only* passenger conveyance between London and Woolwich not longer than 30 years ago. The omnibuses alone now perform the journey 48 times per day, besides the numerous vans and coaches which ply between Woolwich and Greenwich, to take passengers to and from the railway. Only two generations back there were no means of reaching London from Horsham, in Sussex, a distance of 36 miles, but on foot or on horseback. Upwards of 30 coaches now pass through Horsham daily, to and from London, besides post-chaises, private carriages, &c., while the traffic of goods exceeds 40,000 tons per annum. This change has been solely caused by the construction of a good road. On the Stockton and Darlington road, the passengers conveyed amounted only to 4,000 annually previous to the opening of the railway; they now exceed 16,000. The average number of passengers on the Bolton railroad is now 2,500 per week, although it did not previously amount to 300. The coaches running between Newcastle and Carlisle, prior to the railway, were only licensed to carry 343 persons per week, or both ways, 686; now 1,596 are on the average conveyed the whole distance every week. On the Dundee and Newstyle line, the railway has increased the annual number of travellers from 4,000 to upwards of 50,000. Between Liverpool and Manchester the number of passengers by the coaches was formerly 146,000 in the year; it is now more than 500,000 by the railway alone. The same, if not a more surprising, result has taken place in foreign countries. The former traffic between Brussels and Antwerp consisted of about 75,000 passengers per annum; the railroad has raised it to more than 1,200,000! Similar effects have been experienced in the United States, both in the increase of travelling, and in the rapidity and denseness with which the vicinity of railroads, and of steam navigation, has become located and peopled. Hence the great stimulus which has been given to the construction of railroads in that country: in January, 1835, full 1,600 miles of railway had already been completed in the United States, at a cost of about 8,130,000*l.* sterling.

STATISTICS OF LONDON.

Population.

In the reign of Henry II., London contained 40,000 inhabitants. In that of William III., the number was 674,600; George III., 676,000; ditto, 1801, 1,097,000; ditto, 1811, 1,304,000; George IV., 1821, 1,574,000; William IV., 1831, 1,860,000.

Of this population, there were within the bills of mortality, in 1821, 660,578 men, and 768,007 women, being 38 women to 33 men. Of this number, according to the census, 8,855 families were agriculturists, 199,902 mechanics, and 116,834 of other professions. Allowing four persons to each family, there were 800,000 persons of the industrious class, and 464,000 without any particular useful profession.

In 1836, amongst this great population, there were 60 bankers, 1,680 stock-brokers,

300 physicians, 580 chemists, 1,180 surgeons, 131 notaries, 1,150 lawyers, 1,560 merchants, 3,480 commercial agents, 2,100 bakers, 1,800 butchers, 200 brewers, 4,300 public-house keepers, 3,900 tailors, 2,800 shoemakers, 390 hatters, 200 curriers, 520 architects, builders, &c.

But the number of persons attached to each of these professions is about ten times that of the masters. There are 16,502 shoemakers, without including the apprentices; 14,552 tailors, 19,625 carpenters and joiners; in all, 450 different sorts of businesses. In 1836, there were 207 hotels, 447 taverns, 557 coffee-houses, 5,975 public-houses and beer-shops, 8,649 gin palaces, and 15,839 various shops.

From 1744 to 1800, during the period of 56 years, the deaths in London exceeded the number of births by 267,000; being on an average annually a loss of 4,800 persons. Whilst from 1801 to 1830, during a space of 30 years, the births exceeded the deaths by 102,975, or on an average, 3,600 per annum.

The Gatherer.

Death's Doings.—"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, which commanded a full prospect of an estate he had just purchased; "I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard; and on that spot I'll have a pinery.—You farm-houses shall come down," said old Gregory, "they interrupt my view."—"Then what will become of the farmers?"—asked the steward who attended him.—"That's their business," answered old Gregory. "And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.—"Then, how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.—"That's not my business," answered old Gregory. So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—and awoke no more; and the farmers reside on their lands—and the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice that death did "business with old Gregory."

A Musickl Dog.—An amateur flute-player had a terrier dog that would sit listening to his master's performance for an hour together; but if he played "Drops of Brandy" rather rapidly, the animal would jump upon his knees, and push the flute from his mouth. The Temperance Society ought to have presented this sober dog with a silver collar.

Deferred Sensibility.—A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

November.—Of all the months in the year, November, in our climate, whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally thought to be a sour, sulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month; in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, I have never given in to this national abuse of November. I know him well, and although I admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are, at the best, bluff, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance his character continues to mellow and ameliorate itself, so that they come at last to like, if not to love him, and even to prefer his company (in the season of the year,) to that of other more brilliant months.—*Professor Wilson.*

A Good Parliament Man.—"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good parliament man, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment: the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!"

In the churchyard of Clackmannan, there is a tombstone with the initials C. G. engraved upon it, and an inscription that is nearly obliterated, from which it appears, that the poor man interred there having one day gone to the castle to ask charity, the lord of the mansion, who happened to be at an open window, upon hearing the supplicant's petition, called out to him:—"Gae to hell! you shall na come in here."—"I need na gae there," replied the poor man; "having just come from that."—"What's doing there?" said the chief.—"Why, my lord," answered the applicant, "they are playing the same game there as here, they are taking in the rich and holding out the poor." This reply cost the poor man his life; the tyrant of the castle having caused him to be tortured to death. W. G. C.

Epitaph in Newhaven Churchyard, on Thomas Tipper, who died May 14th, 1785.—

(Copied for the *Mirror*, by H. Scalthorp.)

Reader, with kind regard, this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay:
Honest he was—ingenuous, blunt and kind,
And dar'd do what few dare do—speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew—
Was vers'd in Physic and in Surgery too.
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.
He play'd through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart!
Reader, in real truth, such was the man:
Be better, wiser—laugh more, if you can.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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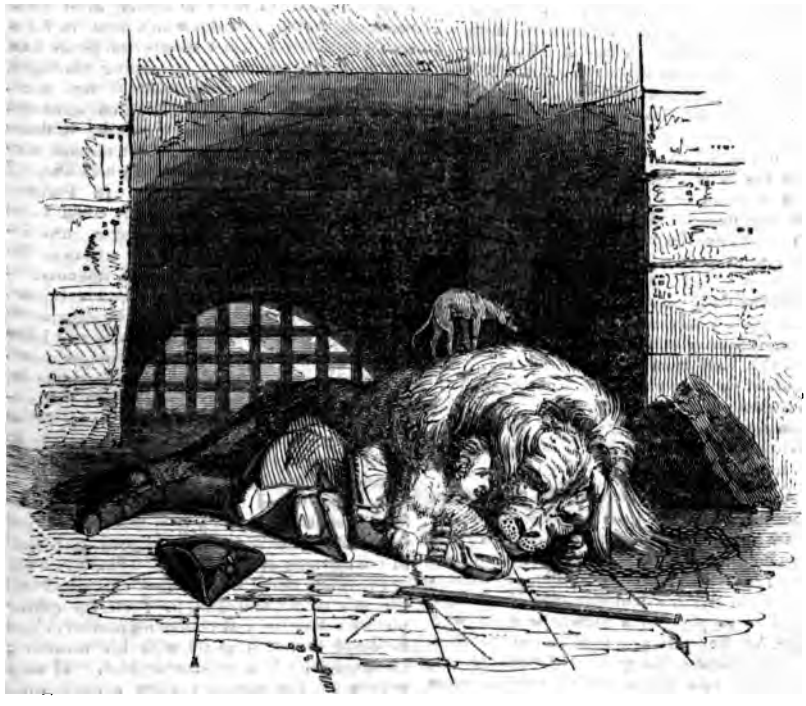

THE LION-TAMER OF AUGSBURG.

The surprise and delight of the public in witnessing the exploits of Van Amburgh, in the command he assumes over many ferocious animals have been very great, making them act with a docility far beyond mere brutal instinct, and which would have been looked on in Pagan times as being possessed of supernatural powers. It has been said that Van Amburgh is the first man that ever tamed such animals as lions, tigers, &c.; but this assertion we can very easily prove to be grounded in error. True it is, indeed, there is 'nothing new under the sun;' for we find in the very earliest period, that man gave proof he had "dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The serpent-charmers, who are referred to in the 5th verse of the 58th psalm, evidently had the power of controlling serpents by force of their music. In the 'Missionary Magazine,' for March 1837, which says, 'that a charmer was sent into a garden, when he drew a large cobra di capello from its hole; who, charmed with the music, turned towards the musician, raised its head from the ground, and bending backward and forward, kept time with the tune.' In Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, and other authorities, it will be found our Saxon forefathers made bears and other wild animals completely subservient to their will, in crouching at their feet, licking their hands, and performing whatever was commanded of them.

By referring to our engraving, it will be seen that even the merit of subduing lions is neither due to Monsieur Martin, who exhibited his powers over them at Drury Lane Theatre, in October, 1831, or to Van Amburgh, at the present period; for, in February 1760, a lion, completely tamed and trained, was to be seen in Augsburg. He was managed by his keeper, as represented in the

accompanying engraving, copied from an excesively rare print, engraved by Johann Elias Ridinger, of Vienna; with an inscription in German, of which the following is a literal translation:

"The lion at the direction of the voice and staff of his keeper, immediately throws himself upon the ground, and stretches out his hinder-legs; after which, the man also lies down, placing his body between the animal's fore-legs, one of which lies over his neck, so that they can even kiss each other. At this time, a little dog springs upon the lion's back, and quietly remains standing there. Then when the man rises, another little dog is let out to him, which runs up to the lion barking with his mouth open; and, whether it be from aversion or otherwise, he is allowed to continue unmolested lying between his feet. I have drawn the lion in this position, and likewise in another.* Oh that man in other instances would learn of these wild creatures to subdue their passions."

It was our intention to have given a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the animals, birds, reptiles, &c., that have been publicly exhibited, giving proofs of the power man had over them; but, on looking over our collection, we found that room could not possibly be spared for noticing a tenth part of them; the following notices, we trust, will suffice:

Among the most remarkable trainers, or teachers, or subduers of animals, must certainly be ranked the celebrated Bisset, who was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He so completely brought various animals under his dominion, that he taught monkies to play on a barrel, to waltz with dogs, &c. &c. He also produced at the Haymarket Theatre, his celebrated *Cat's Opera*, where the cats played several regular tunes on the dulcimer, squalling at the same time, with the music before them: this novelty brought overflowing houses; he also exhibited the exploits of his horse and dog. He taught a leveret to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs; and he declared that the hare, instead of being timid, was as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of his powers, as any he had known. He taught canaries and other birds to spell the name of any person; and other diverting tricks; he taught turkey-cocks to go through a regular country-dance; and made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. In 1780, he showed his learned pig, at Ranelagh Gardens; but just as poor Bisset was about "bringing his pigs to a good market," he became enthralled in a quarrel in Belfast, and died a few days after, on his way to London.

* To be inserted in our next Number.

Banks, another Scotchman, displayed, perhaps, the most wonderful controul over a horse named Morocco, on record: this was about the year 1588. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," speaks in the highest terms of admiration of him; and Sir Kenelm Digby, in his "Treatise on Bodies," cap. 38, p. 393, informs us, "this horse would restore a glove to the true owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear: would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, by stamping his foot on the ground so many times," &c. &c. Another exploit of this celebrated animal appears to have been that of walking to the top of Paul's Church, an incident alluded to by Decker, in his "Gull's Horn-Booke," 1609. In 1601, he exhibited in Paris; where the magistrates declaring he could not perform such tricks without magic, imprisoned him; but, being shortly afterwards convinced of their error, he was liberated; whereupon, unwarned by this narrow escape, he repaired to Rome, where, to the disgrace of the age, and of humanity, Banks and his horse were burned by the Pope as magicians. Among the entries in the books at Stationers' Hall, is that of a pamphlet, entitled "Moroccus Extaticus; or Banks's bay horse in a trance," prefixed to which is a rude wooden frontispiece, representing the horse standing on his hind legs, with a stick in his mouth; before him is his master with a stick in his hand; on the floor lie a pair of dice, and in the back-ground appear some figures habited in the costume of the times.

In 1759, there was a horse exhibited at the fair of St. Germain, in Paris, so completely under the controul of his master, that he could fire off a pistol with his mouth; he could feign himself lame or dead. If any person of the assembly drew a card, and held it before the horse's eye, he would beat on the ground with his foot as many strokes as there were spots on the card. He could likewise tell what o'clock it was by a watch, by beating with his hoof, expressing the quarter, as a repeating watch, by small redoubled strokes. All these, and many other feats of ingenuity, were seen by a great concourse of spectators. It cannot be doubted but that this horse was guided by the signs or voice of his master; and this assertion of the means adopted to make the animal subservient to the wishes of his keeper is strengthened by the two following quotations from the ninth volume (N.S.) of the "Gent. Mag.," p. 476.

Mr. Rose, in his "Parthenopex de Blois," p. 147, asserts "that an Irish smith, at a race in Ireland, professed to reduce an animal to obedience which had hitherto been perfectly unmanageable. He was for a short time shut up with him in his stable; what passed on the occasion is not known;

the result was, that the horse proved not only disciplined to all useful purposes, but, after receiving a *whisper* (for it was thus he pretended to convey his commands), for the first time performed a variety of tricks with the utmost readiness and docility. The man professed his intention of communicating this secret, but he died suddenly, and the wonder is yet unexplained."

In Casaubon's "History of Incredulity," 1672, 12mo., mention is made of one John Young, a horse-trainer, of Somersetshire, who made a mastiff dog, which he had never seen before, lie down, without touching him, and to remain quite motionless, which feat he accomplished. He began to play on his pipe, and presently the dog, who was at some distance, began to reel; and when the man left off piping, the dog recovered, and was as well as usual. It was also asserted by a woman in the house, that this Young would tame the fiercest horse or bull, by speaking a word or two in their ears, and they would become so tractable, that they allowed themselves to be led with a string, and in this state did ride them. This he had achieved very often with the fiercest bulls and horses. Young also, for a wager of 10*l.*, made another fierce mastiff, belonging to a tanner, lie down in a similar manner as he did the dog we just mentioned. This he also actually accomplished by piping to them. It is thus evident "that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

[This subject will be completed in a future number; and illustrated by two engravings from excessively rare prints in the unique collection of Mr. Fillinham, who with the greatest politeness and liberality, has not only furnished us with them, but also with the scarce original from which our accompanying engraving is accurately copied.]

IRISH LEGENDS.

The monks of Ireland, in the middle ages (says a recent writer), seem to have surpassed their brethren of Britain in the art of fabricating history; the latter went no higher than the days of Brute, the Trojan, while the former asserted that the grand-daughter of Adam came to Ireland, with a numerous colony, before the primitive race had degenerated into crime. The next band of colonists that arrived are stated to have been Greeks, under the guidance of Partholanus, whose genealogy they traced from Noah. After this, several new tribes arrived from places equally illustrious, but their fame is absorbed by that of the Milesian colony, whose arrival in Ireland is dated previous to the Argonautic expedition. The history of the Milesians is detailed at length in the Irish legends. They were, it appears, a Phœnician branch of the vast Scythic nation, to whom the greatest revolutions in ancient and modern times have been generally ascribed. Phenius, the chief legislator of the tribe, having invented letters and some important arts of civilized life, acquired so great a fame in the neighbouring nations, that the Egyptian king sent ambassadors to his court. Niul, the son of Phenius, progenitor of the O'Neill family, was sent, with a numerous train, to return the compliment, and so highly pleased Pharoah, that he obtained his daughter in marriage, and a fertile tract on the banks of the Egyptian river as her dowry. From him the river Nile takes its name; and from him Egypt derived all that knowledge which, in subsequent ages, entitled her to be named the parent of civilization. Shortly after this, the Exodus occurred; and, the Phœnicians having treated the departing Israelites with much generosity, the Egyptians, who survived the calamity of the Red Sea, were so indignant that they expelled the Phœnicians from their territories; and, after a long course of wandering, in which they successively established themselves in Crete, Africa, and Spain, they at last landed in Erin, bringing with them the knowledge of letters and the elements of civilization, long before Greece had emerged from barbarism, or Italy received the arts of social life. W. G. C.

THE DYING YEAR.

(*For the Mirror.*)

And thou art speeding fast away,
Departing Year, with noiseless wing;
I hear thy requiem whispering.—
Farewell!—but yet a moment stay,
E'er gathering night,
Tells of thy flight,
And the deep midnight bell
Thy last adieu shall tell.
And thou shalt join the dim long gathered years,
Mark'd with earth's joy and woe, its sunshine and its tears!

And since thy dawn, bright eyes have closed,
That dream'd not then so soon to die;
That on hope's flattering smile reposed,
In health and fond security,—
Now low and cold, I see the rank grass wave,
Unmark'd, unheeded, on that dreamer's grave!

The sable garb, the weeping eye,
Proclaim that thou hast passed by,
And weary, weary age,
Hath clos'd time's pilgrimage.
And childhood's laugh is hush'd in death,
And beauty left her flowery wreath.
The shroud their livery all, the hillock green beneath.

And where the joyous hearth was bright,
And mirth and music rung,
Now memory with a ghastly light,
A funeral note has sung!
The trophies round thy car, receding Year,
Affection's broken chain, and mute bereavement's tear!

And "nearer lies the land to which we go,"
The peopled strand, beyond time's gliding river,
Where happy spirits rest from mortal woe,
And bathe in the pure springs of life for ever.—
When pass'd a few more years, or months, or hours;
May that eternal home, that heritage be ours!

Kirton-Lindsey. ANNE B—.

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.

Leaves of Plants.

INTO the composition of leaves, enter all the elementary tissues of which the plant is composed. The vessels are collected into bundles in the petiole (or leaf-stalk); and branch out in the leaves. The thickness of leaves, (which varies much in different kinds of plants), depends on the quantity of cellular tissue they contain. We treated of that tissue in our second number (see page 130). In thick leaves, the upper surface (or *page*, as it is sometimes called) is generally level; while the under one swells out, so as, in some cases, to be of a triangular form. The shape of leaves presents an endless variety. Dr. Litton says he has sometimes endeavoured to draw, from fancy, a new shape; but, provided it was symmetrical, he always found a leaf resembling it. On account of this variety, it is very difficult to classify leaves; but the best system is that which is founded on the course of the *nerves*,—as the prominent lines in leaves are denominated. In this way we get two classes; the first distinguished by *branching* nerves, and the second by *parallel* nerves. The shape of leaves depends on the manner in which the subdivisions of the nerves terminate. The petiole is generally on the same plane with the leaf; but is sometimes perpendicular to it; as in *peltate* leaves, as they are called,—from their resemblance to a round *shield* ("pelta"). In aquatic plants, this arrangement allows the leaves to lie on the surface of the water. Some say that in *serrated* leaves (so called from their margin resembling the edge of a *saw*, —"serra") the points are designed to carry off electricity. Branched nerves belong to dicotyledonous plants; parallel nerves to monocotyledonous; so that by a fragment of a leaf, you can tell to which of these two great divisions a plant belongs. In a monocotyledonous leaf, there is often no *midrib*,—as the middle nerve is called. Its long fibres are often employed as thread; which, in dicotyledonous plants, is obtained from the bark. There are generally parallel nerves in *lanceolate* (or *lance-shaped*) leaves.

Ferns are the only plants among the *cryptogamia* (plants without flowers) that have vessels; and in the leaves of which nerves are seen. If leaves have no petiole, they are called *sessile*. The petiole is generally channeled, or grooved, on its upper edge; as are also the large vessels of the leaf; so that the water is conveyed along the leaf and its stalk to the plant. Some leaves are convex on their surface, in order to throw off the water; as peltate leaves, before referred to. It is said that rushes growing in a *dry* soil are channeled; and that those in a *wet* soil are not. Decandolle says that the leaves of a plant reach to the same extent as its roots; and that the extremities of the latter receive the water dropping from the leaves where it is most needed. The channel on the petiole forms a cradle for the young bud. Some sessile leaves are inserted into the stem of the plant; as in the aspen; but others embrace it; as in monocotyledonous plants. The lower part of the stem of the palm, for instance, seems to be formed of the sheaths of petioles. By a similar arrangement bulbs are produced. In some plants, the leaves form cups, where they embrace the stem; which cups retain water; and are thus often of great service to travellers. The same thing may also occur in dicotyledonous plants, from another cause. When two opposite leaves have short stalks, the expanded parts of the latter coming together, are agglutinated; and thus a cup is formed. The honeysuckle furnishes us with an example of this arrangement.

A leaf is called *compound*, when its stalk sends off divisions; as in the chestnut, trefoil, &c. If these divisions are subdivided, the leaf is *doubly* compound; if again subdivided, *triply* compound, &c. Compound leaves impart great beauty to the acacias in hot countries. The sensitive plant has an *articulated* petiole,—a *jointed* foot-stalk; and Dutrochet says that it has a spring above and another below; according to the relative strength of which, the leaf is raised or let fall. All the leaves on a tree are generally of the same size when full-grown; but in some trees, as the mulberry, the leaves present a striking difference. When the ivy trails on the ground, its leaves are *lobed*; but if it mount a wall or a tree, its leaves are *plain*. The use of leaves is not accurately known. The fruit is found to grow beneath the leaves; whence, in hot countries, the leaves are very large; as in the palm-tree. One species of the latter is mentioned as having leaves fifteen feet long, and the plantain sometimes has leaves *ten* feet long. Some plants, flowering in cold weather, have small leaves, in order that the sun's rays may be freely admitted; as is seen in the crocus. Alpine trees have large flowers and small leaves. Palms grow higher than other trees; and, by their large leaves, afford them shade. The leaf also protects the young bud; which is inserted into its *axilla* (the part where its stalk is attached to the tree). Sometimes there is a *stipule* (or small leaf) on each side of the axilla, to afford greater protection to the bud. The sheath of grasses is for the same purpose.

Leaves are also organs of transpiration. If you put a leaf into a glass-globe exposed to the heat of the sun, the inside of the globe will become covered with dew,—from the condensation of moisture transpired by

the leaf. It is not to be considered as mere *evaporation*, but as a *vital* process. In succulent plants there is but little transpiration;—the moisture being retained by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sprig of aloe hung up, will retain its moisture for years. A sun-flower, three feet and-a-half high, gave out twenty ounces of water in twelve hours. A chameleon-tree gave out, in a day, water equal to three times its own weight. The *stomata* of plants (so called from στομα, a *mouth*;—open pores, as it were) are said to be organs of transpiration; and that the hairs of plants are designed to regulate it;—being found most abundant in plants exposed to the light. Some plants, in hot countries, seem to be covered with a coat of hair, or down. At the Cape of Good Hope, there is what is called "the stocking-tree;" which yields a coat like leather, or German tinder, in the shape of gloves or stockings. One object of transpiration is to remove the superfluous water from a plant. It relieves the turgescence of the vessels, by taking away some of the water which has been absorbed by the roots. This water is absorbed by the spongioles; but by what power, is disputed. It was said by Sir Isaac Newton to be capillary attraction; but there are insuperable objections to this hypothesis:—1. A fluid will not rise in dead plants; which it ought to do if the power were mere capillary attraction. 2. You never can get a liquid plant to flow over the top of a capillary tube; but if a vine be cut across, the sap rises and overflows. Dutrochet says it is by a *vital* power, called *endosmose*. If we hang a small bag, containing an animal or vegetable substance, in a fluid, the latter passes into the bag. When putrefaction begins, the fluid passes out by *exosmose*. Dutrochet says, that if a small tube be inserted in this bag, the fluid will rise in it, and overflow. He calls this apparatus an *endosmometer*. N. R.

THE MYTHS OF THE ANCIENTS.

For upwards of six thousand years those marvellous compositions of the human intellect, which go by the name of myths or fables, have never ceased to exert a powerful influence over the minds of men. Fable, in other words, is as old as the world itself. She retains to this day, and moreover ever will retain, her empire: we cannot choose but love her—we are even born for her. She cannot be better likened than to an immortal, whose deceptive siren-tongue, at all times, amuses, hers being emphatically "the voice of the charmer." Let but her lips be opened, and she forthwith surrounds us with prodigies; ever in the place of realities substituting, or at least assisting them with pleasing and delightful chimeras. Submitting herself, nevertheless, to history and philosophy, she never deceives, except the better to instruct us. Faithful to preserve the realities which are entrusted to her, she envolops with her seducing covering, both the lessons of the one, and the truths of the other. The graceful compliment of the *nil tetigit quod non ornavit*—the touching nothing, but to adorn it, peculiarly applies to her.

As a novel instance of the foregoing remarks, a beautiful little myth is introduced to the notice of the reader, which carries in it some point and beauty. It opens by relating that the young Bacchus was just beginning to take those elementary lessons which should thereafter render him a fit member of the Olympian hierarchy. Silenus was accordingly selected as a fit master to instruct him, and to instil into his mind the precepts of divine wisdom. On the day in question the young scholar sought the Muses, (or, un-mythologically to express it, proceeded to learn his lesson of poetry,) in the wood, the silence of which was unbroken, save by the gush of fountains and the song of birds. The son of Semele, to study the language of the gods, sat himself down at the foot of a venerable oak, which had formerly given oracles, and which time had not dared to cut down with his trenchant axe. Near this sacred and ancient tree a young faun had concealed himself, who listened to the verses which his young godship sang, and who satirically noted to Silenus, with a mocking little laugh, all the faults which his juvenile disciple made. Moreover, the naïads, and all the other nymphs of the woods—whether Oread, Dryad, or Hamadriad, smiled also. This sagacious little critic was young, graceful, and arch of manner: his head was filleted with ivy and vine, and his temples ornamented with grape-clusters; from his left shoulder down to his right side, hung a festoon of ivy, in the fashion of a scarf; and the young wine-god was well pleased to see those leaves consecrated as they were to his divinity. The faun at length became somewhat warmer in his critical remarks, and his little laughter quite thrilled the spot: he hammered against the tree for very joy with a little knotty crooked stick he had in his hand, and his ringlets behind, by reason of his merry motions, seemed as if disporting on his back. But as Bacchus could not endure such a malignant laughter, always ready to mock his expressions, if they happened in the least to deviate from strict purity or elegance, he said to him in a tone, at once fierce and impatient, "How dare you mock the son of Jupiter?" The little faun answered quizzically, without moving, "Eh! how dares the son of Jupiter make a fault?"

By exemplary relations of such a nature as the preceding, fable always exerts a beneficial influence on the mind; and if she relates at other times stories sown with marvels and prodigies, they are framed by her for the purpose

of exciting unusual curiosity, and thereby more forcibly engraving all the circumstances of truth upon the memory.

Fable, indeed, wields most powerfully her magic sceptre, in producing miracles and metamorphoses. Her sway is most delightfully felt when she transports us from a world where we are always ill and displeased, into another world which, created by imagination, contains all that can administer pleasure. In her immense loom, multitudinous and variegated are the woofs, and all are more or less brilliant and entertaining. She personifies the clouds, the waters, and the elements, and thus makes nature enter, as it were, into an universal brotherhood with man. If the morning comes forth fairly—who is it but a young goddess that opens the gates of the east, dispenses freshness to the air, and strews the pathway of the sun with rubies. If the rainbow flings its rich and many-coloured scarf from one end of the horizon to the other, are not these the luminous traces of the passage of Iris, who carries to the earth the orders of Juno? And when the bright luminary of night, journeying through heaven, is it not the silver-bowed Diana, hunting on the heavenly plains, and shooting her silver shafts? or if, perchance, hidden by the dark intervention of a massy cloud, what fairer thought than that, in a beclouded Latmian cave, she receives the tender homage of the beauteous Endymion?

It is thus that fable toys with truth, throwing over her nakedness a brilliant and an imaginative covering. She is ever intent on enlarging our minds, or consoling the calamities of our stations, by painting things fairer and more acceptable than in reality they are. This, so long as it is not subversive of right principles, is pleasant and praise-worthy, since it helps to lighten and cheer the heaviness of our lot. There are few who to preserve themselves perfectly free from sorrow and inquietude, but would consent to be innocently deceived all the years they have to live.

——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? ———→

W. A.

CARES OF A SECRETARY OF STATE.

It is quite surprising to notice, amid the multitude of important cares which constantly engrossed the attention of Sir William Cecil, (Queen Elizabeth's favourite minister,) what trifles were occasionally obtruded upon him. An amusing instance of this is supplied by a letter which Christopher Jonson, Master of Winchester School, addressed to the Secretary, complaining of the perverseness of Richard Lydlington, one of his scholars. The letter is undated, but was written in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"The whole matter is thus:—As at all tymes I ever founde him very tumultuous and disobedient, so a litle before his repayre to your Honoure, a pykery (pillage) being committed amongst my scholares, and the suspicion falling vehemently upon him, (besyde his owne confession,) I happened to chalenge him for the same; but he choesinge rather to be expelled, as he sayde, than corrected for his falt, drew his knyfe at me, which he had for the purpose provided; and standinge at ward agaynst me and our subwarden, shoed such an example of stubbernesse to my scholars as theis twenty years I have not hard the lyke. Notwithstandinge, being apprehended and punished for this disorder, the same day he departed the college without license, but with such a threatninge stomach, bye report, as that I was advertysed by my friends to beware of his secrete malice. The next tyme I sawe him, he brought your Honoures Letters; upon the sight whereof I received him agayne, though I perceived he had glosed (palliated the matter) altogether with yoe. Synce that tyme, hitherto, he hath continued in suche overthwartness, as (were it not for your Honoures sake) neither I nor the College cold bare him. That which we doe in sufferinge his evell rule, I fear will prove to the animating of others farder then good order can abyde. This I beseke your honoure consyder of, and pardon me if towarde such I discharge my vocation. From the College by Winchester, the xvijth of Maie."

H. E. R.

ADVENTURE IN A STEAM-BOAT.

Having been frequently invited by a maternal uncle, who had removed in early life from Lancashire, to a village on the western coast of Argyleshire, to pay him a visit, I, at last, got matters so far settled as to have a few months at my own disposal, which I thought could not be turned to better account than in paying my respects to my worthy relation.

As I set out with the intention of exploring as much as possible of the romantic scenery amidst which my uncle had located himself, I embarked at Blackwall on board the "*Duchess of Sutherland*" steam-boat for Inverness, intending to cross from thence to Skye, and some others of the Western Isles.

My present object is simply to narrate an adventure which occurred to me during my northern trip; I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands. After spending a few days admiring the wild grandeur of the island of Skye, I left Jean Town by the "*Maid of Morven*" steamer, for Oban, a beautiful little village on the main land, near which my uncle resided. The morning was delightfully still and calm; but the valleys and lowland near the coast were shrouded in a thick veil of mist, while, probably, the sun shone in all its

splendour on the towering peak of Ben-Storr, covered with eternal snow. There is something awfully grand in standing, as I have often done, on the summit of a lofty mountain in the brilliant sunshine of a summer morning, and hearing the busy hum of life ascend from the dark sea of mist spread out underneath.

As we advanced on our voyage, the mist still continued to cover the "face of the waters" so thick that, in spite of all our precautions, we ran foul of a large brig lying at anchor in the Sound of Mull. All was now confusion on board, nor could the extent of our damage be ascertained, till something like order had been restored. It was then discovered that our mizen-mast and larboard quarter-bulwark had been carried away, and the funnel knocked down, by which one unfortunate fellow was killed, and several others were more or less injured.

After remaining more than two hours in this helpless condition, we got matters so far righted as to be able to continue our voyage.

The impenetrable curtain of mist that had hitherto veiled surrounding objects from our view, was suddenly withdrawn, as if by the hand of an enchanter, and the bold outlines of the wild scenery of the island of Mull, on the one hand, and that of the rocky coast of the "windy Marven" on the other, were reflected on the glassy surface of the water, undisturbed by a single ripple, except in the wake of our disabled ship. As we neared Aros, a small boat was descried making towards us, evidently bringing an accession of passengers, and on its nearer approach, we observed it contained, besides the rowers, a lady and gentleman—the latter dressed in the Highland costume. The boat being secured alongside, the lady was handed on board by her companion, who, however, immediately quitted her, and hurrying down the side, as if wishing to escape observation, was rowed off in his little skiff, which soon diminished to a small dark speck in the distant horizon.

Our fair fellow-passenger was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen years of age,—diminutive in figure—a lover would say *fairy-like*—but a perfect model of symmetry—a complexion of the most delicate hue, shaded by a profusion of dark glossy ringlets, and a pair of such bewitching eyes!—so dark and expressive, but so exquisitely soft! Her whole attention, since her arrival on board, had been directed towards the skiff, which evidently bore away a loved object—a brother, perhaps,—no—he must have been a lover; the expression of that "last, long, lingering look," directed to the tiny bark, too clearly indicated the state of her feelings—she had been separated for a time, by circumstances over which she had no controul, from him who first whispered into her ear the soft voice of love—who had first taught her young and guileless heart to beat with feelings of emotion in his presence, or even at the sound of his name, and with whom she hoped to be united on some future day, by the most sacred and endearing ties. Observing that the part of the vessel she occupied, probably for the sake of avoiding observation, was that which was left unprotected by the removal of the bulwark, I was proceeding to disturb her reveries, with the view of warning her of the danger to which she was exposed; but just as I was in the act of addressing her, she suddenly turned round, and perceiving her perilous situation, lost her presence of mind, and fell overboard. My first impulse was to plunge in after her; but recollecting that I was but an indifferent swimmer, I threw over a long bench which had been detached from its place by the collision with the brig, and immediately followed it. All this was the work of a few seconds. On emerging from the "vasty deep" after the first plunge, I perceived my fair companion struggling in the water at no great distance. Animated by that superhuman strength with which the prospect of saving a fellow-being's life sometimes inspires one, I struck out, encumbered with clothing that at another time would have sunk me, with apparent ease, and succeeded in reaching the drowning girl, just as the "world of waters" was closing over her. After much difficulty I gained the floating bench, where I was able to sustain my fair charge in comparative safety, until we were picked up by the boat sent from the vessel to our assistance.

Every means which the limited accommodation of our ship could afford, or kindness suggest, was used to restore the "vital spark" which had been so rudely assailed in its frail tenement. Our efforts were at last successful; in the course of two hours she had sufficiently recovered to thank me in the warmest terms for the life I had saved, and begged to know the name and address of one to whom she owed a debt of eternal gratitude. I presented her with my card, bearing, as I afterwards found, my name *only*. In a few minutes our vessel was alongside the quay of Oban, and leaving it to continue its voyage to the south, I hastened to the nearest inn to disencumber myself of my wet garments.

One evening, about six months after the events related above, I went to the Haymarket theatre, to see that talented writer and actor, Sheridan Knowles, perform in one of his own popular plays. After the performance was over, I was making the best of my way through the crowd in the lobby, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a tall military-looking personage dressed in the Highland garb. As I was admiring the fine proportions of his tall, manly figure, which his Celtic habili-

ments set off to the best advantage, I heard a person near me utter some scurrilous national reflections, which were evidently intended for the ear of the Highlander. The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the athletic mountaineer, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at my head, under the impression that the offensive epithet had been uttered by me. Seeing his brawny arm sweep towards me like the wing of a windmill, I had barely time to "duck," and my hat flew to the other side of the lobby. I could not but acquiesce in the justice of the summary vengeance which his offended nationality prompted him to take, however I might deprecate his selection of myself as the object of it, and therefore began to remonstrate calmly with him; but he was in a towering passion—gave me the *lie*, and, handing me his card, exclaimed,—"If you are a gentleman, you shall give or receive satisfaction according to circumstances." I had no alternative but to accept the proffered card, which I accordingly did, and, giving him mine in return, we parted.

On reflecting on what had passed, I could not help cursing the folly, to say the least of it, of those hot-headed mountaineers, in wearing their national dress in a place where it is so likely to draw forth remarks which their irascible tempers can so ill brook. I believe I was led into this train of thought by the very agreeable prospect of being perhaps shot through the head, before my adversary could be convinced of his mistake, merely because a blackguard followed the instinct of his nature in uttering abusive language. Before I was up next morning, I heard a loud voice on the stairs, asking my servant whether his master was up, and presently a violent knocking at the door of my bedchamber. I hastily arose, and on opening the door, was not a little startled to see my tall friend of the preceding evening standing before me. Doubtful of his intentions, I at first held the door partly open; but his good-humoured smile, and the friendly offer of his hand, soon banished all fear of violence. "Mr. B—," cried the impetuous Celt, "I beg your pardon—not for striking you;—because I *then* thought you had insulted me—but for doubting your word when you calmly remonstrated with me. From what I have since learnt of you, I believe you incapable of uttering ungentlemanly language, or falsehood;—and now, if you accept my apology, I have a favour to ask—come to breakfast with me; I will introduce you to an old acquaintance of yours. Ask no questions, but say you'll come." I at once accepted the apology and the invitation, and dressing myself, walked away with my new friend, glad to find that my anticipations of a hostile meeting had not been realized. After half an hour's walk we arrived at —— square, where my conductor informed me he was *quartered* at present. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment, where the first object that met my wondering eyes was my fair steam-boat companion—the beautiful girl I had been the means of saving from the "watery element" during my excursion in the Highlands.

It appeared that she had been married about three months before, to her cousin, Lieutenant Roderick M'Lean, of the —— Regiment—the same who accompanied her on board the steam-boat, and to whose acquaintance I had been introduced in such an unpleasant manner on the previous night.

His wife, with whose aunt they were at present residing, had accidentally seen my card, and recognizing it, eagerly asked her husband how he came by it. He at first thought, from her anxious look, that she had discovered his quarrel at the theatre; but she soon convinced him of his error, by producing another card—the counterpart of the one in his possession, except the address. This was enough—he had often heard the adventure of the steam-boat, and longed to thank the preserver of his dear Emily; but from the unfortunate omission of my address, all his efforts to trace me had failed, till chance threw me in his way. M.

Fine Arts.

STATUE OF DR. VALPY.

A STATUE of the late Dr. Valpy, by Mr. Samuel Nixon, has just been finished, under the patronage of the doctor's pupils, to be erected as a memorial of their gratitude, in the church of St. Lawrence, Reading. It is nearly seven feet high, and represents the learned doctor in his canonicals, sculptured in an entire block of stone, from the quarries of Roche Abbey, Yorkshire. Pre-eminently successful, as the artist has been in the folding of the drapery and gracefulness of the attitude, he has been equally so in producing a truly *intellectual* portrait of the learned original. It is altogether a superior work of art, and redounds highly to the credit of the sculptor.

There were also several other specimens in the gallery by Mr. Nixon, particularly some models of female figures, which pleased us much, by their novelty and spirited execution; the artist imparting to clay all that noble daring and boldness of execution which the gifted Salvator Rosa, so wonderfully displayed on the canvas. We trust Mr. Nixon will produce 'many more such like gems of art.

New Books.

A BOOK OF THE PASSIONS.

By G. P. R. James.

(*Concluded from page 378.*)

[We proceed to give an abstract (with extracts) of the fourth tale, entitled BLANCHE OF NAVARRE, illustrative of the passion of LOVE.]

On the occasion of the marriage of the King of Navarre with Isabel of Valois, the city of Pampeluna was the scene of extraordinary excitement. Ambassadors from the court of France escorted the lovely bride into that capital, and all the inhabitants eagerly desired to see their new Queen. The King of Navarre was of a soft and yielding character, and had, hitherto, shared the dominion of his court with his only sister, Blanche, a princess in whom the milder virtues which formed her brother's disposition, were conjoined with a nobler intellect and a firmer mind. Blanche was beloved by the people with a peculiar fondness, and they watched, with a jealous curiosity, the demeanour of her, to whose influence was now to yield that of their cherished princess.

Among those who arrived in the suite of Isabel, the nobleman most distinguished by his rank and personal qualities, was Francis, Count of Foix; but whatever might be inherently good in his character, had been but occasionally manifested; to the observation of the world, his career was marked, save when exerted in warlike adventure, by the achievements of the reckless libertine. But we may here with advantage introduce an extract from our author. "On the third night after his arrival, he sate late with several of his followers who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial in tastes and habits but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come amongst them. They talked of pleasure and of joy, and of excited passions; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup, as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle and the loose, and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drank deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile, 'To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix; to your next conquest.' The count filled his cup, and replied, 'Willingly, lords, willingly! to Blanche of Navarre!'

"The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted, and they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly, 'Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay and liberal! and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies; but you know not our feelings here to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up amongst us, under our own eyes, and amidst the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all,—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler love which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions, —we know all her deeds. Is there sorrow— is there misfortune in the city or the land, there is Blanche of Navarre to be found, comforting, consoling, aiding. Is virtue, is honour, is noble generosity heard of, the voice of Blanche of Navarre is raised to give it praise. Is wrong committed, or injustice done, hers is the tongue to plead for the oppressed, however mighty the oppressor; hers the lip to call down punishment on the evil-doer, however great, however favoured, however high. Is there, on the contrary, evil or vice, in whatever glittering robes arrayed, concealed under whatever specious form, though voiced with music and garlanded with flowers, sure is it to shrink from the face of Blanche of Navarre, as the birds of night fly from the keen eye of the searching day. I say to you, Count of Foix, smile not! Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wretch, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin, as within the palace walls, without one look of disgust or apprehension,—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad or adder, or any other noisome thing.'

The Count of Foix replied, betraying but partially the chagrin he felt, and repeating his boastings in more direct terms. The entertainment passed off quietly, but afterwards a duel takes place between the Count of Foix, and Don Ferdinand de Leyda, in which both of them are severely wounded. Grief, rather beyond the occasion, is manifested by the Queen, who announces her intention to visit the sick chamber of the Count of Foix, and with no very good grace concurs in a suggestion of the King, that she should be accompanied by his sister Blanche. The interview produces salutary effects on the mind of the count; a passing remark of Blanche 'that the sickness of the body often cures the diseases

of the mind,' presses itself on his reflection; his better feelings are awakened, and the reckless impulses of licentious passion gradually and permanently give place in his heart to pure and fervent love. The change does not take place unperceived either by Isabel or Blanche; in the latter it induces a prepossession favourable to the count's desires, in the former it stirs up the deadly feelings of jealousy and hatred. The count, some time after his convalescence, ventures to declare his passion; he is encouraged by her reception of it to look forward to their ultimate union, and gives vent to his feelings with the warmth of mingled respect and affection.

Isabel, meanwhile, by a series of machinations, gradually undermines the influence of Blanche, and at length succeeds in procuring her banishment from court to a distant castle. "To this abode was Blanche of Navarre borne by those who escorted her; and the orders which were given, in her hearing, to the captain of the fortress, into whose hands she was delivered, showed her that she was thenceforth a prisoner, condemned unheard, and punished though innocent. The only thing that marked her brother's love, or her brother's consideration, was, that the apartments assigned to her were spacious, and arranged with taste, for her convenience."

The Count, attended by three companions, under the disguise of pilgrims, receives hospitality from the governor, and he contrives to obtain an interview with Blanche; during which he reiterates assurances of his ardent love, and advises her to make her escape from the castle in disguise under his protection. The party pass the outer gate undiscovered; previously, however, having been alarmed by the sound of unusual footsteps in the castle, and their apprehensions are afterwards realized, by the discovery of a party in pursuit. The Count is at length compelled to let Blanche go forward with two of his trusty followers, while he remains with the rest to defend a pass in the mountains, which, left unguarded, must insure their capture by the pursuers. The Count's conflict with the latter is severe, but successful; and they finally retreat upon hearing advance, to the Count's support, troops from the French side of the pass. "With towering front they withdrew, from time to time wheeling round to see that they were not pursued in turn; but no such purpose was entertained by Francis of Foix, whose first questions were addressed to his newly-arrived followers. They informed him that they had met with a frightened lady and her waiting damsel, accompanied by old Gaspard of Cerolles; that she bade them hasten down to the assistance of their lord; and that old Gaspard had come on with them to show them where he was. Francis of Foix could not find in his heart to speak harshly to his old retainer; but he blamed him mildly for having left the lady, and then rode on as fast as possible to seek her, leaving a party behind to bring away the dead and wounded of his retinue." The Count rides on in the hope of rejoining Blanche, but, after finding in a path the pilgrim's cloak in which he had wrapped her, and a few steps onward, dead, the jennet on which she had been mounted, he seeks in vain any further trace of her.

There is here a lapse in the story. The scene is changed to the States of Navarre, where, under the presidence of the king, a decree is passed, excluding "Blanche of Navarre and her children, to all generations, from the throne of these realms." Murmurs arise in the assembly against the harshness of this decree; and on an allusion to the Count of Foix under the name of her "paramour," a loud voice from amongst the multitude exclaims, "It is false as hell!" "The monarch started on his feet, and made an angry movement with his hand: but the chancellor interposed, and, pointing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, he said, 'let yon traitor be arrested who has dared to give the lie to his sovereign's solemn declaration before the States, that Blanche of Navarre has fled with her paramour, the Count of Foix.'"

"It is false as hell!" thundered the same voice; and a man, covered with one of those wide black robes, common from time immemorial in the valley of Bastan, strode forward through the crowd, that yielded to him as he advanced; and, setting his foot upon the steps of the platform, and shaking his clenched hand against the chancellor, he repeated, while the hood fell back and discovered his whole head and face,—"It is false as hell!—Degraded king!—I tell you it is false as hell!—I, Francis of Foix, here give you the lie to your beards, and hurl back against yourselves the base and degrading terms which ye use to the pure, the noble, and the good!"

Consternation pervades the assembly—the Count is arrested, and conveyed away to a solitary dungeon. After the lapse of many days a court is held within the walls of the prison;—within those walls he is doomed to lose his head two days after the sentence. Isabel of Valois finds an opportunity to visit the Count in his dungeon, and, by the promise of her interposition, vainly endeavours to shake his fidelity towards Blanche. She retires deeply incensed, and, anxious to discover where Blanche is concealed, advises the king to let the execution of the Count be public. "Proclaim," said she, "that, on the day after to-morrow, at the hour of noon, Francis of Foix, condemned to death for having entered your dominions with the

semblance of peace; for having gone into your frontier-fortresses as a spy, and afterwards having, in arms, attacked and slain your subjects in the execution of your orders, will bow his head to the block, and undergo the sentence of his judges. Let this be spread far and wide; and, my life for it, if Blanche of Navarre be within hearing of the tale, she will come forth from her concealment to save her lover from the sword."

The king reluctantly consents to adopt that course—he fears the interference of the French king, and he has misgivings of rebellion among his own subjects. The fatal day arrives, and the Count is led to the place of execution. After an energetic address, in which he denounces the injustice of all the proceedings, and vindicates the purity of the absent princess—"There was a movement in the crowd beyond; there came loud voices and shouting tongues. The populace drew back, and opened a way towards the scaffold; and a hand-litter moved forward through the midst, preceded by a cavalier in the simple robes of peace, but followed by a long train of men-at-arms. The king of Navarre gazed eagerly upon the sight, with feelings well nigh approaching to dastard fear; but his apprehensions were instantly relieved, when he recognised in the first of the train the person of Don Ferdinand de Leyda.

"Where am I—whither have ye brought me?" said a voice from the litter, as soon as they set it down at the foot of the scaffold; and at the same moment, a small fair hand from within drew back the curtains. It was the hand of Blanche of Navarre. Her eye first fell upon the multitude, who, silent as death, watched for some coming event; and at the sight of the wide sea of coming faces that swept around her, she shrunk back again. But the moment after, the scaffold and its dreadful apparel, the block, the executioner, the guards, met her eyes,—with Francis of Foix, chained and bareheaded in the front. The multitude was forgotten: deep, overpowering love, was all she felt; all that she thought of was fear for him she loved. She clasped her hands—she gazed at him one moment in breathless agony; then darting forward, she passed the guards, who opposed her not, cast herself into his arms, and wept. A loud shout of pity and sympathy broke from the people; but it was scarcely sufficient to drown a wild and angry cry which came from a tall window above the scaffold, at which also, a beautiful but fiendish face was seen glaring for a moment. There were swords drawn amongst the people also. The men-at-arms who had followed the litter, pressed on and surrounded the scaffold; and the king, pale as death, faltered forth an order to stay the execution." The frantic Isabel now endeavours to urge on the execution:—in vain. A message from the French king, demanding the liberation of the Count; a declaration signed by two hundred of Navarrese nobles, that they will not abet their monarch in injustice, become motives all-powerful. The Count is liberated, and ere long united to his beloved Blanche. "Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason; and in less than two years she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Francis of Foix bore his bride to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love; and in so teaching, had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungrateful.

"Their days passed in happiness and peace. That which would give pain to Blanche of Navarre, Francis of Foix would in no shape do: that which would give her pleasure, it was his first wish to accomplish. But Blanche of Navarre and virtue were one: and he followed the dictates of honour and of reason when he followed the dictates of love."

[Our readers, we are persuaded, will have formed a favourable opinion of the merits of this volume from the extracts we have given. The subjects of the other tales are *Remorse*, *Jealousy*, *Despair*, and *Hatred*, and though they are less to our taste than those on *Revenge* and *Love*, they possess a similar sustained interest, and are written in that heightened style and chivalrous spirit which distinguish the writings of the author. The plates, sixteen in number, engraved under the superintendence of Heath, are, many of them, of great beauty, and take rank with the best of those which adorn our annuals.]

THE PLAGUE NOT CONTAGIOUS.

(*Concluded from page 380.*)

CREDULITY has divided, and long habit has sanctioned the division, of all articles into two classes—the susceptible and the non-susceptible of contagion—substances which can, and substances which cannot, communicate the disease. It would be wasting words to expatiate on the absurdities to which this capricious and unreasoning fancy has given rise. For example, feathers are considered as peculiarly susceptible. I recollect, when escorted to the Lazzaret of Shappanek, the guides were particularly careful to remove all the feathers scattered on the ground, lest we should touch them—yet, in our dormitory, a number of house-martins had built their nests, and we were amused at watching them flying about in all directions, and of course, if communicable, communicating the diseases of the Lazzaret to the adjacent town and country. In the garden of the Lazzaret, were quantities of fruit, and multitudes of birds of all sorts gathered together to devour it, and dispersed themselves on all sides; pigeons

came in numbers from the adjacent villages, and returned to their abodes without molestation or hindrance. How, indeed, if winged creatures can communicate disease, do Lazzarets prevent its communication? Cotton wool is deemed peculiarly susceptible. Now, of this article, from 100 to 150 thousand bales are annually exported from Egypt to Europe. The cotton is cultivated and gathered in districts frequently visited by the plague,—picked and packed by those who are themselves and their families both subject to, and often victims of, the malady. I have frequently heard of instances in which the Arabs, having been attacked by plague, have laid themselves down and died on the bales of cotton wool, afterwards shipped for Europe. The pus from the bubo is often deposited among the cotton, and packed up for our market. Were the plague so contagious as it has been supposed to be—so easily communicable as is pretended,—would not this cotton convey it to those who open the bales, who manipulate it in the Lazzarets—and who are thus exposed to the contagion in its concentrated and most perilous state? But in most of the Lazzarets of Europe, the bales are not opened at all; they remain a certain number of weeks, and are then sent to the markets for sale, and distributed among the manufacturers and artizans without any, the slightest precaution. Now, what is to prevent the introduction of the plague into our ports,—into our manufacturing districts,—into all the towns where our manufactures are sent or consumed,—if it really possess the character which has been attributed to it?

On inquiry at the Mussulman hospitals, where cases of plague are almost always occurring in certain months of the year, I found that their lint and linen were used indifferently for plague and other patients,—that the linen which had been used for plague patients was unscrupulously employed for patients who were the subjects of other disorders, and that no instance had occurred of the communication of the plague by the employment of the linen of the sufferers from plague.*

Dr. Bulard, who has, of late, excited much attention by his attempt to introduce Lazzarettos into Constantinople, an attempt from which he is now disassociated in consequence of a misunderstanding as to the amount of his own pecuniary recompense, did, while in Egypt, wear, for I believe twenty-four hours, the garments of persons who had died of the plague without being attacked.†

Dr. Bulard, during the period of the discussions as to the Lazzaret establishments in Constantinople, professed his belief in the contagious character of the plague. Many individuals condemned to death were delivered over to be experimented upon, and received by him into the plague hospital. Five he inoculated, most of them several times;—they were inoculated both with the blood and the pus of plague patients—of the five, only one showed any symptoms of the disease. His own deduction is, that these experiments prove nothing, either for or against contagion; because, he says, they were made in a hospital where there were from 500 to 600 plague patients—in an apartment where from fifty to sixty were confined,—on subjects who had been attending the plague patients for a week. The natural inquiry would be—has the plague ever been communicated as the small-pox is communicated, by the virus *alone*—in places remote from spots where the plague is wont to rage? Can any such case be quoted?

In my intercourse with physicians in the East, I have found several examples of attempts vainly made to communicate the plague by inoculation to themselves. Clot Bey has twice inoculated himself, both from the matter of the bubo and from the blood of plague subjects. Dr. Hepitis made several efforts to give himself the plague by repeated inoculations, but in vain. The case of Dr. Rosenfeld has been frequently cited as evidence of the contagiousness of plague. He exposed himself to its action in every conceivable way—sought its worst exhibitions—dwelt habitually among the diseased—accustomed himself even to tear open the buboes of plague patients, and to smear his body with their pus and their blood. He seems to have been of negligent,—not to say filthy habits,—and had for years,—both in Africa, Asia, and Europe, treated the plague with scorn and mockery, professing to have discovered a preservative, with which he secured himself and his followers. It might be a question for curiosity, whether the history of such a man affords most evidence for or against the doctrines of the contagionists; but I cannot refrain from quoting a singular passage in his biography, which Dr. Pezzoni has written, to prove the truth of the popular opinions: "The so-called

* M. Bulard says, that "in the Esbekier Hospital at Kairo, (which is under the direction of Europeans,) the same beds, linen, shirts, drawers, and sheets, which during six months had been employed for from 2,000 to 3,000 plague patients, were used for general purposes; for those suffering from fever, wounds, ophthalmia, dysentery, syphilis, without other precaution than simple washing in water, without alkali or soap.

"Our own linen was left an hour in water, and ironed by laundresses; while aprons were lying about the place impregnated and almost wholly covered with the pus of buboes, the serus of carbuncles and pestiferous blood."—*Peste.*

† Dr. Bulard's account of himself is as follows:—"I have struggled with the plague for five years. I have lived at different times, and during several months, amidst the cries of suffering thousands of plague-subjects, and the emanations from their dead bodies. I have dissected 300 plague-corpses, and have treated 2,000 plague cases."—*Peste.* N. 4.

invulnerability of Rosenfeld was no stronger proof of his possessing any preventive of the plague than the invulnerability with which the nurses and other persons employed in the plague establishment appear to be endued,—since they remain both day and night with plague patients, in perfect impunity, dressing their wounds, making their beds, and rendering them every sort of help."

Those who took the greatest precautions were among the sufferers. M. Lardoni was a remarkable instance. He was the most timid of men—he never visited his patients but on horseback, and his appearance is thus described:—"His harness was wholly of unsusceptible materials, his saddle closely covered with oilcloth, his stirrups were braided and his reins made with filaments of the date tree; he had a huge oilskin cloak in the shape of a sack, which rose above his head and descended beneath his feet; he was always escorted by four servants, one before, one behind, and one at each side, so that no person could approach him." A thousand other ridiculous precautions were adopted by him; they were all in vain; he was attacked, though, for two days after the attack, he declared it was impossible it should be the plague; on the third he announced that it was really the dreaded calamity, and died soon after.

The non-contagionist physician who died was Rigaud. Nothing could be more remarkable than his courage, devotion, or rather self-abandonment; he had no fear of the pestilence, and took no sort of precautions; he attended the sufferers with singular assiduity; paid no regard to his person, was constantly engaged in visiting and assisting the living, or in dissecting the dead; he was worn out, indeed, with fatigue and excessive labour. Yet he passed safely through the most fearful crisis of the pestilence, with health and spirits unbroken. Just as the plague was ceasing, when its violence appeared wholly exhausted, and the season of its disappearance was about to arrive, Rigaud fell ill, and was a speedy victim.

Biography.

CHARLES-NAPOLEON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

"Time every action will most truly scan,
And show the mind that is within the man."

THIS prince, third son of Louis-Napoleon, brother to the Emperor, and King of Holland, and of Hortense, the daughter of the Empress Josephine, was born in Paris, April 20, 1808. His birth was saluted by the cannon of the grand army along the whole of its line. He was not baptized until the 4th of November, 1810, when the ceremony was performed at Fontainebleau, by Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor standing godfather, and the Empress Maria-Louisa godmother. Napoleon-Louis, as well as his brother, was an object of particular attachment on the part of the Emperor, his uncle, which was not weakened by the birth of the King of Rome. At the return from Elba, he stood by the side of Napoleon during the holding of the *Camp-de-Mai*, and was presented to the deputations from the people and the army. These solemn scenes must have deeply impressed his infant mind, and his affection for France sprung up rapidly under the caresses of the Emperor. When the latter embraced him for the last time at Malmaison, young Napoléon-Louis,* then but seven years old, showed very strong feeling; he wanted to follow his uncle; he cried out, weeping, that he would go and fire off the cannon; and his mother Hortense had much ado to pacify him. His exile now commenced; its first period elapsing at Augsburg, where he pursued the classical studies. There, too, he acquired a familiar knowledge of German. From thence he accompanied his mother to Switzerland, to the canton of Thurgau; and there, while completing his education, by attending courses of natural philosophy and chemistry, he was enabled to follow his personal inclination, by applying himself to military science, and studying engineering and artillery under General Dufour. Here he contracted the manly personal habits of the brave and honest mountaineers. In one of his letters to his mother, we find him "engaged in military reconnoitering in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a-day, with his knapsack at his back, and sleeping under a tent, at the foot of a glacier." It was here he heard of the revolution of July, when he hastened to Paris, and wrote a letter to the King of the French, asking permission to serve in the French army as a common soldier; which offer was rejected, with orders to leave France. In 1831, he was in Italy when the movement broke out in the Papal states; and along with his brother, threw himself into it; and here they remained, the one until his death at Forli, the other until the capitulation of Ancona; where Napoléon-Louis began to be in real danger. At length, his mother, to save her only remaining son, boldly entered France, by means of a passport furnished her by an Englishman, and drove to the Hôtel de Hollande, where she wrote, with her own hand, to inform Louis-Phillipe of her arrival; who, a few days afterwards, sent an order for her to depart; and in a short time they set out

*The Emperor had determined that the eldest of his family should always be called Napoléon. Charles-Louis-Napoléon is now, according to the provisions of the *senatus consultum* of the 28th floréal, year xii (1804), the eldest son of the Imperial family. Of his two elder brothers, one died at the age of five years, in 1807, at the Hague; the other, who had been Grand Duke of Berg, died at Forli, in the Papal States, March 17, 1831. Hence it is that since the latter period he signs himself Napoléon-Louis.

again for Switzerland, after visiting London.

It was in Switzerland, in 1832-33, and 35, that he published his 'Rêveries Politiques,' his 'Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Swisses,' and his 'Manuel d'Artillerie.' The attempt made by Napoléon-Louis at Strasburg, on the 30th October, 1836, must be in the remembrance of our readers: it was not the result of a daring momentary inspiration; it was the fruit of two or three years' preparatory labour, and of a conviction that the season for action had reached its maturity. At Strasburg he was arrested, and ordered for trial; but eighty generals and superior officers protested against it. The embarkation of Napoléon-Louis for the United States, his return to Switzerland, the late transactions between France and Switzerland, which compelled him once more to remove from the latter country, and seek refuge in England, where he now resides, are all matters of notoriety, and throw no further light upon the character of the young Bonaparte, whom, it is stated in the foreign journals, the Emperor Nicholas intends to marry to his second daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga.

[Compiled from an elaborate translation, in the London and Westminster Review, Dec. 1838.]

THE CHAPEL OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HENRY VI., who, it is generally allowed, was more suited for a cloister than a court, was only nine months old at his accession to the throne. In his natural disposition (observes a recent writer) he was weak and ductile, though, at the same time, more deeply tinctured with devotion than was common, even to the general complexion of the times. His predecessors, who were less pious than himself, had been liberal, even to extravagance, in the erection and endowment of religious houses; and Henry, who, to a piety which was little encumbered with state transactions, added the zeal and generosity peculiar to youth, endeavoured, in the erection of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, to eclipse their efforts. His first design for building was upon a small scale; yet afterwards he extended so largely, that Henry himself foresaw that it could not possibly be finished in his lifetime. He left instructions, therefore, with the view to its completion, in his will, and detailed a plan, which, while it reflects the highest credit, at least on the grandeur of his devotional ideas, evinces that, though the architects of those times were unguided by the cold rules of proportion, they still worked upon acknowledged principles, and reconciled solidity and lightness with a better grace than the best artists of what may be termed the classic era. It is enough to say they understood effect, and that, in their efforts to attain it, they never weakened the buildings they erected. Henry's first foundation, in 1441, was for a rector and twelve scholars; but by a subsequent one, it was to consist of a provost and seventy scholars, who, owing to the incompletion of the monarch's designs, were long confined to the few and inconvenient apartments provided for the smaller society. The plan which Henry had projected in the second instance, was proportionable to the number of people for whose maintenance he had made provision; but the troubles of his reign allowed him to erect only a part of the chapel, which formed the north side of an intended quadrangle. According to Henry's will, the chapel itself was to contain, in length, two hundred and eighty-eight feet of *assise*, without aisles; and all of the width of forty feet. The walls were to be ninety feet in height, embattled, vaulted, and *chare-roffed*; sufficiently buttressed, and every buttress finished with purfled pinnacles or little spires, with flower-work. The window at the west end was to have *nine days*, and the windows on the sides *five days*. Between every buttress in the body of the church, on both sides, were to be *closets*, or small side chapels, with altars; they were to be in length twenty feet, and in breadth ten; and the pavement of the choir was to be a foot and a half above the pavement of the church. How far this building was advanced previous to Henry's death is not satisfactorily ascertained, though it is generally admitted that the eastern end was raised some feet above the ground, and a small portion of the north and south walls were built. The rest was left for his successors, though the whole was not entirely finished till after the year 1530. W. G. C.

PSALM-SINGING.

PSALM-SINGING was much practised by the Anglo-Saxon clergy, laity, and our ancestors; indeed, it was the common employ of the people when alone; the whole Psalter, which was got by heart by children, being sung over sometimes every night, and before eating on Sundays and festivals. The monks used to sing psalms when travelling, and under other employments; and there was formed, for the study and meditation of travellers, a tablet of the Psalms. Our ancient kings joined in the Church service, and sung the offices in surplices. Divine songs were also sung. These were very curious, such as songs sung by Christ, *when on the cross*, adjuring his hearers by the nails, thorns, &c. Beggars sung a *Salve Regina*, Chaucer's Absalom, an *Angelus ad Virginem*. Luther, Huss, and other reformers, not Marot, were the means of introducing modern psal-

mody. The custom of singing psalms at church began in 1559 and 1560. Sometimes at Paul's Cross, six thousand persons sung together; and on Sunday evenings the people were wholly occupied in singing psalms, or reading the Book of Martyrs. The ancient practice in church was, on account of those who could not read, for the clerk to repeat each line three times before the commencement and after the conclusion of the morning service; likewise, when there was a sermon, before and after that. It was nearly banished by the puritans; but still it is noted, that the *singing at the siege of York* in 1644, was better than had been known for ages. These severe reformers applied profane tunes to sacred uses, which they termed robbing the devil of them.

Manners and Customs.

BULL-BAITING.

The town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and Wokingham in Berkshire, were originally the only places where donations were made to perpetuate bull-baiting. The first bull-bait in this country is supposed to have been at Stamford, in the year 1209, in the reign of King John, and at Tutbury, Staffordshire, in 1374. The introduction of it at Stamford was as follows:—"William, Earl Warren, lord of this town, standing upon the walls of the castle, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in the castle meadow, till all the butchers' dogs pursued one of the bulls (maddened with noise and multitude) clean through the town. This sight so pleased the earl, that he gave the Castle Meadow, where the bulls' duel began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a mad bull, the day six weeks before Christmas-day, for the continuance of that sport for ever. George Staverton, by will, dated May 15, 1661, gave the whole rent of his dwelling-house at Staines, after two lives, to buy a bull annually for ever; which bull he gave to the poor of the town of Wokingham, to be there baited, then killed, and properly divided; the offal, hide, and gift-money to be laid out in shoes and stockings, to be distributed among the children of the poor. The alderman and one Staverton, (if one of the name should be living in the town,) to see the work done honestly, that one of the poor's pieces did not exceed another in bigness." These seem to have been the principal donations upon which the practice was originally founded, and afterwards continued upon the plea of charity for its justification. To give it a degree of singularity in the town of Wokingham, St. Thomas's (21st of December) is the day dedicated to the sport, and the market-place the spot destined for the sacrifice. At Wokingham the annual bull-baiting has been abolished for some years. In 1837, the judges declared bull-baiting to be illegal.

Amongst the old customs still in due observance in the Pyrenees, is one which usually takes place on Shrove-Tuesday; when, if there happens to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife —and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbours, placed upon an ass with his face turned towards the tail, and so paraded about; and, I believe, with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back or breast.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CUTCHEE PEOPLE.*

Notwithstanding the delicacy of her appearance, a Cutchee woman is capable of great exertion, and she pursues the fatiguing routine of daily duty without a murmur of discontent. At early dawn she grinds the corn for family consumption, collects the materials for firing, cleans the cooking utensils, and sweeps out the dwelling. Then, with probably a tier of three water-vessels on her head, an infant seated on one hip, which she supports with her arm passed round its body, and an elder child clinging to her skirts, she walks to the nearest well, or tank, returns with the water, cooks the family meal, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. After this, she again goes to the tank to wash herself and her clothes. This, indeed, constitutes her sole amusement. Divested of her upper clothing, she sits in the water laughing and chatting to her neighbours, or trolling some simple ditty, as, with garments neatly tucked around her, she beats her linen against a stone, or holds aloft her gaily-coloured saree, to dry and warm in the sunny breeze.

The natives of Cutch are a very ingenious people. The singular beauty of their goldsmith's works is really wonderful.

The workmen have few tools, and those they have are of the most primitive description. Thus, in embossing a cup, or snuff-box, which, when finished, displays a graceful garlanding of the most delicate flowers, with minute leaves, tendrils, and stems connecting them, the workman forms a large lump of lac round a wooden handle in the form desired, and, having moulded the silver on it, punches it out, in the pattern he requires it to be, by means of a little rough awl, apparently more calculated to mar, than to perfect, the tasteful elegance of the artist's design. The execution of work, under these disadvantages is

* Extracted from Mrs. Postans's interesting work, "Cutch; or Random Sketches of Western India."

necessarily tedious: but its exactness and beauty must proportionably raise our admiration of the manual dexterity of the native artisan.

The Gatherer.

The cockney is the only man in the world who can direct a stranger in the streets. If you ask a Parisian, he directs you by the names of the streets, and only perplexes you the more; if you inquire of a Scotchman, it is ten to one but he tries to sound your errand; but a Londoner tells you to take the fourth turning to the right, the second to the left, and so on, to the place you want. He is pre-eminently a man of business—quick, keen, precise.—*London and Westminster Review.*

I was much amused the other day by the following literary (? illiterary) blunder of a friend of mine. Happening to have a copy of "Boccaccio's Decameron" in my hand, one of the company recommended me, in a jocular way, to publish an English translation of it. "But," added he, afterwards, "I believe there is one already. "Yes, yes," chimed in my friend, shaking his head with that peculiar look of gravity which is supposed to denote superior wisdom, "Cameron's—Cameron's Boccaccio." M.

Invention of Travelling Carriages.—The travelling chariots were first invented by Colonel Blunt, in Kent; they went with one or two horses, and were so light that, if the horses be good, they might go easily, with two or more persons, fifty or sixty miles a-day. The Earl of Thanet used another kind of new invented carriages, carrying in them five hundred weight of all manner of commodities, the carriage being closely covered to shelter it from rain, and going fifty miles a-day with one horse, which was changed for another at twenty-five miles.—*Vaughan's Protectorate of Cromwell.*

In July 1828, Radama, King of Madagascar, died, and his funeral was solemnized with a pomp suited to the remains of the greatest prince his country ever produced. He was interred in a silver coffin, for the fabrication of which the native smiths melted down 14,000 dollars; large sums of money, with the most costly presents, sent to him by the Kings of France and England, were buried with him: and many thousand head of cattle were sacrificed on the occasion.

When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of remembering, he replied, "*I should prefer that of forgetting.*"

The Spartan Pausanius, in the height and giddiness of his fame and power, asked Simonides for some lively saying to give zest to the conviviality; the poet replied "*Remember thou art a man!*" Afterwards, when in utter ruin, and dying of famine, Pausanius exclaimed, "*O, Simonides! great was thy word to me; and I, in my folly, held it for naught.*"

A laughable circumstance took place upon a trial in Lancashire, when Mr. Wood, sen., father of one of the present members for Preston, was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the Judge asked him how he spelt it? The old gentleman replied—

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
D ouble U,
D ouble O D."

The law-giver said it was the most extraordinary name he ever met with.

The Tombs of the Pretenders.—It is a circumstance which is not generally known, that the three last pretenders to the throne of Great Britain, the dethroned family of the Stuarts, have recorded upon their tombs in the holy cathedral church of St. Peter's, at Rome, their pretended title of Kings of Great Britain and Ireland:—"James III., King of England, born June 10, 1688; died December 30, 1766, aged 78." "Charles III., King of England, born November 30, 1720; died January 31, 1788; aged 68 years." "Henry IX., King of England, Cardinal of York, born March 25, 1725; died August 31, 1807, aged 82. He lived and died a pensioner of King George III. of 4,000*l.* a-year."—Each of these pretenders and ex-kings had most magnificent funerals at Rome.

Steam Fuel.—Experiments have been tried in mixing pitch with coal for steam navigation, and it is said to have answered most effectually.

Early Rising.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to twenty-nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a-day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

Be not cast down with adversity, neither give way to despair. For though clouds may for a season darken the landscape, sunlight will assuredly reillumine the earth. Even so is it with the calamities which visit us in this transitory vale,—they chasten, purify, and leave us. C. S.

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The Mirror

OF

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Spirit of the Annuals for 1839.

The Amaranth.

Edited by T. K. Hervey. 4to., pp. 96. Baily and Co., and King.

[The excellence and variety so spontaneously displayed in this splendid book, entitle it to rank among the most brilliant of our Annuals. The names of the most popular writers are among its contributors. The following is Mr. John Poole's description of Margate.]

Margate is a town, supposed by the more cultivated among the cockneys to be still on the Kentish coast; and this is nearly the only fact relating to its whereabout which can be asserted with any degree of certainty. The changes which the last twenty years have effected in the relations of time and space, have created a confusion in the geographical notions of the citizens, touching this their paradise, out of which they have not yet had time to emerge into any thing like a clear and definite conception of its bearing and distance from Capel Court. Twenty years ago, the distance of Margate from London by land was about seventy-two miles:—what it actually is very few people know;—what it may be twenty years hence nobody can possibly tell. The accuracy of the past distance which I have attributed to the place, could have been attested by ninety-nine out of every hundred travellers who then visited it,—their own evidence being corroborated by that of six dozen of as respectable mile-stones as any in all England, each and all of unimpeachable veracity. Of its present distance, it is impossible to speak with the decision befitting the importance of the subject; since, upon the most minute, as well as extensive researches, which I have been enabled to make, I have not heard of one person, in his or her right senses, who has lately made an over-land trip to Margate. Such an event, indeed, is not within the memory of the oldest pot-house on the road; and, although I have been told that the driver and guard of the royal mail, (the only two individuals who are even suspected of going that way,) might say something to the point, it is still far from improbable that they perform part of their journey by the Great Western, or the London and Birmingham, or some other of the numerous railways,—all of which profess to carry you, by the shortest cut, to any where, and every where, you may desire to be carried to. For the future distance of the place, still less can be said even than for its present; that is a secret which is concealed within the bosoms of time and the railroad projectors: and, reduced by the patriotic rivalry of the latter, it may, in the course of next summer, be only fifty miles—or thirty—or ten—or, in short, (such are the wonderful feats which the joint powers of iron and hot water are capable of performing), no distance at all! By water (*Cocknicè*, sea) the distance, both past and present, from London to Margate, may be calculated with a nearer approach towards accuracy. Let us take for the basis of our calculation the chart, which gives us eighty miles,—taking for granted, at the same time, eighty miles to have been the old distance; and since, according to the travelling interpretation of the term 'distance,' it is taken to mean 'time,' and the average difference of time consumed upon the voyage, by the old system of canvass and the new system of scalding water, being as about four to one, Margate may now be said to count no more than twenty miles from the metropolis! My own first sea-trip to the place in question, which was performed in a thing called a hoy (a sort of Billingsgate slaver, licensed to carry as many as its inhuman commander might choose to cram into it,) endured for seven-and-thirty mortal hours; and, but for some lucky change in the wind, was expected to last through seven-and-thirty more:—my last, in a steamer, was accomplished in about six hours and a half! 'We are late to-day,' said some one to the captain, as we touched the jetty. 'Why, sir,' replied the captain, in a tone of exculpation, 'you know wind and tide were dead against us for the greater part of the way' (!) I thought of my Billingsgate slave-ship, and wished the unconscionable complainant—did I wish him worse than he deserved?—on board of her for seven-and-thirty hours. The manufactures of Margate consist chiefly of eau de Cologne, French pomatums, and French perfumery in general. French artificial flowers, and the lighter articles of French millinery, from Paris, are also made here in great abundance. But Margate does not aspire to the making of French watches and clocks, or of French jewels and trinkets; these are the produce of Birmingham and Sheffield. Its French work-boxes, dressing-cases, and toys, again, it derives from Tunbridge; whilst Worcester has the honour of supplying it with all its French porcelain, especially the best specimens from the Sèvres manufactory. Neither, I believe, are the real Havannah cigars made in the town,—at

least there are no large plantations of cabbages within a convenient distance of it. All these articles are purchased in great quantities, by the visitors from the metropolis; and if they can but be procured 'duty free,' at the dépôt, authorised by the commissioners of her majesty's customs to sell smuggled goods, seized and confiscated, they are carried off with an avidity which is truly astonishing. The commerce of Margate is comprised under the preceding head; and I am not aware that the place is remarkable for its natural productions—if we except shrimps, cockle-shells, bathing-women, and a few other marine curiosities. Of the population of Margate it is difficult, if not impossible, to form any idea. My own settled opinion is that, of population, properly so called—that is to say, a number of persons who dwell in a given place, from year's end to year's end—it has none at all! It is true that, if you visited Margate, ten years ago, or five—last year or this—you may always have read certain names over certain doors; as, for instance,—Snackett and Shackett, Shummery and Dummery, Twitchener and Switchener, Munns and Hunns, and others; which would seem to give a sort of local identity to their possessors. This, however, proves nothing in favour of a settled and established population, and I make this assertion advisedly. It happened to me, a few years ago, on Christmas-day, to be shipwrecked at Ramsgate. The next day, prompted by curiosity to see how Margate looked in the winter, I paid the place a visit. Did you ever chance to go through Tunbridge Wells at the same season? The one old woman you may have seen creeping along the Pantiles, every one of its shops being shut; the one man ringing the bell at the closed doors of the 'Sussex,' which, after a delay of five minutes, are opened to him by a waiter, grown fat from compulsory idleness; the other one man pacing up and down outside the 'Kent,' waiting for the arrival of the coach, which passes through now only twice a-week,—these are a crowd, a crush—this is gaiety running even into riot, compared with what Margate presented. All was closed! not a living creature was to be seen! not a sound was to be heard, save the melancholy echo of my own footsteps as I paced the desolate streets. Had I chosen to run away with the town—pier and all—I might have done so; for not even a town-keeper was left in charge of it to say me nay. Yet there were the same names,—the Dummerys and the Shummerys, the Shacketts and the Snacketts,—but no apparent proprietors of them. What then could have been done with them? I lately took the liberty of putting that question to one of the natives; but the answer I received from him convinced me that it is a sore subject with them. All he replied was —'Stuff, sir!' Being thus driven to my own resources for a solution of the difficulty, I will state it as my belief that, at the termination of one season, the resident population are all packed up, and carefully put away somewhere, till the commencement of another. But the accidental population of Margate (the visitors), at the height of the season, must be utterly incalculable. This opinion is grounded upon the fact that, of children alone, of which about one-third are babies in arms, it would require, if not defy, the powers of Babbage's calculating-machine to state the number. Oh, Herod!—it may be doubted whether so many are to be seen together on any other spot of the whole habitable globe. Then add to these the requisite allowance of wet-nurses and dry-nurses, in charge of such as can, and such as cannot walk for themselves; the due proportion (allowing nine little children to a family) of fathers, mothers, elder brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, to say nothing of independent spinsters and bachelor visitors—again, I assert, the number of the temporary population of Margate is incalculable! The salubrity of the place is unquestionable: yet I have heard doubts expressed concerning it, from the very circumstance of parents, who are blessed with more children than they know well what to do with, bringing or sending them there. The loss, however, of those 'future men and women,' (as they have been interestingly called), is small; for, including those that have accidentally dropped over the pier, fallen from the cliffs, or been lost out of bathing machines, it seldom exceeds, I am told, six hundred in a season. Margate is the classical resort of the citizens of London—the Baiæ of Cockney-land; and *badinage* apart, a very pleasant retreat from the close alleys and crowded thoroughfares of the vast and sleepless city it is. For drives, rides, and walks, as beautiful almost as are anywhere to be found,—for breezes which infuse health into the frame, and impart elasticity to the spirits,—for the temporary oblivion, which the very genius of the place seems to compel, of the cares and annoyances by which all are, more or less, beset: above all these, for the pleasure of contemplating a greater sense of human enjoyment, manifested by a larger number of happy, laughing faces, than any other place can, at any other time, exhibit,—they, I say, who would enjoy all this, must, once in its season, pay a visit to Margate.

[The Editor has a pleasing Poem, 'The Bird of the Canaries;' Ebenezor Elliott has also another. Miss Barrett, Miss Howitt, Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, and other poets, have some choice and delicious morceaux; and we cannot refrain from stealing the following beautiful lines:—]

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

By Caroline Bowles.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,—
A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know:
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,—
I've never pull'd such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,—
As, all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day:
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours, and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower—
More balmily the dew:
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold grey rime—
Seemed woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavoured then;
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again;—
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich,
As fruits of sunniest clime;—
How *all* is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

Heath's Book of Beauty.

Edited by the Countess of Blessington, pp. 280. (London: Longman & Co.)

[LADY BLESSINGTON has displayed in this beauteous annual, her usual and well-known taste and talent. The following are the selected Beauties of whom there are portraits in the work,—the Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Stanhope; Viscountess Mahon; Lady Fanny Cowper; Mrs. Mountjoy Martin; Viscountess Valletort; Mrs. Verschoyle; Viscountess Fitzharris; Miss Hellen H. Purves; and Miss Cockayne. Among the very many pleasing productions, we have chosen the following fable by that talented and upright lawyer, Lord Abinger.]

At the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a people celebrated for wisdom, piety, and valour. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name. Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and by famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abundance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement. Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriotism, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studied "*disputandi causâ, non ita vivendi.*" They acknowledge nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge. They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the field by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when, ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning, and melted them from before him, they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure, and sought refuge in the temples dedicated to his worship, where they adored in silent awe, the surpassing splendour of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion: they felt conscious of an influence that could destroy as well as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable. Not with less reverence, but

with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labour, and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy. They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanctions of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and virtue. But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be disturbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise. till, like the blessed Virgin amongst the Papists, she began to rob the true deity of his worship, and her partizans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselytes increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of the blessings they had enjoyed for so many years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience, nor capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intollerance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety as well as the happiness of men, depended on the moon; and a corresponding duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This they practised, chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the govern-

ment, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger; and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a small majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religions and all literature, but their own. They prohibited by law any worship but that of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun. No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrines. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that, notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship, and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon had neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before: on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens, who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transfered themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the late revolution. They showed to the people that, when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she always touched it; that, when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established, they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist the enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them for ever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her, and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed into her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams. It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. They acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power, were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means. An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain; many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number which, by incredible exertion and

fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear that, if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the right, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums: for it is one of their most inveterate maxims, —that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong.

[In quoting Sir Lytton Bulwer's ode, we shall conclude:]

ODE TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year,
Unto the herd;
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
Thy smiles were gay;
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,
Around thee gleam;
Feaster and darling of the gilded things
That dwell i' the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;
How lonely now!
How bird and bee, light parasites have fled
The leafless bough.

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?
What hast thou done
To win strange winter from the summer air,
Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,
(Old truth and endless!)
"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter, nor for storm,
Doth love depart;
We are not all forsaken, till the worm
Creeps to the heart!

"Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—
Can heal or hurt thee!
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
Who may desert thee!"

The Forget-me-not.

Edited by Frederick Shoberl, pp. 360 (London, Ackermann and Co.)

[We hail with sincere pleasure this unpretending Parent of all the London Annuals, for it abounds with well-written pieces by some of our most esteemed authors—Mrs. Abdy, Mary Howitt, Major Campbell, T. K. Hervey, &c. &c. It is difficult to select from such a store of wit and talent: but we have chosen the tale of "The Cornish Wrecker," ably written by Lieut. Johns.]

Deep was calling unto deep, the red lightning pointed like the finger of a destroying angel from out the thunder cloud, and the messenger of wrath revealed, amid the blackness of night, a doomed vessel contending with the breakers of a rocky shore. Rolling heavily, she ground her keel on the fatal reef that held her till the fires and winds of heaven and the rage of the foaming waves had done their worst, making a wreck of the good ship Planter, homeward-bound West Indiaman. The reader may, perhaps, tremble for the fate of the hapless mariners of that bark, even should they escape from "the hell of waters" that surrounds them, our scene being laid on a wild part of the coast of Cornwall, where a throng of suspicious-looking fishermen and gaunt miners crowd the beach. The vessel is fast going to pieces; every wave that passes over her washes from his clinging-hold some despairing wretch, whose life-grasp yields to the suction of the retreating waters. The Cornish wreckers, joined hand in hand, are in the breakers. The foremost of each line, supported by those behind him, grasps at the senseless forms tossed amid the surge, or casting a rope to the swimmer whose strength is failing him, they rob the sea of its prey. Ere the ship broke up a hawser had been passed to her, by which many of her crew and passengers were saved; and every fire of the neighbouring cottages had its crowd of these sufferers, when their companions in misfortune, rescued at a later period of the wreck, arrived. Divers are the rude efforts to arouse consciousness in the apparently dead, and with what joy is the return of animation hailed by the wives and children of the fishermen! The men, when they have deposited their burdens of suffering humanity, again repair to the beach; but now it is too evident that the sea no longer supports on its troubled wave aught of the victims of shipwreck but the swollen and mangled corse. The bale, the wine-cask, the shattered timber, and the broken spar, chests, crates, and cases, are dashed on the shore by the rushing tide, but no more of human life is there to be rescued. This night Sythney Cove has lost one of the boldest of its fishermen; and on the morrow a name will be called at the neighbouring

mine which will be answered only by the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan. Two of the rescuers have perished. While a single human being was to be saved, bravely did the wreckers struggle with the waters; but now they conceive that they have won their reward, and truth obliges us to present a degraded picture of those who have as yet deserved our warmest approbation. A scene not less grotesque than picturesque is displayed on that shore. Boxes and packages are broken open; wearing apparel, and goods of divers kinds, are scattered on the beach. Fires are lighted, wine and spirit casks spiled; while men, and even boys, drink from buckets, hats, and shoes, till each puncheon has a group of noisy Bacchanals around it. Now come the galloping yeomanry, hastily called out; the excisemen, the custom-house officers, and their assistants, together with the posse comitatus of neighbouring gentry. After a few sharp contests with the wreckers, some little attention is ensured to the rights of property; and by daybreak, large piles of goods saved are heaped on the beach, guarded by the sailors of a revenue-cutter on the station, and the dismounted yeomanry. Such was the wreck of the Planter, West Indiaman, in the winter of 179--, on the coast of Cornwall. But we must leave for a while the crowded strand, and turn our attention towards a cottage, where an elderly matron and a fair girl, whose beauty would have graced a prouder dwelling, were awaiting the return of Hannibal Strike, who had been all night abroad. The woman, in her short cotton jacket, woollen petticoat, and check apron, looked well the fisher's wife, as she was impatiently gazing from the door into the early dawn, fancying every wayfarer that approached from the direction of the wreck him whom she sought; but a nearer view would convince her that she beheld not the stalwart form, gray head, and embrowned visage, of one of the boldest fishermen, the best of pilots, and withal the most determined wrecker, on that part of the coast, for such was the character of her husband. Scarcely less anxious than the expectant wife was her companion, though the poor girl could claim no other relationship with Hannibal than those kindred ties which arose out of gratitude on the one side, and generous protection on the other. Some ten years before our tale commences, a shopkeeper in the neighbouring town, with whom our fisherman occasionally dealt for groceries, whenever a lucky pilchard season or other speculation allowed of his treating his good dame with such luxuries, had died insolvent, leaving an orphan girl totally unprovided for. Strike was one of the last belonging to the neighbourhood who was informed of this occurrence; he happening to have been absent just then, ill-natured people declared not for the purpose of passing goods through the custom-house, though several of the gentry within a few miles of Hannibal's abode, had requested him to leave in their back premises certain ankers of Scheidam, "any time after nightfall, at his earliest convenience." We do not mean to hold the fisherman up as an example of propriety to all the meddlers with salt water along the coast of England: though we will not allow shameless libels on the character of Cornishmen to go forth unrefuted, we must not hide the fact that our hero, in common with most of his friends and neighbours, was more than suspected of doing a little smuggling. Nevertheless, Hannibal was a warm-hearted kind fellow, who could not hear of distress without trying to relieve it, unless, indeed, underwriters were the afflicted parties: and he forthwith took possession of the only property the grocer left behind him, which the creditors did not covet, and brought home little Mary Harvey, as a playmate for his son, who was about four years her senior. Well was his charitable act rewarded, when this boy, grown a stripling of fourteen, abandoned the home of his youth, and went forth a reckless adventurer, leaving to the child of the stranger those duties of filial love and obedience which he so cruelly forgot. The cottage of Hannibal Strike was not more than a mile from the beach where the wreck of the merchantman had caused the scene we have attempted to describe. The fisherman, as usual, had been the first to save life, and the last to cease plundering that which the prejudice of custom led him to consider lawful spoil; and now, as morning dawned, little thinking of those at home anxious for his safety, he was watching a small box or case which, though sufficiently buoyant to be raised on the crest of the wave, would again provokingly become lost in the trough of the sea; now appearing as if the next breaker would cast it at his feet, and then swept away just as the wrecker thought the prize within his grasp. During the night more than once had Hannibal saved life at imminent peril to himself; he had afterwards secured about his person several valuables which chance had cast in his way: and then taken his share in the tustle with the authorities; and now, could he but obtain that tempting case, he had prudently determined to make the best of his way to his cottage. A huge roller at length dashed the wished-for treasure far on the beach; in an instant the wrecker seized it, and, placing it on his shoulders, commenced his retreat, congratulating himself that an abutment of the cliff had, as he thought, saved him from the observation of some sailors belonging to the cutter, then guarding a pile of goods about five hundred yards distant. Hannibal, however, had not proceeded far along the beach, when a rough grasp on his shoulder, and a blow from the flat of a cutlass, made him

drop his load and turn on his assailants, who were no other than Mr. Smart, a revenue-officer, and Dick Stretcher, his coxswain. "Now, Hannibal Strike, you old vagabond! if I don't get you sent across the seas for this, never trust me!" cried the blustering official. "No sure, sir, you won't," doggedly replied the fisherman; "and, if it worn't for them pistols, and that bit of bright iron, you shouldn't rob be of what the sea gave me. Faith and troth, you shouldn't. Arn't I saved two lives this blessed night? There's the old man up at the Dolphins; and the young vellor they thought was dead, and I dragged out of the wash of the waves—didn't Jan Pentreath tell me that his old 'oman and Gracy Dolcooth had brought unto life again? Not that I care to tell 'ee what I've done—I only mean I've earned my right to what I've got; and more than that, I seed nobody laid hand on a thing while life was to be saved; and a wreck's a god-send to the coast; and so it was in my vayther's time, and his vayther's afore him." Smart responded to this plausible defence of wrecking with a sneer, ordered his coxswain to seize the case, and, coolly telling Hannibal he knew where to find him, would have walked off, but the old man caught him by the arm, and, as if reckless of consequences, said:—"Afore you go, Mr. Smart, first take a few words from Hannibal Strike. You say you know where to find me, please sure I believe 'ee do—case why?—you comes there for no good. But, whether you 'forms against me or no—if I see you a skulking about my door, trying to make a poor girl like my Mally forget her vartue, dang it if I doant make 'ee feel the weight of an old man's hand." The party addressed seemed to wince under the stern gaze of the wrecker, but at length broke away with an impatient oath at his impertinence, and an assurance that the vengeance of the law should reach him for his morning's work. He would have secured Hannibal on the spot, but two or three stragglers were approaching, and the revenue-officer, by a constant harsh exercise of his always unpopular duties, had few friends among the fishermen; thus he might calculate on being opposed rather than assisted by the new comers. Smart, who was a good-looking but unprincipled man, prided himself much on his intrigues. Long had he sought to lure Mary from the path of innocence, and his enmity to Hannibal Strike arose from the conviction that the honest counsel of the old man had been the cause of his having failed in his designs."

Mr. Mortram, the old gentleman at the Dolpin, dies; and old Hannibal is apprehended, and taken before the magistrate, on a charge of stealing the box, when it appeared that its owner was the young man old Hannibal saved from the wreck; and during the examination, his wife discovered in this youth, their long-lost son, who had been found a poor friendless cabin-boy by the said Mr. Mortram, who took him to New York; educated him; and on account of his worth, adopted him. Hannibal was acquitted. And the youth married the innocent and lovely Mary Harvey.

[We next subjoin the two following poetical effusions:]

TO MY SISTER—ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY,

By Miss M. A. Browne.

Thine eye is radiant still: thy silken hair
Curls just as darkly o'er thy radiant brow;
Still is thy cheek as soft, thy hand as fair,
Thy forehead was not smoother then than now,
And yet two years, two busy years, have past,
Sweet sister! since I sang thy birthday last.

Two changeful years! since then two hoary heads
Have from our home been pillowed in the grave,
And we have known full many an hour that sheds
A double darkness on life's troubled wave,
Friends have been cold, and fortune's sunshine brief:
Sister! those years have had their hours of grief.

And, saddest far, from our own chain of love,
One gentle sister of our hearts is taken,
No more her fairy footsteps round us move,
No more her smile a kindred smile doth waken;
She faded but as dew-drops fade—to rise,
And paint a rainbow in the gloomy skies.

Even so her spirit passed from earth, is yet
Seen like a star in its ethereal light,
And on the misty clouds of our regret,
Riseth Hope's bow of promise, pure and bright;
She hath departed for the holier sphere,
Mourn we, but never wish that she were here.

And I am changed, sweet sister,—even *thou*
Knowest not the waves of feeling and of thought,
That o'er my heart have passed in troubled flow,
And channels in its wilderness have wrought—
Suffice it that *one* spot unchanged I see,
The spot whereon is fixed my love for thee.

A love that changeth not, save as the young
And tender sapling, to the firm set tree;
Fresh branches from its stem there may have sprung,
Matured and deeper rooted it *may* be;
O that it might have power to grow and spread,
A three-fold shield above thy precious head!

Vain hope! thou hast a better shelter proved,
A changeless refuge from the heavy storm,
A shadow from the heat. He who hath loved,
And chosen, and saved thee, will His vows perform,
And bind thee in His sheltering mantle fast,
And bring thee to His glorious Home at last!

THE FAMILY ALTAR—A COTTAGE SCENE.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles; and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But, when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the tramp,
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The healthful odour of the flowering trees

right-eyed violets—but, most of all,
I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
n that young maternal brow, the smile]
se affections which do purify
movate the soul—I turned me back
ness, and with added strength, to run
ary race, lifting a thankful prayer
m who showed me some bright tint of Heaven,
m the earth, that I might safer walk,
mer compass Sin—and surer rise
earth to Heaven.

den's Tableaux of the Affections.

d by Miss Mary Russel Mitford, (London: Tilt.)

s "Series of Picturesque Illustrations ie Womanly Virtues," comes doubly me to us, recommended as it is by the of its highly-talented author, Miss rd; who has enriched the work with a ing tale, called]

THE CARTEL.

isoler, look to him; tell not me of mercy."
SHAKSPEARE.

Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the and comfort—(why do I name such s,)—if the very existence of thy poor be dear to thee—I implore thee, flee! that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows we have shared—by the precious boy hose sick couch we watched in vain—e smiling girl who now lies lapped in nconscious sleep of infancy—by the for whom we mourned, and by that blessing whom God in his mercy sent ompensate that mighty woe—by a r's hope and a father's duties, I conjure flee! See, I am tall; the cloak hangs y as low over thy ankles as over mine; needest but droop a little thy manly as if in grief: oh! what wife could erect from the prison of her husband! hast but to draw the capote over thy and to let fall the veil, and hold thy kerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever thee other than weeping? and thou pass undiscovered. Or suffer me to ge this hair, and thou mayest defy tion. Dost thou not remember how in our wooing days we have passed other and sister? How often thou thylast vowed, when thy comrades have vaunting the delicate bloom of their eyed maidens, that thou didst rather the swart skin and jetty eye of the outh, than the dainty red and white of rose-lipped beauties. Alas, it was the n that eye that won thy heart. And thou now resist its appeal, now that nd life hang upon thy consent. Flee, idore! if thy wife, if thy child be dear ee, wrap thee in this disguise and

And leave thee here to perish!"

Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, o join thee speedily in some distant and live in calm and blissful life, in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away; away, then, I conjure thee! The patrol will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that André Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place.

"Dally no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be passed, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The Imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial-law as to challenge his superior officer, will yet full surely protect her favoured hand-maiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence,—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas! was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through thy love for me that thou art in prison? And wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adèle's garments, and having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful; but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adéle's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon. And in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon. * * * *

It was a right queenly chamber, was that boudoir into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly, and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroideress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sévres porcelain which crowded the marble tables; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment.

Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence.

"Ma pauvre Adéle, I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your Majesty; he accomplished his escape in safety; and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious madam. He was my foster-brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor André, he at least will escape!"

"And after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated, as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin, Pauline de St. Brie, (your Imperial Majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance,) to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy challenge to a superior officer, which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the Minister at War, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Vallaret, as much distressed as can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. O! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed, or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him on whose word will lie the final sentence—the awful doom of life or death—oh! if he could know the provocation, the palliation,—he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom."

Here a slight movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adele's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a private study, and at a writing-table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a single-breasted green coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adele felt at once that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewed before him, and amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing—the challenge upon which his fate and her's depended.

The Emperor paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!" Five minutes before, Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and between habitual awe of her great master and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, Sire! pardon." Her voice died away, and had not a passion of tears come to relieve her she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used to light the wax-taper which stood in a richly-chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung into the brazier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the unhappy wife, and her sympathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty.

Perhaps, at this moment, his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel!

The Gift.

[This American Annual, (imported by Mr. Tilt,) equals, in its embellishments and literary contributions, any of our English Annuals. The two following poetical pieces are highly creditable to our friends across the Atlantic:]

SEVENTEEN.

By Mrs. C. Gilman.

In childhood, when my girlish eye
Glanced over life's unfaded green,
Thoughts undefined, and sweet, and new,
Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.

Restrained at twelve by matron care,
My walks prescribed, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air,
Seem'd circling over bright seventeen.

Thirteen arrived, but still my book,
My dress, were watch'd with aspect keen;
Scarce on a novel might I look,
And balls—must wait for seventeen.

Fourteen allowed the evening walk,
Where friendship's eye illumed the scene,
The long, romantic bosom-talk,
That talk which glanced at seventeen.

The next revolving circle brought
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien;
I read, I practised, studied, thought,
For what? To stop at seventeen.

Sixteen arrived, that witching year
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,
Ready to ope, when first appear
The genial rays of seventeen.

They came—have pass'd—think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw that magic screen;
But this I urge, fill well your heads,
And guard your hearts for seventeen.

HYMN IN HARVEST TIME.

By Charles West Thompson.

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye,
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense from the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love.
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home,
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade,
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away.
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around!
No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stirr'd;
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide.
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

[From a number of excellent tales we select the following:—]

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel, the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright good man, that ever laboured six days, and rested on the Sabbath. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate grey eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth; his down-sitting and up-rising; all of which appeared to be performed with conviction aforethought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order, "to the right-about face, forward, march!" Now, if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his Family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw: and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God much, but honoured and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to

be more exact still. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand, with the great bible and almanack on it, in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the 1st of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practice either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total. This Aunt Betsey, aforenamed, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to, everything; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever had before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma, until he had arrived at the age of *in*discretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him, whether it was "*Sabba-day*," or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with everybody, and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half-an-hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put everything that came in his way. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining. "Edward, Edward, must not play Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went from "man's chief end" to "the commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home, inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen." After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But, alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came, when he sickened. Aunt Betsy tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity. "Can't you think of anything more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when everything had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the

physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. "Oh, dear! oh, I am so sick!" He gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. "There goes pussy," said he: "oh. dear, I shall never play with pussy any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept." The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day. and it rose "with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him, at family prayers, bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendour of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much reverenced, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble." My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door. The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicing about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree, and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering, just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth,—"How happy that cretur is! well, the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to dust amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

Early Almanacs.

[We have extracted the two following articles from the "Companion to the Almanack," for 1839—a work particularly rich this year in the most useful information:—]

The early history of almanacs is involved in much obscurity. The Egyptians, indeed, possessed instruments answering most of the same purposes: but the log calendars are the most ancient almanacs, properly so called. Verstegan derives their name from a Saxon origin, viz., *al-mon-aght*, or the observation of all the moons, that being the purpose for which they were originally made: an eastern origin would appear to me to be more probable. They are doubtless of high antiquity, and, if we can be guided by the errors of the more modern ones in their ecclesiastical computation, we might refer them to the second or third century. Gruter has delineated one at Rome, and which is said to have been used by the Goths and Vandals: this was cut in elm, though most are in box, and some few in fir, brass, horn, &c. Each of these calendars contains four sides, for the four quarters of the year, and gives the golden numbers, epacts, dominical letter, &c. The numerical notation is imperfect but curious; dots are put for the first four digits, a mark similar to the Roman numeral V, for five; this mark, and additional dots for the next four, and the algebraical sign + for ten. Specimens of these logs may be seen in the British Museum; and, as they are not uncommon, it is unnecessary to enter into further detail.

Before I commence with written almanacs, it will be necessary to remark the distinction between astronomical and ecclesiastical calendars, the first of which contain astronomical computations, and the other lists of saints' days, and other matters relative to the church; sometimes, indeed, both are found united, although the latter claim a higher antiquity, being prefixed to most ancient Latin manuscripts of the Scriptures.

The folding calendars were, perhaps, the

most ancient forms of them, and merit particular attention, Several of these are in the British Museum, and at Oxford; one of them was written in the year 1430, and is in English; but the writer confesses his inability to find suitable expressions for the technical terms which were derived for the most part from the Arabic, "for defawte of terms conveynent in our moder language." In the Pepysian library at Cambridge there is one printed by Wynkin de Worde, in octo-decimo, which, in its original form, folds up from a small folio sheet of vellum; it bears the date of 1523.

The standard almanacs emanated from Oxford, the seat of British science throughout the middle ages: in fact, before Newton's time, Cambridge was a blank, and the only scientific names that cheer the pages of the history of its early literature are Holbroke of St. Peter's College, Buckley of King's, and Dee of St. John's; the first known by his astronomical tables, the second by a plagiarism of a method of extracting the roots of fractions from Robert Record, and the third a memorable instance of one of the greatest men of his time, uniting the pure truths of science with the grossest absurdities. All three were astrologers, owing, perhaps, more to the place of their education than to the individuals themselves.

There has been some dispute relative to the authenticity of Roger Bacon's calendar, of which there is a MS. in the British Museum: the following is an exact transcript of the commencement:—

"Kalendarium sequens extractum est a tabulis tholetanis. anno domini. 1292. factus ad meridiem civitatis tholeti que in Hispania scita est cujus meridianus non multum distat a maridiano medii puncti Hibernie in quo. 3. continentur." f. 2.

If we retain *factus*, it cannot be translated, but, fortunately, the other MS. at Oxford has *factum*, and this must evidently be the true reading. Professor Peacock writes *factis*; but there is not, as far as I know, any MS. authority for it. With respect to the author of it, the Bodleian MS., in a coeval rubric, states the calendar to have been written *à fratre Rogero Bacon*; while the Cotton MS. not having any original title, is ascribed to Roger Bacon, in a hand of the 17th century: both of the MSS. belong to the 14th century. In the Harleian collection (No. 941) is a MS. on the length of the days throughout the year, stated to have been "made at Oxynforde be the new kalendere and proved in all the universitye:" this "new kalendere" may possibly refer to Roger Bacon's; but there are not sufficient data to enable us to attain an approach to certainty.

The calendar of John Somers, of Oxford, written in 1380, was one of the most popular of the time: there is generally appended to it, *Tabula docens algorismum legere, cujus utilitas est in brevi satis spatio numerum magnum comprehendere. Et quia numeri in kalendario positi vix excedunt sexaginta, ultra illam summam non est protensa.* Several English translations of this tract are among the Ashmolean MSS.

We have likewise in MS. "Almanach Profacii Judei," which is very ancient. Walter de Elvendene wrote a calendar in 1327, and Nicholas de Lynna published another in 1386. Sometimes these calendars are found in rolls.

In the library at Lambeth Palace is a very curious calendar in the English language, written in 1460: at the end is a table of eclipses from 1460 to 1481; but a very perfect volvelle is most worthy of notice, because these instruments are generally found imperfect. In the Cottonian collection is another English calendar, written about 1450, but so much damaged by the fire that the nature of it cannot be seen. In Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a MS. said to have been composed in 1347, and entitled, 'An Almanak, translated in perpetuite, out of Aribike into Latin; and in the same library I find 'The Effemerides of John of Mounte Riol,' a German "Prince of Astronomyers." Professor Leslie mentions a very beautiful calendar in the library of the university of Edinburgh, with the date of 1482: he does not appear to be aware that they were common in MS. libraries, and he greatly overrates its value.

There was printed at Hackney, in 1812, a small octavo volume, containing an account of an English almanac for the year 1386: it contains a very large portion of astronomical and medical matter, but appears to be of little interest, save that it is the earliest one in English I have ever heard of. The contents of this calendar are as follows:—

1. The houses of the planets and their properties.
2. The exposition of the signs.
3. Chronicle of events from the birth of Cain.

In 1325 there was a "grete hungur" in England; in 1333 a great tempest; in 1349 the first, in 1361 the second, and in 1369 the third pestilence. It is curious to remark the clumsy method of expressing numbers consisting of more than two figures: for instance, we have 52mcc20 put for 52,220. This shows that the Arabic notation was even then but imperfectly understood among the people.

4. To find the prime numbers.
5. Short notes on medicine.
6. On blood-letting.
7. A description of the table of the signs, and moveable feasts.
8. Quantitates diei artificialis.

The extracts from this calendar are wretchedly transcribed, and evidently by one who was totally unacquainted with MSS.

The clock or albion of Richard de Walingford, of St. Alban's, answered the purpose of a calendar. This clock made, says Bale, who appears to have seen it, *magno labore, majore sumptu, arte vero maxima*, was considered the greatest curiosity of its time. In his account of it, which still remains in manuscript, we have the following definitions:—"Albion est geometricum instrumentum: almanac autem arismetricum." Peter Lightfoot's celebrated astronomical clock at Glastonbury may have been something of the same sort.

Peter de Dacia, about 1300, published a calendar, of which there is a very early MS. in the Savilian library at Oxford: the "condiciones planetarum" are thus stated—

"Jupiter atque Venus boni, Saturnusque malignus;
Sol et Mercurius cum Luna sunt mediocres."

The "homo signorum," so common in later calendars, probably originated with him.

The earliest almanac printed in England was the "Sheapeheard's Kalender,' translated from the French, and printed by Richard Pynson, in 1497. It contains a vast portion of extraneous matter. The following verses on the planets will, at the same time, give a good idea of the nature of the astrological information in this and other calendars of the period:—

"Some hot, some colde, some moyst, some dry,
If three be good, foure be worse at the most.
Saturne is hyest and coldest, being full old,
And Mars, with his bluddy swerde, ever ready to kyll;
Jupiter very good, and Venus maketh lovers glad,
Sol and Luna is half good and half ill.
Mercury is good and will verily,
And hereafter shalt thou know,
Whiche of the seven most worthy be,
And who reigneth hye, and who a lowe;
Of every planets propertie,
Which is the best among them all,
That causeth welth, sorrowe, or sinne,
Tarry and heare sone thou shalt,
Speake softe, for now I beginne."

Afterwards follow some prognostications of the weather. The following method "to knowe what wether shall be all the yere after the chaunge of every moone by the prime dayes," is taken from a MS. in Lambath Palace:—

"Sondaye pryme, drye wether.
Mondaye pryme, moyst wether.
Tuesdaye pryme, cold and wynde.
Wednesdaye pryme, mervelous,
Thursdaye pryme, sonne and clere.
Frydaye pryme, fayre and fowle
Saturday pryme, rayne."

Prognostications of the weather were early matters of reproach—

"Astronomyers also aren at ere whittes ende,
Of that was calculed of the clymat the contrye thei fyndeth."

And in Heber's library was a little tract of three leaves, entitled 'A Mery Prognostication.'—

"For the yere of Chryste's incarnacyon,
A thousande fyve hundreth fortye and foure.
This to prognosticate I may be bolde,
That whan the new yere is come, gone is the olde."

Henry VIII. issued a proclamation against such false prognostications as this tract was intended to ridicule, but still no printer ventured to put his name to it. Not long after to believe them was a crime; "as for astrologicall and other like vaine predictions or abodes," says Thomas Lydiat, "I thanke God I was never addicted to them."

Johannes de Monte-Regio, in 1472, composed the earliest European almanac that issued from the press; and, before the end of that century, they became common on the Continent. In England they were not in general use until the middle of the sixteenth century. Most of the best mathematicians of the time were employed in constructing them; but, before the end of the following century, almanac-makers began to form a distinct body, and, though they often styled themselves "studentes in the artes mathematicall," very few of them were at all celebrated in the pure sciences.

It may not be wholly irrelevant here to make some few observations on the memory-rhymes found in some almanacs of the present day, and which date their origin to a much earlier period. The well-known lines, used by many for recalling to their recollection the number of days in each month, I find in Winter's Cambridge Almanac for 1635, under the following slightly-varied form—

"April, June, and September,
Thirty daies have as November;
Ech mouth else doth never vary,
From thirty-one, save February;
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on Leap-yeare, then twenty-nine."

And the nursery-rhymes, commencing "Multiplication is my vexation," were certainly made before 1570.

The early history of ecclesiastical computation is intimately connected with that of calendars. Dionysius Exiguus was one of the first who wrote on the subject: after him, Bede, Gerlandus, Alexander de Villa Dei, and Johannes de Sacro-Bosco, were the most celebrated. The Massa Composi of Alexander de Villa Dei, so common in MS., is perhaps the most singular tract on the subject that has come down to us: his reason for the title of the book is exceedingly curious:—*Sicut de multis laminis æris in conflatorio massa una efficitur, ideo librum istum vocari volui massam compoti.*

I cannot conclude without mentioning the 'Almanac and Prognostication' of Leonard Digges, which was so often reprinted in the latter half of the sixteenth century: it is filled with the most extravagant astrological absurdities, and a table of weather predictions. With respect to the latter, however, I have had the curiosity to test its accuracy for some months in comparison with our two celebrated weather almanacs, and, on the average, have found it to be quite as "neare the marke" as either of them.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

The number of these institutions on the 20th of November, 1837, was 408:—in England, 398; Scotland, 9: Wales, 23; and Ireland, 78. In the twenty years ending November, 1837, the sum of 9,558,060*l.* has been paid to the trustees of Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies for interest on deposits and other charges. The amount received, during the same period, from dividends on stock or other public securities in which Savings' Banks deposits were invested, has been 8,073,963*l.*, making a difference of 1,484 096*l.* in the course of twenty years, or about 74,000*l.* on an annual average—a sacrifice on the part of the public which is well repaid by the encouragement afforded by Savings' Banks and other provident establishments to habits of economy and foresight. It is impossible on looking at the first Table not to be struck with the rapid increase in the number of depositors under 20*l.* since the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act. In the three years ending November, 1834, the addition to this class was 28.331, while in the three subsequent years it has been 73.194. The improved system has not only supplied motives of economy, but it has afforded the means of accumulating small sums to the humbler classes generally to a greater extent than was enjoyed by them before the amendment commenced. Mr. Tufnell's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners on the Kent and East Sussex Unions presents many facts showing that the sum saved in poor's rate is expended in labour, and labour having become more productive in proportion as the labourers were emancipated from the thraldom of the parish, more than the amount saved in rates has been paid in wages. A farmer in the Battle Union paid, on the average of two years preceding the formation of the Union, 695*l.* each year for labour, and for the two years subsequent to that change 810*l.* being an increase of 115*l.* for labour. His poor's rate had been diminished from 198*l.* to 86*l.*, showing a saving of 112*l.* as the result of the amended administration of the law, and he had consequently expended 3*l.* more in labour than had been saved by the poor-rate. In another case, the sum paid in labour had increased from 793*l.* to 894*l.* a-year; in a second from 792*l.* to 930*l.*; in a third from 700*l.* to 762*l.* The old system was so deeply injurious to the farmers as to involve many of them in debt, and they are now employing the means which the diminution of poor's rates places in their hands for reducing their incumbrances; but even under these circumstances the benefit to the labourer is nearly the same. The increase of members of Friendly Socities is also a gratifying indication, and may also be chiefly traced to the effects of the Poor Law. A reference to the first table shows the progress of these institutions since 1830. Mr. Tufnell (p. 221 of his Report) gives the number of members of two societies in Kent, and one in Sussex, for the last two years, from which it appears that one society had for the three years preceding 1835 an average number of 56 members, which had been increased to 70 in the three following years, the number in 1837 being 98. One of the societies in Kent had 365 members on an average of the years 1832-3-4, which had been increased to an average of 417 for the three following years, the number of members being 478 in 1837. The other society had 533 members in 1834, and 770 in 1837. In 1834 the amount deposited in sums under 20*l.* by Friendly Societies in Savings' Banks in Kent was 94.918*l.*, and in those of Sussex, 45,897*l.*; and in 1837 they had respectively increased to 110,156*l.* and 51,409*l.* These two were counties which had been most deeply immersed in pauperism.

The Diadem.

[This is truly a delightful book for the Boudoir; it is full of sweets, and ably edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan. We extract the following from among many others equally pleasing.]

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

By Lord John Manners.

I know not how it is—but man ne'er sees
The glory of this world, it's streams and trees,
It's thousand forms of beauty, that delight
The soul, the sense, and captivate the sight,—
So lo· g as laughing health vouchsafes to stay
And charm the traveller on his joyous way.

No! Man can ne'er appreciate this earth
Which he hath lived, and joyed in, from his birth,
Till pain or sickness from his sight removes
All that in health he valued not, yet loves:
Then, then it is he learns to feel the ties
Of earth, and all its sweetest sympathies.

Then he begins to know how fair, how sweet
Were all those flowers that bloomed beneath his feet;
Then he confesses that, before, in vain
The wild-flowers blossomed on the lowly plain;
Then he remembers that the lark would sing,
Making the heavens with her music ring,
And he, unmindful, never cared to hear
Her tuneful orisons at day-break clear.
While all the glories that enrich this earth
Crowd on his brain, and magnify its worth,
Till truant fancy quits the couch of pain
To rove in health's gay fields and woods again!
But when some pang his wandering sense recalls,
And chains the sufferer to his prison walls,
What to his misery adds a sharper sting,
And plumes the features on Affliction's wing?
What but the thought that, in his hour of health,
He slighted these for glory, power, or wealth?
And oh! how trivial, when compared with these,
Seem all the pleasures which are said to please!

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

87.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1838. [PRICE 2d.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE FATHER OF CRABBE, THE POET.*

time the above Sketch was taken, ıises were occupied by a man con- rith the Preventive Service; it re- the large keeping-room; but its charm to most of our readers will m its being an English interior of life, and a graphic memorial of rescuing from oblivion the only ranscript of a room in which many yish days were passed.

ollowing poetical illustration is by Barton:

side the broad and billowy deep,
le dwelling, in its earlier day;
atch the winter-winds would sweep,
its walls oft beat the ocean spray;
roll'd on it fell into decay,
e doom that prouder piles must share;
r its very form hath pass'd away,
midst the wreck of things which were;"
s memory lives, cherish'd with grateful care.

s hath immortalized the spot!
g it with the Poet's deathless name,
ig round the memory of that cot,
ast spell of his enduring fame:
-because not won by numbers tame,
ion place, in flowers of fiction drest,
that TRUTH which form'd his proudest aim,
ature's sternest Painter, yet the best!"
is highest charm, and this its deepest zest.

that popular and entertaining annual, s Ladies' Memorandum Book for 1839."

It was not his to sing of rural swains,
In strains arcadian, caught from days of Yore,
Painting their hopes and fears, their joys and pains,
To classic models true—and nothing more;
He sang them, as he found them on the shore
Of the wild ocean, "an amphibious race;
Yet not unmindful, in their varied store
Of good and ill—of each redeeming grace.
Though "few and far between" which truth allow'd to trace.

'Tis in the sterling truth, and sober sense,
Legible in his deeply moral lay,
Are found "the head and front of the offence,"
For which some still his graphic page gainsay;
Poetry was with him no push-pin play!
But Nature's voice, the heart's interpreter;
And by this standard tested, even they
Who at his darker touches most demur,
Must own him of his themes a faithful chronicler.

Sailors and Smugglers, Gipsies, Poachers, Boors,
Fishers, and Publicans; a motley throng;
The life these led, or in, or out of doors,
Such, chiefly, form'd the staple of his song;
His lot was cast, by circumstance, among
Those samples of our kind; and are they not
All HUMAN beings? marr'd by much of wrong,
And stain'd by many a foul and flagrant blot
They are—yet from our race all these divorce them not!

Bradford, the Martyr, when he once beheld
A criminal to execution led,
Exclaim'd, "had not the grace of God withheld
My feet from wandering in a path as dread,
Such portion had been mine!" 'Twas nobly said;
And he who, on the Gospel's humbling plan,
Forbears to judge another, but instead,
Turns inward his own evil there to scan,
Feels sympathy for *all*, bearing the name of Man!

And THIS is the redeeming charm that lends
Its lustre to our Suffolk Poet's page;—
A spirit of humanity—that blends
Our lighter lot on life's eventful stage,
With their's, whose hardships seem their heritage;
Instructing us, ere harshly we condemn,
To bear in mind the warfare they may wage,
The rougher tide which they may have to stem,
A lesson, taught aright, which leads to pity them.

Then turn not from his pages—tho' they bear
The brand of much that virtue must reprove;
Much is there truest sympathy to share,
Much to be pitied, somewhat, too, to love!
It is the part of wisdom from above
To sever, as by alchymy sublime,
Feelings and impulses to vice which move,
From those which bid our spirits upward climb,
The criminal to mourn, e'en while we loathe the crime!

Hence those who truly know, and feel his worth,
This frail memorial of his boyish years
Will love and cherish: here perchance had birth,
That mastery o'er the source of smiles and tears,
Which still his minstrel memory endears;
And e'en this humble room becomes a shrine,
Where all who justly rate the hopes and fears
That in our human hearts must aye combine,
May fitly frame a wreath his honour'd brow to twine!

THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

How silent and gloomy does London appear,
The late scene of mirth and renown;
Not the sound of a carriage now strikes on the ear,
Save the cab of the "Last Man in Town."

The houses deserted in each square and street,
Seem darkly upon you to frown;
Not a sound do you hear, not a soul do you meet,
Save the shade of the "Last Man in Town."

Should the cool evening breeze for a stroll you invite,
And to Regent Street should you repair;
No laughter is heard to enliven the night,
And no longer cigars scent the air.

If "solus in vares" a dandy you see,
Who uneasily walks up and down;
Whatever he is, or whoever he be,
Be sure he's the "Last Man in Town."

The Parliament ended—the members have flown,
And nobles and dukes of renown,
Have dispersed in the country, and left all alone
The mysterious "Last Man in Town."

Our young Queen has also deserted the City,
Whom may health and prosperity crown;
And as I am off, too, I do heartily pity,
The fate of the "Last Man in Town."

C. K. SALA.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

SEE! the delicate pages as yet are untraced
By the hand of the Muse or the pencil of taste;
And it looks like the ocean, all dreary and wide,
No bark on its waves and no shore on its side.
Yet on Tadmor the desert, Palmyra was seen
To rise like a vision, a beautiful dream;
So on the waste leaves of my Album may be
A column erected to Friendship and thee.
May the graphist illume it with tracery bright,
And the poet inscribe it with letters of light.
And each friend that I love give a flower or gem,
To garland the shrine in remembrance of them.

THE following epigrammatic epitaph, on DANIEL BLACKFORD, Esq., who died in 1681, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, may be seen in the village church of Oxhill, Warwickshire:—

"When I was young, I ventured life and blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good;
In elder years my care was chief to be,
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me."

A. R.

Manners and Customs.

A RESIDENCE IN NEW ZEALAND BETWEEN THE YEARS 1831 AND 1838.

*By J. S. Polack, Esq., Member of the Colonial Society of London.**

[WE have already, in the last volume, and in former numbers of the present, given an account, generally, of the colonization of New Zealand, as well as a description of the country, its mountains, minerals, natives, &c. Mr. Polack's work, therefore, has been anticipated. But there is, in the volume before us, matters so replete with interest respecting the southern regions, that our readers might well blame us were we not to cater for their instruction and amusement, by occasional extracts from this valuable tome. Mr. Polack states in his preface, "that having been for many years sequestered from the society of literary men, and from access to works emanating from them, matter rather than manner has been the object he had in view." How far such a semiapologetic tone was necessary is left to the perusers of our extracts to determine.]

Method of Cooking in New Zealand.

In the meanwhile my companions had lighted a fire; one of them taking a musket, and placing some priming in the pan of the lock, closed up the touch-hole; against which he applied a piece of his flaxen garment, previously made soft by friction; he then pulled the trigger of the piece, which, communicating some sparks to the flax, produced a flame by being gently waved to and fro. Some of the lads had applied themselves to scraping potatoes and kumeras, which they prepared with much celerity with the aid of a mussel-shell; others had collected stones, and deposited them in a hole, previously dug in the ground, near the beach, over some firewood which had been ignited. The stones having been made red-hot, the provisions, which consisted of fish procured at Moperi, after being cleansed and bound up in the leaves of the káhá, or wild turnip, which almost covers every spare surface of vegetable soil in the country, together with the potatoes and kumeras, were all placed in a basket on the hot stones, which were arranged so as to surround the food. Some leaves and old baskets were placed over the first that had been deposited within the hole, and pouring some water from a calabash, the steam that arose in consequence was speedily enclosed, by earth being thrown over the whole, so that the steam could not escape,—every gap being carefully closed up. Within twenty minutes the provisions were excellently cooked, and fit for eating.

* Published by Bentley, London, 1838.

"Hákà," or Dance of Welcome.

After each of my retinue were presented to the chief, partaking of the honour of the ongi, or salutation, the hákà, or dance of welcome, was performed; this was commenced by our entertainers, who placed themselves in an extended line, in ranks four deep. This dance, to a stranger witnessing it for the first time, is calculated to excite the most alarming fears; the entire body of performers, male and female, free and bond, were mixed together, without reference to the rank they held in the community. All the male performers were quite naked, except the cartouch-box around the body, filled with ball cartridges. All were armed with muskets, or bayonets put on the ends of spears or sticks; the young women, including the wives of the chief, joined in this dance of rejoicing and welcome; the females had left exposed their budding charms to the waist, from which was appended two stout handsome garments of the silken flax.

In the chant that accompanied the dance, proper time was kept, as was equally well displayed in the various performances of agility exhibited in these hákàs, especially in the perpendicular jump from the ground, which is often repeated in a simultaneous manner, as if the whole body of performers were actuated by one impulse. Every person tries to outvie his companion in these volitary movements. The implements with which they arm themselves are brandished at the same moment, and the distortion of countenance, with the long tresses of hair that often adorn either sex, give them the appearance of an army of Gorgons, with snakelike locks, as was represented on the ægis of Pallas. The ladies performed their utmost, in adding to the singularity of the scene, wielding spears made of the kaikatoe-tree, and paddles of the same popular wood. The countenances of all were distorted into every possible shape permitted by the muscles of the human face divine: every new grimace was instantly adopted by all the performers in exact unison: thus, if one commenced screwing his face with a rigidity, as if the appliance of a vice had been made use of, he was followed *instanter* by the whole body with a similar gesticulation, so that, at times, the whites of the eyes were only visible, the eye-balls rolling to and fro in their sockets. Altogether their countenances, aided by the colours with which they had bedaubed themselves, presented so horrible a spectacle, that I was fain glad to relieve myself, by withdrawing my gaze. The tongue was thrust out of the mouth, with an extension impossible for a European to copy: early and long practice only could accomplish it. The deafening noise made in joining chorus, added to the resound produced by the blow the performers struck themselves with the flattened hand on the left breast, gave a lively picture of the effect these dances must produce in times of war, in raising the bravery, and heightening the antipathy that is felt by the contending parties against each other.

"Tangi," or Lament.

The first couple that paired off in this singular manifestation of social feelings, was the ancient chief, and companion of my journey. As soon as he recognised the old lady, his wife, mother to Peroné, and she perceived in return her liege lord, an affecting scene took place between those loving relatives. The old lady made room for the chief, who sat himself down by her side, on a part of the bushes of fern that had been spread for his wife. They pressed noses for some time together, (rather an unpleasant coalition in winter,) and both appeared too much absorbed in grief to utter a word to each other for some time. They hid their heads within one garment; and, entwining each other, burst forth into a violent flood of tears, giving vent to the most dismal moans, and weeping bitterly. At intervals, when their tears permitted, each sung, or chanted, in doleful strains, the occurrences that had taken place during each other's absence.

This chant was taken up by turns: at the conclusion of each sentence they groaned in *duetto;* they were certainly much affected. These Jeremiads are such a luxury to the natives of the country, that I have seen, in the middle of a takáro, or play, a person suddenly rise and propose a "tangi," and the play has been immediately abandoned for this doleful substitute. Nor was this all; that an additional zest might be given to the entertainment, sharp-mussel-shells were used to excoriate the body; and, in a short time, streams of blood trickled down the face, arms, and every part of the body of each performer. The tangi was not confined to the two old people; as each of my retinue had been appropriated by some quondom relative—one having found a sister, another a wife, some a matua kaka, or relation and parent by adoption, a common practice among those people. Their scanty garments were soon soaked through with tears, and some were almost saturated with the blood of themselves and their companions. Mussel-shells were principally in request among the ladies, whose bodies also streamed with blood. To attempt to prevent such copious bleedings would have been ineffectual: yet, often a single drop from the arm, breast, or forehead, is deemed satisfactory; however, it was not so on the above occasion.

This mournful chorus was kept up for a full half-hour, which reminded me much of the idolatrous practices of the ancient nations around Palestine, whose names are blotted out from mankind, and of which, a merciful dispensation forbade the practice.

Incantation.

I went and joined the old magician, who was entirely stripped, as were five chiefs who were also officiating. They all eagerly asked me in a breath, if I had eaten of any thing; to their evident satisfaction, I answered in the negative. They then requested me to return to the village, as the rites they had to perform were forbidden to be seen by any person but the priesthood. I told them I would willingly comply with their request, but would not answer for the irritability of my appetite, which was not to be thwarted when anything was to be got. This induced them to allow me to remain, on the ground that I was a European. They then applied themselves to fixing in the ground some small sticks, about two feet each in length. I was now given to understand the ceremony was an oracular consultation whether my party, including myself, was to perform our journey in safety or otherwise. Each stick stood for one person; my representative was distinguished by a small piece of raupo flag being attached to the head of the stick. On the top of the stick was placed a kirikiri, or gravel-stone; these were to remain on the stick for an hour; and, if none of the stones fell on the earth, our journey was to be propitious, and which ever stone fell, death would ensue in some shape to the person represented.

Friendly Robbery.

We met two several parties, one of whom had come from some distance to attend the Haihunga at Waipoa; the others were congregated together, on a stripping excursion, to rob some of their friends who resided at the southward, whose chiefs had been changing their solitary celibacy for marriage bliss; and, consequently, had rendered themselves fit objects for plunder by the laws of their country. Such are the inconsistent customs of the New Zealanders.

I afterwards heard this party were too late, as the married men had been robbed of every article of property the day of their espousals. All *my* property was perfectly safe among them. This party were unconscious of doing otherwise than an act of justice; and entered on this duty with the self-satisfied feelings of a respectable body of civilians, who exert their uncompromising services in carrying the municipal enactments of their city into *execution*. Every person of the party had "suffered the law" at earlier periods, and the pleasing duty of the *lex talionis* had now devolved on these sympathetic folks.

"Haihunga," or Feast of Exhumation.

The haihunga is a feast, instituted by various tribes, to commemorate the actions of the illustrious dead. The bones of the defunct warriors are scraped clean, with mussel shells, from all superfluous flesh, washed in a tapued stream, and placed in the cemetery. From this place they are brought forth by the clergy of the district, who undertake this sacred office in procession, joining in an antistrophal chant, during which the actions of the departed are elaborately dwelt upon, and exaggerated, whose spirits are supposed to have become apotheosised.

This ceremony is regarded with peculiar awe, as the new divinity is expected to watch over the proceedings of the haihunga. In former commemorations of this feast, it was the practice to sacrifice slaves as a native offering to the manes of the departed; but from the scarcity in the slave-market of late years (their services being at a premium), the multitude are restricted from this much-esteemed food, and are now obliged to felicitate themselves on *only* a bit of pork.

Method of Catching Birds.

The natives employ various methods in catching birds.

The pigeon, or kukupá, is caught by the fowler placing a leaf, similar to the spear-grass, between his lips, and whistling, imitates the peculiar note of the bird; which, attracted by the sound, gradually approaches nearer to the *siffleur*, hopping from twig to spray, till, resting close to him, it is gradually lulled asleep by the note; this is soon perceived by the bird nestling its head under its wing: it is then easily killed, by a pointed stick of hardwood being thrown at it.

Another method in use by the people, is to erect, with palm-leaves, a small hut, to conceal the person of the fowler, who takes a female bird of the kind he wishes to capture, which he secures from flight, by making a string fast to her leg: he then allows her to fly through a hole made through the roof, and he imitates the cooing note of the species. This soon attracts the feathered race around, and, by dint of patience, a good voice, talent of imitation, and the decoy-bird, the fowler may capture as many birds as he pleases, who follow the decoy within the hole, and are then entrapped.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Professor Traill, of Edinburgh, has just completed a volume on this very interesting branch of science. This treatise is embodied in the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, recently published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, and it is also printed in a detached form.

This science, which is one of those that afford the most convincing arguments to prove the perfect wisdom of the Divine Creator of all things, is of recent origin in its strictly philosophical sense. Much of terrestrial ac-

ture yet remains to be explored; the surface of our globe is as yet but partially known; and although every age adds considerably to the information of mankind, this exhaustless field will, for ages to come, afford materials to exercise the industry, and reward the investigations of the philosophical inquirer.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to give any long extracts, even from works of this elevated class, but we cannot avoid giving a few short but surprising facts with which most of our readers will be entertained:—"Taking the whole surface of the globe as equal to 196,836,658 square miles, and as the land is to the water in the proportion of nearly 266,734, it follows that the whole land occupies a surface of 52,363,231 square miles, and the ocean has an area of 144,473,427 square miles."

The whole surface of the dry land is elevated more or less above the general level of the ocean, with some remarkable exceptions, which have only of late years been detected by barometrical measurements, which have shown that a vast area of central Asia, "no less than 18,000 square leagues, is considerably below the level of the ocean," including the Caspian Sea and Lake of Aral, the surfaces of which have recently been shown to be 101·2 feet lower than the surface of the Black Sea. Therefore, should any convulsion of nature, like those which earthquakes are known to produce, depress the low sandy tract which now separates the sea of Asoph and the Caspian, the waters of the Euxine, and also of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, would inundate an enormous extent of the sandy steppes of Asia, and entirely change the climate and face of that portion of the globe.

It has also lately been proved, by the experiments of G. Moore, Beck, and Professor Schubert, that the surface of the Dead Sea is 598 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the surface of the lake of Tiberias, from which the river Jordan runs into the Dead Sea, is 500 feet below the surface of the same sea. The lake of Genesareth is also considerably below the level of the Mediterranean, so that, should any disruption of the land take place which separates the latter from the former, a tremendous deluge must be the consequence in Palestine and Arabia.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Translated from the French.

(*For the Mirror.*)

ZENNEQUIN, THE HERO OF CASSEL.

In the year 1328, Louis de Crecy, Count of Flanders and Artois, found it necessary to call to his assistance his sovereign lord, Philip of Valois, King of France, in order to reduce the revolutionary Flemings to subjection. While the French army was preparing for the invasion, Count Louis, ready to reassume his authority, and eager to be revenged on his rebellious subjects, laid them under new and heavy taxes.

The inhabitants of Cassel, hitherto strangers to rebellion, lived peaceably and happily on the produce of their excellent butter—not only famed throughout Flanders, but also in the neighbouring kingdoms. The extremes of poverty and riches were alike unknown in Cassel, whose citizens, united among themselves, and proud of their industry, which insured them an honest independence, had never solicited the grace or favour of their sovereign. He, on his part, appeared to have forgot the existence of this portion of his subjects. Submission to the laws, and bearing their share of the public burdens, they might have quietly passed over the disastrous reign of Louis de Crecy, except for the injustice of this prince, and the existence of a man born five hundred years too soon.

Louis, all at once recollecting Cassel, thought proper to lay a most exorbitant impost on the object of its industry,—an impost that would rob the inhabitants of the fruits of their labour, and prevent them from competing with other cities of Flanders.

The Casselaise, finding it impossible to pay this unjust tax, were reduced to a state of desperation, and, animated by the imprudent but noble indignation of a weaver, named Zennequin, they refused to submit to the edict of their sovereign, and drove from their city the officers charged with the receipt of the obnoxious duty.

"Casselaise," cried Zennequin, knitting his brows and clenching his hands convulsively, "will you submit to be treated like vile slaves, and robbed of the fruits of your industry? Are you ignorant of your strength? Have you degenerated from the valour of your ancestors, who, from time immemorial, have been the Voorvechters (Vanguard,) in the day of battle; imitate, at least, the bee, that does not suffer himself to be robbed of the fruits of his honest labour without making his despoiler feel the effects of his sting? What do you fear? Entrenched behind your fortifications, on an elevated rock, you can count the number of your enemies, and hurl them down the precipice before they can even attempt to scale your walls; it is not enough to have refused obedience, we must attack this vile vassal of Philip the Sixth, and compel him to keep his oaths. There (pointing with his hand,) was the tower built by the Romans to overawe our brave forefathers, the day of popular vengeance came, and it was levelled with the ground. The castle which has been raised on its ruins has long served to oppress us; let us raze to its foundation this feudal monument, before it is occupied by the satellites of the tyrant, and bury ourselves under the ruins rather than live

in a state of slavery!! While Louis was just, we yielded obedience. He swore to preserve our rights and franchises, but his perjury has absolved us from our allegiance, and sanctioned our resistance. Let those among you to whom liberty is dearer than life, follow me, and we will conquer or die!—Call me fellow-soldier, or leader—it matters not—my only object is to deliver my country from oppression."

Electrified by this patriotic address, the Casselaise, led by Zennequin, rushed to arms, but, before they could effect the expulsion of the prince's partizans from the castle, a report was spread that Count Louis was advancing with his allies, to take vengeance on them; and soon after the victorious army of Philip surrounded the town. "We are lost," exclaimed the Casselaise. "Fear nothing," answered Zennequin, "I sacrifice myself to save you. If I fail in my attempt, I shall at least be spared the mortification of seeing our city in the hands of strangers—I only ask one favour—hold out till to-morrow." His fellow citizens, misled by the assurance of Zennequin, had the hardihood to defy the herald of Philip;—they exhibited to him the revolutionary flag, on which was designed a cock, with the following inscription:

"Quand ce coy chantè aura
Le Roi Cassel conquêtera."*

and fixed it, in his presence, to the steeple of the church.

About midnight, Zennequin issued from the town by a postern, and crept into the French camp, with the intention of taking the king's life; thinking by this daring act to put an end to the war, and save his fellow-citizens.

His courage was, at first, crowned with success; the sentinels, surprised and poignarded, were unable to give the alarm, and Zennequin had penetrated into the interior of the royal tent, where the king was fast asleep. At the moment he was raising his hand, in which was firmly grasped the deadly weapon, his foot became entangled in the drapery of the royal couch, and his attempt to disengage it, awoke the king. The assassin threw himself upon him, and a terrible struggle ensued; but the soldiers were roused by the noise, and the hero of Cassel, after selling his life dearly, fell at last, pierced with innumerable wounds, imploring forgiveness for his countrymen.

The name of this man, to whose memory Greece or Rome would have reared the noblest monuments, is hardly known in his own country.

A battle, in which sixteen thousand Flemings perished, was the result of this event. Cassel was taken, sacked, and burnt, and has never recovered its former prosperity.

* "Sooner will crow this chanticleer
Than tyrant king shall enter here."

M.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

(*Translated from German Authors.*)

Haydn.—Frederick II.'s first music-master was Haydn, organist of the cathedral. He had taught him to play on the piano, and Frederick was sincerely attached to him. Haydn had a son whom Frederick, on his accession, installed in the office of receiver of the excises at Rupin. This scion of the great emperor contracted debts, and even went so far as to appropriate to his own use the public money he, in virtue of his office, was in the habit of receiving. The king, on hearing this, sent for the father; the poor man trembled with anxiety and fear, and expected to be greeted with reproaches and angry remarks. The monarch, however, received him most graciously, inquiring after his health, whether he had composed any new opera, &c. At length, he said: "By-the-bye, I understand your son does not behave himself as he should. I see, the lad is not fit for the post; I will get him another directly; but tell him to be more on his guard." Haydn was so astonished at this act of generosity, that, on reaching his apartment, he pulled off his wig, threw it to the other end of the room, and, running after it, cried: "Never was there such a king!—Long live the king!"

Raphael.—Raphael had sense enough not to be offended at any remarks made on his works, but he liked them to be rational and in place. Two cardinals one day found fault with the complexions given to Peter and Paul in a picture, saying they were too red. "Gentlemen," answered the painter, with an air of extreme wonder, "and does that excite your surprise? don't you see that this redness you complain of proceeds from the unspeakable joy they experience at seeing the church so admirably governed? I have painted them such as they are in heaven!"

Frederick II.—A page who had not been long in his majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber, he had been ordered to awake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up."—"Oh! I am so tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer."—"Your majesty ordered me to awake you early."—"Only quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute! and you must get up."—"Well done!" cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you are a fine fellow! That's the way to do your duty!" At the close of the seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for

men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkies; I have a couple of very fine ones." —"I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

Buffon.—Buffon never had any of his works sent to the press, without first submitting the manuscript to Montbelliard. This gentleman, on returning him his "Epoques de la Nature," wrote on the paper which enclosed them, "I have discovered another epoch, my illustrious friend!"—"That is their way," cried Buffon, with disappointment, "they have no feeling, no sympathy—each one more ill-natured than the other—never speak, but when it is too late—that's not kindness—" and angrily tearing off the envelope, he discovered a slip of paper, on which was written four lines of poetry, to the purport, that to all admirers of Nature, the day that brought Buffon into the world, must be a new epoch.

Henri IV.—A Spanish ambassador once asked this monarch, which of his ministers he considered the best, that he might treat with him. The King immediately sent for his Chancellor, Mr. Villeroy, and Sully, saying he would let him judge for himself. Then questioning them severally, he said to the Chancellor, pointing at the same time to some cracks in the floor, "Do you not think, Monsieur le Chancelier, that this house is not safe? I mean to move directly, and repair to Fontainbleau."—"Sire," answered the Chancellor, "you cannot do better; this building is in a tottering state, and your Majesty is in danger." Mr. de Villeroy came next, and the king having made the same observation to him: "Sire," said he, "were it not best to consult the architects first?" And then came Sully's turn; he carefully inspected the cracks, stamped on the floor, and made several other experiments, after which, he said: "I see nothing here to alarm your Majesty—this building will outlive us all." Having then dismissed them, he said to the ambassador: "You now know my three ministers; the Chancellor says any thing I please; Mr. de Villeroy says nothing at all; and Sully tells me what he thinks, and he always thinks rightly."

Henri IV. had made a written promise to the Marchioness of Verneuil to espouse her. Before, however, placing it in her hands, he submitted it to Sully, asking him his opinion. Sully at once tore the paper to pieces, and appeared incapable of expressing his feelings on the subject. "Are you mad?" said Henry.—"I wish," replied his faithful minister, "I were the only fool in France."

Mesmer.—This celebrated magnetizer once boasted of having it in his power to render a whole herd of cattle immoveable. "I really believe you," observed a certain Abbé L—, "I don't in the least doubt but that you have all power over the stupid and irrational part of the creation."

Louis XVI.—"And what do you think of the three last reigns?—you have lived in all three of them," said this king to the Duke of Richelieu.—"Sire, under Louis XIV., no one durst speak; in Louis XV.'s reign people spoke in an under tone, and under your Majesty every one speaks as loud as he pleases."

Voltaire.—Voltaire used frequently to say to his publishers: "I beg you will not print more of my works than you can help—the greater the load, the more difficulty I shall have in reaching posterity." The philosopher was incessantly troubled with authors, who submitted their works to his examination. On one occasion, his opinion having been rather haughtily required, he returned the book, passing his pen over the three last letters of the word "Finis."

Marshal Saxe.—"Here's peace concluded," said the marshal; "we shall now be laid aside and forgotton:—we are like cloaks—only wanted in rough weather."

Catherine de Medicis.—The death of this infamous queen, was adverted to in the following manner, by a country preacher:—"Catherine is dead—it is now a question whether the Catholic church ought to pray for her. You may, however, risk a Pater and an Ave, it can do no harm, however little the chance may be that it stands of doing her any good."

Louis XIV.—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, whose simplicity he was well aware of:—"Do you know Spanish?"—"No, sire."—"I am very sorry for it."—"I will learn it," replied the courtier, whose imagination was immediately fired with the thought of the possibility, that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his task, and in a short time again presented himself to the king; "Sire," said he, "I now know Spanish well, and can talk and read it with ease."—"Indeed," answered Louis, "I am very glad of that—you can now read Don Quixote in the original." H. M.

Buonaparte MSS.—A number of letters and other documents written by Buonaparte, when between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, have been found in Corsica by M. Blanqui; they contain much curious matter, and are likely to be published.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HENRY LEE.

QUARRENDON is situate about two miles north-west of Aylesbury, in the county of Bucks, formerly the residence of the Lees, afterwards Earls of Lichfield: it contains nothing of importance except the monuments in the chapel, which present a sad picture of neglect and dilapidation. The body of this fabric is divested of its seats, ceiling, and almost every fragment that could preserve the memory of the holy purpose for which it was designed.

On a black marble tablet, fixed against the wall at the upper end of the chancel, is this inscription:—

1611. Memoria Sacrum.

SIR HENRY LEE, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, son of Sir Anthony Lee, and Dame Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Wiat, counsellor to the two kings of famous memory, Henrius the Seventh and Eight. He was born in Kent, under the care of his uncle, Sir Henry Wiat, of Arlington Castle, and was bred in the court of Henry VIII. He was employed in services in Scotland, under Queen Mary, at whose death he travelled in France, Holland, and Germany, and returned to England a finished traveller. In 1573, he was employed by Elizabeth in Scotland, and was present at the Siege of Edinburgh: he was appointed by his royal mistress, Lieutenant of the royal manor of Woodstock, and to the office of the royal armoury; he received at her majesty's hands, the noblest order of the Garter: he built four goodly mansions; revived the ruins of *this* chapel, and having served five succeeding princes, "with a body bent to earth, and a mind erected to heaven," he died, aged 80.

Near this is a magnificent altar-monument, the subject of the above engraving, supported with sur-coats, and helmets, and adorned with banners, battle-axes, and javelins. On it is the figure of the knight, in complete armour, with a surcoat, collar, and George of

the Order of the Garter: head reposing on a helmet, with his arms at top, surmounted by a plume of feathers. Over the effigies of the knight, is this inscription :—

Fide & Constantia—Vixit Deo patre & amicis . . . annos

Fide & Constantia—Christo spiritvm carnem sepvlchro commendavi

Fide & Constantia—Scio, credo, expecto mortvvm resvrrectionem.

Beneath on a black tablet are the following lines :—

If Fortvnes storre or Natvres wealthe commende
They both vnto his virtves praise did lende
The warrs abroade with honor he did passe
In covrtly jvsts his Sovereigne Knight he was
Sixe princes he did serve, and in the frighte
And change of state did keep himself upright
With faith vntavght spotlesse and cleare his fame
So pvre that Envy covld not wrong the same
All but his virtve now (so vaine is breath)
Tovrnd dvst lye here in the cold arms of death
Thus Fortunes and gentile favours flye
When virtve conquers deeth and destinye.

THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following verses, by Mrs. Gillies (late Mrs. Leman Grimstone,) originally appeared in the "Tatler,"* in March 1832. Their deep feeling and mild domestic pathos have led to their re-publication in many quarters, with little concern as to who was their author. Latterly they have been travelling in the United States; and there the authorship has been assigned to an "American lady, a member of the Society of Friends." Whether any lady so connected has been willing to "own the soft impeachment" we know not; but knowing well the true parentage, we are glad of an occasion to do an act of justice, and at the same time enrich our own columns.]

You took me, Colin, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego—
Or pined there was not joy for me, when you were snuk in woe?
No—I would rather share *your* tear, than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed—this rough-hewn bench a throne—
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him—
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul—
O look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou can'st make him whole!'
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber, by my child;
I take the little murmurer, that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of *thee* I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where — the wretched feel no wrong!
I ask not for a kinder tone—for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay,—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to *thee*, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you at clubs bestow—
Of knowledge that *you* prize so much, might *I* not something know?
Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an hour for me—
Make me companion of your *soul*, as I may surely be!
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're away—
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Colin, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your *studious* hours,—
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers.
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

M. L. G.

* A daily publication, long since discontinued.

EXHUMATION OF A ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT.

In page 349 of this volume, mention is made of the discovery of some antiquities, supposed to have been of Roman origin: this supposition has received, within the last few days, further confirmation by the exhumation of an almost perfect floor of tessellated pavement, situated in a beautiful valley near the Thames, about two miles from the scene of the former discovery. It is conjectured to have been the floor in the chamber of a Roman villa. The pavement is formed of "quarrels," or the small, irregularly square, detached tesseræ, so characteristic of Greek and Roman manufacture, and the figures are of the most elaborate and beautiful design. The ornamental portion, constituting the centre of the floor, is eight feet square, of four distinct colours, viz., red, gray, brown, and white. The colour appears to be formed of a species of fire-hardened cement, laid upon the surface of the tesseræ, for it is superficial, and does not pervade its whole structure. The discovery has excited much interest: a great many persons from distant parts of the country, artists, and scientific gentlemen, having visited the spot, they are unanimous in declaring the floor to be a beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient art. The site of the house (or, as some imagine it to have been, a military tent) can be traced with tolerable accuracy by the lines of mortar, charcoal, and flints, used in the foundation. Two human skeletons were lying exterior to the walls, near one of which a Roman coin was found, and by the side of the other a curious species of broad sword, which antiquarians suppose to be identical with that used by the Auxiliary Legions. Orders have been given by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, for the whole to be preserved entire.

New Books.

DR. URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES.

[It has seldom been our lot, even in this prolific age of useful publications, to notice a work which possesses such high claims to public favour, as Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. The appearance of such a work would, under any circumstances, have of itself proved sufficient to draw attention to its merits: but supported, as the present publication is, by the name of Dr. Ure, whose long and intimate acquaintance with every branch of practical science, at once eminently qualifies him for the office of a public instructor, and guarantees the accuracy and value of his knowledge, we may reasonably presume, it will secure for itself an amount of patronage commensurate with its intrinsic importance. On perusing the *Prospectus* of the work in question, we were struck with the large category of classes for whose use it was intended to be available, and could, with difficulty, repress our anxiety to see how far the alleged universality of its utility would be borne out by its actual appearance. The fourth Monthly Part is now before us: and we have no hesitation in declaring, that Dr. Ure has thus far fully redeemed the pledges set forth in his *Prospectus*; and is engaged in making an invaluable addition to the scientific literature of the country. While the grand object of the author is to impart such instruction in the multifarious manufacturing processes and chemical combinations, as will enable manufacturers and tradesmen, generally, to comprehend the principles on which their operations depend. There is no class in the community whose interests do not come more or less within the sphere of his arrangement. The merchant, the broker, the engineer, the chemist, the drysalter, will find here, illustrated, many of the most minute and interesting details of their respective avocations; and even the legislator may collect from the clear exposition of our staple manufactures, submitted to his notice, materials for forming just ideas of the sources and principles of national industry. Nor do its merits rest here: for while, on the one hand, the subjects treated of are illustrated by numerous well-executed wood-cuts and diagrams; on the other, by reducing the dialect of science to the familiar language of the community, the author contrives to conduct us through the maze of the most intricate mechanical processes and transformations of matter, with a simplicity and perspicuity of style, which render his work perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

It is difficult to make a selection from a work which presents so many claims to our attention; but we cannot refrain from exhibiting here a specimen of its popular character, by extracting from its contents a succinct account of the history of the art of Dyeing; only premising, that the reader will find in the work itself, appended to these preliminary remarks, a detailed view of the theory of colours, and of the general processes involved in this curious and interesting art.]

Dyeing (*Teinture, Fr*; *Färberei, Germ.*) is the art of impregnating wool, silk, cotton, linen, hair, and skins, with colours not removeable by washing, or the ordinary usage to which these fibrous bodies are exposed, when worked up into articles of furniture or raiment. . . . . Dyeing is altogether a chemical process, and requires for its due explanation and practice an acquaintance with the properties of the elementary bodies, and the laws which regulate their combinations. It is true that many operations of this, as of other chemical arts, have been practised from the most ancient times, long before any just views were entertained of the nature of the changes that took place. Mankind, equally in the rudest and most refined state, have always sought to gratify the love of distinction, by staining their dress, sometimes even their skin, with gaudy colours. Moses speaks of raiment dyed blue, and purple, and scarlet; and of sheep-skins dyed red: circumstances which indicate no small degree of tinctorial skill. He enjoins purple stuffs for the works of the tabernacle, and the vestments of the high-priest.

In the article Calico-Printing, I have shown from Pliny, that the ancient Egyptians cultivated that art, with some degree of scientific precision, since they knew the use of mordants, or those substances which, though they may impart no colour themselves, yet enable white robes (*candida vela*) to absorb colouring drugs (*colorem sorbentibus medicamentis*). Tyre, however, was the nation of antiquity which made dyeing its chief occupation and the staple of its commerce. There is little doubt that purple, the sacred symbol of royal and sacerdotal dignity, was a colour discovered in that city, and that it contributed to its opulence and grandeur. Homer marks no less the value than the antiquity of this dye, by describing his heroes as arrayed in purple robes. Purple habits are mentioned among the presents made to Gideon, by the Israelites, from the spoils of the kings of Midian.

The juice employed for communicating this dye was obtained from two different kinds of shell-fish, described by Pliny under the names of *purpura* and *buccinum*; and was extracted from a small vessel or sac, in their throats, to the amount of only one drop from each animal. A darker and inferior colour was also procured by crushing the

whole substance of the *buccinum*. A certain quantity of the juice collected from a vast number of shells being treated with sea salt, was allowed to ripen for three days; after which it was diluted with five times its bulk of water, kept at a moderate heat for six days more, occasionally skimmed to separate the animal membranes, and when thus clarified was applied directly as a dye to white wool, previously prepared for this purpose by the action of lime-water, or of a species of lichen called fucus. Two operations were requisite to communicate the finest Tyrian purple; the first consisted in plunging the wool into the juice of the purpura; the second, into that of the buccinum. Fifty drachms of wool required one hundred of the former liquor, and two hundred of the latter. Sometimes a preliminary tint was given with coccus, the kermes of the present day, and the cloth received merely a finish from the precious animal juice. The colours, though probably not nearly so brilliant as those producible by our cochineal, seem to have been very durable, for Plutarch says in his "Life of Alexander," (chap. 36,) that the Greeks found in the treasury of the King of Persia, a large quantity of purple cloth, which was as beautiful as at first, though it was 190 years old.

The difficulty of collecting the purple juice, and the tedious complication of the dyeing process, made the purple wool of Tyre so expensive at Rome, that, in the time of Augustus, a pound of it cost nearly £30 of our money. Notwithstanding this enormous price, such was the wealth accumulated in that capital, that many of its leading citizens decorated themselves in purple attire, till the Emperors arrogated to themselves the privilege of wearing purple, and prohibited its use to every other person. This prohibition operated so much to discourage this curious art as eventually to occasion its extinction, first in the Western and then in the Eastern Empire, where, however, it existed in certain imperial manufactories till the eleventh century.

Dyeing was little cultivated in ancient Greece; the people of Athens wore generally woollen dresses of the natural colour. But the Romans must have bestowed some pains upon this art. In the games of the circus, parties were distinguished by colours. Four of these are described by Pliny, the green, the orange, the grey, and the white. The following ingredients were used by their dyers: a crude native alum mixed with copperas, copperas itself, blue vitriol, alkahet, lichen rochellus, or archil, broom, madder, woad, nutgalls, the seeds of pomegranate, and of an Egyptian acacia.

Gage, Cole, Plumier, Reaumur, and Duhamel, have severally made researches concerning the colouring juices of shell-fish caught on various shores of the ocean, and have succeeded in forming a purple dye, but they found it much inferior to that furnished by other means. The juice of the buccinum is at first white; it becomes by exposure to air of a yellowish green, bordering on blue; it afterwards reddens, and finally changes to a deep purple of considerable vivacity. These circumstances coincide with the minute description of the manner of catching the purple-dye shell-fish which we possess in the work of an eye-witness, Eudocia Macrembolitissa, daughter of the Emperor Constantine VIII., who lived in the eleventh century.

The moderns have obtained from the New World several dye-drugs unknown to the ancients; such as cochineal, quercitron, Brazil-wood, log-wood, annatto; and they have discovered the art of using indigo as a dye, which the Romans knew only as a pigment. But the vast superiority of our dyes over those of former times must be ascribed principally to the employment of pure alum and solution of tin as mordants, either alone or mixed with other bases; substances which give to our common dye-stuffs remarkable depth, durability, and lustre. Another improvement in dyeing, of more recent date, is the application to textile substances of metallic compounds, such as Prussian blue, chrome yellow, manganese brown, &c.

Indigo, the innoxious and beautiful product of an interesting tribe of tropical plants, which is adapted to form the most useful and substantial of all dyes, was actually denounced as a dangerous drug, and forbidden to be used, by our Parliament, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. An act was passed, authorizing searchers to burn both it and logwood in every dye-house where they could be found. This act remained in full force till the time of Charles II.; that is, for a great part of a century. A foreigner might have supposed that the legislators of England entertained such an affection for their native wood, with which their naked sires used to dye their skins in the old times, that they would allow no outlandish drug to come in competition with it. A most instructive book might be written illustrative of the evils inflicted upon Art, Manufactures, and Commerce, in consequence of the ignorance of the legislature.

[We shall conclude our present notice of this highly interesting and instructive publication, by introducing, for the special benefit of our female readers, the following recipe for preparing *Eau de Cologne*, which Dr. Ure alleges may be reckoned authentic, "having been imparted by Farina himself to a friend."]

Take sixty gallons of silent brandy: sage, and thyme, each six drachms; balm-mint, and spear-mint, each twelve ounces; calamus aromaticus, four drachms; root of

angelica, two drachms; camphor, one drachm; petals of roses and violets, each four ounces; flowers of lavender, two ounces; flowers of orange, four drachms; wormwood, one ounce; nutmegs, cloves, cassia lignea, mace, each four drachms. Two oranges and two lemons, cut in pieces. Allow the whole to macerate in the spirit during twenty-four hours, then distil off forty gallons by the heat of a water bath. Add to the product: essence of lemon, of cedrat, of balm-mint, of lavender, each one ounce four drachms; neroli and essence of the seed of anthos, each four drachms; essence of jasmin, one ounce; of bergamot, twelve ounces. Filter, and preserve for use.

The Public Journals.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, NOS. 1 AND 2.*

[The title of this new periodical for a moment misled us. We supposed it to mean those conspicuous personages, who, 'for a consideration,' and often, with a plentiful lack of consideration, condescendingly undertake the direction of the affairs of all the world. Instead of this we found, on opening the book, four spirited, engraved sketches of the *bona-fide* 'heads and shoulders,' with which nature invests all featherless bipeds; and, moreover, that induced look by which the countenance is wont to indicate the profession. The accompanying letter-press descriptions are cleverly written, and in the instances of '*The Dress Maker*,' and '*The Lawyer's Clerk*,' touch upon a spot or two in our social system, which reiterated exposure and a more enlarged humanity must ultimately, and, for the sake of existing victims, we will hope, speedily, obliterate. From the former we shall extract a few passages; the whole article is, in a high degree, heart-stirring, and worthy of deep reflection:—]

Our little dress-maker has arrived at the work-room. After two or three hours, she takes her bread-and-butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works under the rigid, scrutinizing eye of a task-mistress, some four hours more, and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat, perhaps an egg—is produced from her basket: she dines, and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment, a thundering knock is heard at the door:—"The Duchess of Daffodil *must* have her robe by four to-morrow!"

Again the dress-maker's apprentice is made to take her place—again she resumes her thread and needle; and, perhaps, the clock is "beating one," as she again, jaded and half-dead with work, creeps to her lodging, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful and very beautiful are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surpassingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of the "Morning Herald," and the "Morning Post!" To the rapt imagination they seem woven of "Iris' woof;" or things manufactured by the fairy queen, and her maids of honour: yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings, the work of penury, of patient suffering and scantily rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace? How much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flower? "All the beauty of the kingdom," says the Court Chronicler, for the thousandth time, "was at the drawing-room!" What! *all* the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none left for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

[We pass from this too-true picture to "*The Diner-out*," written by the same hand, but in another vein. That happy negation of all but the superficial virtues is described, as he must think, most invitingly.]

The Diner-out must be a man of very moderate humour—of the most temperate and considerate wit. It must be his first study to obtain and keep the character of a good-natured fellow, a most agreeable companion, at the same time rendering it impossible for those who praise him to tell the why, or the wherefore. We know that certain wags have blazed and corruscated, for a season or two, at a few tables, where are to be found the first delicacies of the season, whether of bird or beast, vegetable or man; the first pine-apple, or the last author; but these wits are but for a few invitations; the regular professional diner-out, and it is of him we speak, is for all cloths. It must, therefore, be his study to display a certain good-natured dullness; an amiability that shall make him repress the brightest jest that ever fell from human lips, if by any possibility the unuttered joke could be thought to tell against one of the party; that one, it may be, happening to possess the noblest kitchen—the most glorious cellar: and, therefore, to be conciliated by a meek politeness, an attentive urbanity, that shall ensure the diner-out a future summons to his table: for it must be remembered that the diner-out, whilst apparently enjoying

* Tyas.

the delights of the repast, and its after ease and hilarity, is indeed labouring to extend his connexion. He is not asked to grace a board on the strength of a new picture—a wonderful poem—a galvanic, man-eating, man-slaying novel, or the discovery of new self-supplying sugar-tongs, or for the great merit of having lived with the Esquimaux on walrus-flesh and train-oil: our diner-out feasts not upon *any* such adventitious, any such accidental principle, but upon higher deserts; yea, he obtains his turtle and burgundy from worthier, from more lasting causes; for in a very flutter of "delight" he helps any and every lady and gentleman to the wing of a chicken, and with a stereotype smile upon his face, is at a moment's notice prepared to be "but too happy" to "take wine" with all the world.

[The next sketch, "The Stock Broker," is as an Edinburgh critic, wrought up to an unwonted pitch of enthusiasm, said of the acting of Mrs. Siddons,—'na bad,' but we cannot spare room for an extract; and from "*The Lawyer's Clerk*,"* for the same reason, we shall only give enough to introduce two professional pleasantries:—]

Joe Granger loved his profession with a true devotion: he saw a beauty incomparable in a declaration, and was in extacies at a special plea: with what a chuckle of delight would he receive a rule for leave to plead several matters; what a delicious prospect of complication did it open to him—he dreamt of the replications! Joseph had no notion of any promenade, save from the office to the Inner Temple or the courts of law; no idea of paying any visit but to the counsel retained for his client. His walk was a cross between a jump, run, and shuffle. He had his jests too: mirthful was he regarding such pleasant things as follow. One Salter (who was more devoted to pleasure than pleading) had attempted to serve a notice on another attorney; but, that gentleman being from home, he had, as was the custom, affixed the said notice to the door of his dwelling, but in the hurry of the moment, pasted it up with the written side to the wall. Here was a knotty point for the judges; the law never anticipated such a question; it demanded only that the notice be affixed, and, unlike the parents of *Billy* Lackaday, never intimated which side upwards. Another exquisite piece of drollery, pieced with perjury, threw him into convulsions, even the thousand and twentieth time of its narration. Mr. C. brought a demand of plea, when the opposite attorney was out, and put it through the interstice of the door into the letter-box, but instantly took it out again. He then signed judgment in default of a plea, and when it was attempted to set this judgment aside, he very coolly swore "he had duly served the notice by putting it into the letter-box of defendant's attorney."

"He was'nt obliged to swear that he *left it there*," added Granger, with a scream of delight.

[The engraved sketches in the second number are of the 'Lion of a Party,' 'The Medical Student,' 'The Maid of all Work,' and 'The Fashionable Physician.' They are fully equal in spirit and marking of character to those in the first. The descriptions offer nothing very extractable, though they are written with the necessary tact, and give evidence of a due observation of the 'Heads' of their discourse. Jerrold, Leman Rede, Cornelius Webbe, and other writers of reputation, are among the contributors.

* By Leman Rede.

The Drama.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

THAT this opera was written to satirize the courtiers, through the medium of ordinary characters, both the songs and dialogue attest. Party spirit at the time of its production was at its extremest height, and the paramount success of the opera may, in a great degree, be attributed to the frequency and point of its political allusions, which, if contemporary accounts may be accredited, were particularly applied by the partizans of either faction.*

The character of *Peachum* was drawn after the model of Jonathan Wild, a celebrated thief and thief-taker, who had suffered for his notorious villanies about three years before the production of this opera, and *Peachum* perusing his Tyburn list, was no more than the daily practice of Wild. Gay, however, by frequently comparing highwaymen to courtiers, and mixing political allusions, drew the attention of the public to the character of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, who, like most other prime ministers, had a strong party against him, who constantly took care to make or find a comparison between the two characters. A particular anecdote of this nature is told of Sir Robert, which shows what friends and enemies have long agreed in—viz., that he possessed a fund of good humour, which could scarcely be broken in upon by any accident, with a thorough knowledge of the English character.

In the scene where *Peachum* and *Lockit* are described settling their accounts, *Lockit* sings the song, "When you censure the age," &c., which had such an effect on the audience, that, as if by instinct, the greater part of them threw their eyes on the stage-box, where the minister was sitting, and loudly encored it. Sir Robert saw this stroke instantly, and saw it with good humour and discretion; for no sooner was the song finished, than he encored it a second time

* The success of Addison's *Cato* was similarly promoted.

himself, joined in the general applause, and by this means brought the audience into so much good humour with him, that they gave him a general huzza from all parts of the house.

But, notwithstanding this escape, every night, and for many years afterwards, the *Beggar's Opera* was brought out, it is said, the minister (Sir Robert Walpole,) never could, with any satisfaction, be present at its representation, on account of the many allusions which the audience thought referred to his character. The first song was imagined to point to him; the name of *Bob Booty*, whenever mentioned, again raised the laugh against him; and the quarrelling scene between *Peachum* and *Lockit*, was so well understood at that time to allude to a recent quarrel between the two ministers, Lord Townshend and Sir Robert, that the house was in convulsions of applause.

The late Hare Walpole has explained the transaction; and, as it is rather curious, it may not be uninteresting to transcribe it:—

"Walpole, after quitting the palace, in one of those conferences wherein he differed with Lord Townshend, soon after met him at Lord Selwyn's, Cleveland-court, in the presence of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, Colonel and Mrs. Pelham. The conversation turned on a foreign negociation, which, at the desire of Walpole, had been relinquished. Townshend, however, still required that the measure should be mentioned in the House of Commons, at the same time, that the House should be informed "that it was given up." Walpole objecting to this proposal as inexpedient, Townshend said, "since you object, and the House of Commons is more your affair than mine, I shall not persist in my opinion; but as I now give way, I cannot avoid observing that, upon *my honour*, I think that mode of proceeding would have been most advisable." Walpole, piqued at this expression, lost his temper, and said, "My Lord, for once, then, there is no man's sincerity which I doubt so much as yours; and never doubted it so much as when you are pleased to make such strong expressions." Townshend, incensed at this reproach, seized him by the collar. Sir Robert laid hold of his in return, and both at the same instant quitted their holds, and laid their hands on their swords. Mrs. Selwyn, alarmed, wanted to call the guard; but was prevented by Pelham, who made it up between them; though the contemptuous expressions used on this occasion, rendered all attempts to heal the breach ineffectual. This circumstance happened in the latter end of the year 1727, and the *Beggar's Opera* came out in 1728. Lord Townshend retired from all employments in the year 1730."

It is, therefore, no wonder that a political *morceau* of this consequence should be preserved by Gay; and as the minister was not only inimical to him and his party, but to the generality of the nation, the audience triumphed in this act of humiliation, and kept up the ridicule of the story for many years, which upon any other occasion would have died away.

Macklin was present at its first representation, and states its success to have been very doubtful until after the opening of the second act, when, after the chorus song of "Let us take the road," the applause was as universal as unbounded. Notwithstanding, however, the adventitious circumstances which are stated to have originally promoted its success, there is no piece which enjoys more quiet possession of the stage, or which, when *well cast*, proves more beneficial to the treasury of the theatre; and there is none certainly which has tended more to establish performers as favourites with the public, from the original *Macheath*, *Polly*, *Lucy*, *Peachum*, and *Lockit*, to those of our own day.

The original *Polly*, Lavinia Fenton, was ennobled, being married to the Duke of Bolton.

To this opera there was no music originally intended to accompany the songs, till Rich, the manager, suggested it on the second rehearsal. The junto of wits who regularly attended, one and all objected to it; and it was given up until the Duchess of Queensbery (Gay's staunch patroness,) accidentally hearing of it, attended herself the next rehearsal, when it was tried and universally approved of.

The song, "The modes of the Court," was written by Lord Chesterfield; "Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," by Sir Hanbury Williams; "When you censure the Age," by Swift; and "Gamesters and Lawyers are jugglers alike," *supposed* to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then Master of the Rolls.

The reception this celebrated opera met with in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is too well known to need recital. In London, nothing stopped its progress through the course of the season but the benefit nights of the performers.

When Walker, the original, was performing *Macheath* the *seventy-second* night, he happened to be a little imperfect in the part, which Rich observing, called out to him on his return from the stage, "Holloa, Mister, I think your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!"—"And so it is," said Walker; "but, zounds, sir! my memory is not to last for ever."

Nor age, nor time, have been able to stale the character of this opera. Every species of performers have attempted it, from the theatres royal to barns and puppet-shows. Not longer ago than the year 1790 it was played at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, when *Macheath* had but *one eye*; *Polly* but *one arm*; the

songs supported in the orchestra by a man who whistled the tunes, whilst the manager could not read.

In 1729, the Beggar's Opera was translated into French, and performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

In August, 1830, a provincial theatre, in the west of Ireland, lately announced the following bill of fare:—"On Monday will be performed, the *Beggar's Opera*, the part of *Filch* by Mr. Sweeney, with a hornpipe in fetters, being his first appearance *since he got out of jail.*"

In 1728, the Beggar's Opera was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by *children*; and that the childish exhibition might be supported in all its branches, the managers contrived to send a book of the songs across the stage by a flying Cupid to Prince Frederick of Wales.

The late celebrated comedian, Johnstone, played *Polly*,* in the above opera, to all the beauty of the town; and Charles Bannister also personated *Polly*, and Mr. Sedgwick *Lucy*, at the Haymarket Theatre. On June 13, 1829, the Beggar's Opera was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Watson, with the characters reversed. The celebrated Reeve playing *Polly*, and Meadows *Lucy*. A Miss Hughes was to have personated *Lockit*, but before the night of performance she declined the character, and Miss C. Watson took the part. On this representation, a strong newspaper breeze sprung up, which occupied the attention of the play-going public for some time; some of the journals condemning the performance as highly indecent, while others extenuated the *travestie*. Sheridan's *Rivals*, we believe, was once similarly performed, with Munden, as *Mrs. Malaprop*. Harley has also played *Deborah Woodcock*; and Madame Vestris has personated *Macheath*; and she and many other ladies have represented the character of *Don Giovani*.

* Female characters were first performed by boys, or effeminate-looking young men. Thus Kynaston played *Juliet* to Betterton's *Romeo*. Andrew Pennycuicke played the part of Matilda, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655. Previous to the Restoration, women appeared on the stage only occasionally. Mrs. Coleman, it is said, was the first woman who appeared on an English stage; she represented *Ianthe*, in D'Avenant's Siege of Rhodes, in 1656: while others say it was Mrs. Betterton; and that Desdemona was the first character played by a woman, either by Mrs. Marshall, or Mrs. Hughes.* However strange it may appear, it should be remembered, that in the infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. While, Tom Killegrew got up an entertainment called, *The Parson's Wedding*, which was acted by women *only*.

* In the Prologue written for the occasion were the following lines:

"Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd;
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen:
With bones so large, and nerves so incompliant,
When you call Desdemona, enter giant."

Fine Arts.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE ARTS OF PAINTING AND WRITING BY THE SAXON CLERGY.

St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 988, among his sacred duties, practised the arts of writing and painting. Hickes has engraved a figure of our Saviour, drawn by St. Dunstan, with a specimen of his writing, both remaining in the Bodleian library. The writing, and many of the pictures and illuminations in our Saxon manuscripts, were executed by the priests. A book of the gospel, preserved in the Cotton library, is a fine specimen of the Saxon caligraphy and decorations; it is written by Eadfrid, Bishop of Durham, in the most exquisite manner. Ethelwold, his successor, did the illuminations, the capital letters, the picture of the cross, and the evangelists, with infinite labour and elegance; and Bilfred, the anachorite, covered the book, thus written and adorned, with gold and silver plates and precious stones. All this is related by Adfred, the Saxon glossator, at the end of St. John's gospel. The work was finished about the year 720. Ælsfin, a monk, is the elegant scribe of many Saxon pieces, chiefly historical and scriptural, in the Cotton library, and, perhaps, the painter of the figures, soon after the year 978. The Saxon copy of the four evangelists, which King Athelstan gave to Durham Church, remains in the same library: it has the painted images of St. Cuthbert, radiated and crowned, blessing King Athelstan, and of the four evangelists. At Trinity College, in Cambridge, is a Psalter, in Latin and Saxon, admirably written, and illuminated with letters in gold, silver, &c.; it is full of historical pictures. At the end is the figure of the writer, Eadwin, supposed to be a monk of Canterbury, holding a pen of metal, undoubtedly used in such sort of writing, with an inscription importing his name and excellence in the caligraphic art. It appears to be performed about the reign of King Stephen. Eadwin was a famous and frequent writer of books for the library of Christchurch, at Canterbury, as appears by a catalogue of their books taken A.D 1315. The eight historical pictures, richly illuminated with gold, of the annunciation, the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, &c., in a manuscript of the Gospel, are also thought to be of the reign of King Stephen. Ervene, one of the teachers of Wolston, Bishop of Worcester, perhaps a monk of Bury, was famous for caligraphy and skill in colours: to invite his pupils to read, he made use of a Psalter and Sacramentary, whose capital letters he had richly illuminated with gold: this was about the year 980. Herman, one of the Norman Bishops of Salisbury,

about 1080, condescended to write, bind, and illumine books.

In some of these instances we have wandered below the Saxon times; it is evident, indeed, that the religious practised these arts long afterwards: but the object of this notice was the existence of them among the Saxon clergy.

The Gatherer.

The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a facsimile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe, or super tunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descended to the mid-leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ancles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from his shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs, by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green or yellow, or gold. The collar and sleeves of the super tunic have borders of gold studded with jewels.—*Pictorial Shakspeare.*

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Flemish wine have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money: a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; and a single wine-glass 2,723,000 francs, (or about 110,000*l.* English.)

Singular Request to a Dying Man.—An old veteran cock-feeder, named Sammy Hilton, was on his death-bed, when he was visited by another of the same fraternity from the neighbourhood of Oldham. As the way in which the Oldhamite visited the dying man is very ludicrous, we give a portion of the language, which was as follows:—"Well, Sammy, aw suppose thaw know ut thaw as no lung to live?" "Aw reekon not," answered the old man. Well, Sammy, aw summon to axe thee before thaw dees; it will be o' no use to thee, neaw ut thaw art for deeing. Aw want to see if thaw will tell me, as a secret, whot thaw used to give thy cocks for o springer before they were going to feight, us it will be o greot use to me?" "It never shall," replied the dying man, "for I will never tell either thee or any other person." The Oldham cocker had to return home again, sadly disappointed that he had not got the springing secret. Sammy died the same day.

Insane persons, on an average, eat twice as much as sane persons, and they absolutely require more food than people in sound mind and body.—*Knight on Insanity.*

In the 48th year of the reign of Henry the Third, as appears from the patent rolls of that year, quoted by Philipot, the king granted a free pardon to Frances de Balsham, for that she was hanged for felony at Canterbury, from nine o'clock on Monday to the rising of the sun next day, and yet was still alive."

About the year 800, the Persians imported into Europe a machine, which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne, from Abdella, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem: amongst the presents, was an horologe of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours, by means of little brass balls, which, at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then still open, and returning again, shut the windows after them.

Water for the Metropolis:—There are in London eight public water companies; namely, the New River, which supplies 73,248 houses with an average daily quantity of 241 gallons, at an annual charge of 1*l.* 6s. 6d. per house; the East London, 46,421 houses, with 190 gallons, at 1*l.* 2s. 9d.; the Lambeth, 16,682 houses, with 124 gallons, at 17s.; the West Middlesex, 16,000 houses, with 185 gallons, at 2*l.* 16s. 10d.; the Chelsea, 13,391 houses, with 168 gallons, at 1*l.* 13s. 3d.; the South London, 12,046 houses, with 100 gallons, at 15s.; the Grand Junction, 11,140 houses, with 350 gallons, at 2*l.* 8s. 6d.; and the Southwark, 7,100 houses, with 156 gallons, at 1*l.* 1s. 3d. per annum.

Rose Trees.—"There is a classical custom observed, says Camden, in his "Britannia," 1603, "time out of minde, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting rose trees on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, so that this church-yarde is full of them. It is the more remarkable, since it was anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so very religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills (as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna), by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it doth protect the dead."

Men are all brothers, and they ought to be all friends.—*Rousseau.*

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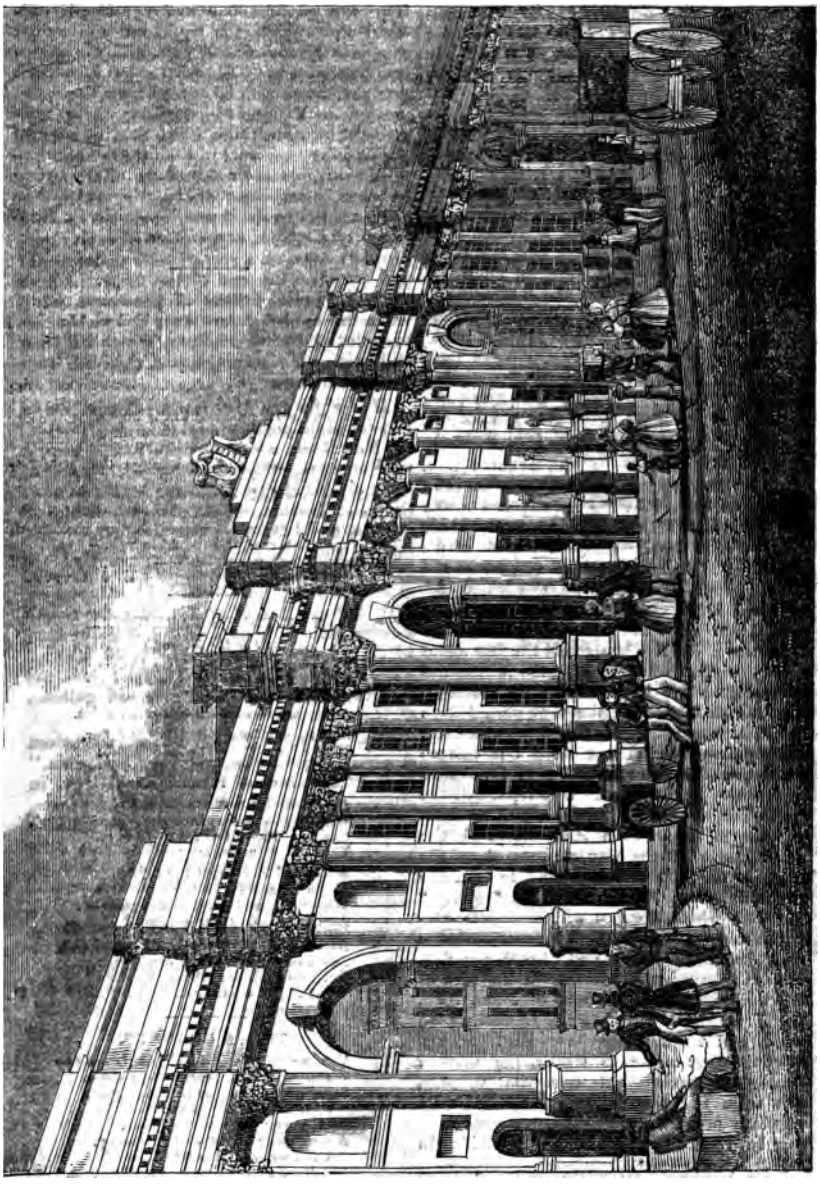

ENTRANCE TO THE RAILWAY STATION, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.

ENTRANCE TO THE RAILWAY STATION, LIME-STREET, LIVERPOOL.*

We here present to our readers a correct View of the Grand Entrance to the Railway Station at Liverpool. This truly noble structure forms one of the most prominent buildings in that celebrated city. It would be unnecessary to dilate either on its architectural beauties or its grandeur of effect: they being so apparent, and so universally acknowledged, that any description of them would be superfluous.

The Manchester and Liverpool Railway "was originally estimated at £500,000, or about £23,000 per mile, but that was very considerably increased, and its ultimate amount turned out to be about £900,000, or £30,000 per mile. This certainly was an immense increase upon the original statement, but surprise cannot be entertained at the excess if the difficulty of making the way be taken into account. But if the expense was great, the benefits which accrued from its outlay were felt to be fully commensurate. The number of coaches passing daily between the two places was twenty-two prior to the establishment of the railway, with six extra in summer, and the number of passengers on the average 450, being a weight respectively of passengers and luggage of about 178 lb. Within the first seven months the number of passengers carried by the railway was nearly 255,000, and within the first two and twenty months after its opening—a period which allows us to strike as fair an average as can be computed—the number was nearly 670,000, or about 1,200 a-day. The time previously occupied in a journey from one place to the other was about five hours, and the fare about seven or eight shillings; after the railway got to work, the fare by the first-class carriages was five shillings, and the time occupied in travelling was reduced to an hour and a-half; and by the second-class carriages it was no more than two hours, at a fare of three shillings and sixpence each. The repairs of the engines were stated by the directors to be an expense of more than £18,000, and the maintenance of the way was stated in the report of the 30th of June, 1834, to be £623 per mile. * * * *

"The whole number of passengers conveyed upon the railway does not quite average what we have just stated, 1,200 per day. From the opening of the line on the 15th of September, 1830, to the end of June, 1836, the gross total was 2,393,767, making an average of 1,132 persons every day. Several circumstances arose to render the number during the several years somewhat variable, but upon the whole the increase has been regularly progressive.

"In 1832, the number was 356,945; in 1833—386,492; in 1834—436,637; in 1835 473,847; and in 1836, January to June—222,848, being an excess during the last six months of 17,000 over the first six months of the preceding year.

"The net income expected was £62,500, while the net receipts amounted to £83,619. The sum of £510,000 was considered sufficient to complete the work, but the actual cost was nearly £1,200,000. The expenses were estimated at 33 per cent., but have been found to amount to 62 per cent. on the gross receipts. Yet, notwithstanding these miscalculations, such has been the increase of traffic in consequence of the increased accommodation, that the net revenue, after paying all charges and expenses, is rather more than 10 per cent. on the shares."—*Gilbert's Railways of England and Wales.*

* For various interesting particulars relative to the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, see Vol. xxvi.

SONNET.

A storm was passing o'er the troubled world:
To the hoarse wind the thunder wildly spoke;
The elements in majesty their power awoke,
And over earth the clouds in terror curl'd:
From mountains grey huge fragment-rocks were hurl'd;
The ocean from its ancient limits broke,
Creation seem'd destruction to invoke,
And ruin's banner was aloft unfurl'd.
Methought 'twas passing strange that this fair earth
Should die by suicide so vast and dire:
But a calm voice was heard, which did conspire
To awe, whilst thus it spake:—"Nature gives birth
To storms: but, mortal, it is not in vain—
The elements their poison lose that peace may reign!"

E. J. Hyrch.

THE POLE'S FAREWELL.

(For the Mirror.)

Farewell to Poland! far I roam,
Far from my kindred hope and ties:
And other lands to call my home,
And learn to smile 'neath other skies.

And though 'mid cities rich and fair,
With art and Nature's fairy hand;
Can I forget when I am there,
Thee, my native Polish land?

And shall thy name no echo find,
When years have turned these hairs to grey,
And shall those ties forget to bind,
That linked me in my youthful day?

And can I e'er forget the fight,
When Poland's sons their tyrants met,
Where shrunk the coward Muscovite,
And trembled at our bayonet?

And though thy sleep be deep and dire,
And foes are trampling over thee;
Yet who shall dare thy waking fire?
What forged chains can bind the free?

D.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Yes, we are changed!—There is not one
Throughout the earth, from whom
Some lovely treasure hath not gone,
Of beauty or of bloom:
And every year, and every day,
A something bright will pass away,
Until we reach the tomb!
But *there* shall fade each earthly stain,
And we shall all be pure again.

THE PHŒNIX AND GREAT DRAGON.

Though much has been said, and more written, upon the Phœnix of classical antiquity, yet none who have enlarged upon the subject have had any ocular proof of the same, or have presumed to confirm it upon sight. Even those authors, moreover, who first wrote concerning this miraculous creature, deliver themselves very doubtfully respecting it; and Herodotus, who first introduced the story into Greece from the land of Egypt, tells us in plain, unequivocal expressions, that he himself never saw it, except through the medium of pictorial representation. One and all, however, agree in the broad statement of the circumstances that there exists but one such in the whole world, which, at the end of many hundred years, builds itself a funeral pyre, and commits itself to the flames; from its ashes springs up another and a brighter bird, "cleaving with bolder plume the sapphire skies." Variously indeed has this subject been handled by different writers who have discoursed upon it, according to the bent of their peculiar tastes and fancies, and the predisposition of their minds. In this way the poet has treated it poetically; the orator and the preacher, rhetorically; some enigmatically, and others hieroglyphically. The general belief prevalent among the Romans on this point is easily to be gathered from the oft-quoted lines of Ovid, and the equally notable verses of Claudian. Nor have the poets of our own days been unmindful to introduce this gorgeous figure into their rich compositions. With the rhetorician and holy men it has long been a fine and favourite emblem of the resurrection; yet in this they have too quickly conceded, and not controverted, by assuming the question of its existence, and have taken for granted all the circumstances of the story. Those who have spoken of it hieroglyphically, as did the Egyptians, consider it as the chosen hieroglyphic of the sun; and this was, indeed, the most probable ground of the whole relation; and, in corroboration of which, Tacitus affirms that the Phœnix was first beheld in the reign of Sesostris, at Heliopolis, the city of the sun itself. To this simple and primitive idea of its being the hieroglyph of the sun succeeding ages, no doubt, added many fabulous accounts, which, concentrating themselves in time, at length composed that wonderful singularity which both the tongue and pen of every writer has proclaimed and published. But pause we here for a moment, and consider the aptness of the similitude between the sun and this fabulous creature. Like an immense and celestial Phœnix the sun appeared at the period of his setting, and surrounded as he was by a multitudinous gathering of golden, vermilion, and purple clouds; might these not emphatically represent his burning pyre? and when darkness at length came, and the apparent extinguishment of that orb of fire, seemed it not as if the fire had gone out, leaving behind it only burnt and cinerary remains? Shortly afterwards, from this darkness and blackened ashes of the burning, springs up in glorious revivification a new sun—a young and radient Phœnix. with mightier vigour in his new-fledged wing, and stronger glory in his filmless eye.

This solution of the fable is most generally allowed to be the correct, and the most worthy of acceptation.

But if such a remarkable creature was by the old fabulists allotted to the air, an animal of no less marvellousness and celebrity was assigned by them to earth; and we need but mention the name of the Dragon to excite in every mind an idea extraordinary and supernatural. At the mention of this name, the memory recalls with promptitude all that it has read, all that it has heard said of this famous monster; and the imagination inflames itself by the remembrance of the grand images which it has furnished to the pages of the poet. Nor are the ancients the only people who have spoken of the Dragon; the moderns have discoursed of it full as amply. It was a being which became consecrated by the religion of the first people; it became the object of their mythology, and the minister of the will of their gods. Who was considered, in those times, a better guardian of golden treasure? Who better served for love or hatred? Many, too, and mighty, were the accounts rendered of its prowess and desperate combatings; and it submitted only to the power of enchanters, or the conquering demi-gods of ancient times. At a later date it became the principal ornament of pious fables; it held a place among our apocryphal books; and thence it became emblematical of the dazzling actions of valiant knights, who quartered it upon their escutcheons, and has, in truth, vivified modern poetry as much as it animated the ancient. This fabulous being, which has existed so long already, is likely to live for ever. It will long embellish the strong images of an enchanting poesy, and the recital of its marvellous power will always charm the leisures of those who want sometimes to be transported into the midst of chimeras, and who desire to see truth clothed in the ornaments of an agreeable fiction. W. Archer.

BUONAPARTIANA.

Shortly after the disasters of the campaign of Russia, Napoleon was informed that his mother had concealed, behind a certain picture, a sum in paper money and other currency, to the amount of five millions of crowns. One day that she made her appear-

ance at the Tuileries, her son said to her, "My mother, I know you to be in possession of a considerable sum of money, you would oblige me by lending it me."—"Sire, how you have been deceived; I really assure your Majesty that I have but just enough to meet my ordinary expenses."—"It is a service that I expected from you."—"I repeat to your Majesty, I have no money; what I had, I have made over to one of our relatives (Lucian)."—"Well, my mother, I believe you." The conversation then turned on some other topic.

Buonaparte, however, understood his game; and two days after called on his mother incognito, inviting himself to dinner. The meal being over, he pretended to examine the pictures with great interest, and at length stopt short before the one which concealed the hiding-place, saying, "I would thank you for that picture, mother."—"Certainly, my son, I will have it sent to the Tuileries."—"No, thank you, I would rather take it myself." Saying which, he forthwith rang the bell, and ordered the picture to be taken down. Madame Mère did all in her power to dissuade him, but the Emperor enjoined immediate obedience. The picture was no sooner removed than the hiding-place became visible; Napoleon examined it, and ordered the whole of its contents to be put into his carriage. He then took his leave, without saying anything to his mother, whom grief and mortification deprived of speech.

The second representation of the tragedy of *Omasis* took place at St. Cloud, on the 14th September, 1806, and had created a great sensation; Josephine's tears had awakened a corresponding sympathy in the most callous heart. After the representation, Napoleon desired to see the author, De Lormian, but all endeavours to find him proved unavailing, for he had remained in Paris. On the 16th, however, he was sent for by the Emperor, when the following conversation took place.

"Good morning, Mr. le Barde," said Napoleon, by this title alluding to the poetry De Lormian had written in imitation of Ossian, "So you write dramatic works now? I saw your play acted yesterday, and I sent for you; why were you not present at the representation?"

"Sire, I was not invited."

This short answer did not seem to displease the Emperor, who went on, "I saw your tragedy, which is not one; a useless love, a ridiculous conspiracy, no knowledge of places. . . . . Have you ever been in Egypt?"

"No, Sire."

"So it seems; and who gave you instructions respecting the costumes?"

"Talma, Sire."

"Talma has made a mistake then; instead of the collar, the bracelets, and the Egyptian robe which Joseph ought to have worn, he appeared as a Nero. Your Rhamnes is a failure; a conspiracy should be well conducted or left alone, even on the stage; the blue shawl of Madlle. Mars becomes her well; as she never figures but in Comedy, why did you give her your Benjamin?"

"I thought, Sire, that I saw in her the qualities that part requires."

"You are right. Your Simeon ought to have been a chief of the desert, you make him something amphibious — you should have brought him together with the brother he sold—it would have been difficult, I know, but that is your business. Your Jacob is always whining, and Joseph is insignificant."

All these sentences, jumbled together à la Napoleon, began to be rather annoying to the poor poet. The Emperor, however, suddenly assumed a more gracious look, and said, "Come, I have done joking; your tragedy is not one that is incontestable; but there are great beauties in it; the scene with Benjamin, the end of the fourth act, and especially the fifth, are superb; the style is admirable, it is like the music of Cimorosa. It is capital; but you must go on. Are you comfortable?"

"No, Sire."

"You poets never have a farthing."

"Your Majesty will, perhaps, not object to give the proverb the lie."

Napoleon here smiled, and continued, "Labrun and I shall not forget you. Your Ossian is admirable; I know the song of Arthur by heart. The work has sold well; get up a splendid edition—I will subscribe."

Napoleon then rose from table, for it was during breakfast this conversation was held, and motioning to De Lormian to follow him, he led him to a bow-window, and said, "When you write anything new, come and read it to me; I am very fond of tragedy; you shall have a pension of two thousand crowns; afterwards, I may do more, it depends upon you.—Adieu."

The day following this audience, De Lormian received from the Emperor a gold snuff-box, with his cipher, containing eight thousand francs in notes.

The Emperor had just returned from the army, once more crowned with laurels. Titles, decorations, promotions and favours were showering down in all directions.

Marshal Lefebvre was one of those, who, it is said, received the fairest share of the cake of imperial favours. A very few days after the taking of Dantzic, the Emperor sent for him at seven o'clock in the morning. Lefebvre repaired immediately to head quarters, and announced his arrival. Napoleon was then engaged with Prince Berthier; "Ah!" said the Emperor, "it is with pleasure that I see *the Duke* has not been long making his

toilet;" and then turning to an officer in attendance, said, "Go and tell *the Duke* that I only called him so early that I might have the pleasure of his company at breakfast."

"Sire," replied the officer, "the gentleman just arrived is a Marshal, not a Duke."

"Sir," observed the Emperor, "when I make a *duke*, do you take him for a *comte* ?"*

The officer, puzzled by this play upon the word *comte* (count,) was at a loss how to act. The Emperor, perceiving his embarrassment, added, smiling, "Go, sir, and tell the *Duke of Dantzic* that we shall sit down to breakfast in ten minutes."

The marshal having been introduced, breakfasted with the Emperor—the meal was not a long one, as may be supposed. On rising from table, Napoleon drew from a kind of cabinet on the mantelpiece, a small parcel, of an oblong shape, handing which to the marshal, he said, "*Duke of Dantzic*, I know how fond you are of chocolate; here is some excellent; little presents promote friendship;" saying this, he shook him by the hand, and adding, "Au revoir, Duke of Dantzig;" so dismissed him.

Having reached his quarters, the marshal, who could not understand what this title of duke, so often applied to him, meant, nor what this little present could signify, suspected that there was some little surprise in reserve for him; having opened it, he found, besides the document which invested him in his new honours, three hundred thousand francs in notes. Not the slightest appearance of chocolate, however, save the shape given to the parcel. H. M.

PENCILLINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From Polack's New Zealand.*)

Horrible Catastrophe of some Sealers at New Zealand.

In 1821, a vessel called the "General Gates," left Boston, in the United States of America, on a sealing voyage. On the 10th of August following, five men, and a leader, named Price, were landed near the south-west cape of the district of Te Wai Poenámu, for the purpose of catching seals. Within six weeks, the success of the men amounted to 3,563 skins, which had been salted and made ready for shipment. One night, about eleven o'clock, their cabin was surrounded by a horde of natives, who broke open the place, and made the Americans prisoners. The flour, salt provisions, and salt for curing skins, were all destroyed, as their use and value was unknown to the savages. After setting fire to the cabin, and everything else that was thought unserviceable, they forced the sealers to march with them, for some days, to a place known by the name of Looking-Glass Bay, from a remarkable perforation in a rock, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from whence they set out. The only food they had was roasted fish. After resting a day at this place, they were made to travel a further distance of two hundred miles, in a northerly direction, until they came to a large sandy bay. The natives then took John Rawton, and, having fastened him to a tree, they beat in his skull with a club. The head of the unfortunate man was cut off, and buried in the ground; the remaining part of the body was cooked and eaten. Some of this nauseous food was offered to the sealers, who had been without sustenance for some time, and they also partook of the cooked body of their late comrade. The five survivors were made fast to trees, well guarded by hostile natives, and each day one of the men was killed by the ferocious cannibals, and afterwards devoured; viz. James White and William Rawson, of New London, in Connecticut, and Wm. Smith, of New York. James West, of the same place, was doomed to die also; but the night previously a dreadful storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, frightened the natives away, and the two remaining Americans found means to unfasten the flax cords that bound them. At day-break, next morning, they launched a small canoe that was within reach, and put to sea, without any provisions or water, prefering death in this way to the horrid fate of their comrades. They had scarcely proceeded a few yards when a number of natives came in sight, who rushed into the water to catch their prey; but the Americans eventually eluded their grasp, despair lending them strength to paddle beyond their reach. They remained in this exhausted state three days, and were then taken up by the "Margery," a flax trader and sealer of Sydney.

Curious Instance of Naturalization.

In 1823, a young Englishman, named James Caddell, visited Sydney, after residing nearly twenty years among the natives on the south-west coast of New Zealand. He stated that, in 1806, or thereabouts, a sealing ship, called the "Sydney Cove," left Port Jackson for the sealing ground on the coast of this country. On the ship arriving there, a boat landed Caddell, who was then a lad of thirteen years, and a crew of men, in pursuit of skins, in the vicinity of the South Cape. All the men were immediately murdered and eaten; and such would have been Caddell's fate, had he not ran up to a chief, named Táko, who happened, accidentally, to be tapued at the time, and, catching hold of his garment, was saved in conse-

* This pun, I am sorry to say, does not fall within the list of the "translatables." Any one, however, partially acquainted with the French, will apprehend it. H. M.

quence; his life was further granted him. After remaining some few years with the people, he married the daughter of the principal chief, and was himself raised to that dignity, and tattooed in the face. He visited Sydney, as above stated, in the colonial schooner, "Snapper," accompanied by his wife; and afterwards returned, with renewed pleasure, to the precarious life of savage hordes. He had nearly forgotten the English language, and had often accompanied the natives in their wars.

French and American Expeditions.

At the present moment (1838,) an expedition, under the immediate sanction of Louis-Philippe, King of the French, whose patronage has ever been readily extended in the cause of scientific research, is surveying the coast of New Zealand. In the prospectus of the details of this voyage, this portion of the intended labours of the expedition forms a primary object. Naturalists of distinguished talent accompany the vessels, who are invariably attached to discovery-ships in the French service.

Another expedition, on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted by the parent nations of Europe, has just sailed (1838), under the auspices of the government of the United States, consisting of the "Macedonian," 44-gun frigate, a large ship, a brig, one crack schooner, with an eight-horse steam-engine, to fit into the cutter of the frigate, to ply up the various rivers whose powerful efflux or lofty headlands often cause baffling winds at the most needful moments, or sand-bars, whose shallowness admit not of larger craft. This expedition is principally to survey places already known, and to explore such regions as have been only hastily noticed, hitherto by discoverers. The prosecution of discoveries towards the South Pole is also intended.

This peaceable armament is under the command of Commodore Catesby-ap-Jones. To an American, this name is a sufficient guarantee for the efficient performance of the many arduous duties that have devolved on this well-tried officer: to an Englishman, who will be less acquainted with the name, from a continual accession of candidates, in both the naval and military services of his country, who are daily fast filling the vacancies in the immortal roll of fame, it is, perhaps, sufficient to state, that this gentleman has already protected the interests of British individuals in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, against the aggressions of even his own countrymen.

Several men of known scientific abilities, natives of the States, professors in various branches of science and natural history, are also employed; so that our transatlantic brethren are determined to show, that, as early as the fledged eagle can expand her wings, she will leave her eyrie, animated with the same inquiring spirit of her lion-like relative.

The dollar and cent policy of the government, as Brother Jonathan has thought proper to designate his own pecuniary conduct hitherto, has been entirely repudiated in the fitting out of the present expedition; as, up to December last, the expenses incurred amounted to near 700,000 dollars, or 140,000*l.* sterling. The survey of the country of New Zealand, interior as well as exterior, forms a prominent feature in the labours of this expedition. The mineralogy of the country will be particularly attended to. Reynolds, the able historian of the voyage of the "Potomac" to Qualla Battoo, on the coast of Sumatra, has the same appointment in this expedition, to whose unwearied exertions, for the last ten years, the world is greatly indebted. Professor Silliman, whose name (*lucus a non lucendo*) is a sufficient testimony, has enriched the scientific corps with his invaluable advice.

Filial Affection.

One of the females who had accompanied us met with her father, whom she no sooner beheld, not having expected to see him in this village, than she fell upon his neck, and embraced him with such marks of filial piety and tenderness, as prevented me from being an unmoved spectator. The parent, who was quite gray, and bowed down with old age, applied his nose to hers, large tear-drops rolling in quick succession down his aged face, which the duteous daughter wiped away with her mat, that was soon saturated with their united tears.

Curious Similarity between New Zealand and London sixty years since.

I was introduced to that part of the enclosure, where the heads of the enemy that had been captured during the week were placed on poles, in front of the house of the chief. I counted nine: there were three more placed on poles in front of the entrance-gate to this part of the village, behind which was the cemetery. The latter had been in that situation for a month previous. They brought to recollection the refined taste that prompted a more civilized people to decorate the gates of the metropolis, the emporium of the fine arts, with ornaments of a similar nature, some "sixty years since;" the discontinuance of which has been destructive to an itinerant profession; for we are told by Walpole, in his "Private Correspondence," that at a certain date he went to the Tower of London, and passed under the *new heads* at Temple Bar, where he saw people making a trade by letting spy-glasses at a "halfpenny a look."

Singular Cause of War.

I inquired of the chief the cause of the

present war in which he was engaged. He replied, that the enemy had set fire to some land, for the purpose of burning off the brush and fern, preparatory to planting, as is invariably the custom of the people; that, unfortunately, a change of wind took place, which caused the fire to turn in a contrary direction, whereby a wai-tápu had been destroyed, and everything within had fallen a prey to the flames. It was admitted that the fire was purely accidental, but the laws of the New Zealanders must be enforced; and, continued the chief, pointing to the decapitated heads, "yonder is part-payment."

Treachery and partial Retribution.

An alliance had been formed between the Nápui chiefs, under E'Ongi, of the Bay of Islands, their friends of the North Cape, and Hokianga. These tribes then proceeded against the people of Kiapárá, who acted on the defensive, and kept within their fortifications. Repeated assaults were made on the pá by the former, but proved unsuccessful.

This stronghold was invincible to the northern natives, whose repeated attacks proved fruitless. They despatched a karéré, or messenger, to request a cessation of hostilities; and, after much native diplomacy, it was ultimately agreed that a principal chief of the Hokianga tribe should wed the daughter of the principal chief of the Kaipárá people.

A mutual exchange of visits followed, the fortifications were thrown open by the besieged to their late invaders, feasts were given, and all the tribes on either side were apparently delighted at the discontinuance of hostilities.

The bride was wooed, won, and the nuptials consummated. This calm was succeeded by a fearful tempest. On the second day after the marriage, a preconcerted signal was given by the allied tribes, and an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants of the place ensued; neither sex nor age was spared, except such as were reserved as slaves to these treacherous conquerors. During the carnage, an "untoward" event occurred to one of the head chiefs of the Bay of Islands, uncle to the since cebebrated Titore,* who also took part in this butchery.

This relative, "on pilfering thoughts intent," was busily engaged searching the deserted houses for plunder, when he espied a female chief, in frantic grief, near one of the huts; he instantly pounced upon her as his slave; with many threats, he commanded her to tell him where her valuables were placed; without speaking, she pointed to the hut, whose door-place, for the sake of warmth, was made so diminutive, as just to admit a person crawling on his knees.

The chief entered, and found some mats, fish hooks, and lines, and other little native valuables, and threw them outside. Unfortunately for this hero, he had got *in* the house, and had now to get *out* in the same prostrate manner. In order to *eject* himself the easier, he also threw outside, with his captures, the tomahawk which had done him service during the battle. He had just protruded his head and shoulders, when the woman seized the deadly weapon, and in a few blows severed his head from the worthless body.

* Titore died in September last, of consumption.

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

THE following concise but striking *bon mot* of Dr. Johnson was related to the writer by a fellow-student of that great man at Pembroke College, Richard Saumarez, Esq., one of the most venerable and beloved inhabitants of the island of Guernsey, who died some years since. The impression produced is rather affecting than ludicrous, as it exhibits some of the difficulties and mishaps too often attendant upon genius—

——— "Pisi cum re, bilior algâ;"

and forcibly illustrates the fidelity of the distich—

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."

The doctor, it is well known, when at Oxford, was frequently very deficient in pecuniary means; one unlucky consequence of which was, that he sometimes found it difficult to maintain a decent external appearance. On one occasion, he appeared with *both* his shoes subjected to that emendation at the toes which is properly termed "capping." "Why, Johnson," said some one, in a bantering tone, or, at any rate, one little creditable to his taste and feelings, "you have got your shoes capped." "*Capped*," answered Johnson, "aye, why should they not; are they not *fellows?*"* There was a spirit and dignity in this wit under misfortune which will not derogate from the character of this giant of literature and worth.

Burmese mode of Executing Princes.—Spilling the blood of a member of the royal family is contrary to the laws of Ava; and the mode of execution resorted to is, tying the delinquent in a red sack, between two jars, and throwing him into the Irrawaddy; when, the jars filling, soon sink their freight.

* The Fellows of Colleges are "capped" by the students; *i. e.* they take off their caps to them; and this gradation of respect is continued through all ranks of the University.

THE LION-TAMER OF AUGSBURG.

(*Concluded from page 387.*)

In No. 925 we gave a representation of the celebrated subduer of the ferocious lion at Augsburg. The above engraving presents another delineation of his remarkable powers over the 'monarch of the forest:' engraved (like its precurser) from an exceedingly rare foreign print, with an inscription in German, stating that, "In February, in the year 1760, this great lion was to be seen in Augsburg. He was managed by his keeper, who governed him by a staff and his voice; and whenever he was desired, he would lie down upon his back, on which the man would place himself on the animal's breast, and sitting between his fore-feet, open his jaws, so that his teeth and tongue were shown, when the lion uttered a murmuring noise, which, as it chanced, might be more or less low. I particularly observed, that in the upper part of his palate, behind the cutting-teeth, were two air-holes, through which he blew out his breath. Whether these were particular channels to the lungs, or only the common vents connected with his nostrils, I could not distinguish from the place where I was. But the patience of this beast, which is otherwise so terribly furious, and sanguinary, astonished me greatly; as well as the rashness of the man who governed him, and by whom he had been taught.'

In 1790, a young tiger, brought to England in a ship, was as playful as a kitten; he often slept with the sailors, and, while lying on the floor or deck of the ship in the sun, he would allow two or three of them to lay their heads upon him as if he were a pillow. He was sent to the Tower of London at the age of one year; a small dog being allowed to live with him in his den; and when the little fellow played with him, and bit his foot in sport, he only lifted it out of his way.

Many other instances might, if necessary, be given, proving the obedience of the most savage beasts to the will of man; and, as the great success attending the efforts of Van Amburg will doubtless be the means of exciting in others a spirit of emulation, no doubt we shall have many more similar exhibitions: indeed, it appears by the Edinburgh papers, that the keeper of the lions at Batty's Circus Royal, bids fair to be a powerful rival to the popular brute-tamer; for, after chastising one of these mighty beasts, he almost immediately laid himself down upon his back, and called the lion to him. The noble creature immediately obeyed him like a dog, licking his hands, face, &c.

It would not be doing justice to our late favourite "Great Performer," Madame D'Jack, to omit mentioning how submissive she proved herself to the commands of her keeper; but as her truly wonderful exploits are doubtless fresh in the memory of most of our readers, we shall not dilate on them, but hasten to give a few more notices of the horse, in addition to the former mention; and conclude with the minor animals, birds, insects, &c.

Dean Swift has stated a remarkable instance of the training of a horse at Bristol, which would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum. Similar performances were shown by our Saxon forefathers, which may be seen by referring to the drawings in the British Museum.

The late Messrs. Astley, and the present Mr. Ducrow, have had some truly wonderful horses. The former gentlemen so completely subdued a Barbary-horse, that he was made to bring into the riding-school a tea-table and its appendages, fetching a chair, or whatever might be wanting; and terminated his exploits by taking a kettle of boiling water from off a fire, to the wonder of every beholder. He was also taught to pick pockets of apples, pears, handkerchiefs, &c.

There is now (December 1838,) a theatrical exhibition in the Salle Saint George's, Brussels, of a troop of monkies and dogs: they represent a siege of Constantina, or any other fortress: the monkies being the besieged, and the dogs the besiegers: a regular battle ensues, when the monkies take a dog prisoner, who is immediately ordered to be shot: this incenses the canine army, who storm the fortress, scale the walls, and fire the town; and the spectacle concludes with the customary scene of destruction and conflagration, a shower of Bengal lights, &c. There was the once favourite museum of tame birds, &c. shown in

THE IRON HOUSE.

This ingenious repository was to be seen at Turnham Green, and other places in the environs of London, about the year 1750, wherein was exhibited the extraordinary sight of hawks, owls, pigeons, &c., harmoniously living together in one cage, in the same manner as may now be seen daily in a travelling managerie. at the foot of either Waterloo or Southwark bridges.

In 1833, Signor Cappelli exhibited the control he had over some cats, by making them beat a drum, grind knives, ring bells, draw water out of a well, roast coffee, &c. &c.; their prompt obedience to the command of their master was astonishing.

Among the many exhibitions of monkies that have been seen in London, the celebrated Spinacuta's troop may be mentioned: he made one creature show great dexterity in wheeling another monkey in a wheel-barrow on the tight rope; balancing; jumping through a hoop, enveloped in fireworks, &c., all on the tight rope.

In 1796, Mons. Lionardi also exhibited his cabinet of monkeys at Astley's, on the tight and slack rope, &c. &c.

That birds are capable of being subdued we have many extraordinary instances, as in the Chinese birds, at the Argyle-rooms; they played at cards, told the hour by a clock or watch, &c.: then there were the Java Sparrows, who were seen also in New Bond Street, London, 1821; they also told the hour on being shown a watch; vaulted on the slack-rope, fired off cannons, &c. &c.

Among insects may be mentioned the confined or industrious fleas, so lately exhibited in England: and the celebrated performances of Mr. Wildman's bees, in 1772; they, at the word of command, left their hives, and clung to his naked arm, and also to his face and hands, while he drank a glass of wine; and, on his firing a pistol, part of them would march over a table. and the other part swarm in the air, &c. Numerous similar narratives might be given; but we must conclude.

No doubt the mode adopted to subdue savage animals, is severe coercion in the first instance, and afterwards plenty of food from the hand of the chastiser. Van Amburgh has his sandals, toe and heel, armed with a powerful spur; and it is said his head is rubbed with some unguent of which the beasts are very fond, and that this causes them to caress him,

and not, as many foolishly suppose they do,—from affection. Beat a dog violently, and he will never forget the injury: he will ever afterwards obey and fear you, but will not look on you again as a friend, but as a tyrant;—his recognition will be that of dread, and not of regard. It is by coercion that game-keepers break-in their pointers.

As to the mode practised in subduing birds, insects, and "such like," we must leave to the ingenuity of our readers to devise.

LYING.

1.—Lying is a mean and a cowardly quality, and altogether unbecoming a person of honour. Aristotle (Nicom. iv. 1.) lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth; and Plutarch calls lying the vice of a slave. 2. Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind of the speaker, when one thing is declared and another meant, and words are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in reporting his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false, is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition. 3. Lying is a breach of the articles of social commerce, and an invasion upon the fundamental rights of society. 4. Lying has a ruinous tendency; it strikes a damp upon business and pleasure, and dissolves the cement of society. Like gunpowder, it is all noise and smoke, it darkens the air, disturbs the sight, and blows up as far as it reaches. Nobody can close with a liar; there is danger in the correspondence; and, more than that, we naturally hate those who make it their business to deceive us. Were lying universal, it would destroy the credit of books and records, make the past ages insignificant, and almost confine our knowledge to our five senses. We must travel by the compass or by the stars, for asking the way would only misguide us.—*Pearls of Great Price*, edited by Mr. J. Elmes.

THE CHEMISTRY OF NATURE.

No truth should be more frequently enforced upon the devotee of physical science, than this: that the grand chemistry of nature is performed with a sublime harmony and tranquility, which scarcely make the results perceptible to our senses, save from the lapse of time. There are no violent agents and reagents in her laboratories; no torture of analysis; no compound blow-pipes, or galvanic batteries; no open war of acids and alkalies, to carry on her mysterious and eternal series of production and re-production. All is inspired with the vital principle of vegetable production.

Fine Arts.

We have been favoured, says the *Birmingham Herald*, within the last few days, with an inspection, at the manufactory of Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge, of a set of panels in *papier maché*, intended for the decoration of the "Actæon," Liverpool and Glasgow steamer; which, as works of art, have not, we believe, been surpassed by anything of the kind ever produced at this celebrated establishment. The panels are 28 in number, four of which are very large, and consist of historical subjects, some original, and others copies from the works of celebrated masters. The first represents the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon; the second exhibits a view of a Grecian sea-port, and the arrival of a victorious fleet; the third describes the Olympic games, and combats of gladiators, &c.; the fourth gives a representation of the Hippodrome, the temple of Victory, and chariot races. Each of these subjects is depicted by the artist with the vividness and freshness of life. The various groups of Grecian, Egyptian, and Persian figures, the richness and brilliancy of the costumes, the colossal statues, temples, and columns, in their architectural grandeur and beauty, furnish a vivid representation of the barbaric pomp and magnificence of bygone ages. The smaller panels are divided into three classes, devoted to the illustration of particular subjects. The first series represents full-length figures, emblematic of Victory, Commerce, and the Arts and Sciences, surrounded with beautiful ornamental work, drawn in imitation of *alto-relievo*; the whole surmounted with the arms of Liverpool and Glasgow. The second embraces mythological subjects, representing the triumph of Neptune, Juno, and the Graces, Actæon, &c.; the whole adorned with an emblematic framework. The third comprises Mosaic heads and emblems, ornamented with arabesque foliage, birds, flowers and fountains. Viewed separately, each of these paintings is an exquisite specimen of the advanced state of this department of our manufactures and the fine arts; and, as a whole, they form unquestionably one of the most unique and splendid collections of the kind ever produced.—*Dec.* 1838.

Arts and Sciences.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A most extraordinary species of manufacture has been contrived by an officer of engineers, residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he

spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil, dipped in olive-oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them measuring 26½ by 17 inches, weighed only a grain and a half, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs 4½ grains, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs 137 grains, and one square yard of the finest net weighs 262½ grains.—*From a Correspondent of the Times, Dec.* 1838.

Manners and Customs.

PECULIAR OBSERVANCES OF THE MALAGASY, AFTER THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.*

On this interesting occasion, the relatives and friends of the mother visit her, and offer their congratulations. The infant also receives salutations, in form resembling the following:—"Saluted be the offspring given of God!—may the child live long!—may the child be favoured so as to possess wealth!" Presents are also made to the attendants in the household, and sometimes a bullock is killed on the occasion, and distributed among the members of the family. Presents of poultry, fuel, money, &c., are at times also sent by friends to the mother. A piece of meat is usually cut into thin slices, and suspended at some distance from the floor by a cord attached to the ceiling, or roof of the house. This is called the Kitoza, and is intended for the mother. A fire is kept in the room, day and night, frequently for a week after the birth of the child. At the expiration of that period, the infant, arrayed in the best clothing that can be obtained, is carried out of the house by some person whose parents are *both still living*, and then taken back to the mother. In being carried out and in, the child must be twice carefully lifted over the fire, which is placed near the door. Should the infant be a boy, the axe, large knife, and spear, generally used in the family, must be taken out at the same time, with any implements of building that may be in the house: silver chains, of native manufacture, are also given as presents, or used in these ceremonies, for which no particular reason is assigned. The implements are perhaps used chiefly as emblems of the occupations in which it is expected the infant will engage when it arrives at maturer years; and the whole may be regarded as expressing the hopes cherished of his activity, wealth, and enjoyments. One of the first acts of the father, or a near relative, is to report the birth of the child to the native divines or astrologers, who are required to work the sikidy for the purpose of ascertaining and declaring its destiny; and when the destiny is declared to be favourable, the child is nurtured with that tenderness and affection which nature inspires, and the warmest gratulations are tendered by the friends of the parents. The proportion of the sexes appears to be equal at birth, though, in consequence of the destructive ravages of war, it is supposed by the missionaries, that in some of the provinces there are, among the free portion of the inhabitants, five, and in others three, women to one man. The adult slave population presents a more equal number of both sexes. The children, particularly those of the Hovas, are said to be exceedingly fair at their birth, and to assume but very gradually the dark or olive tinge of those in riper years. At the expiration of the second or third month from the birth of a first child, on a day declared to be good (lucky) by the sikidy, a peculiar kind of ceremony takes place, called 'scrambling.' The friends and relatives of the child assemble; a portion of the fat taken from the hump on the back of an ox is minced in a rice-pan, cooked, and mixed up with a quantity of rice, milk, honey, and a sort of grass called voampamoa; a lock of the infant's hair is also cast into the above *mélange;* and the whole being thoroughly well mixed in a rice-pan, which is held by the youngest female of the family, a general rush is made towards the pan, and a scramble for its contents takes place, especially by the women, as it is supposed that those who are fortunate enough to obtain a portion may confidently cherish the hope of becoming mothers. Bananas, lemons, and sugarcane, are also scrambled for, under the belief that a similar result may be anticipated. The ceremony of scrambling, however, only takes place with a first-born child. The head of the mother is decorated during the ceremonial with silver chains; while the father carries the infant, if a boy, and some ripe bananas, on his back. The rice-pan used on the occasion becomes in their estimation sacred by the service, and must not be taken out of the house during three subsequent days, otherwise the virtue of those observances is supposed to be lost."

* Ellis's History of Madagascar. (Fisher and Co. London.)

MATHEWS'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.*

"About this very period I made 'my first appearance in public' at my father's chapel at Whetstone, where he preached every Sunday.

"Brother Oodard" (Woodward,) the butcher, who was my father's clerk, suggested that a "hopposition to the horgan of the church," though in a minor way, might be attractive. He had a son "as fiddled," and Wilson the Cobbler was reckoned a capital hand at the bassoon; "and if Master Charles would but jine 'em and play the flute," what an effective orchestra might be formed without trouble or expense! The scheme was immediately carried into execution; we had several "pratizings," as Woodward called them, which made no little noise in the village, and our first public performance being announced by whisperings into the ears of the pious only (as we hoped,) the meeting was crowded to suffocation—literally "overflowed," as the playbills have it.

Pope's "Vital spark of heavenly flame," was the piece selected for our *début*; and I can as perfectly recollect as I can any event within one week of the time of my penning this, the arrangement I made for a "good part," as the actors would say: I mean, the care and caution I used to make the flute the "first fiddle;"—*flauto primo* was not enough for my inordinate ambition. Now, as this was a "*four-part-song*," as our choristers called it, we expressly forbade the rest of the congregation from joining in until the whole had been sung through once; and then they were to sing chorus *only*. I had been a principal singer in this really beautiful piece of music before we aspired to instrumental accompaniment; but here came the puzzle—I had been *primo tenore*, and "Brother Wizzun" had a "barrow-tone" voice which he made bass for Sundays, I presume, by the old-established mode of getting his feet well wet on Saturday evening. The interesting elder butcher had a counter-tenor part. Our first notion was to accompany ourselves; but we forgot in the enthusiasm of the moment, that those who had to play the wind-instruments could not conveniently play and sing at the same time. The junior slaughterer *Oodard*, had here an advantage. Many a blind minstrel had given him a hint that to sing and fiddle together was practicable; but *we* did not produce sweet sounds by force of elbow, but by dint of lungs, and I was emulous to exhibit my twofold accomplishments—I considered myself as the principal performer, and I would be heard. If I was to be merely an accompanyist, who was to sing my old part? At last it was agreed that the fame we had already acquired by our vocal performances was not to be compromised, and an ingenious arrangement was made to satisfy all parties. There were fugue passages, symphonies, &c.; and the cobbler and myself, with an enthusiasm never to be sufficiently commended, so contrived that we made some of the bumpkins believe that we sang and played at one and the same time. I wish it were within the power of my pen to give effect to this scene; it requires the aid of practical and vocal elucidation to convey it with full force."

* From "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," by Mrs. Mathews. (Bentley.)

A SETTLER'S LETTER.

The Emigration Committee have thought it right to give publicity to the following very intelligent letter, lately written by a settler to his mother, on account of the valuable statistical information it contains:—

"Catchum's Shallow on the little Red River
Arkensaw Stait April 1838.

"My dere Muther,—Yer mustent wunder if you havnt herd of me for sume time, but grate grefe is dumb as Shaxpire sais, and I was advised to hop my twig and leaf old ingland, witch indede I was verry sorrorful, but now I am thanks gudnes saf, and in amerrykey. I ardly no ware miself, but the hed of this will tel my tail. I ham a sqwatter in the far wurst, about ½ a-mile this side sundown, an if I ad gon mutch father I shud av found nuthin but son, an no nite at all. Yu know how the hummegrating Agent tolde me that if peepel cudnt liv in Sent Gileses amerrykey was capitle to dy in; besides ses he if youre not verry nere you can ade yure mother in distres, so i went aborde a ship wat was going to Noo Orlines. Ive herd peepel tawk about rodes at C but the rodes on the attalantick is the very ruffest i evir rode on and it was very long an very cold an we had nothin 2 heat hardly, but we founde a ded rat in a warter-cask witch the flavur was grately increased thereby. at last we cam to the arbur at the citty of Noo Orlines witch is all under the bottum of the top of the rivver and we ad a ankering to go a-shore. i ad no idear as the rivers was so hi in this contry, but as the assent is so verry esy i didnt fele it at al. The noo orlines peepel is odd fishis and not at all common plaice; wen all the peepel in the streets is musterd it is a pepper an sault poppulashun, thare is blak wites an wite blaks an a sort of mixt peepel caled quadruunts because they are of fore colers blak, an wite, an wite blaks, and blak wites. Has the rivver is so verry hi it is always hi water, an the munnifold advantiges of the citty dipends on the gudnes of its bauks. there is loks in em to let the water out and keys to kepe it in. munney ere is verry common and is cald sentse, and evvery

thing is cheep in Noo Orlines 5 dollers bills bein only worth 2 dollers. we went up the rivver in a large bote like a noise ark only more promiscus. the current acount was aginst us. it dont turn and turn agen like at putny bridg, and as it runs alwys won way i wunder it dont run away altogethir. Thire is no towns nor tailer shops nor pallisses as I expectorated there wood be. the wood was all quite wilde not a bit of tame no ware nor no sines of the bessedniss of civilazashun as jales and jin shops nor no kitching gardins nor fields nor ouses nor lanes nor alleys nor gates nothin but alleygators. after a grate dale of settlin i settled to settle as abuv ware yu will rite to me. These staits is caled the united staits becawse theire mails and femails all united. there's six of them wimmin staits. 2 Carrolinas, Miss Sourry, Missis Sippy, Louesa Anna, an Vargina, all the rest is mails. i have sene no cannibels an verry few ingins besides steam ingins they're quite unhedducated and dont emply no tailers. I dont like fammin mutch but praps I shal wen i get used to it, tho its very ilconvenient at furst. i am obliged to wurk very ard and if have to chop my wood much longer I have determined to cut my stick.

"Dere muther, i think i shuld be more cumfurtable if i had a few trifels witch you culd bye me, if yew wud onley sel sumthing and send me all the bils partickular, and I'l be sure to owe it you—namly sum needils and thred, and some odd buttens, but thems of little use without you send me sum shirts, and a waistcote, and upper cote, to put em on, when those tumbles off thats on when you sends em, and sum brads, and some hammers to drive em with, and a spade an a pikax, an a saw, and sum fish hooks, and gunpowdr, an sum shot, witch they wil be of the grutest conveniency, if yu can send me a gun. Likewis som stockins, an shues, and other hardwears, only its no use to send me any bank nots, for my nerest naybours is sum ingin wagwams abuve 70 miles of, an i cudnt get change thare, so dont forgit some led, and some bullit moldes, for some black fellers has bin fishin close by, jist within 10 miles an I wants to have a pop at em with luv to all yore dutiful son. SAM STROLLER."

—*Comic Almanack.*

The Naturalist.

ORNITHOLOGY, FOSSILS, &c., OF NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand Dogs.

I HAVE been induced to lay some stress on these quadrupeds, as every traveller will find them to be the greatest pest in the country. These brutes are met with in the *best New Zealand society*. They have the enviable situation, when young, of sharing the bed and board of most of the unmarriageable young ladies, serving to make up a *coterie*; and are equally petted as that happy race of Bologna extraction (famous for sausages and lap-dogs), who domicile in the neighbourhood of certain unmentionable squares, in the antipodes of this country. These animals were a disgrace to the *kaingá*, or village, of which they formed part and parcel; being without the slightest pretensions to obesity, had the entire thirty-four, which I counted of them, been reduced by a culinary process, they could not have rendered an ounce of unctuous matter.

Mocking Bird.

The *tui*, or mocking-bird, is best known to the stranger in the country. The natives vend these birds, in wicker cages, to their transient visitors; it is called tui, from the resemblance of its note to that sound. It is in size similar to a thrush, with a plumage of jetty black; under its throat are pendant two tufts of pure white feathers; the flesh is delicate, and may be regarded as a luxury; its food is a portion of insects and worms; it imitates various sounds that arrest its attention.

A New Zealand River.

A New Zealand river, of thirty miles in a direct course, meanders often in a serpentine direction, full three times that length. The salt-water rivers are joined, at their estuaries, by limpid fresh-water creeks, many of them pursuing their route; joined by innumerable waterruns in their course, for full forty miles of country. Thus amalgamating, the gentle creek is soon lost within the wide foaming river, that disembogues itself into the sea. I am induced to refer to the pretty conceit of an Atlantic poet, while dwelling on the beauties of his own beloved rivers:—

"The sire of ocean takes
A sylvan maiden to his arms,
The goddess of the crystal lakes
In all her native charms;
She comes, attended by a sparkling train,
The Nalads of the west her nuptials grace;
She meets the sceptred Father of the main!
And in his bosom hides her virgin face."

All the large rivers of the country are of salt-water, but the entire country is delightfully irrigated with streams, descending from the mountains, and meandering through the undulating lands.

"*Kumera*," *or indigenous sweet Potato.*

The *kumera* (Convolvulus battata), or indigenous sweet potato, is accounted the most invaluable food possessed by the New Zealander. This is the sole edible that has been handed down by tradition, as having been coeval in the country with the remotest of its aborigines. It is supposed to have been brought from Touwáhai, or distant regions, by the earliest native colonists.

There is a much larger variety of this esculent, called *kai pakehá*, or white man's food. The latter grows to the size of a large yam, but infinitely more valuable, possessing the rich flavour of the custard apple.

New Zealand Birds.

The birds of New Zealand are numerous, but generally of small size. The musical voices of a few of them equal, in delicacy of tone, the English songsters of the woods; many of these feathered tribes appear almost congenerous with each other. The concerts given every morning at daybreak, and ceasing at sunrise, have been described.

Fossils.

Fossils are found in those islands very abundant. The island of E'Ainomáwi contains a large quantity of these natural curiosities. On the shores, *fungitæ*, or fossil corals, are often met with; and various *dendrites*, or arborisations, in fossil substances. Petrifactions of the bones of large birds, supposed to be wholly extinct, have often been presented to me by the natives, who invariably expressed much pleasure in beholding a European attracted by substances that belonged to their country. On any subjects connected with the natural history of the land, the people felt a pleasure in communicating information; but it was rendered almost nugatory from being clothed with the most abstruse and ridiculous legends.

Many of these petrifactions had been the ossified parts of birds, that are at present (as far as is known) extinct in these islands, whose probable tameness, or want of volitary powers, caused them to be early extirpated by a people, driven by both hunger and superstition (either reason is quite sufficient in its way) to rid themselves of their presence.

A few petrified *zoophites* came in my way, but in small portions. The natives are aware of the existence of all these natural phenomena; they require only their memories shaken on the subject, and will instantly commence the recital of a number of superstitions bearing on the subject, in which some truth may be elicited, out of a mass of absurd fiction.

The mountain of Ikorangi comes in for a large share of applause in these tales. *Ostracites* are found in various parts of the country—inland and on the coast—in deep swamps and elevated mountains—with the soil.

"Kiwikiwi," or Apteryx Australis.

The *kiwikiwi*, or Apteryx Australis, placed under the head of Struthionidæ, by Mr. Gould, who has admirably figured the male and female, in his splendid work on Australian birds, is the most curious specimen of ornithology in New Zealand. It is covered with a hairy feather, similar to the clothing of the cassowary; and, like the Rhea genus, is destitute of the accessary plume. Its beak is similar to that of the curlew, of a yellowish horn colour, its base possessing numerous long hairs. This shape is of especial service to the bird for thrusting into the earth for worms, on which it feeds. According to Mr. Gould, "the face and throat is greyish brown; the remainder of the plumage, consisting of long lanceolate hair, like feathers, of a deep brown colour; on the lower part of the breast and belly, the feathers are lighter than those that are more exposed, and become of a grey tint. Length of the bird, thirty inches; bill, six and a half; tarsi three." The legs of this bird are short, but possessing much force; they run exceedingly fast; the flesh is worthless and tough.

The usual method of entrapping the kiwikiwi is, by parties who sojourn for the night in unfrequented forests, near swampy grounds, where these birds delight to congregate; a large fire is kindled, and a crepitating noise is made, by breaking small dried sticks or twigs, which, from the similarity to the unmusical voice of these birds, induce them to leave their nests, which are formed in the holes of trees, or under deep, imbricated roots. Attracted by the fire, they make towards it; the sudden glare confusing them, renders them of easy capture.

Dogs have been often sent in pursuit of this bird, by the aid of large fires, but the animals have mostly fared but ill, from the powerful talons of the bird; they are found in the forests throughout the northern island. That a species of the emu, or a bird of the genus Struthio, formerly existed in the latter island, I feel well assured, as several large fossil ossifications were shown to me when I was residing in the vicinity of the East Cape, said to have been found at the base of the inland mountain of Ikorangi. The natives added that, in times long past, they received the tradition, that very large birds had existed, but the scarcity of animal food, as well as the easy method of entrapping them, had caused their extermination.

The present kiwikiwi, so named from the note of its voice, is about the size of a large duck, and burrows in the ground; the powerful spur on its leg assisting the bird in this operation.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

THE MUSQUITO.

THE musquito (remarks a recent writer) has three stages of existence, in the first and second of which it is a water insect, and in the third, the well-known winged one. Several musquitos being observed on the surface of some stagnant water, each in close proximity to a yellowish substance,

were viewed through a microscope, and proved to be a collection of eggs, which the musquitos were depositing. Each collection, though not consisting of less than one hundred eggs, did not exceed three-twentieths of an inch in length, and one-twentieth in breadth. The eggs were arranged in lines, standing on end, and were each one fortieth of an inch long. A few of these collections of ova being put, with some of the water on which they floated, into a tumbler, and placed under a glass shade, in two days and a half the water was found to swarm with animalcules, the shells of the ova still adhering as when first observed. On examining one of them minutely, the larger or under end was found to have opened like a lid, to allow the insect to escape into the water. The body of the newly-hatched insect was semi-transparent. In the thorax, the heart was seen, furnished with four projections; from this organ two blood-vessels proceeded down the centre of the body to the end of the tail, which was always to be seen just above the surface of the water, the animalcule having its head downwards. Between the heart and the elongated tail an active circulation was to be observed, indicating, probably, that the latter constituted the lungs or gills, it being always above the surface of the water. Its motion was quick, and it always went tail foremost; and when in search of food, it threw out a couple of brush-like tentacula, which moved circularly, and created a vortex, by which the food was attracted within the reach of the depredator. Their food appeared to be principally decomposing vegetable matter; but they occasionally devoured their own kind, as well as their recently-quitted shells. At the termination of twenty-one days, during which the water was thrice changed, they had attained to three or four twentieths of an inch in diameter. On attaining this age, they underwent a second metamorphosis. The shape was materially altered; but the greatest change was that in regard to the seat of the gills, which were then situated in the thorax, their former site (the tail) being absorbed; and the channel of communication between them and the air consisted in two small tubes attached to the upper part of the thorax. In this stage of existence the insects were much less active than in their former state; they did not require food, and had no mouth, resembling in this respect the chrysalis of the butterfly; they seldom left the surface, and when they did so, speedily returned to it. The insects remained in this stage about forty-eight hours, towards the termination of which the legs and proboscis of the winged musquito could be distinctly seen through the thin membrane that surrounded it. This in due course burst, when the musquito drew itself out, stood on the surface of the water a few minutes, to dry and expand its wings, and then flew to a dry situation. Were the musquito, in either of the two first stages, to be taken out of the water, it would speedily die; and it may be as quickly killed by emersing it in that fluid after becoming the winged insect. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Smoking and Snuff.—Tobacco belongs to the class of drugs called narcotics, and is possessed of many of their most noxious qualities. The excessive use of tobacco, in whatever shape it is taken, heats the blood, hurts digestion, wastes the fluids, and relaxes the nerves. Smoking is particularly injurious to lean, hectic, and hypochondriacal persons: it creates an unnatural thirst, leading to the use of spirituous liquors; it increases indolence, and confirms the lazy in the habits they have acquired; above all, it is pernicious to the young, laying the foundation of future misery. I am, therefore, glad to see that our young men have very generally abandoned the obnoxious and unbecoming custom, lately so prevalent, of smoking in the street. A patient of mine, a young officer of dragoons, who was quite an amateur smoker, and used to boast of the number of cigars he could smoke in a day, produced ptyalism by his folly; and, had he not abandoned the practice, he would in all probability have lived but a very short time. The use of tobacco, in the form of snuff, is still more objectionable than smoking. On account of its narcotic quality, snuff is improper in cases of apoplexy, lethargy, deafness, and other diseases of the head. The use of snuff is likewise extremely dangerous to the consumptive, to those afflicted with internal ulcers, or who are subject to spitting of blood. Snuff-taking is an uncleanly habit—it vitiates the organs of smell; taints the breath; ultimately weakens the faculty of sight, by withdrawing the humours from the eyes; impairs the sense of hearing; renders breathing difficult; depraves the appetite; and, if taken too copiously, gets into and affects the stomach, injuring in a high degree the organs of digestion.—*Curtis on Health.*

Stephen Perlin's Description of England.—The following singular passage is extracted from a very rare work with the above title, which was printed in 1558. It was dedicated to the Duchess of Berry. After giving some account of the rebellion in Queen Mary's reign, our author says, "The Milor Nortumbellant, the Duke of Suphor, and the Milor Arundelle, were taken prisoners. They were condemned to the castle of the Tower, under an escort of 800 men. The mob called Milor Nortumbellant vile traitor, and he furiously eyed them with looks of resentment. Two

days afterwards he was taken to Ousemestre (Westminster) to his trial, which did not last more than 15 days at most, and he, the Duke of Suphor, and Miior Arundelle, were condemned to be beheaded before the castle of the Tower; and they had the pain of seeing each other under the hands of a hangman. This hangman was lame of a leg, and he wore a white apron like a butcher. This great lord made great lamentations, and prayed tenderly. After the execution, little children gathered up the blood which had fallen through the slits in the scaffold. The Queen not long after proclaimed through all England, against eating flesh on Fridays and Saturdays, on pain of being hanged and strangled."

St. Agnes' Eve was formerly a period of great importance with spinsters in quest of husbands, and were desirous of knowing beforehand whom they were to marry. Ben Jonson alludes to the usage—

> "—— On sweet St. Agnes' night.
> Please you with the promised sight,
> Some of husbands, some of lovers,
> Which an empty dream discovers."

Of such maids it was required that they should not eat on this day; and those who conformed to this rule called it fasting St. Agnes' fast. One of the olden methods spoken of by Aubrey to attain the wished-for gratification was as follows:—Upon St. Agnes' night you take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a paternoster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him, or her, you shall marry! In Buckinghamshire, to this day, the practice is, not to fast, but at night, observing strict silence, to eat a handful of salt, go up stairs backwards, undress backwards, and lie down in bed backwards, when successful dreams are sure to be the result.

Newspapers.—Plutarch notes that the country people were very busy in inquiring into their neighbours' affairs. The inhabitants of cities thronged the court and other public places, as the exchange and quays, to hear the news. The old Gauls were very great newsmongers; so much so, says Cæsar, that they even stopped travellers on this account, who deceived them, and thus brought error into their councils. Juvenal notices the keenness of the Roman women for deluges, earthquakes, &c., as now for wonders and private matters. Merchants and purveyors of corn, as now stock jobbers, used to invent false news for interested purposes. It was not uncommon to put the bearers of bad news to death. In the middle ages, pilgrims and persons attending fairs were grand sources of conveying intelligence. Blacksmiths' shops, hermitages, &c., were other resorts for this purpose, in common with the mill and market. Great families used to pay persons in London for letters of news. In London, as St. Paul's church was the great place of advertising, so it was also for news. In "Nichols's Progresses," a gentleman says "that his lackey had not walked twenty paces in Pawles before he heard that sundry friends of his master had taken leave at court, and were all shipt away." Servants were sent there on purpose to fetch news. Of the introduction of newspapers by the *Gazetta* of Venice everybody has read. Herbert calls the "Siege of Rhodes," by Caxton, the "ancientest Gazette in our language;" but, to prevent the mischief of false alarms, through the Spanish Armada, the first newspaper, styled the *English Mercury*, then, as afterwards, in the shape of a pamphlet, appeared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—*Fosbroke.*

The Suspension Bridge at Freyburg, the longest in the world, was completed and thrown open in 1834. The engineer who constructed it is M. Chaley, of Lyons. Its dimensions, compared with those of the Menai bridge, are as follows:—

	Length.	Elevation.	Breadth.
Freyburg . .	905ft.	174ft.	28ft.
Menai . . .	580	130	25

It is supported on four cables of iron wire, each containing 1056 wires, the united strength of which is capable of supporting three times the weight which the bridge will ever be likely to bear, or three times the weight of two rows of wagons, extending entirely across it. The cables enter the ground on each side obliquely for a considerable distance, and are then carried down vertical shafts cut in the rock, and filled with masonry, through which they pass, being attached at the extremity to enormous blocks of stone. The materials of which it is composed are almost exclusively Swiss; the iron came from Berne, the limestone masonry from the quarries of the Jura, the woodwork from the forest of Freyburg: the workmen were, with the exception of one man, natives who had never seen such a bridge before. It was completed in three years, at an expense of about 600,000 fr., (£25,000 sterling.)—*Hand-book for Switzerland.*

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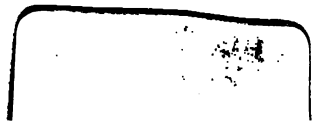
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